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CONSTITUTION

AND

QUOTATIONS FROM THE REGISTER

OF THE

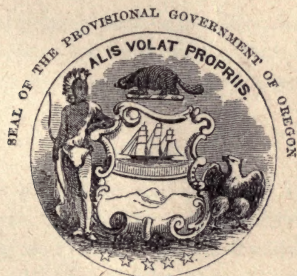
Oregon Pioneer Association ;

TOGETHER WITH

THE ANNUAL ADDRESS OF HON. S. F. CHADWICK, REMARKS OF
GOV. L. F. GROVER, AT RE-UNION JUNE, 1874,

AND

OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST.



SALEM, OREGON :

E. M. WAITE, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER.

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CONSTITUTION

OF THE

OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

We, the members of the OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION, do hereby adopt this Constitution as the fundamental law by which the proceedings of this Association shall be governed.

ARTICLE I.

This organization shall be known by the name of the OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

ARTICLE II.

The objects of the Association shall be to collect, from living witnesses, such facts relating to the Pioneers and history of the Territory of Oregon, as the Association may deem worthy of preservation, and to promote social intercourse among its members.

ARTICLE III.

The officers of this Association shall consist of President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer, who shall form the Executive Board ; and a Board of five Directors, including the President and Vice President, who shall be ex-officio members of the same. All officers of the Association shall hold their respective places for one year, or until their successors shall have been elected as hereinafter provided.

ARTICLE IV.

The President shall preside at all meetings of the Association, and in case of his absence or inability so to act, the Vice President shall preside. The Presi-

dent, with the concurrent opinion of a majority of the Executive Board, shall have power to call special meetings whenever, in his judgment, the best interests of the Association shall demand it, countersigning all calls for the same; also, all orders drawn on the Treasurer by the Secretary, and perform such other duties as the Association may, by resolution, impose upon him.

ARTICLE V.

The Secretary shall keep a correct record of all proceedings of the Association, sign all orders drawn upon the Treasurer; also, all calls for meetings; shall file copies of all letters written by himself on special business, touching the objects of the Association, and faithfully preserve all communications which he may receive relating to the Pioneers and history of the Territory of Oregon, and perform such other duties as shall be imposed upon him by resolution at the meetings of the Association.

ARTICLE VI.

The Treasurer shall receive, and safely keep, all moneys belonging to the Association, pay all orders properly signed by the President and Secretary, and keep books for the correct statement of his accounts.

ARTICLE VII.

It shall be the duty of the President to call meetings of the Executive officers and Board of Directors, at such time and place as he may designate, and the Secretary shall notify the Directors for what purpose they are to convene. It shall be the duty of the Directors to select the place for holding the annual reunions of the Association; to receive and examine the annual reports of the Secretary and Treasurer, and have power to require semi-annual reports from the same, and perform such other duties as may by resolution in annual session be imposed upon them.

ARTICLE VIII.

All immigrants, male and female, who reside within the bounds of the original Territory of Oregon, under joint occupancy of the country by the United States and Great Britain, and those who settled within said Territory prior to the first day of January, 1853, are eligible to become members of this Association.

ARTICLE IX.

All persons having the qualifications set forth in the preceding Article, choosing to become members of this Association, are required to subscribe their

names in the Register kept for that purpose, or may forward the same to the Secretary to be recorded, giving the date of his or her arrival in the Territory of Oregon, where from, native State or country, and year of birth, and pay an admission fee of one dollar (\$1.00) and a yearly due of like amount at each annual meeting; *Provided*, that no admission fee or yearly due be exacted from female members of the Association; but all members are required to furnish the Secretary with their photographs on becoming members, or as soon thereafter as convenient, the same to be arranged in groups to accord with the date of arrival of each year's immigration, and to be preserved with the memoirs of the Association.

ARTICLE X.

It shall be the duty of the Executive Board to select annually a Chaplain, Occasional and other Orators, Chief Marshal, and such subordinate officers and invited guests of the Association, as in its judgment may be proper and necessary for the occasion of each annual re-union.

ARTICLE XI.

The time of holding the annual meetings shall be June 15th, except when that date falls on Sunday, in which event the re-union shall take place on the following Tuesday. And it shall be the duty of the Secretary to give at least sixty days' notice of the same, through the medium of the public press, stating the time and place designated for such purpose.

ARTICLE XII.

The officers of the Association shall be elected by ballot at the annual meetings. The candidates having a majority of the votes cast, shall be by the President declared duly elected. And it shall be the duty of the President to appoint two members to act as tellers, and conjointly with the Secretary and his assistant, shall receive and canvass the votes.

ARTICLE XIII.

The Association shall, at each annual meeting, make an appropriation out of moneys in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, sufficient to enable the Secretary to provide the officers of the Association with suitable books, stationery, and stamped envelopes, as may be necessary to enable them to discharge the duties of their respective offices, and to meet all outstanding indebtedness or incidental expenses incurred in conducting the business of the Association.

ARTICLE XIV.

This Constitution, defining the objects of the Oregon Pioneer Association, the powers and duties of its officers and members, shall not be changed or amended except by a two-third's vote of the members voting in the affirmative at the annual meetings of the Association ; but the members may, by resolution, require the President to appoint a committee of three members to revise and report an amended copy of this Constitution at the annual meeting next ensuing, and if the copy so reported, or any Article or Section thereof, shall receive two-thirds of the votes cast, it shall become valid as the fundamental law of the Association.

ARTICLE XV.

It shall be the duty of the Secretary to procure from the author of each annual address, a manuscript copy, the same to be preserved with the archives of the Association ; also, manuscript or printed copies of each regular address delivered by special invitation of the Board ; and all papers read before, or presented to the Association, to be in like manner preserved.

ARTICLE XVI.

The Association, in its deliberations, shall be governed by rules made in conformity with parliamentary usage.

QUOTATIONS

FROM THE

JOURNAL AND REGISTER,

WITH APPENDED REMARKS.

There had existed, for a number of years, a growing desire on the part of a goodly number of the early immigrants who settled the Wallamet and other vallies of Oregon Territory, to organize an Association, the object of which should be to collect reminiscences relating to the Pioneers and early history of the Territory; to promote social intercourse, and cultivate the life-enduring friendships that in many instances had been formed while making the long, perilous journey of the wide, wild plains, which separated the western boundary of civilization thirty years ago, from the land which they had resolved to reclaim.

Accordingly, a few individuals signed a call for a meeting of Pioneers, to be held at Butteville, Marion County. After several preliminary meetings, an organization was effected Oct. 18th, 1873, by adopting a constitution, and electing the following Executive Board:

Hon. F. X. Mathieu, President, J. W. Grim, Vice President, W. H. Rees, Secretary, and Eli C. Cooley, Treasurer.

Their first annual re-union was held at the same place on the 11th of November following, in commemoration of the 16th anniversary of the adoption, by the people, of the State Constitution. There were in attendance at this first meeting, some 500 persons. Ex-Gov. Geo. L. Curry delivered the Occasional Address. Speeches were made by Gen. Joel Palmer, Hon. S. F. Chadwick, and Dr. Wm. Keil.

The Pioneer ladies had prepared bountifully for the feast, and throughout the entertainment, all who chose to accept their hospitality, were made welcome at the festive board.

At the close of the first annual meeting, the Pioneer Register contained the names of 45 members.

The second annual re-union of Pioneers took place at Aurora, Marion County, June 16th 1874. The programme for the occasion was promptly executed by W. J. Herren, Esq., Chief Marshal, assisted by his aids. After the procession, numbering some 1500, had been comfortably seated in the Aurora Park, Hon. F. X. Mathieu, President of the Association, called the meeting to order, opening the exercises in a brief and very appropriate address:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION :—In opening the exercises of our second annual re-union, permit me to congratulate you, one and all, upon this happy meeting of long-cherished friends--the fathers and mothers of Oregon's earliest Christian civilization.

I see around me a goodly number of faces that were familiar to me more than thirty years ago. To have seen them at that time, in the full vigor of man and womanhood, buoyed up only by their firm resolves, and looking, long years in the future, for the rewards which their posterity are now enjoying, you would have beheld as true a type of the Western Pioneer as ever followed the course of the setting sun.

I am truly proud to say in the presence of the sea of upturned faces before me

here to-day, that although *Old Time* has brought his many years of toil, with privations and hardships incident to frontier life, and has given to many of our friends a venerable appearance, they are nevertheless the same honored and honorable Pioneers to-day. I have done.

Then introduced Rev. J. L. Parrish, Chaplain, who invoked the Divine Blessing upon the Pioneers who had laid the foundation of the thirty-third State of the American Union in the wilds of Oregon Territory long years ago, and upon the State and her people for all coming time.

Hon. S. F. Chadwick, Secretary of State, delivered before the Association the second annual address, which was replete with historical facts and incidents of Pioneer Life in the Territory of Oregon.

He was followed by His Excellency, Hon. L. F. Grover, in a very able disquisition upon the early history of the Northwest Coast, and especially the Oregon controversy which terminated in the definite treaty between the United States and Great Britain, June 15, 1846.

These addresses will be preserved with the archives of the Association.

During the afternoon, brief addresses were delivered by Rev. J. L. Parrish, Col. J. L. Meek and A. F. Davidson, Esq., which were heartily applauded.

At 6 P. M., two large halls, furnished with bands of music and all necessary appointments for the amusement of the younger portion of the assembly, were thrown open under the direction of the Chief Marshal.

At 7 P. M. the members, with invited guests, assembled at Pioneer Hall for the purpose of holding the annual election of officers, and transacting the general business for the ensuing year. The balloting resulted in the election of the following officers for the year ending June 16th, 1875:

Hon. J. W. Grim, President, E. C. Cooley, Vice President, W. H. Rees, Secretary, and Hon. F. X. Mathieu, Treasurer.

The President and Vice President, conjointly with the Hons. J. B. McClain, Jos. Watt and W. J. Herren, form the Board of Directors.

The VIIIth Article of the Constitution was amended by striking out the words, "and are now citizens of Oregon," for the purpose of making eligible to membership all Pioneers who may reside anywhere within the bounds of the original Territory of Oregon.

Hons. E. N. Cooke, J. M. Bacon and G. W. Dimick were appointed a committee to confer with the Pioneer and Historical Society, whose place of business is located at Astoria, with a view of uniting under one constitution the two organizations. Also, a committee, of which W. J. Herren is Chairman, to revise the Constitution, and prepare a code of By-Laws for the Association.

Perhaps no event which occurred in the early history of the Territory, occasioned more rejoicing among the Pioneers than the settlement of the long controverted question as to whether the whole or any part of the Territory of Oregon should become subject to the crown of Great Britain, or an undisputed Territory of the United States. The final settlement of the vexed question by treaty between the contending powers, occurred June 15, 1846. Hence, the Association has resolved to set apart the 15th of June as an anniversary day for the re-union of Oregon Pioneers.

A synoptical glance at the Register will serve to impart to distant friends information not unfrequently asked for.

At the adjournment of the second annual re-union, the Register contained the names of 145 members, male and female. Since

that time, Pioneers have continued steadily to forward their names to the Secretary, and the Directors and other authorized agents in different localities have enrolled a goodly number, whose names have not as yet been returned to this office. It will not be an over estimate to say that by the close of the third annual re-union in June next, the Register will show a membership not below 300.

Col. Jo. L. Meek is the first member of the Association who made a foot-print within the boundaries of Oregon Territory, which occurred in 1829; came to the Wallamet Valley in 1841; is a native of Virginia, born in the year 1810.

Col. L. N. English, in point of age, is father of the Association. Arrived in Oregon from Missouri in the year 1845. A native of Maryland; born in the year 1792.

Second among its members, as to age, is Father Joseph C. Geer, who arrived in the Territory in 1847, from Illinois; is a native of Connecticut; year of birth, 1792.

Geo. Gay came to the Territory from California, and settled in the Wallamet Valley in 1835; is a native of England, born in 1810.

The only death of a member reported since the organization, is that of Edward Jeffries, which occurred in Lincoln, Nebraska, Dec. 12, 1874, while en route to revisit his native land. Mr. Jeffries arrived at Vancouver on board Her Majesty's sloop of war, "Modeste," from England, his native country, in the year 1845; was born near Liverpool in 1819.

There are other features of interest to the Pioneers, connected with the organization, but with the Constitution, the quotations from the Journal and Register, with a few remarks herewith submitted, it is believed will be quite sufficient to inform our friends

generally in regard to the useful purposes which the Association is designed to accomplish.

The Board has thought it proper to suggest for the consideration of the members at their ensuing annual meeting, the propriety of gradually providing a fund to be set apart for the relief of the aged and helpless members who may need the kind offices of humane care, and to be made applicable for the purpose of raising a humble stone to mark the last resting place of unfortunate Pioneers. Nor can we too earnestly urge upon the members the importance of their assistance in reducing to writing such reminiscence as they may choose to select from their bountiful store. Biographical sketches of deceased Pioneers, incidents of Indian wars, anecdotes, crossing the plains, wanderings in the mountains and gold fields. In truth, the Pioneers who settled the many vallies of Oregon Territory are in possession of much the larger part of her correct unpublished annals, as they have transpired from the earliest dawn of her civilization. For instance, our old and esteemed Pioneer friend, Gen. A. L. Lovejoy, has agreed to furnish a paper which he will present to the Pioneers at their annual meeting in June next, narrating many thrilling incidents of that memorable journey across the bleak, cheerless plains, which he performed in company with the late gallant Dr. Whitman, during the winter of 1842-3. All papers relating to the Pioneers and early history of Oregon Territory, placed in charge of the Secretary, are properly filed with the archives, and subject only to the order of the Association in annual session.

The Board of Managers of the State Agricultural Society, at their meeting in November last, passed a resolution. tendering to the Oregon Pioneer Association the use of their Fair Grounds and buildings for holding the annual re-union in June next. These grounds, situated in the immediate vicinity of the capital of the State, offer at once every necessary convenience for the

accommodation of the Pioneers and the public generally, who are invited to attend. This munificent offer of the Agricultural Society has been accepted by the Directors of the Association.

It is eminently appropriate that the men and women who encountered the perils and hardships of the long journey of two thousand miles in crossing the wild, arid plains that intervene between their eastern homes and the then no less wild vallies which they, unaided by any government, settled and reclaimed, should, as year after year shall roll over their adopted land, assemble themselves together on the morning of the 15th of June, to interchange kindly greetings, return thanks and rejoice together for the manifold blessings which, through their toiling efforts to some extent, will descend to their children and children's children, it is to be hoped, down through the returning cycles of all the years to come.

Many of the early Pioneers of Oregon have passed away, and those who remain soon will have passed their own human duration. But ere the early fathers and mothers shall have bid a final adieu to their chosen land, let them not fail to leave in the archives of our Pioneer Association, at least some of the many deeds of love and valor performed by our departed friends. How well do we remember when they stood shoulder to shoulder with us in those trying times, when small beginnings and big hearts were the rule throughout this western land.

To our old Pioneer friends who now reside in Washington and Idaho Territories, we are pleased to say: the united voice of our members has been heard in the land, and it bids you welcome to membership in our social band. And it is the intention to make our annual re-unions alike enjoyable and instructive for both the old and the young. We shall also be pleased to give our children

and friends a hearty welcome on the occasion of each returning jubilee—they who will soon be called upon to fill the places now filled by the Oregon Pioneers. Faithfully may they labor to improve and protect the priceless inheritance bequeathed by their progenitors, steadily advancing under the benign influence of civil and religious liberty, in the refulgent light of progressive science, the guiding star of truth.

WILLARD H. REES,

BUTTEVILLE, Jan. 1st, 1875. *Secretary.*

ADDRESS.

BY HON. S. F. CHADWICK.

PIONEERS OF OREGON—LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—FELLOW CITIZENS:

We welcome this occasion with more than ordinary interest. We have come together at this time, as friends and neighbors, to rejoice over the achievements of the early settlers of Oregon, and to celebrate her final deliverance from the grasp of a foreign power once contending for her possession, and the settlement of her title without insurrection or war. As pioneers of Oregon, we meet to enjoy the amenities of social intercourse and to break bread together. The Great Pioneer of all, He who was, is and ever shall be, has so constituted us, that we can sympathize with each other; work for each other; delight in the prosperity of one another; bear each other's trials and misfortunes; connect in memory the old with the new; celebrate a whole pioneer life in one day, and thus unite in one scene of pleasure the past with the present. Life is but one long day of toil, and man is ever blindly delving into the hidden mysteries of the future; night is but a moment of suspense for dreams or reflection;—repose without rest: the morrow comes bearing the effects of yesterday's burden upon man, and moves him and his fellows on and on in the line of mutual action.

We meet to recount and review the years of our experience here, and we may with propriety cast our eyes over the debit and credit columns of the table of our social and business intercourse. Ciphers which add nothing to the result, and which are ornamental only, may have crept into this record. But there is no evidence of it before us. Each one of you by your cheerful presence confesses to a value and shews an abhorrence of everything that does not add in a substantial manner to your comfort and prosperity.

Nature smiling through her rills, streams, hills, valleys and mountains, greets us this morning and welcomes us to partake of her bountiful hospitality. How beautiful she is. Clothed in her attractive habiliments of spring; in her tender, strong, but gracious reproduction of everything in her kingdom for the suste-

nance of man. Here are flowers of every hue and description, filling the air with fragrance; the woods and forests are made attractive by the shrill notes of nature's sweet songsters. Spring, in all her beauty, like hope in its innocent fullness, charms as it possesses us, filling us with the promise of offerings the mind craves, and bespeaks the approach of an abundant harvest for our physical well-being; a season of plenty for the husbandman, his fields, flocks and herds; a season in which, with a light heart, he may go forth to the hills, valleys and fields and welcome this plenteous out-pouring from the liberal hand of the Great Giver of all things. By the return of these seasons we are reminded of the care and provision that Nature makes for us. By the aid of her wealth we are required and enabled in one season to prepare for the next. With gratitude for all these blessings we enter upon this day as a day of jubilee. The object of this Society, now perfectly organized with a large membership, is to bring together in annual reunion the pioneers of Oregon. Is there an institution which should have greater claims upon pioneers than that which unites them in the grand alliance of an indestructable brotherhood? Through your privations and sufferings you had nothing to lead or guide you but the mysterious hand of Providence. Should you not, then, before starting out upon that journey from which none shall ever return, meet as often as possible and show your outfit for the unexplored regions beyond the present scene of action. To do this, these meetings are necessary. We must preserve in memory and in history the names and virtues of the members of this Association, and the events, great and small, through which our beloved Oregon, both as a Territory and as a State, has passed. We must weigh in the scale of human progress one year with another. We must array the living on one side, never failing to place those who are gone forever in a more favorable contrast on the other. It is at the domestic hearth-stone, at the festive board and in the promiscuous gathering that the weightier and more interesting facts are brought out. It is there where the mind lingers the longest, and where friends feel the strength of the cord that binds them together. How valuable, then, is this day to the Pioneers of Oregon. Continue to cultivate it. May you all live long to enjoy its annual return. Your number will not increase beyond that of the Pioneers. Time instead of adding to it, will diminish it. When one is taken away there will be none to take his place. Indeed, it is an honor to be reckoned among the Pioneers of Oregon. Your position is an enviable one. And generation after generation for whom your work has been done, may well but vainly crave the opportunity to enroll their names in provisional records as Pioneers, and upon the escutcheon of a new State as its founders. They will regard your sacrifices as dross compared to the golden fame that is yours forever.

Come, then, to this grand repast. You who are bent down with care like the

bow when it is strung for constant use, and require a day of relaxation, come! You who have plodded along as if upon an endless journey, if any there are, step aside now and join these festivities. You who are seeking relief from constant application, take now your day of recreation. All who can should contribute to the pleasures of this occasion. Remember how true it is that there is no day of jubilee for the idle man.

This day, the 15th of June, chosen for this re-union, commemorates an important event in the history of Oregon. The question of title to all the territory lying west of the Stony or Rocky Mountains, and between the parallels of latitude 42 deg. and 54 deg. 40 m. was a serious matter of dispute between Great Britain and the United States for years. Both great Powers claimed all of Oregon. On the 28th of October, 1818, a convention of joint occupancy between Great Britain and the United States was signed in London. In 1827 this treaty of joint occupancy was renewed with the privilege to either party of abrogating it after one year's notice to the other. Under this condition of things, Oregon began to be settled principally by Americans. In 1844, this important question of title to Oregon was again agitated. The probability of a war with Great Britain and of its dire consequences, and a stern determination to maintain the title to Oregon, disturbed this entire nation. Politicians seized upon this opportunity to test public sentiment in the United States upon this exciting subject. At this time those twin sisters, Texas and Oregon were brought to notice by their god-fathers, the Pioneers, and were taken up at once and cradled in the Baltimore Presidential Convention of that year, and after a severe struggle, the people of the United States by their votes affirmed their legitimacy, and to-day they salute each other from the extreme south and north as sisters than whom there are none more beautiful in our Republic. Official notice that the treaty of joint occupancy should cease was given by the United States. Negotiations followed for the peaceful settlement of the title, which terminated on the 15th of June, A. D. 1846, by the signing of the treaty in regard to limit westward of the Rocky Mountains by the respective plenipotentiaries of these two great nations. Thus this load of anxiety was removed and a feeling of joy and security pervaded the whole country. But none were more overjoyed by the removal of this weight from them than that little band of Pioneers who were a part and parcel of the title of Oregon. When the news of the signing of this treaty was received in this Territory, it came as a bright star of hope. Those who before could not see through the darkness that almost led to despair could now behold the light descending along the very line of time itself. That great cloud of doubt that had stood over this infant Territory so long ready to burst at any moment and deluge the country with blood, had now by the gentle and ever bloodless hand of compromise, been rolled beyond your limits and dissipated

into light by which the trail of the Pioneer could be seen as an attractive road to the immigrant. The consummation of this great event occurred on this day, and well may you celebrate it. It is your day. It is your act.

This news did not reach Oregon for several months after its publication East. As a test of the patriotism of the American sympathizers here, it would not be out of the way to mention the following incident: On the 4th of July, 1846—months before you received the news of the adoption of the treaty of the 15th of June preceding, and while you were yet ignorant of what had taken place in regard to Oregon—you celebrated, in a heavy rain, the Anniversary of American Independence. The Oregon Rangers, a military company organized in May previous, were out in force, and despite the inclemency of the weather, acquitted themselves creditably. There is nothing in rain to deter an Oregonian from pleasure or duty. There may be some of that company here to-day. This celebration was not for display. It was not mere pomp and parade to gratify the applause of men, for this small band embraced a good portion of the settlers. Nor was it an idle pastime. It was social in its nature, sincere in its object and eminently patriotic. These Pioneers were repeating for the purpose of preserving, the traditions of their fathers in a land which, for aught they knew, was still claimed as it had been, by Great Britain, and liable to fall, in part or wholly, into her hands through the skill of diplomacy, or by the arbitrament of war. What a 4th of July that would have been to you, had you but known that your own land—your Oregon—had, like that of your fathers, been conceded to you by the only adverse claimant among the powers of the earth; that the Government of your fathers was now yours, and that the day you were celebrating was legitimately a day for Oregon. After all, this act ought to stand for a victory over doubt. The battle of New Orleans was fought after peace had been declared but before the fact had reached the contending armies. Was it any the less a victory over the surroundings? We allude to this matter in no invidious sense. Our Pioneers of other nationalities were as true to their own countries; and those of Great Britain especially, no doubt desired the scale of title to turn in her favor—a natural result of the birth and education of the subject or citizen, no matter of what country.

American Pioneers do not go into new countries to open the way for citizens to follow with military strength and display. Nations bent upon the acquisition of territory for power and subjugation, proclaimed their advances into foreign countries by the noise and grandeur of invading armies. Death and destruction marked their policy and their marches. In the American practice we sometimes find the navigator in advance of the landsman, but both preceding the soldier, differing in these particulars from the custom of an earlier civilization.

The real Pioneer of America has been the landsman. Daniel Boon is the type. Among the noblest is the pioneer of Oregon, whose dependence was solely upon his own resources and nature's generous gifts. He took possession of the land, and in the enjoyment of the fruits of his labor he was enabled to enlarge his estates, and add to his fortune. In the natural order of things, based on a prudent and industrious life, and the gradual increase of population around him, he built up as opportunity offered, not only the rudiments, but a high order of society itself. With the touch of the skillful hand of science and art the wilderness blossomed. He caused "cities to rise on the stations of fur traders, and and agriculture to supercede hunting and trapping." There was nothing in this of the furious rage found in the conqueror's subjugation of a people. You achieved more than he who conquers by the strength of numbers and for power only; you conquered yourselves, and by that means obtained power, without the fear of losing or abusing it. That power made you what you were in your model Republic and what you are to-day. You were possessed of a knowledge of the source of strength for effective purposes, that strength which lies in a consciousness of right and of justice towards those with whom you deal; a sense of mutual dependence, of equal standing in society, disturbed only by vicious conduct; and a willingness to perpetuate life and discharge its various duties upon the plane of reciprocity. Individual subjugation by the individual himself makes the man; it lessens the necessity for artificial restraint, and for the enactments of laws to enforce obedience to principles of recititude. This is your inheritance, and your countrymen may well be proud of your example.

But the Pioneer has his day in which he lives for himself alone. He is regarded as a stepping stone for those for whom he periled his life. He must die before he is honored. This proceeds from the fact that the spirit of adventure in others is never looked upon with favor by those who do not possess it. It is so with the genius of invention. The most successful in both cases have at some time been regarded as visionary, if not foolish. We need not consult the history of Galileo, or of the many martyrs to science in proof of this fact. The principle is found in our country everywhere, and is still as fresh as in the days of the celebrated astronomer, but without the penalties affixed by rulers. Apply the test of this principle to the pioneers of America, and what do we find? Notwithstanding the fact that America has belonged to the civilized Pioneer, from the day of Columbus to the present time, yet we find no Isabella connected with any of its governments. Our own country for instance, never has helped those who have not first helped themselves. American pioneers must first do their work, and that with success, and make themselves a name worthy of national recognition, before the United States will make them and their new

country an integral part of this Union. Discovery is an experiment and an apprenticeship at the hazard and expense of the pioneer, and if crowned with victory, a reward is found in the arm of the Government which, as a protector, civil and military, is thrown around the new member of the great body politic. This policy, from which Oregon has suffered, is peculiar and questionable. Pioneers at the outset have never received substantial aid, if even encouragement from State or nation. Plans to colonize and expeditions for exploration have been in the first instance put on foot in almost, if not quite, every case by private enterprise. We have remarked that after the pioneer has won his prize, Government steps in and offers its power to preserve it. Oregon did not receive this aid and protection until nearly sixty years after her pioneers had, unaided by the Government, established the American title to this territory as against the claim of England. Our government based her title to Oregon upon the acts and records of these pioneers, both on land and water, but never upon any act of the Government or Congress in the first place. In Spanish, French and American history we find our title to Oregon. The French and Spanish claims were ceded to the United States, leaving England's claim open for settlement. The very title the pioneers acquired as Americans was at a latter day asserted boldly by our Government, and finally successfully quieted by the treaty of the 15th of June, 1846. It was nearly thirty years after the line of the northwest boundary was established by our pioneers, as firmly as it is to-day, though not agreed upon by the Governments of England and America before the joint occupancy of the territory was accepted, for the time being, as the proper way of staving off the final determination of the Oregon question. Oregon is not an exception in not receiving aid from the Government during her early struggle for existence. Other discoveries by pioneers, and even their expeditions, have not only been neglected, but have actually been discouraged by the authority that should have encouraged them. Notwithstanding the pioneer is by many looked upon as one whose work ends with his exploit, history never deserts him, but boldly shews the fact, in every case of discovery, that the unappreciated pioneer is far in advance of the Government under which he lived. The policy and the power of governments have been to restrain men, to limit their sphere of action to certain bounds. But the Pioneer has no respect for such a doctrine; he would break the chain forged for him and give to man the privilege to roam over the world co-extensive with his spirit of adventure.

The first charter granted by King James in 1706 to Virginia, limited the settlements to one hundred miles in the interior, and, although it was afterwards modified, steps were taken to prevent settlement west of the Alleghany mountains. In 1773, Daniel Boone and his associates settled in Kentucky, in violation of the proclamation of George III., issued ten years before, and defended

it with their own blood and treasure for sixteen years thereafter. Tennessee was settled, at a subsequent period, contrary to the express orders of this Government and that of North Carolina. Several of the now "Western States" were settled in privation and hardship, unaided by the Government. The early settlers of Iowa were commanded in the name of the United States, to withdraw from the country in which they had settled, under the penalties of the law. Three hundred adventurous men were expelled from where now stands the city of Dubuque, by the Government, after they had successfully defended themselves against Black Hawk and his band of warriors during the spring and summer preceding. The first settlers of Burlington were driven off and their property destroyed by officers of the Government, although the country had been purchased, but the treaty had not been ratified.

The Pioneers of Oregon were looked upon as men possessing bold and reckless spirits, though they and their accusers generally were boys together. It was openly declared in 1846, in order to justify the Government in withholding aid from you that "the Oregon trouble was caused by the restless spirit of Western men," and they were condemned for "seeking homes across the Rocky Mountains." The following language of Mr. Pendleton, of Virginia, in Congress, in 1846, found favor among several statesmen. In speaking of the pioneers of Oregon he said: "Why is it with instinctive aversion, they retire before the advance of civilization, preferring the wild excitement and rugged discomforts of the wilderness to the repose, the security and refinement of social and cultivated life? They manifest their attachment by disregarding the influences that bind ordinary men to the places of their nativity, by snapping recklessly the ties of blood and kindred. * * * *It is not the policy* of our Government to be running over the world looking after citizens whose allegiance is only manifested by acts of expatriation." Had the Congress of the United States at that time been composed of men as far behind the Oregon pioneers in the scale of civilization as this gentleman was, or as those who were wedded to the unjust "policy" of the Government so dear to that gentleman, Oregon would be to-day by the unfriendly action of that body, cut off from the Government that does not run over "the world looking after citizens whose allegiance is only manifested by acts of expatriation." But thanks to the influence of a higher power, that which made you the architects of your own good fortune, also made you masters of the situation, in taking upon yourselves the form and responsibilities of government to such an extent as to entitle you to the consideration and the respect of a powerful nation. Your political position and provisional structure not only commanded the admiration of two great rival powers, but caused a deeply-rooted jealousy to exist between them. And when your claims were presented to the National Congress of your own people it

might well be said for a season, "Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets." That voice was at last heard in the halls of Congress, and the civilization which was your boast, opened the eyes of the National Government to the ungenerous policy which it was pursuing, and to the pernicious influence of those who would offer you no protection and would not even shield you from reproach. Your example was not only the cause of the action in your behalf, but it was that which suggested a humane policy in the place of one which was inhuman. Think of it for a moment. Pioneers were to be driven out of their own country, expatriated, not by their own act, but by their far-off law makers, because they were in advance of that civilization which confines itself to the atmosphere of "refined and cultivated life"—words in themselves pleasing to the ear, but in their application, possessing no legitimate significance. What would this nation be if the Pioneers, in the face of law, of all conventionalities and of a ruinous policy of government, had not gone forth and braved the dangers of a frontier life? Not the glorious expanse of territory we now possess, extending from the ocean on the east to the ocean on the west of the Continent, and from the British Possessions on the North to Mexico on the south, but the strip of country lying along the Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida, extending west as far as the Alleghany Mountains, would be the United States of America. One breath of your pure mountain air is worth all the lavender water that ever refined governments or law makers; it will impart more life and make the mind clearer and the heart better than all the cosmetics in the world. Your work was no parlor game, with kid gloves, it was for humanity and for Him who is "rejoicing in the habitable parts of His earth, and whose delights are with the sons of men." This feeling of indifference towards the Pioneers on the part of governments was plainly shown by our own even after the treaty of 1846 had been promulgated, and you were not insensible of it. Your esteemed Governor Abernethy spoke volumes for you in the following extract from his message of December 7, 1847, a year and a half after the event of June 15, 1846. He says—"Fellow citizens: Contrary to the expectations of all who reside in this Territory, you are again convened under the Provisional Government of Oregon. * * * We have been sadly disappointed, and hope, which was so fondly cherished, begins to sink into despair in the hearts of many. * * * Our situation is not a pleasant one, on account of the uncertainty of it. We may be, in less than six months, under the laws and Government of the United States, and we may, on the other hand, exist in our present State several years. * * * The laws should be published in a convenient form; a fund set apart for treating with Indians, and many other things provided for that we have thus far dispensed with, but which must be attended to, in order that we may carry out the principles under which we have

associated." From which we infer that you were as self-reliant then as when first you found your wilderness home, and that you relied more upon the principles under which you had associated yourselves together than upon the ephemeral promises of distant law makers. Your own history, your sad experience, your patience, your love of country, all go to prove more fully that you were in advance of your Government in every particular that affected your welfare. It is a fault in a republic to think that the Government can do the thinking of its citizens. It can no more do the brain work of its people than it can do their fighting. And it is equally an error for a Government to think it is in advance of the people, especially of its expatriated pioneers. You did not go out from your early homes because you were behind the Government in its struggle for existence, but to provide yourselves with new homes; to add to your country's greatness, and to secure for it that which it would not have obtained had it not been for your spirit of enterprise and determination to become a self-supporting and a self-governed people.

We mention these facts in no captious spirit. We allude to them because the Pioneer, in settling his accounts, has a large balance, through his patriotism, standing to his credit. His bread is a broken loaf; his wants are supplied by himself. For this reason never while he lives does he get the credit that is due him. No one having contributed to make the Pioneer what he has made of himself, there is no knowledge of him except what is found in his work in after years. When his life has been spent for mankind, there may be some appreciation of his services. Having pursued a life not supported by Government, but rather against its policy, he has no reports to make to it whereby his fame may become great at once through the influence of his nation. Hence he is looked upon as one who goes into a new country—and that is the last of him; somebody else must settle it up. Even this admission shows that the pioneer has done more for mankind and for his country than has the Government. It is in the defence of the Pioneer that we find pleasure in these remarks. He has a record above that of almost all other men, and should receive the praise that is due to it. It is more valuable and interesting than that of those who avail themselves of the line of trees which he has blazed out upon his trail, or of the course marked upon the chart of the trackless sea. He may be the last person thought of; but if reflection is permitted to do its work for the understanding, he soon becomes first in the mind and heart of every person who admires the excellencies of true manhood, and who possesses gratitude enough to honor its achievements for mankind. The benefactor of his race will not die, but his memory will be preserved in grateful remembrance by those whom he has benefited.

If we picture to ourselves men of strong will, fixed principles, full of resour-

ces mentally and physically, generous and humane, self-made and self-controlled, not only equal but superior to every emergency; able to master every trade or profession, we have the Oregon Pioneers. These men are a credit to the sciences of agriculture and mechanics, to the professions, to commerce and its financial dependencies; in short, to every honorable calling. They are the men for the times and generation in which they live, and the world has no place in which she can hide such men. They are leaders in all ages and countries, and in every condition of life. Their heroism is the admiration of mankind. Their reward is in the impulse of doing good. They are never so rich as when struggling in poverty and under adverse circumstances, and never so poor as when after great success, they find nothing more to achieve. Their condition bespeaks their character, however humble or exalted their origin—and their labors a glorious destiny. As against Governments the pioneer is the instrument of Providence to lead adventurous men out to found new States, though he may not live to behold the grandeur of his deeds. We will place him therefore where Providence places him; where mankind honor him, and where his name shall stand forever ennobled by his own labors and by the perils endured for his race.

Your presence in this Territory had much to do in hastening the adjustment of the title to Oregon. You built your fortunes upon this title, and enlarged the right of the United States to the Territory. How much there was that was accidental on your part in this chain of title is for your contemplation. It is no doubt interesting. We often wonder at the apparently insignificant circumstances which bring out or change the fortunes of men and nations. One word, one indifferent act may do it. Every one of you can remember the first thought of Oregon, and the circumstances under which you made your outfit. They were comparatively slight then, but now we regard them as of the utmost importance in a social, political and national point of view. It was a slight thing in itself that Columbus, poor and discouraged, took the Monastery of La Rabida in his way to remove his son Diego, but the unexpected interview which took place with Juan Perez, who had been the Queen's Confessor, led to a train of circumstances which caused afterwards ten different localities to contend for the honor of his birth. When John Kendrick, with his fleet of vessels, the *Washington* and *Columbia*, sailed from Boston, Massachusetts, in 1787, for the almost unknown North Pacific ocean, he had no thought of Oregon, and yet that act in its results had its effect upon the destiny of this Territory. Had Great Britain pursued a liberal course towards the United States, after the war with the Colonies, the probabilities are that the *Washington* and *Columbia* would not have made their appearance in what is now known as the Canal de Haro, and the Columbia river, (events which established the American title to Oregon as

against Great Britain), Spain, the oldest claimant of all, asserted her title against the British to the whole extent of the coast; and as against Russia to latitude 55 degrees. Spain transferred her claim to the United States. "So soon," says Mr. Bancroft, "as the Independence of the United States was acknowledged by Great Britain, the strict enforcement of the old unrepealed navigation laws cut them off from their former haunts of commerce, and it became a question from what ports American ships could bring home coffee, sugar, spices and tea; all British Colonies were barred against them as much as were those of Spain. So American ships sailed into the Eastern ocean, where trade with the natives was free. Americans observing the fondness of the Chinese for furs, sailed fearlessly from the Chinese seas or round Cape Horn to the northwest coast of America in quest of peltry to exchange for the costly fabrics of China. They were in the waters of Northwest America long before the Hudson Bay Company."

Several gentlemen in Boston fitted out for the Pacific Ocean these ships, the *Washington* and *Columbia*, namely, J. Barrell, S. Brown, C. Bulfinch, J. Darby, C. Hatch and J. M. Pintard, in the year 1787, and placed them under the command of John Kendrick. This navigator sailed through the Straits of Fuca in the *Washington* just at the time when the Constitution of the United States went into operation; two years before Vancouver, the English navigator, and before Quimper and De Haro. It was the information received by the British Admiralty of the discovery by Capt. Kendrick, that led Vancouver to make the voyage. Capt. Kendrick had entered every channel, inlet and harbor where there was a chance for traffic. The *Columbia*, under the command of Capt. Robert Gray, to whom it had been transferred in 1789, in May, 1792, entered the Columbia river and made an exploration of its mouth. In 1804-5, Lewis and Clark traced the Columbia from its source to the ocean, where Capt. Gray had christened it after the name of his ship. That the land and water pioneers might leave a record of title which no human agency could efface, it was left, to complete the scene, and as if to awaken our Government to a sense of its obligation to you, that the world should witness the shocking and heartrending tragedy, on the banks of the Upper Columbia,—the murder of the martyred Whitman and family, whose blood consecrated the land of the heathen to all that is ennobling in civilization, and then mingled with the ceaseless flow of the waters of the Columbia. And it is but a few months past since England, still contending for the American possessions in the north, submitted, with the United States, the question of boundary for settlement to the Emperor of Germany. A final decision has been made, taking the water line through the Canal de Haro, as claimed by the United States, as the northwest boundary of the Oregon pos-

sessions. Thus this great question has been settled upon the acts and discoveries of Oregon Pioneers.

We requested Mr. Minto, one of the early pioneers to give his impressions of the state of public feeling among the settlers of Oregon prior to the treaty of 1846. From personal experience and observation, he makes the following reply: "A few incidents will be sufficient to indicate to you what it was. In 1844, when I arrived in the valley of the Willamette, the British sloop-of-war *Modeste* was either moving on the coast near the mouth of the Columbia river or in the river itself, often as far up the river as Vancouver, then the chief post of the Hudson Bay Company west of the Rocky Mountains. The company that season, 1844, had erected a bastion on the northwest angle of this stockade. Of course the Americans perfectly understood this as a preparation for defence in case of a war for possession of the country, and it frequently happened that in so small a number of persons as would man a Chinook canoe, a count would be made to ascertain who would fight for British and who for American interests in such a contingency. In the fall and winter of 1845, the *Modeste* lay in the Columbia, and her officers made frequent excursions inland. During harvest a party, headed by Lieutenant Peel (now Sir Robert Peel), son of the eminent statesman of that name, made the tour of the Willamette valley. I met him at the farm of Daniel Matheny (now the site of the town of Wheatland). I heard Mr. Matheny ask him how he liked the appearance of the country. His answer was: "Mr. Matheny, it is certainly the most beautiful country, in the natural state that I ever saw, and I only fear we (the British) shall fail in securing the ownership of it." Yet the young Briton did what he could to keep alive the sentiment of ownership among those who had a leaning towards the British interests. Early in 1846, a ball was given on the floor of Dr. McLaughlin's mill, at Oregon City. Lieut. Peel and other officers of the *Modeste* were present, and Lieut. Peel bet the wine with the late Dr. Robert Newell, that the most of the men then present would take the British side in case of a contest. Lieut. Peel lost the bet, and showing some chagrin in his manner, offered to bet another bottle of wine that a man he indicated, sitting right opposite to him across the mill floor, would fight under the British flag. Dr. Newell took the bet. That man was asked to cross the floor, when this question was put to him: "Sir, which flag would you support in case of war for this country?" The answer was quick and clear: "I fight under the Stars and Stripes, myself." The party making the answer was Willard H. Rees, present Secretary of the Oregon Pioneer Association. The feeling of nationality on either side, though often exhibited in spirited answers like the above, and in some cases equally spirited action, was in the main not very demonstrative, but the anxiety was very deep and general among the Americans, both native and foreign born, before we got

the news of the treaty and its results. To very many of us it involved the question of retracing our journey back across the mountains and sage plains, and I have no doubt many who have made that journey without much thought of its magnitude and its dangers, were very desirous not to be forced to taste again the hard endurances and sharp privations inseparable from a repetition of it. The news of the treaty came at last, however, and deep and heartfelt was the joy that came with it, for it brought the conviction to many that though we were far removed, we were not forgotten by our fellow citizens of the Atlantic seaboard."

Mr. Minto not being able to be present on this occasion, sends you his greeting in the following kindly words: "I hope you will have a good time at the approaching re-union of the fathers and mothers of Oregon, as a civilized community."

The news of the signing of the treaty of 1846 was received in Oregon with feelings which plainly indicated the importance of the measure. Joint occupancy, that uncertain tenure by which power was held, was at an end. To say that there were no jealousies lurking in the minds of some of these Pioneers in reference to the country, would render the picture stiff and unnatural. But these jealousies were light. No contention resulted from them. The American Pioneer was educated in a land where the stranger was welcome to tarry, where the alien was invited to become a citizen on terms of equality. Here we presented the pleasing spectacle of the inhabitants of a country owing allegiance to different sovereignties quietly acquiescing in the authority of one. The American and foreigner were strangers only in name. The former said to the latter, under this treaty of 1846, "this is the country of the alien, of the stranger, come and partake ye of it. It is your country, and it is for our descendants forever." The announcement of this news and the subsequent Congressional action, came as a promise of a day of rest. As you had come here to unite your fortunes for weal or woe, you readily received this proclamation of peace and good will. Your prayers were not only in harmony with your hope, but they were answered. These Western vallies, possessing a fruitful soil and temperate climate so well adapted to the trade of the ocean, now presented additional inducements to the industrious. They looked more beautiful to the hitherto unsettled husbandman than ever; they had a value which it seems they did not before possess; the hills and mountains that were reference points for the huntsman as he pursued his game over them, now appeared to become objects of grandeur, something for the admiration of man. The whole country now offered tempting rewards to industry, and you all felt rich in the anticipation of the abundance that was in store for you. Hope and contentment took the place of doubt and disappoint-

ment. The gloom and despondency that surrounded your cabins was now dispelled. Friendship, tried and brightened in the very fire of adversity, assured you that you were now one people in purpose and action; that your life, property and country were protected. Governments, as an evidence of their authority and skill, like partisans, may transmit to posterity the schemes, the contrivances and diplomacy by which they obtained power and exercised it. But they are of no benefit to the subject. The prize you have handed down is not of a questionable character. It is one which involves the question of peaceful existence; it is for man, home and country, purchased by sacrifices which none of your descendants will ever realize or fully appreciate. They may applaud and reverence you, as they will do, but they can never take upon themselves your character or experience.

Your mission did not end with your arrival in the Territory, nor did you wait for the second influx of Pioneers to sow that you might reap. The improvements and discoveries in science and art which have been made in the world in your day are known to you. You have kept even pace with them, and have given your children the benefit of them so far as your means and opportunity would permit. You built steamboats and sail vessels for your river and coast trade. Upon every navigable stream in Oregon we find evidences of your skill and perseverance. You have done as much as you could for railroad communication, and to complete those enterprises in this behalf begun in your midst. You have opened thoroughfares all over the Territory. You have established commerce by land and sea. You had teachers among your number, able and efficient. Over thirty years ago you founded an institution of learning that has to-day an enduring memory. It flourishes in all its departments. It is the pioneer institution of Oregon, and stands out like Mt. Hood, in beautiful relief from like bodies that surround it. The fame of this institution, the old Willamette University, will grow as time moves on. Every city and every town of size sufficient to be called such, was started by one or more pioneers. Your principal mills and factories have the same honor attached to them. You have carved this large and flourishing State out of the Oregon Territory, and divided it with your associate pioneers and brethren of Washington, who share in the honors due to the Oregon fathers. You have made your State a model of economy and substantial prosperity; the pride of every pioneer within the limits of your Territory. And if there is anything wanting to complete the triumph of civilization here, it is not known, unless it be a railroad from the Atlantic States direct to Oregon. May you all live to witness the consummation of this essential object.

The news of the signing of the treaty of 1846 was not received by telegraph or by railroad. Both of these great aids to human progress were then unknown

on this coast. It came here by water, by way of the Sandwich Islands, where it was reprinted in the *Polynesian* from the *New York Gazette and Times*, and in December of the same year, Governor Abernethy referred to this information in his message to the Oregon Legislature. You had everything to discourage you for a long time; still you did not camp upon your trail, nor leave ruins for others to build upon. That you should look for a resting place only, and there stop and become mere blanks, was an absolute impossibility. You were increasing in thought and usefulness. The assertion that "He who learns the trade of pin-making will continue to make pins all his life," has no application to the general affairs of men, nor even to trade itself, any more than it has to say that Benjamin Franklin should have made soap and cut wicks to the end of his days. Man in his philosophical development rises often from the simplest and most obscure condition to opulence in the treasures of the mind. The humblest may become the most exalted. And that which is hidden by poverty and adverse circumstances may be opened by virtue of its own merit and experience to the richest mental reward.

Those who do the most for mankind are not found among those who stay back and censure those who go forward in the world's drama at a sacrifice of life and property. Gold is the same when lurking in its mother vein or in the bosom of the earth as when it becomes the setting of the diamond. By toil and hardship it is brought out, and by its association with the beautiful gem, it is made more valuable. It is use that makes gold of any value whatever. So it is with the Pioneer. He must circulate. It is natural for man to run to everything that is beautiful and attractive in the search for wealth. The lad who ran to yonder hill to secure the purse of gold at the foot of the rainbow, had his confidence in the prize changed to bitter disappointment when he found the rainbow still farther off—beyond the valley below him. You did not come here in search of gold. Travelers by land, and voyagers by sea, like Columbus, are ever looking as Pioneers for homes and possessions, and for the pride of posterity. The banner of the Pioneer bearing the motto, "We shall live and die together," has been a power in the march of civilization. You had a common inheritance in the fate that should overtake you; the same hope in a life-work. The treasures which you were in search of, gold could not buy. They were Nature's offerings to industry, to heroism, to manhood. Man delights in these offerings, and will stake family, friends, property and his life upon them. Your experience has taught you this truth. But there is another important fact in this connection. The social relations should receive a passing notice. Neither the love of gold nor social relations brought you together, and impelled you on your journey. You met as strangers, with nothing before you but liberty and equality—elements found in the condition of every tribe of Indians with whom you came in

contact. Something more was needed. Liberty and equality are not evidences of a civilized condition, though they should be a part of it. The social element is the key-stone in this structure, and you soon realized this fact. Burke, one of the greatest statesmen, living or dead, says "our manners, our civilization, and all good things connected with manners and with civilization, have depended for ages upon two principles: I mean the spirit of a gentleman and the spirit of religion." It is to these principles manifested in your lives that we are indebted for this noble work for Oregon—your social ties were rendered strong and indissoluble by circumstances both pleasing and painful.

For years you dwelt within yourselves, and a freedom of thought and action followed, that made you, as it were, one family rather than mere strangers thrown together by the vicissitudes of adventure. At the time of your advent into this country you were made up of nearly all nationalities. So are the people of the United States generally. In older settled communities, where interests are so diversified and capital so antagonistic, the development of the social principle is necessarily slow. It does its work, not by the force of circumstances but through their accidents. Success intellectually, mechanically, commercially, and in every department of life, develops the idea of social dependence. When this principle really prevails, not only kind and benevolent purposes are made to answer the wants of society, but the citizen is assured of the safety of his own life and property, because he knows that he is pledged to the protection of the life and property of his neighbor. Civilization boasts of strides independent of this refining element, but her boastings are not evidences of true greatness. France, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, was behind several of the neighboring powers in social activity, yet history informs us that during that period France was the most civilized country of Europe. But the true greatness of a nation consists in a union of these elements. Rome at the height of her glory was more social than when in her decline. At this period she exhibited the highest type of civilization. The glory of the ancient city rested upon her social foundation, and when that gave away, her decline followed. The American proper, as a general thing, does not exert himself as he should for social conquest. He makes no sacrifices for it. Is it true that this American is the dyspeptic in mind, so to speak, that he has the reputation of being in body? In this particular you are in advance of the average American citizen. Cultivate your friendships. And may you never forget that the social qualities, in their proper exercise, are essential elements in that condition of human economy which secures a life of positive happiness and exalted purposes.

Accepting you in the light here presented, you were instrumentalities in the hand of that mysterious but unerring power which moves mankind onward in

social, moral and intellectual progression. When you survey the field before you, and the extent of your operations, with what satisfaction you can rejoice in your day and generation. Permit us here to comprehend all pioneers by land and sea in everything for the development of the resources of Oregon, and the promotion of her interests, taking the fact as the test rather than dates, and offer to all our congratulations, and to ask, who among you would give up his pioneer experience, however severe? Is the bauble of political distinction or possession of treacherous wealth any consideration for such a surrender? Inquire of one and all, the rich and the poor, and even those worn down by disappointment, or of the miner always hoping, yet always failing—whose life-long toil has been totally unrewarded, and whose last words on earth will be, “I know I shall strike it yet,”—ask these, and all others, if there is anything in this world they would exchange for this pioneer experience? We feel that we hear the answer from a united voice, “Though these experiences were dearly and tearfully bought, yet we made the sacrifices for them, even to privations of shelter, food and clothing, and to the exposure of self and little ones to the scalping knife and war club of the savage. These experiences are dear to us. The world possesses nothing that we would exchange for them. The whole of our suffering under these terrible auspices is almost forgotten and lost in the charm that accompanies the full and ample reward of those who obey in these things, on behalf of their race, the command of the most potent of all powers.”

The scenes through which you have passed and those attending the discovery of gold on this coast, will never be witnessed again. In the history of the mines we have but one '49, we shall never experience another. Those who figured in that world-astounding period like the pioneers of Oregon, are passing away. You are all the marks of a peculiar age. Your life, so meritorious, so bold and heroic here, will form a brilliant page in history hereafter. Contribute as long as you can to make that record worthy of the pride and reverence of your fellow man. The importance of uniting upon a day for your annual re-union, a feast day, is no doubt admitted by all of you. The 15th of June, 1846—commemorative of the consummation of your work for your country, of the establishment of permanent peace and tranquility within your borders—is a proper occasion for that feast. When was Oregon more beautiful and endearing to you than upon that day? When, before the treaty of 1846, did you feel that you were in full possession and enjoyment of your home, beautified and made valuable by your own handiwork? When before had you felt that your individual freedom had merged into that condition of universal liberty upon which republics thrive and depend for power, and which promised to you security and protection?

Feast days are as old as the world, and yet as young as the present generation. The day of rest, commemorative of creation, goes back to the earliest record. The day of the Passover, the day of Pentacost and other feast days of the ancient Jews, the Greeks and Romans are familiar to you. In more recent periods we have, among others, Christmas, St. Patrick's Day, New Year's Day, May Day, Thanksgiving Day and the Fourth of July. These festivals are all important institutions. They mark grand events in the world's history, and perpetuate their memory. Not only are they indispensable, but they are the faithful chroniclers of the transactions of a people, civil and religious. Let there be added to this list of feast days the 15th of June for Oregon. Make it a day of thanksgiving and of joy; of glad tidings to the once disheartened and discouraged pioneer. Spend the day in exercises, instructive, innocent and pleasurable. Share liberally the good things for the inner man. May the return of this day be vouchsafed to you and your children for years and years to come, increasing in interest and importance with your advancing age. And when these joyous scenes and excellent opportunities so dear to you shall be yours no longer, when you shall one after another fold your tents and take your departure from this temporary camp-ground, which has been to you a faithful home, may those who shall survive remember in praise and gratitude those who have taken the lead in the discovery of that pleasant land where the innocent spirit of a little child is made the test of heirship; and remember also that those who are gone, are only a short time in advance of the remaining members of this emigrant train, which, with slow but regular pace, is moving on and on, towards that country where there is no cloud of title, no question of the right of occupancy.

OREGON QUESTION.

REMARKS BY GOV. L. F. GROVER.

The controversy concerning the right of jurisdiction over Oregon was maintained between the United States and Great Britain for nearly a half a century before the treaty of Washington of June 15, 1846. Great Britain never, at any time, definitely asserted the right of exclusive sovereignty over the whole, or any part of Oregon. The basis of her claim to jurisdiction, when examined with reference to any particular right to any portion of the country, must yield to the superior right of one of three other nations—Spain, France and the United States. At the very early period of 1494, on June 14th of that year, the celebrated *Treaty of Partition of the Ocean* was concluded between Spain and Portugal, then the chief maritime powers of the world. This treaty provided that Portugal should enjoy and possess the exclusive rights of discovery, trade, conquest and dominion in all the seas and territories, not previously belonging to a Christian prince or people, east of a meridian line passing three hundred and seventy leagues west of the Cape Verde Islands; and that Spain should possess the same rights in all seas, and all pagan lands, west of that line.

This assertion of the right of discovery and conquest in Spain to all the American continent, was followed by voyages of Spanish ships, from time to time, along the entire Oregon coast, by the discovery and navigation, in 1592, of the Puget Sound waters, by the Greek pilot De Fuca, sailing under Spanish orders, and by explorations under Admiral Fonte, in 1640, extending to the 55th degree of north latitude. History, carefully examined, will show that up to the time of the Nootka Convention, concluded in 1790, between Spain and Great Britain, although the regions had been visited by vessels of the latter, the former held the indisputable right of dominion over the entire Oregon coast. The Nootka Treaty was a measure yielded to by Spain, under menace of war, by which Great Britain gained a limited right of fishing and trading in the

Northwest, but by its terms no right of sovereignty was abandoned to the British Crown.

In the meantime, France had discovered the Mississippi, and had explored and settled the country drained by this river and its tributaries. She claimed exclusive jurisdiction over that region and, by right of *continuity*, extended her claim to the Pacific ocean. French ships had followed the tract of the Spanish to the northwest coast, and visited the west shore line of what was asserted to be French territory. As against Great Britain, the pretensions of France to right of sovereignty over Oregon were as good as those of the English crown to extend its jurisdiction to the Mississippi by virtue of holding the Atlantic seaboard to the eastward. Both claims rested upon the same ground, as recognized by the law of nations—the right of *continuity*.

Great Britain having obtained a foothold for fishing and trade in the North Pacific, immediately set on foot movements calculated to secure rights of sovereignty to portions of the American continent bordering on the same. Chief among these was the exploring expedition ordered under Captain Vancouver, which sailed from England in January, 1791. But this expedition was too late to be of capital importance as establishing jurisdictional right based on exploration. For at the time when Vancouver reached the coast of the North Pacific in 1792, Spain had reoccupied Nootka and had sent thence exploring and trading vessels in various directions, and the United States, then having lately assumed nationality, had seven vessels engaged in the fur trade of the northwest coast.

Vancouver examined the shore of the continent from California to the entrance of the Straits of Fuca, with the following conclusion as stated by himself:

“I was thoroughly convinced, as were also most persons of observation on board, that we could not possibly have passed any safe navigable opening, harbor, or place of security for shipping, on this coast, from Cape Mendocino to the promontory of Classet [Cape Flattery, at the entrance of Fuca’s Strait,] nor had we any reason to alter our opinions, notwithstanding that theoretical geographers have thought proper to assert in that space the existence of arms of the ocean communicating with a Mediterranean sea, and extensive rivers with safe and convenient ports.”

Nearing the entrance of the Straits of Fuca on the 29th of April, 1792, Vancouver discovered “a sail westward, standing in shore.” This was the American ship Columbia, Captain Robert Gray, belonging to Boston, whence she had been absent about nineteen months. Gray informed the British Captain of his

sailing into the Straits of Fuca in the American sloop Washington, three years before, and furnishing him with sailing directions for entering these waters. He also informed Vancouver of the existence of "the mouth of a river in latitude of 46 degrees 10 minutes, where the outset or reflux was so strong as to prevent his entering for nine days." The two Captains parted—the Englishman to *explore* the Straits of Fuca, by an American sailing chart, and the American to enter the mouth of the great river on the 11th day of May, 1792, where, "in a large river of fresh water, he anchored ten miles above its mouth."

Thus was discovered and actually entered the great river of the west, whose waters drain the western shed of the American continent from the 41st to the 53d degree of north latitude, which, after the name of the ship he commanded, he called the Columbia. By right of discovery the United States then laid claim to all those regions bordering on the Columbia and its tributaries, according to a well settled principle of the law of nations.

Vancouver minutely surveyed the Straits of Fuca and adjacent islands and waters, and took possession of them in the name of his sovereign. He afterwards entered the Columbia river, surveyed a portion of its course, and took formal possession of the country drained by its waters for the British Crown by right of discovery and exploration.

In the treaty with France for the purchase of Louisiana in 1803, the United States acquired the French claim to all the territory between the Mississippi river—the former western boundary of the Republic—and the Pacific ocean, extending north to the dividing line between the Hudson Bay territory and the French provinces in Canada, as established by the Treaty of Utrecht, concluded in 1713. The American Government further strengthened its right of jurisdiction to Oregon by explorations of the Columbia river from its source to its mouth, in 1804-5, by Lewis and Clark, acting under public authority. And, after effecting the first settlement on the banks of this greatest tributary to the Pacific, the United States held, in their own right, the three strongest muniments of title known to international law, to all the territory drained by its waters—discovery, exploration and settlement. To make this right, if need be, complete and irrefragable, by a treaty of limits between the United States and Spain, concluded Feb. 22, 1819, the former acquired all then existing rights of Spain lying north of the 42d degree of latitude from the sources of the Arkansas river to the Pacific ocean. Spain being the undisputed discoverer of the Pacific sea coast subtending the branches of the Columbia river in the interior, it can hardly be admitted that after the Spanish Treaty any adverse claims of title could be pressed unless based on assertion merely.

But by the treaty with Great Britain of 1818, it was claimed by British diplo-

matists that a *joint occupancy* was established, which was conclusive upon the United States that *some* right to the territory was vested in the British crown. Asserting this construction and closing her eyes upon all points of eliminary title presented and urged by the American Government, Great Britain insisted upon a division of the territory as a compromise. The United States regarded the treaty of 1818 "as a Convention of *non-occupation*, a promise on the part of both parties that neither of the parties will occupy the territory for an indefinite space; first for ten years; then until the notice shall be given from one party to the other that the convention shall be terminated—that is to say, that the restriction, the fetter upon our hands, shall be thrown off which prevents occupation."

* * * "In 1827, when the convention came to be renewed, an indefinite time was assigned instead of ten years; and then again the reservation of rights of any third power was omitted, clearly because we had acquired all the rights of the third power (Spain), whose rights were reserved before, and the word 'settlement' continued to be omitted, Great Britain having no right under the convention to make any settlement whatever." (John Quincy Adams in U. S. House of Representatives, Session 1845-6.)

But whatever rendering the treaty would justly bear, it became to be known to the world as the Convention of Joint Occupation of Oregon, and the British Government gained, by the skill of its diplomatists, what it had failed to reach by the skill of its navigators and explorers—a tangible foot-hold in the disputed territory.

Through the agency of the Hudson Bay Company, actual occupation was taken by Great Britain of prominent portions of the whole country for the purpose of hunting and trading; and through the operations of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company, a British corporation, organized out of the Hudson Bay Company's employes, agricultural colonies were settled in various portions of the country before the United States became fully awake as to the purposes of her rival in the Northwest.

The American fur-traders had established and maintained a post near the mouth of the Columbia river, which was taken by the English during the war of 1812, and afterwards returned to the jurisdiction of the United States; and hunting, trapping, and dealing with the Indians had been pursued by Americans in the interior. But it was not until 1837 that anything vital was done by the people of the United States, accepting the British construction of the treaty of 1818, and its supplement, that of 1827. American missionaries now began to look to Oregon as a field of religious labor among the Indians; and, in this year, 1834, arrived in Oregon the missionary colony under the lead of Dr. Marcus Whitman. In 1838 the first wagons crossed the plains to this country. Others

shortly followed, and in 1842 a tide of agricultural settlers, with families, ox-wagons, herds, implements of husbandry, and household goods, began to pour over the Rocky Mountains, and down into the valleys of Oregon with such a determined flow that the familiar British theory of "joint occupation," at first advanced to protect the actual occupation of the country by the Hudson's Bay Company, now looked like a serious hindrance to the final security of English interests in Oregon.

The Americans came and settled everywhere in the most favorable localities. In 1843 they formed a government, American in character, and declared that they adopted the same "until such time as the United States of America extend their jurisdiction over us."

At this time the interest of the people of the United States in the Oregon question had become general, and the leading points of the controversy were freely discussed. A sentiment, based upon facts of history, that all of Oregon belonged of right to the United States, settled upon the public mind in America. This sentiment soon had its influence in Congress, where, in 1846, a resolution giving notice to terminate the "joint occupation" was passed by both Houses, and was transmitted to London, where it was received by the American Minister May 15th of that year, for delivery to the British Government.

The English diplomatists, ever, after the Treaty of 1818, basing their claims more upon the fact of "joint occupation" than upon any elements of just title, had offered to divide the territory in dispute and to make the Columbia river the boundary line, with free navigation to both nations. The United States, without admitting any basis of claim, had offered the 49th parallel of north latitude, extending from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific ocean, as a boundary. These propositions had been mutually rejected. But now the British Ministry observing that the American people were in earnest, and were entering upon ground from which it would be difficult to persuade them to retire, determined themselves to offer the 49th parallel as a boundary to the sea. On the 19th of May, before the notice was delivered, instructions were sent to the British Minister at Washington to make the offer. It was made; and a protocol was signed embodying this proposition. The advice of the Senate was taken upon it; and on the 15th of June, the Senate having advised its acceptance, it took the form of a treaty. There were incidents of American history at the period of the Treaty of 1846, unnecessary to be noted now, not touching the merits of the Oregon controversy, which account for the yielding up of a part of this territory by the United States, while fully convinced that their title to the whole was certain and indisputable.

In adjusting the western terminus of the compromise boundary it was found

that the 49th parallel, if extended directly to the Pacific ocean, would bisect Vancouver Island, the greater portion of which lay north of said line. For an amicable arrangement of national interests between the two parties, and to secure a natural water boundary after the land line first reached the deep sea, the following was definitely concluded upon as the entire boundary in dispute:

“From the point on the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude, where the boundary laid down in existing treaties and conventions between the United States and Great Britain terminates, the line of boundary between the territories of the United States and those of Her Britannic Majesty shall be continued westward along the said forty-ninth parallel of north latitude *to the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island, and thence southerly through the middle of the said channel and of Fuca's Straits to the Pacific Ocean.*”

It has been said that ever since the separation of the colonies from the mother country, the United States and Great Britain have been making treaties, and then quarreling about their meaning. The treaty of 1846 did not disapprove this assertion. “The middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island” was filled with a cluster of small islands, the chief of which is San Juan, having a good ship-channel on both sides, and the two nations nearly got to war to determine which side of San Juan the line should run. After years of fruitless discussion upon the question, between the two Governments, by the terms of the Treaty of Washington of the 8th of May, 1871, the point in dispute was referred to the Emperor of Germany, and by him decided, after due deliberation, that the line as claimed by the United States most nearly complied with the terms of the treaty of 1846.

Thus was terminated a controversy concerning the claims of British dominion in Oregon which had lasted more than three-quarters of century.

In this controversy, the Pioneers of Oregon bore a most important and decisive part. The British diplomatists felt that their pretense to jurisdiction on account of discovery and exploration was not well founded. The Convention of 1818, which they proclaimed to be a treaty of joint occupation, was intended, evidently from the first, to cover the actual British settlements which followed. But upon sight of the first American wagon which had borne a family across the great interior plains, the agents of the British Government in Oregon became conscious that the argument for jurisdiction, based upon subduing the country to agricultural occupancy, was ended. The country was to become American, and did become American long before the Treaty of 1846, acknowledging that fact. This was the work of the Oregon Pioneers.

As great events generally follow in clusters, the acquisition of California followed in 1848, by military occupancy. It is fair to claim that our Government never would have ventured, with the small force it had at command, to push its arms to the Pacific, in Mexican territory, during the war with Mexico, if we did not already possess a domain in that quarter, and a reliable American population in Oregon. So that the Pioneers of Oregon were really the fathers of American jurisdiction over all that magnificent domain of the United States, west of the Rocky Mountains—an Empire of itself.

THE PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

SALEM, JANUARY 2d, 1875.

Much honor is due to the gentlemen who first suggested the design to form a Pioneer Association,—every emigrant of early times approves its object, and desires a faithful fulfillment of its purposes.

History may be properly defined to be that science which treats of man and the events connected with man, both of the past and the present, in all his social relations. Its object is to record each old stirring legend and traditionary story, as well as every important event connected with human society. With truth and clearness we should take care to present traditions and events, as near as may be, in their naked truth, divested of the mists and clouds in which they are too often enveloped.

The Association has been formed with a view to gather material for the archives from living witnesses before these sources shall be closed, and those living witnesses shall be speechless forever,—and to perpetuate the memory of those early pioneers now resting from their labors, as well as those now living, whose sacrifices and sufferings and toil have converted the untamed wilds of their adopted land into a paradise for their children; to mingle in sweet communion and recount past scenes which they participated in, whether of joy or sorrow, of plenty or want, of sickness or health, of prosperity or adversity—during their long pilgrimage crossing the desert plains or coming by sea, and founding a new settlement to be enjoyed by their descendants. Such annual reunions must result in the promotion of their happiness, and tend to unite hearts in friendship and respect. Let all come to the annual feast, and take each one present by the hand and go back along the stream of years to the hallowed fountains of olden time, and recall ancient memories and live over again the trials and events of “the days of other years,” and pay the homage of your hearts to the memory of those of your number who have gone before you. Like your ancestors of Plymouth Rock, who preceded you in the conquest of the sea coast wilderness of the continent, they felt that they had reached the theater upon which duty as well as interest commanded them to devote their labor and lives, to occupy and subdue such a land. You, like them, had exchanged the happy fireside of

your youth for the discomforts and perils of the wilderness. You left your homes, and cherished associations of your childhood; you were quite as completely exiled, as were the cavaliers who landed upon the wild shores of Virginia, or the Puritans, who sought the snow clad coast of Massachusetts, far from the villages of your birth and childhood; before you the trackless desert of sage and sand, thousands of miles of weary journeys through hostile tribes of savages, and over unexplored mountains; yet you did not shrink from the perilous execution of your high resolves to open here a new theater for civilization, and to found and secure a goodly home for your children. Blessed, forever blessed, be the soil thus consecrated by your toils. It is a goodly land, a land of rivers and brooks of pure water, of fountains, a land of wheat and barley, "Where thou shall eat bread without scarceness." Your descendants will not fail to recognize the solemn obligation they are under to the pioneers, who led the van in a work so glorious. They will recall to mind the memory of their fathers and early friends, with whom more than thirty years ago they were accustomed to meet and mingle in sweet communion, who have crossed the dark river and are realizing the reward of their labors in the bright land to which we are all hastening; and, although no history has recorded their names to the world, or colossal statues erected to record their virtues, the green hillock that covers their dust, the simple turf that marks the place of their rest, will be viewed with a depth of affection and veneration by their descendants, which the sculptured monuments of mere warriors or heroes, however renowned can never hope to command. To suppose that they did not sometimes look back with tearful eyes and yearning hearts, to the familiar scenes and youthful haunts they had abandoned, would be to ignore the common sympathies of their nature. Who, hailing from a distant nativity, does not feel his bosom beat and glow with affection for the spot that gave him birth, for the sacred home beneath whose roof—a mother's hand first rocked his infant cradle—and a parents voice, who first taught his infant tongue to lisp the name of father? Ah, who shall blind the memory of the emigrant from the bright scenes of his youth, the gurgling spring at which he drank, the streamlet in which he angled? Yea, the very trees and rocks among which he has grown up, are objects dear to his affections, and he finds music in the remembered echoes of his native hills.

Thus it was with the pioneers who came here at that early day to build the cabin, to fence the land, to open the roads, to lay out the towns and cities, to establish schools for the education of the young—and to found churches for the worship of God. Nobly have they performed those duties. If we close our eyes and memories for a moment to the intermediate period of thirty years, how we should be startled with the mighty change, physical and intellectual, which have occurred since we first saw these lands in their native wildness and their

infant settlement in their rustic simplicity, this beautiful city and many others that every where adorn the land and bespeak the taste, the wealth, and the prosperity of our people which have emerged from the forest that covered their sites. Everything around us has changed. The vastness of the contrast between the past and the present in the means of commercial intercourse and the transmission of intelligence, the educational progress of the country, the proud architectural monuments, whose broad foundations are laid for future generations, crowning it with schools, and universities, and churches, and works of polished art, will secure to the pioneers of Oregon, an enduring fame for all time to come.

I do not propose to detail the stages of this rapid progress. The material must yet be collected by the Association. Its history must be gleaned from those who shared in those early scenes, and transferred to the record of the Association. The name and lineage of every man and woman who bore a part in the early settlement of Oregon, should have a place in this record. And no doubt, some future historian will weave these materials into a connected and interesting narrative worthy of the theme. Scarcely a month passes, that does not consign to the tomb some member of the veteran band. Shall we make no effort to gather from their lips and garner into the store house of history, the facts and incidents that must perish with them? What is known by them must be recorded quickly. The pioneers can not feel too deeply the solemn weight of their responsibility.

Standing in the great hall of time which links ages past, with unnumbered generations yet to come, it is our solemn duty to inscribe upon its walls the events of our day, whilst they remain unshrouded in the oblivion to which our neglect will consign them.

Let us, then, apply ourselves faithfully to the high duty we have assumed whilst the day lasts. Let us labor to gather up the incidents, the tradition and events of those now distant days, ere they perish unrecorded and unrecoverable.

E. N. COOKE.

HISTORY OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF OREGON.

BY HON. J. QUINN THORNTON.

CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, AND FORMERLY JUDGE OF THE
SUPREME COURT OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.

The Oregon Pioneer Association having, by its committee, requested me to write a very brief historical sketch of the Provisional Government of Oregon, for publication as a part of the Society's transactions, I now address myself to this task because I could not have been indifferent under any circumstances, to the manifestation of such a wish. And although I may regret that the narrow space within which I am required to confine my observations will make it necessary for me to do little more than bring before the reader the naked facts of the history of the Provisional Government of Oregon without the reflections and comments they would naturally suggest, yet the performance, however imperfect, in other respects, will, I trust, be found to be characterized by a fidelity to truth, without which, that claimed to be history, would be valueless for any of the purposes of instructing mankind.

The history of Oregon naturally divides itself into several distinctly marked periods, as

1. That of the commercial and other voyages and explorations, along the Northwest Coast, commencing with the voyages of Hurbado, Mendoza, Grigalva, and Becerra, in the North Pacific, in 1532, by order of Cortes, and ending with the voyage of Kousensteen and Lisiansky, from St. Petersburg, to the North Pacific in 1803, and the destruction of the ship Boston, of Boston, by the savages at Nootka Sound in the same year.

2. The expedition of Lewis and Clark in the year 1804, 1806.

3. Oregon during its occupancy by British and American Fur Companies, commencing in 1806, with Frazer and others in the employ of the Northwest

Trading Company, crossing the Rocky Mountains, and forming the first British establishment in that part of America on Frazer's Lake, and ending with Capt. Wyeth's attempt in 1834, to form American trading establishments west of the Rocky Mountains.

4. Commencing with the advent of the Methodist Missionaries in 1834, and terminating with the first attempt to establish a Provisional Government in 1841.

5. The history of the Provisional Government.

6. The history of Oregon during the existence of that government down to March 4th, 1849, when General Lane inaugurated the Territorial Government, authorized by the Act of Congress of August 4th, 1848.

7. Oregon during the Territorial Government, terminating on February 14th, 1859, when Congress passed an Act admitting Oregon into the Union with the Constitution adopted by the people November 9th, of the same year.

8. Oregon since the last named date.

The general subject being thus seen in its several parts: The history of the Provisional Government considered in this paper as an integral portion of that history will be more easily comprehended and understood in its relations to the other branches with which it stands associated.

Immediately preceding the time when American citizens as distinguished from American Missionaries came into Oregon to become permanent inhabitants, there were about fifty Canadian-Frenchmen in the Wallamet Valley, who having consorted with native women and spent the prime of their lives in the employment of the Hudson's Bay Company, had retired with their wives and half-breed children to spend their remaining days as cultivators of the soil in the beautiful valley of the Wallamet. These were, nevertheless, dependent upon the Hudson's Bay Company for the supplies necessary to enable them to enter upon their new mode of life and even to continue in it, since only that Company furnished or could furnish them with a market for the products of their labor. Through these retired employees and others equally dependant, the Hudson's Bay Company believed that it could exert a controlling influence in the settlement of the country and fill it with a population dependant upon the Company for supplies. Moreover, this mixed-blood population was relied upon to rally the Indian warriors of the country whenever this should become plainly necessary to retain the possession of the country, the title to which was then claimed by the United States and Great Britain.

This policy was very clearly indicated by Mr. F. Ermatinger, an officer in the Hudson's Bay Company, in the autumn of 1838, when he said that if any effort should be made by the Government of the United States to remove them

from the country, they would at once arm the eight hundred mixed-bloods the Company controlled in different parts of Oregon, and by means of these and their knowledge of the natural fastnesses in the mountains, the Company would hold Oregon against any force it was possible for the United States to bring into the field. The Hudson's Bay Company well understood and fully appreciated the magnitude of the power and influence it had over the aboriginal tribes through the mixed-bloods even more than through a well digested system of trade and barter which, while it yielded immense returns of profit, kept the Indians in a state of dependence, and at the same time made them willing instruments for working out any results desired by their employers. To Americans not in the employment of the Company (and few ever were) every facility was afforded for getting out of the country, but none for remaining permanently in it. The population, nevertheless, continued gradually to increase to an extent that greatly disturbed its Chief Factor, the late Dr. John McLaughlin, who, while the benevolence of his heart would not permit him to witness actual suffering without relieving it, yet whose views of financial policy prompted him to desire that the country might be left in the undisturbed possession of the subjects of the British sovereign.

These Americans thus gradually increasing the population of Oregon, were, for the most part, sailors from vessels and hunters from the mountains who naturally settled in around the Methodist Missionaries where such of them as had not already native women for wives, were encouraged to form matrimonial connections in preference to casual associations.

In the autumn of 1840, there were in Oregon thirty-six American male settlers, twenty-five of whom had taken native women for their wives. There were also thirty-three American women, thirty-two children, thirteen lay members of the Protestant Missions, thirteen Methodist ministers, six Congregational ministers, three Jesuit priests, and sixty Canadian-French, making an aggregate of one hundred and thirty-seven Americans, and sixty-three Canadian-French (including the priests in the latter class) having no connection as employees of the Hudson's Bay Company.

I have said that the population outside of the Hudson's Bay Company increased slowly. How much so, will be seen by the fact that up to the beginning of the year 1842, there were in Oregon no more than twenty-one Protestant ministers, three Jesuit priests, fifteen lay members of Protestant churches, thirty-four white women, thirty-two white children, thirty-four American settlers, twenty-five of whom had native wives. The total American population will thus be seen to have been no more than one hundred and thirty-seven.

As descriptive of this period in the history of Oregon so far as that relates to

the American inhabitants, we may appropriately quote the language of the sacred volume and say "In those days there was no king in Israel and every man did whatsoever was right in his own eyes." The same remark would not, however, be applicable to the subjects of the British sovereign who were living in Oregon with Americans under the treaty providing for the joint occupancy of the country, the title to which was then in dispute between the two governments. The English Parliament had extended the colonial jurisdiction and civil laws of Canada over all British subjects on this coast. Under this Act, Sir James Douglas, Angus McDonald, and a Mr. Wark, were commissioned as Justices of the Peace, and they exercised jurisdiction in civil cases not exceeding two hundred pounds sterling. In criminal cases, if the magistrate, on a preliminary examination, believed from the testimony that there was probable cause to believe that an offense had been committed by the accused, he was sent to Canada for final trial. In all matters of mere police and trade regulation, the Hudson's Bay Company exercised an authority as absolute as that of the Czar of Russia, and flogging was a common punishment which any officer from the Governor of the Company down to the petty clerk of a trading post, might inflict upon any one of the rank and file of employees. And that personal chastisement was not always confined to the mere servants of the Company, nor always inflicted by the lower grade of officers in power is shown by the fact that the late Dr. McLaughlin, on one occasion being stung by a reproof which Rev. Mr. Beaver the chaplain, believed it his ministerial duty to administer, because of some of the Dr's. alleged sinful practices, was at once kicked out of the office by the offended representative of British law and Hudson's Bay Company justice, at Fort Vancouver.

The American emigrants flattered themselves that in forming settlements in Oregon, they would not only improve their own condition but that they would thereby build up for the United States a solid foundation on which to establish the American claim to the country. They hoped to be made the honored instruments for establishing the institutions of christianity, civilization and republican government

"In the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sounds,
Save its own dashing."

Without intending to expatriate themselves from the country of their nativity or to renounce their citizenship, they exposed themselves in small parties to the danger of being cut off by savages as well as to other perils of a long and exhaustive journey of many months over arid deserts and trackless mountains. Having arrived at the end of their journey, with their little fortune, wrecked by the difficulties of the way, and with their bodies broken down by the fatigues of their long continued travel, they were at once exposed to the hardships and

privations incident to the settlement of all new countries, as also to those which were peculiar to their isolated condition, cut off as they were from the society and sympathies of civilized life, far from the inhabited borders of their native land, between which and them, there was a vast region traversed by roving tribes of Indians, whose hands were against every man, and whose predatory habits were the source of continued annoyance and danger.

In their immediate vicinity too, and indeed, in their midst, were the subjects of a princess, claiming the right to exercise a sovereign jurisdiction over the country, and possessing the power to crush the rising colony in its infancy, either by the force of arms, or by refusing to sell to them the supplies necessary to the maintenance of their existence. And if political considerations prevented the former, the American emigrants nevertheless painfully felt that they were in the power of a people whose interests were inimical to theirs.

In addition to these embarrassing and untoward circumstances, while the subjects of the British empire, as we have seen, were covered by the protecting ægis of its laws—the American emigrants, although from year to year they hoped to see the paternal care of their government extended over them, were from time to time doomed to bitter disappointment, and to realize that they were without just and equitable laws to govern them, and to feel that they occupied the extraordinary, and in every way anomalous position of a people who without having either renounced their country, or been actually renounced by it, were, nevertheless, without one.

Distant from the land of their birth, surrounded by restless tribes of Indians, who clamorously and insolently demanded of the immigrants pay for lands which the immigrants had neither the means nor the right to purchase; still ardently desiring to have their names and their destiny connected with that of the republic, and yet, often pierced to the heart by the thought, which would sometimes, unbidden, obtrude itself upon the mind, that they were the victims of their country's neglect and injustice, and suffering all the inconveniences and embarrassments which are necessarily felt by a resident and civilized community, without a system of laws for the conservation of peace and order, they were at length compelled to organize a provisional government.

But before the American settlers addressed themselves seriously to a work of the magnitude this was seen to possess, they sent to Congress a petition in 1840 in which among many other things, they said :

“Your petitioners represent that they are residents in Oregon Territory, and citizens of the United States, or persons desirous of becoming such.

They further represent that they have settled themselves in said Territory, un-

der the belief that it was a portion of the public domain of the United States, and that they might rely upon the government thereof for the blessings of free institutions, and the protection of its arms.

But your petitioners further represent, that they are uninformed of any acts of said government by which its institutions and protection are extended to them; in consequence whereof, themselves and families are exposed to be destroyed by the savages *and others that would do them harm.**

And your petitioners would further represent, that they have no means of protecting their own and the lives of their families, other than self constituted tribunals, organized and sustained by the power of an ill instructed public opinion, and the resort to force and arms.

And your petitioners represent these means of safety to be an insufficient safeguard of life and property. * * * *

Your petitioners wherefore pray the Congress of the United States of America, to establish, as soon as may be, a Territorial government in the Oregon Territory."

The reader's attention has probably been drawn in an especial manner to that portion of the petition, in which the settlers declared that "themselves and families are exposed to be destroyed by the savages around them, *and others that would do them harm.*" The inquiry which is at once suggested by this language is, what reasons did the petitioners believe they had for thinking that they were in danger of being destroyed by savages; and who were those "others that would do them harm?" Some remarks will be made having for their object an answer to these questions.

The title to Oregon was at the time in dispute between the United States and Great Britain. Under the treaty for joint occupancy, the Hudson's Bay Company controlling an immense amount of capital, had their trading posts established at all points most eligible for trading with the Indians and for collecting furs. All thus employed, felt that they were no longer under the mild and humanizing influences of civilization and law, and they found themselves in a vast wilderness inhabited only by savages, and where every man was a law to himself. Under such circumstances, the great mass of the hunters and trappers come to have ideas of right and wrong, which would not be recognized by a Christian community. They had come into the country for the purpose of making money by hunting and trapping and trading with the Indians. They had a right to do this, and from these premises they inferred the right to do whatever was necessary

*The words italicised were intended to refer to the Hudson's Bay Company.—THE AUTHOR.

to enable them to retain the exclusive occupancy of the country, and to keep out all American citizens who would come into it for the purposes of either trade or settlement. This spirit of exclusiveness and a determination that others should not be permitted to enjoy the benefits of the Indian trade, had developed itself long before the citizens of the United States had made any permanent trading establishments on the northwest coast. This fact is familiar to every reader who has any knowledge of the history of the Northwest Company and of the Hudson's Bay Company, both of which were British, whose mutual hostility springing out of a fierce spirit of commercial rivalry led finally to a state of actual war in which each sought to destroy their competitors by actually killing them, and by inciting the Indians to do so. But this state of things could not last forever, and it was after much bloodshed and loss of capital brought to an end by the two Companies merging their interests in one. This restored quiet and prosperity until the Americans, led by John Jacob Astor, began to enter upon this new field of enterprise. Then the old spirit of evil began to raise its snakey folds again above the surface of affairs, disturbed by the introduction of this new element. And although the treaty of joint occupancy and the difference in nationality imposed upon the Chief Factor and principal traders of the Hudson's Bay Company the necessity for considerable caution lest they involve the two governments in war, yet nevertheless their feelings against the American traders were intensely hostile, and carried them as far as they dared to go without being confronted by a war between two great nations.

Therefore no war was made upon the American traders and trappers, but facts which the limits of this historical sketch will not permit me to bring to the reader's attention, warrant something more than an opinion only, that the subordinate employees of the Company, and also the Indians come to understand that the hostilities by which name the Americans were known, were extremely offensive. It was probably from the license this was supposed to give that Smith's party perished at the Umpqua river by the Indians, who rushed upon them with bows and arrows made by themselves, and with tomahawks, scalping knives and muskets furnished them by the Hudson's Bay Company.

If this seem almost incredible to the reader, let me remind him that this is not as improbable as the well recognized facts which make up the history of the Hudson's Bay Company, and of the Northwest Company prior to their union.

The same spirit of commercial monopoly prompted the Hudson's Bay Company to do all in its power to discourage American traders and to cripple them in their enterprises. By such methods Capt. Wyeth was driven out of the country as others had been before him.

The petition of the settlers to Congress, to which reference has been made,

and from which a brief quotation has been given, clearly indicates a sense of the necessity for establishing civil government, and it at the same time shows a determination to address themselves to the task as soon as their circumstances would permit. But in performing this arduous and difficult labor, so necessary to the removal of a suspense that rendered the people dissatisfied and unhappy, and of an uncertainty that discouraged their efforts and depressed their energies, they had to meet and remove obstacles to the administration of a temporary system of government, which are unknown in establishing one intended to be permanent; yet fully impressed with the solemn conviction that it was better to unite the sinews of government in the hands of even a single despot, than to encounter the anarchy and confusion of a multitude without law, they addressed themselves to their work, difficult as it was, feeling that they merited the respectful consideration of the government at Washington, and that they at least would no longer be wanting in duty to themselves.

The first effort which was made with a view to the organization of a civil government was made at Champoege, which at that time was the seat of the principal settlement in the Wallamet valley. This was on the 7th of February, 1841, when "a meeting of some of the inhabitants was held," "for the purpose of consulting upon the steps necessary to be taken for the formation of laws, and the election of officers to execute them." The meeting was somewhat informal, and designed mainly for a preliminary consultation by a few persons connected with the Methodist Mission station, in the Wallamet valley. The late Rev. Jason Lee, at that time the Superintendent of the Methodist Mission among the Oregon Indians, was called to the chair, and he was requested to express his opinions as to what ought to be done in the premises. In a short speech in which his remarks seemed to be carefully considered, and in a manner which indicated that he felt oppressed by the grave responsibilities of the hour, he advised the selection of a committee for the purpose of drafting a constitution and code of laws for the government of the settlements south of the Columbia. Beyond this, little or nothing was done, except to recommend the people to consider whether it would not be well to fill the office of Governor and other necessary offices by persons named for the purpose.

At this time the people of Oregon were divided into two great divisions considered with reference to their allegiance—citizens of the United States, and the subjects of the British sovereign. The allegiance of the one class were in this respect in direct conflict with those of the other. This itself presented very grave obstacles in the way of establishing a government of any kind. But there were others even yet more formidable. Among the people, there were three classes, the gentleman of the Hudson's Bay Company, which was essentially an aristocracy,

cratic class that would not hesitate to beat an employee in the lower grade of the Company's service, and who of course were not aristocratic at all. Second, the Missionaries, who were in like manner regarded as the American aristocrats; and third, the common people of both nationalities, who, while steadily refusing to accept the social position assigned them by those who had the command of more money, yet nevertheless, were constrained to tacitly accept the position into which they were forced by the power which is always associated with the control of that, whatever it may be, which is customarily employed for the purpose of effecting the exchange of commodities.

At the time of this informal meeting, the late Dr. John McLaughlin resided at Fort Vancouver, and he was chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company west of the Rocky Mountains. He was a great man, upon whom God had stamped a grandeur of character which few men possess, and a nobility which the patent of no earthly sovereign can confer. His standard of commercial integrity would compare well with that of the best of men. As a Christian, he was devout Roman Catholic, yet, nevertheless, catholic in the largest sense of that word. While he was sometimes betrayed by his warm and impulsive nature, and great force of character, into doing or saying something of questionable propriety, he was notwithstanding a man of great goodness of heart, too wise to do a really foolish thing, too noble and magnanimous to condescend to meanness, and too forgiving to cherish resentments. The writer, during the last years of Dr. McLaughlin's life, being his professional adviser, had an opportunity such as no other man had, save his confessor, of learning and studying him; and as a result of the impressions which daily intercourse of either a social or business nature made upon the writer's mind, he hesitates not to say, that old whited-headed John McLaughlin, when compared with other persons who have figured in the early history of Oregon, is in sublimity of character, a Mount Hood towering above the foot hills into the regions of eternal snow and sunshine.

It will at once be seen that Dr. McLaughlin's position during all the years of the pendency of the boundary question, and especially at the time of the first attempt to organize a Provisional government, was one beset with very great difficulties. And it is quite certain that a man of less force of character and less real benevolence, and that strength of principle which does not pause in the path of duty to look back over the shoulder to count how many are following after, would have failed to preserve peace in Oregon among the people of the two nationalities. In short, he kept in check one class of the population which might well oppose the organization of the proposed government.

The mountain men were from long habits, hostile to the Hudson's Bay Company, inculcated and strengthened in the mountains by the American Fur

Company, during the long years of the rivalry of these Companies. This feeling also was a serious embarrassment in the efforts made to induce a majority of the people in Oregon to organizing a Provisional Government. Nor less formidable were the difficulties in securing such a result, were those which sprung out of the different grades in society, which we have had occasion to notice.

Dr. McLaughlin's personal interests and the interests of the Hudson's Bay Company, he represented, would at once suggest opposition to the organization of the Provisional Government. And the Methodist Mission as such was regarded by the American agricultural population, as not being certainly on the side of those who insisted upon the contemplated measure as one essential to the security of the lives and property of all the various classes, including those noticed as being likely to arrange themselves in formidable opposition.

An event, however, occurred on the 15th of February, 1841, which in a very marked manner once more called the attention of the American inhabitants of the Wallamet valley to the importance and even necessity for establishing some regular form of civil government. On that day, Ewing Young, an American citizen of considerable wealth, having died without heirs, became an historical character. Mr. Young had made the acquaintance of Hall J. Kelly, A. M., of Three Rivers, Massachusetts, who having as far back as 1817, been impressed with the importance of forming American settlements in Oregon, had through long weary years, given to the subject the energies of a cultivated mind, and the resources of a fortune by no means small at the first. Mr. Kelly was at the time of becoming acquainted with Mr. Young, on his way to Oregon with a view to exploration; and he had little difficulty in persuading his new found acquaintance, as also several others, to accompany him. The party arrived at Vancouver, October 15th, 1834. Mr. Kelly's health having failed, he left Oregon in March, 1835. But Mr. Young and others, whom Mr. Kelly induced to accompany him to Oregon, permanently settled in the country.

Mr. Young having died on the 15th of February, 1841, was buried on the 17th, on which occasion, most of the settlers were present. After the appropriate ceremonies of the funeral had been observed, the adult male inhabitants present, were organized as a meeting of the people, for the purpose of discussing the general subject of civil government, a new reason for which was seen by all in the condition in which the estate of the decease had been left. The settlers were united in opinion that some laws should be adopted for the settlement of estates. And notwithstanding the doubt in the minds of some with respect to the side of the question upon which the Missionaries would array themselves on a trial of strength, we find that Rev. Jason Lee was chosen Chairman, and Rev. Gustavus Hines, was chosen Secretary "At a meeting of some of the inhabitants

of the Wallamet valley, for consultation concerning the steps necessary to be taken for the formation of laws, and the election of officers to execute the same, and for the better preservation of peace and good order." At this meeting, Geo. W. Le Breton was added to the Committee of Arrangements, chosen at a previous meeting of the same month. A committee of seven was likewise recommended to be chosen to draft a Constitution and Code of Laws for the government of the settlements south of the Columbia river; and a resolution was passed, that all settlers north of that river not in any manner connected with the Hudson's Bay Company, be admitted to the protection of the laws of the proposed government, on making application.

The meeting then proceeded to advise the committee to propose the creation of the following officers: A Governor; a Supreme Judge, with probate powers; three Justices of the Peace; three Constables; three Road Commissioners; an Attorney-General; a Clerk of the Courts; a Recorder; a Treasurer; and two Overseers of the Poor.

After the transaction of some other business, which mainly had reference to the filling of the offices, the meeting adjourned to meet at the Methodist Mission, the next day, the 18th.

Short as was the notice, nearly all the settlers were present. Rev. David Leslie was called upon to preside, and Sidney Smith and Gustavus Hines were chosen Secretaries. The proceedings of the previous day were read; when it was

"*Resolved*, That a committee be chosen to form a Constitution and to draft a Code of Laws, and that the following persons compose that committee: Rev. F. N. Blanchett, Rev. Jason Lee, Rev. Gustavus Hines, Rev. Josiah L. Parrish, Mr. D. Donpriere, Mr. M. Charlevo, Mr. Robert Moore, Mr. E. Lucia and Wm. Johnson."

For some reason which does not appear among any of the written documents, the committee appointed to draft a Constitution and Code of Laws, were finally instructed to frame a constitution without making any provision in it for the election of a Governor. Tradition indeed affirms that the reason for this extraordinary instruction, was found in the fact that it was even then ascertained that no man could get a majority of the votes. The effect of this proceeding was practically to unite in one man, both the Executive and Judicial functions; and for this purpose, Dr. J. L. Babcock seemed to unite the suffrages of the people present. He was a man of honorable ambition; possessing sound practical sense, good principles, and he was highly esteemed by the Missionaries. George W. Le Breton was elected Recorder. He had come to the country with Capt. Couch

on the brig *Maryland*. He had been accustomed to good society, was agreeable in manners, intelligent in conversation, and in religious profession, a Roman Catholic. This last named fact caused him to be elected to conciliate our Catholic brethren. With a view to a like effect upon our English cousins, Wm. Johnson was elected High Sheriff. The kind reader I hope will pardon me for adding that no where among the documents, either printed or in manuscript, nor yet from tradition, have I been able to learn who was elected *Low* Sheriff.

The Constables elected were, Gervais, Zania Ladaroot, Pierre Bellique and William McCarty.

Messrs. Gervais, Cannon, Robert Mooré and Rev. L. H. Judson, were chosen Justices of the Peace. It was then

Resolved, That until a code of laws be adopted by this community, Dr. Babcock be instructed to act, according to the laws of the State of New York.

The meeting then adjourned to meet on the first Tuesday in June, at the new building near the Catholic Church.

It is apparent that the people were striving for the attainment of something better than they possessed; and that they were in some sense feeling their way in the dark, for the purpose of getting hold of the means with which to protect themselves from dangers that menaced them.

Rev. Gustavus Hines says in his work on Oregon, "the origin of the attempt to form a kind of Provisional Government, was the removal, by death, of the late Ewing Young, leaving as he did, a large and unsettled estate, with no one to administer upon it, and no law to control its administration. The exigency of this case having been met by the appointment of a Judge with probate powers, who entered immediately upon his duties, and disposed of the estate of Ewing Young, to the entire satisfaction of the community, and the fact that some of the most influential citizens of the country, and especially some of the Legislative Committee, were adverse to the establishing of a permanent organization so long as the peace and harmony of the community could be preserved without it, the subject was permitted to die away, and the Committee for drafting a Constitution and Code of Laws, did not meet according to their instructions, nor did the meeting at which they were expected to report ever take place." And yet the Archives of the Provisional Government, shows that on Tuesday, June 1st, 1841, the people did meet at the place to which the former meeting had adjourned. Rev. David Leslie presided at the meeting, and Sidney Smith and Gustavus Hines, were Secretaries.

The proceedings of the meeting of Feb. 18th, being read, the report of the Committee for drafting a Constitution and Code of Laws, was called for, when

its Chairman responded by saying that he had not called the committee together.

Rev. F. N. Blanchett having at his own request, been excused from serving on that committee, Dr. Bailly was appointed in his place, and at the same time, instructions were given to the committee to meet on the first Monday in August, and to have their report ready by the first Tuesday in October. The committee was also instructed to confer with Commodore Wilkes of the American exploring expedition, and with Dr. John McLaughlin, Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, upon the subject of the expediency of establishing a Constitution and Code of Laws. The Committee to draft a Constitution and Code of Laws was then instructed to report at the next meeting. The meeting then adjourned to meet at the American Mission house at 11 o'clock, on the first Tuesday in October.

I have explored all the known and even suspected sources of authorities for information for the purpose of learning whether this meeting proposed for October was held. Even tradition furnishes no evidence of its having been held, and the inference therefore is, that it was not. And this is rendered nearly certain by the fact that the committee appointed to confer with Commodore Wilkes and Dr. John McLaughlin, abandoned all further ideas of organizing a civil government for the time being, because in a conference with these gentlemen, they were found to be decidedly opposed to the scheme, and they recommended that the subject be allowed to rest, it being inexpedient at that time, in their judgment, to proceed with the contemplated organization, believing as they did, that the moral sense of right and wrong by which the people had hitherto been held together as a community, was sufficient for all the legitimate ends of government among a people, who were so few in number and so simple in manners.

The real cause, however, for arriving at such an opinion so different from that entertained by a large majority of such of the citizens as were not connected to the Methodist Mission, nor yet with the Hudson's Bay Company, did not perhaps, arise so much from the conviction that a civil government was quite unnecessary, as from a sense of an inability on the part of the governed, to defray the expenses of even the most simple government. The people were few in number, greatly reduced in their pecuniary circumstances, occupying portions of the country remote from each other; they were engaged in felling forests, cultivating fields, and in other ways giving their utmost attention to supplying their most pressing wants. They were, also, without law books, excepting one copy of the Iowa Statutes, to which to refer for assistance in framing laws, and they had not a press on which to print them when enacted.

But the American agricultural settlers were greatly disappointed, because of

the result thus reached; and they were even sufficiently ill natured to attribute the decision of Commodore Wilkes to the fact that the taste of Dr. McLaughlin's wine, and his very courteous treatment of the officers of the American squadron, controlled the decision. It was not difficult to see what moulded Dr. McLaughlin's opinions as the representative of the Hudson's Bay Company, which then had the absolute control of the country, and it was desirable to continue to keep and control it to the end, which they were sharp sighted enough to see would very soon be arrived at through the natural results of events, which would certainly follow the organization of civil government.

When the Pilgrim fathers of the *Mayflower* landed on the bleak and inhospitable coast of New England, and established "a State without a king, and a church without a bishop," they were thoroughly imbued with the idea of the great importance of laying deep and broad foundations upon which to build up the educational institutions of the country. And while they were moulding government into the form best adapted to secure the civil and political liberty of the citizens, they with a wise forecast to the interests of the generations of the future, laid the foundation of an institution of learning, possessing the power of so expanding as to meet the ever growing wants of the people. And the result, is now seen in the fact that Harvard University is among the best in either Europe or America; and it has a law school, which has no rival in either hemisphere.

So with like intent, and with no less wisdom and forecast, did the early Methodist Missionaries, even while seeking to establish the institutions of Christianity and civil government, labor to lay the foundation of an educational institution, so organized that it would expand as the wants of the people increased. Accordingly it will be seen that on the 17th January, 1842, the people assembled at Chemeketa, now North Salem, under a call of Rev. Jason Lee, for the purpose of consultation upon the subject of English education in Oregon, and to prepare the way for the speedy establishment of a literary institution capable of meeting the wants of a growing community.

Little was done at this meeting save the appointing of a committee to prepare business for a meeting, which was afterwards called to assemble at the Old Mission on the 1st of February, 1842, in a house erected by Jason Lee in 1834, at a place about half a mile above the present little town of Wheatland, on the eastern bank of the Wallamet river near a place known in past year as Garrison's landing. The decayed remnants of the building itself, as also the ground upon which it stood, have all been carried away to the deep blue sea by the ceaseless action of the waters of the Wallamet.

The following gentlemen were elected to constitute the first Board of Trustees of the Oregon Institute :

Rev. Jason Lee, Rev. David Leslie, Rev. G. Hines, Rev. J. L. Parrish, Rev. L. H. Judson, Hon. George Abernethy, Mr. Alanson Beers, Mr. H. Campbell and Dr. I. L. Babcock.

A committee on location was appointed, who reported in favor of a place in the upper end of the French prairie. But the locality named being deficient in pure water, the Institute was finally located on what was then known as the Wallace prairie, two and a half miles below the present city of Salem, on a tract of land now owned by Asahel Bush, Esq.

The constitution adopted by the Board on the 15th March, 1842, provided that the school should always be under the supervision of some Christian church that should first pledge itself to patronise and sustain the institution. The people generally looked to the Methodist Episcopal Church to foster and control it. With that in view, a meeting was held at the house of Rev. G. Hines, known as the Old Parsonage, situated where the oil mill of the Messrs. Holman now stands, in Salem, in which Rev. Jason Lee was instructed to call a meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Oregon, both ministers and laymen, to take into consideration the subject.

On the 26th Oct. 1842, at a meeting held at the Old Parsonage, it was resolved by the ministers and laymen present, as a branch of the M. E. Church in the United States, to take the Oregon Institute under their care, and they pledged themselves to make every reasonable effort to sustain it. How well they kept their word, their subsequent actions and self-denying sacrifices of money and and property afford abundant proof.

The efforts hitherto made to organize such a Provisional Government as would be such in fact, to the extent of providing for all existing exigencies of the country were regarded as a failure, the responsibility for which some were disposed to cast upon the Hudson's Bay Company, while others attributed it to the combined influence of this Company, and that of the Roman Catholic and Methodist Mission. But the fact was far otherwise, and whatever failure there was, resulted from a variety of concurring causes, a further notice of which is not compatible with the necessary brevity of this sketch.

The wild beasts of prey had become a very serious evil, because of their great destruction of domestic animals. A number of persons who had held a consultation at the house of Wm. H. Gray, to consider the expediency of organizing a Provisional Government, and who had, or at least supposed they had carefully reflected upon the various retarding influences, thought they saw in the fact

mentioned in the beginning of this paragraph, an object of sufficient interest to all, to collect a large number of settlers who would probably adopt some line of harmonious action. With this in view, a meeting was held in accordance with a previous notice, at the Oregon Institute, February 2d, 1843, at which Dr. J. L. Babcock, presided, in order to take into consideration the propriety of adopting some measures for the protection of the herds. A committee of six was appointed to notify a general meeting, and report business. And finally it was determined that the proposed meeting should be held at the house of Mr. Joseph Gervais, on the first Monday in March, 1843, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

But before passing from the subject of the "*Wolf Meeting*," as the meeting of February 2d, 1843, came to be designated, the reader ought to be reminded that Dr. Babcock, while discarding the idea of any efforts, having for their object the organizing of something better as a government than anything previously attempted, because he believed that the people had all the protection necessary in the arrangements already entered into, believed that the object of the "*Wolf Meeting*," was a good one; all being interested in it, because all had lost more or less from the ravages of wild beasts, which made it necessary to make a united effort to destroy them.

On the committee of six appointed at the "*Wolf Meeting*" of February 2d was a French Rocky Mountain hunter, as also two Canadian French settlers, a Mr. Gervais and a Mr. Lucia, both of whom had come to this country with Wilson G. Hunt's party. These three men were capable of wielding a large influence over that class of population with which they naturally stood in close relationship, and that influence it was known they would exert on the side of American enterprise and a Provisional Government, and upon these three, was devolved the duty of giving the notices for a second "*Wolf Meeting*," at the house of Mr. Gervais on the first Monday in March, 1843. A Mr. Le Breton and a Mr. Smith, took upon themselves the duty of quietly learning in advance of the second meeting, who could be relied upon as supporters of the real object, which was a Provisional Government, that should be such in fact as well as in name. In short, the purpose named in the notices, was but a feint skilfully designed to cover up the real purpose. The design indicated on the face of the notices, was certainly a very laudable one, which was sure to be approved by the principal stock owners then known to be the Missionaries and the Hudson's Bay Company. These were believed not to approve of the organization of a Provisional Government, but the extirpation of wild animals was an object to which they gave an encouraging word and to which they promised to contribute their money.

In the meantime the question of a Provisional Government was discussed before a lyceum at the Wallamet Falls, (now Oregon City,) with great animation

on both sides, and it was finally decided to be inexpedient in the existing condition of the country, to organize such a government. Dr. McLaughlin advocated the establishment of a government quite independant of the two great nations claiming the country, and some of his reasons were specious.

Lansford W. Hastings, Dr. McLaughlin's lawyer, offered a resolution "That it is expedient for the settlers on the coast, to establish an Independent Government." The subject was discussed with considerable animation and the resolution was warmly opposed by Mr. Abernethy and other patriotic Americans; but was finally adopted. To neutralize the effect of this, Mr. Abernethy then offered the following resolution, as the subject for the next week's discussion:

"*Resolved*, That if the United States extends its jurisdiction over this country within the next four years, it will not be expedient to form an Independent Government."

This was discussed with great zeal at the next meeting, and being finally adopted, quite neutralized the pernicious influence of the first resolution.

Dr. White would very fully and cordially support any measure or system of measures looking towards the establishment of an Independent Government, *provided the people would elect him Governor*, and this he thought they ought to do—and in fact, did not doubt that they would do it, because, being already Sub-Indian Agent by the appointment of the President of the United States, he could officiate as Governor, and it would impose no additional expense upon the settlers. The Dr. waxed both warm and eloquent as he presented this view of the subject. But the unsophisticated reader may be disposed to enquire how he could act as Sub-Indian Agent of the United States and at the same time be the Executive head of an Independent Government. A clear case of *quien sabe*.

The difficulties and inconveniencies incident to the peculiar condition of the colonists being about this time more sensibly felt, and a large majority of the people realizing that something more efficient than a moral sense was requisite to the suppression of wrong and the maintenance of right, were at length persuaded that those who were active in getting up the proposed "Wolf Meeting" for the first Monday in March, 1843, acted wisely in thus presenting before the people an object upon which all could unite, with the intention of advancing to self preservation in its most general sense, as the real object proposed to be reached by the contemplated meeting.

The public mind being in some sense prepared for a movement in advance of the single object of protecting herds from the depredations of wild beasts, the meeting of the first Monday in March, 1843, at Mr. Gervais's, was one characterized by great personal kindness and harmonious action. James A. O'Neil, who

had come to Oregon with Capt. Wyeth in 1834, was privately informed of what was the *real* object sought to be accomplished by the meeting, and it was intimated to him that he would be called to the chair, in which he was desired to hasten as rapidly as possible over the wild beasts and domestic herds, to the real object which in due time would be brought forward in a resolution. Accordingly Mr. O'Niel (yet living in Polk county I believe), was called to preside.

Everything proceeded satisfactorily; ample provision was made for the protection of domestic herds, and, to the uninitiated, the object of the meeting was attained, and the people ready to disperse and retire to their several homes. But at this juncture, William H. Gray, of Astoria, arose and after alluding to what had been done, said "No one would question for a moment, that this was right. This was just and natural protection for our property, in animals liable to be destroyed by wolves, bears and panthers. How is it, fellow-citizens, with you and me, and our wives and children? Have we any organization on which we can rely for mutual protection? Is there any power or influence in the country sufficient to protect us and all we hold dear from the worse than wild beasts that threaten and occasionally destroy our cattle? Who in our midst is authorized to call us together to protect our own and the lives of our families? True, the alarm may be given, as in a recent case, and we may run who feel alarmed, and shoot off our guns, while our enemy may be robbing our property, ravishing our wives, and burning the houses over our defenseless families. Common sense, prudence and justice to ourselves demand that we act consistent with the principles that we have commenced. We have mutually and unitedly agreed to defend and protect our *cattle and domestic animals*; now fellow-citizens, I submit and move the adoption of the two following resolutions, that we may have protection for our person and lives, as well as our cattle and herds:

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to take into consideration the propriety of taking measures for the civil and military protection of this colony.

Resolved, That said committee consist of twelve persons.

These resolutions were adopted by a unanimous vote; and the persons appointed upon the committee were Drs. Babcock and White, and Messrs. O'Niel, Shortess, Newell, Lucie, Gray, Gervais, Hubbard, M'Roy, Smith and Gay. The meeting then adjourned. Sometime near the middle of March, the committee of twelve met at the Wallamet Falls, Dr. E. White being chosen as temporary Chairman, and G. W. LeBreton was chosen Secretary; nearly all the principal men at the Falls, including Rev. Jason Lee, Rev. A. F. Waller and Messrs. George Abernethy and Robert Mooore, were present by invitation, and they participated in the deliberations; most of them, especially Rev. Jason Lee and

Hon. George Abernethy, going so far as to speak of the contemplated measure as both unnecessary in itself and unwise in the manner proposed. Much diversity of opinion was expressed on the general subject, also on that of an executive head; and not being able to harmonize their opinions on these subjects, it was unanimously resolved by the committee to call a meeting at Champoege, on the 2d of May, 1843, for the purpose of perfecting the proposed organization.

Some one who contrived to keep his name covered, but evidently an enemy to American interests, circulated, soon after the second wolf meeting, a paper for the signatures of the Canadian French population designed to unite them in hostility to any movement having the organization of a Provisional Government for its object. A little attention to the literary style of this document, discloses the fact that the writer had a far more accurate knowledge of both the French and German languages, than he had of strong and terse old English. It is dated March 4th, 1843, and purports to be an "Address of the Canadian citizens of Oregon to the meeting at Champoege." But at that date no meeting had been called for Champoege. This was not done until the Committee of Twelve appointed at the meeting held at Mr. Gervais', met at the Wallamet Falls, about the 10th March.

It is enough to say that prior to the proposed meeting of May 2d, at Champoege, those opposed to organizing a civil government, held one meeting at Vancouver, one at the Wallamet Falls, and two at the Catholic Church, on the French Prairie, in which the general subject was fully discussed, and a system of hostile measures agreed upon. In fact Le Breton, who had some unusual means of knowing how persons were being trained in the four meetings last named, informed the Committee of Twelve that the mass controlled by the author of the address of March 4th, would vote "No," on every measure which might be proposed by Americans. And he suggested that to expose this, and to demoralize and confuse the hostile forces, some measures must be proposed on which the enemies of organization ought to vote "Yes," if they would vote intelligently and consistently.

On the 2d May, 1843, both the friends and enemies of the proposed government met at Champoege. The voters drilled and trained by the Hudson's Bay Company, were promptly on the ground in the open field near a small house, and without any hesitancy voted "No," where they should have voted "Yes" under the tactics suggested by Le Breton, who after there had been considerable skirmishing in force, as if to feel the strength of the enemy, exclaimed—"We can risk it, let us divide and count!" As quick as tongue could utter the words, William H. Gray emphasized the proposition by saying with great animation, "I second the motion." Jo Meek thundered out with an earnestness not less

than that he would manifest in an attack upon a grizzly bear—"Whose for a divide?" and as he stepped quickly and nervously in front of the settlers, he added in a voice that rang clear out as though it was the death knell to anarchy, "All for the report of the committee and organization, will follow me." This move was sudden and quite unexpected at that stage of the proceedings, and it was electrical in its effect. Americans followed the patriotic and large hearted trapper and his Rocky Mountain companions and their allies, and they counted fifty-two, while their adversaries numbered but fifty. Then in the "*Three cheers for our side*," proposed by Meek, there went up such a shout as Champoege never before heard and never will again. The enemies of the proposed measure, evinced by their downcast looks, that they keenly felt their defeat; and they soon separated from their jubilant adversaries, retiring first into the fence corners, and after while to their horses, which they despondently mounted and finally retreated in a demoralized condition from the scene of their late defeat to ponder on the character of these strange Americans, as they threaded their several ways along the dim and narrow paths that led to their respective little cabins.

One of the principal objects contemplated in the formation of the proposed civil government, was to preserve the peace and to promote the prosperity and happiness of the people, and to maintain the friendly relations which it was felt ought to exist between the citizens of the United States and the subjects of the British Queen.

After those who did not concur in opinion with the majority had withdrawn, the Committee of Twelve, reported. Persons deemed suitable were then chosen to the various offices necessary to keep the machinery of government in a working condition. The Legislative Committee consisted of Messrs. Hill, Shortess, Newell, Beers, Hubbard, Gray, O'Niel, Moore and Daugherty; and they were instructed to make their report at Champoege on the 5th July, (1843). The per diem of the members was fixed at \$1,25, and the session was limited to six days. Each member at once subscribed the amount of his pay. Alanson Beers, Rev. J. L. Parrish and Dr. Babcock at once voluntarily engaged to provide at their own expense for the boarding of the Legislative Committee; and the Methodist Mission made a gratuitous tender of their old granary for a Council Chamber.

There is no evidence derived from any historical document that the settlers gave the Legislative Committee any instructions when or where to meet for the purpose of preparing the matter to be reported on the 5th of July. But the records show that they met at the Wallamet Falls, May 10th, in the building which as we have seen, was offered by the Methodist Mission for this purpose. It was of course a very modest, unpretending structure. It was a frame building, six-

teen feet wide and thirty feet long; one and a half stories high, the upper portion being used as a storage and sleeping apartment, while the lower part was so divided as to make one square room for a school house and church, and the other was used for storing wheat.

I might courteously conduct the reader into this Legislative Hall and introduce him to each of the nine members by making him acquainted with whatever is peculiar or proper in the person and history of each member. But this would not quadrate with the plan of this article, although it would be both interesting and instructive. I will therefore only say that Robert Moore was chosen Chairman, and G. W. LeBreton, Secretary.

The first grave question with which the Legislative Committee had to deal, was that relating to an executive head to any plan of government which might be agreed upon. The absurdity of a government without a Governor was apparent enough to common sense one would think ; independent of the experience which the people had already had in their hitherto imperfect organization, this had always been a difficult subject as had been fully shown in all the previous discussions and voting. It was finally agreed, however, to make provisions for an Executive Committee consisting of three persons, who would constitute a Council, capable of acting in an emergency, and this would at the same time afford an opportunity for giving the Methodist Mission a representative in the Executive Council. This was believed to be necessary in order to securing the cordial co-operation and sympathy of the Mission.

The Legislative Committee continued its sittings until the 12th of May, commencing each days proceedings with prayer. On the last day of its difficult labors, a resolution was passed, that when the committee adjourn, it do so to meet on the last Thursday in June. It was then "moved and carried that the house adjourn by uniting in prayer."

On the fifth of July, 1843, the inhabitants met pursuant to adjournment to hear the report of the Legislative Committee, and to do such other business as might come properly before them. Dr. Babcock, chairman of the meeting of May 2nd, being absent, the meeting was called to order by G. W. LeBreton, one of the secretaries of the convention held in May. Rev. Gustavus Hines was elected president of the convention.

The Canadian address of March 4th, 1843, was evidently prepared by one unfriendly to American interests and to the organization of civil government. All the signers of it were present at the meeting of May 2d, and voted against organization. It was never, however, before any public meeting of the settlers. But it was finally placed in the hands of the Committee of Three which the

Legislative Committee appointed to revise and arrange the laws for the meeting of July 5th, 1843. G. W. LeBreton, clerk of the Legislative Committee, handed it to the committee, who examined it and then returned it to their clerk with instructions to file it with the public papers, as it would show the influences operating, and who were opposed to our organization, and the reasons they had for their opposition.

But on the occasion of the meeting of July 5th, the bolder and more independent portion of the French settlers participated in the deliberations and expressed themselves as pleased in prospect of the proposed organization. The greater number, however, not only stood aloof, but declared in advance that they would not submit to the authority of any government that might be established. This they did at the suggestion of the Hudson's Bay Company *and others*. Indeed, the Company had gone so far as to formally state in a communication addressed to the leaders in the new movement, that they felt themselves abundantly able to defend themselves and their political rights.

R. Moore, Esq., Chairman of the Legislative Committee, presented his report which was read by the Secretary, G. W. LeBreton, and accepted.

We have seen that the question of an executive head had been one of great difficulty and interest. On the debate which was had on this subject, Mr. Hines was very marked in his hostility characterizing the triple executive as a *hydra headed monster* in the shape of an Executive Committee which was but a repetition of the Roman Triumvirate—the Cæsars upon the throne.

Rev. Jason Lee could not see the proposed executive head in the light Mr. Hines did. If it was thought necessary to have a government at all, it was necessary to have a head as an executive, or the laws were of no effect.

Dr. Babcock's hostility was very decided, not only because the Legislative Committee had exceeded its authority, but because the proposed executive was not required by existing necessities, and moreover it looked too much like a permanent and independent government, whereas we wished to establish one only temporary. O'Neil and Shortess both spoke in favor of it; and W. H. Gray closed the debate by saying, among other things :

“Mr. President and fellow citizens:—The speech which we have just listened to, from our presiding officer (G. H. Hines) is in the main correct. It is true that the Legislative Committee were not instructed to bring before you an executive department in the laws and government you proposed to form, when you appointed your committee to prepare these laws. It is also true that when that committee met they found that they could not advance one step in accomplishing the work you instructed them to perform, without some supervising influence

some where; in short, without a head. Their instructions being against a governor, they have provided an Executive Committee in place of a single man for governor. The executive head is to act in place of a Senate Council and Governor. This provision is before you for your approval or rejection. With the Executive Committee our organization is complete; without it we have no head; no one to see that our laws are executed, and no one to grant a reprieve or pardon in case a law should be enforced against the life or property of any one for the violation of any law, no matter what the circumstances connected with that real or supposed violation might be.

* * * * *

Now, fellow citizens, let us look calmly at our true situation. We are two thousand five hundred miles from any point from which we can receive the least assistance by land, and seventeen thousand miles by water. A portion of our community are organized and ready to protect themselves, and to defend all their rights and interests. Another organization of a religious character is in our midst—I should say two. They each have a head or executive. How is it with us? Who is our head in all that pertains to our civil liberty, rights and property? It is possible the gentleman may wish us to remain as unprotected, as helpless and exposed to all the dangers that surround us on every hand as we have heretofore been. If he does, you, fellow citizens, I am sure do not wish to add to his feebleness by destroying the organization you have commenced, because he is afraid of what some Cæsar did in Rome. We are acting for ourselves and those immediately dependent upon us for protection. In union there is strength. I believe you are fully satisfied your committee acted honorably, and, as they thought, for the good of all they represented. If such is the case, you will approve of their acts, and our organization will be complete as they have prepared it for this meeting."

On the vote being taken there were but two or three nays; and this being the only question of real difficulty, all others were readily disposed of.

Messrs Beers, Hill and Gale were chosen by ballot as the first Executive Committee. Other officers were elected; the report of the Legislative Committee was adopted as a whole and thus the first American State on the Pacific Coast was ushered into being at Champoege on the 5th of July, in the year of grace 1843, not with the sound of martial music, the measured tread of armed troops, the roar of cannon or the blaze of bonfires on every hill top, but with the exultant jubulations of hearts as patriotic as ever warmed the bosom of a lover of his country.

Historical justice requires the fact to be noted, that Wm. H. Gray, by his untiring labors, ceaseless vigilance and ready tact, which seemed to render him

equal to any emergency, contributed more than any other man to the result of the measures of July 5th. He was indeed seconded in his efforts looking to the organization of a civil government. But he was the leading spirit, whose fertility of resources were relied upon to combat the open hostility of the Hudson's Bay Company and of the Catholics; and to win over, if possible, to the support of the contemplated measures, the Methodist Missionaries who seemed in no wise inclined to sympathize in what they regarded as extreme views. A very large majority of the Canadian French were opposed to the objects proposed by Mr. Gray and his friends. But in Mr. Matthieu, an intelligent Canadian gentleman of French descent, Mr. Gray always found an efficient co-laborer.

The limits prescribed for this article will not permit me to notice in detail the various provisions of the organic and other laws reported by the Legislative committee to the people at Champoege on the 5th of July, and by the people then confirmed. It is very noticeable, however, that the preamble declares that "We, the people of Oregon Territory, for the purposes of mutual protection, and to secure peace and prosperity among ourselves, agree to adopt the following laws and regulations, until such times as the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA extend their jurisdiction over us." The reader will thus see that this was a move of *Americans* in the interest of *American* institutions.

The first section of the organic law is a sort of *magna charta* of the people, and it was taken from the ordinance of 1787. In the fifth article of this section, it was provided that there should be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in Oregon, otherwise than for the punishment of persons duly convicted of crimes.

The same sentiment was expressed by the Legislature of the Provisional Government on the 5th of July, 1845, in a resolution offered by Jesse Applegate, in which it was declared:

"That this government can recognize the right of any person to the services of another, only upon *bona fide* contract, made and entered into, and equally binding on both parties."

So, also, the organic law of July 5th prohibits slavery. And it was in deference to the will of the people thus expressed, as well as because of my own convictions on the subject of human rights, that when in Washington City in 1848, representing the people and Provisional Government of Oregon, I incorporated this provision in the act of Congress of August 14th, 1848, when I drafted the bill for the establishment of a Territorial Government in Oregon, and for other purposes.

Section 2 of the organic law of July 5th, 1843, provided that all officers elected on the 2d of the previous May, should continue to perform their appro-

priate functions until the 2d Tuesday in May, 1844, and until the election and qualification of others, to be elected on that day. An Executive Committee of three was established, a Legislative Committee of nine was provided for, and superior and inferior courts were created.

The land law was very peculiar, in the fact that it permitted *any person* to hold 640 acres in a square of oblong form, according to the natural situation of the premises, on condition that within six months from the time of recording the claim, permanent improvements were made upon the same, by building or enclosing, and an actual occupancy of the same within one year from the time of designating the same by metes and bounds in the recorded description and notice of claim.

And the 4th article enacted that "No person shall be entitled to hold such a claim upon city or town sites, extensive water privileges, or other situation necessary for the transaction of mercantile or manufacturing operations; *Provided*, that nothing in these laws shall be construed as to affect any claim of any mission of a religious character made prior to this time, of extent not more than six miles square."

The following is a copy of the certificate under which the Executive Committee held office, exact even as to the orthography of "Wallamet:."

This certifies that David Hill, Alanson Beers, and Joseph Gale, were chosen the Executive Committee of the Territory of Oregon, by the people of said Territory, and have taken the oath for the faithful performance of the duties of their offices as required by law.

GEORGE W. LEBRETON,

WALLAMET, Oregon Territory, July 5th, 1843.

Recorder.

It may not be out of place here to observe that both the Pioneer and Historical Society of Oregon, and the Pioneer Association, adhere to the orthography of the name of our river and valley as here indicated in the spelling of "*Wallamet*." The charter of the Wallamet University, framed under the instructions of the early missionaries, follows this orthography.

It may not be quite uninteresting to say that the State House in which all this was done was in several respects different from that in which laws are made at Washington City. The Oregon State House was built with posts set upright, one end in the ground, grooved on two sides, and filled in with poles and split timber, such as would be suitable for fence rails, with plates and poles across the top. Rafters and horizontal poles, instead of iron ribs, held the cedar bark which was used instead of thick copper for roofing. It was twenty by forty feet, and did not therefore cover three acres and a half. At one end

some puncheons were put up for a platform for the President; some poles and slabs were placed around for seats; three planks about one foot wide and twelve feet long, placed upon a sort of stake platform for a table, were all that was believed to be necessary for the use of the Legislative Committee and the clerks. It is due to the people who met to approve or disapprove of the acts of that committee, to say that perfect order and decorum characterized all the proceedings of July 5th, 1843.

The Provisional Government of Oregon was organized and put in operation in July, 1843, previous to the arrival of the large emigration conducted across the plains in the same year by Dr. Whitman, who brought most of the wagons and teams of the emigrants through to the Columbia river. Most of the families thus led across soon found locations, and with the assistance they were able to obtain from the Methodist Mission, and from the brig *Maryland*, commanded by Capt. Couch, and from the bark *Lausanne*, sent by Mr. Cushing of Newburyport, the emigrants soon commenced improvements with a view to permanent, happy homes.

The journey of Dr. Whitman to Washington in the winter of 1842, by which he certainly saved Oregon to the United States, belongs properly to the history of Oregon during the Provisional Government, rather than to the history of that government; and it is now only necessary to say in this connection that from the time it was known Dr. Whitman had safely arrived in Washington, and that the boundary line was not settled, the policy of the Hudson's Bay Company was changed, and advances of outfits were made to such Americans as could be induced to leave the country.

On the 18th of June, 1844, pursuant to the organic law, the members of the Legislative Committee met at the Wallamet Falls, at the house of Mr. Hathaway. The members present were Peter H. Burnet, David Hill, and M. M. McCarver, from Tualatin district.

Absent—Mr. Gilmore.

Daniel Waldo, Thomas D. Kaizer, Robert Newell, from Champoege district.

Yamhill district not represented.

M. M. McCarver was chosen Speaker of the House, and Dr. J. E. Long was the Secretary.

The message of the Executive Committee being received, its various portions were referred to appropriate committees, and so much of it as related to a more thorough organization, to vesting the executive power in a single individual, and to the appointment of several Judges, and also those parts of the message

that related to the amendment of the laws of chancery, were referred to the Judiciary Committee.

On the 20th, Mr. Burnett gave notice that he intended to introduce a bill to prevent the introduction of ardent spirits into Oregon. On the next day he asked leave to introduce the bill. On the 22d it was read a second time and ordered to be engrossed, and finally passed on the 24th, and thus became the first prohibitory liquor law on this coast. On the 27th the bill to prevent slavery in Oregon, and for other purposes, was read a third time, and on the question, "Shall the bill pass?" the yeas and nays were demanded, when the vote stood :

Yeas—Messrs. Burnett, Gilmore, Kaizer, Waldo, Newell and Mr. Speaker—6.

Nays—Messrs. Looney and Hill—2.

But the brief journal entries and the final vote fail to show the real character of the bill as it finally became a law. The leading provisions of it, however, were intended to oblige any master of a sea-going vessel bringing a negro into the country to give bond to take him out of it. And it was made the duty of the sheriff to arrest any other negro who might be found in the country, and to inflict upon him forty lashes, repeating the whipping at proper intervals until the unfortunate descendant of Ham should leave the country. In short, the principle of the bill made it a crime for a white man to bring a negro into the country, so that in any case, if he were found in the country, he was thereby guilty of a crime, notwithstanding the prohibition of slavery and so much of the ordinance of 1787 as was incorporated into the organic law of July 5th, 1843.

It is due to the early settlers of Oregon to say that this negro whipping law was so repugnant to all their better feelings and instincts, and so clearly in violation of the provision "That slavery, except for the punishment of crime, whereof the parties shall have been previously convicted, shall never be tolerated," that no officer could ever be induced to enforce it. On the 27th June the House adjourned to the third Monday in December, 1844.

On the last named date, the Legislative Committee met at Oregon City. At the evening session of the next day (December 17th) the Executive Committee, Osborn Russell and Peter H. Stewart, sent in their message. It was a document characterized by a spirit of moderation and sound practical sense. Among other things advised was that provision be made for the framing and adoption of a constitution for Oregon, previous to the next annual election, which might serve as a more thorough guide to her officers and a more firm basis of her laws. And the Executive Committee advised that such changes should be made as would best suit the local situation of the country, and promote the general

interests of the citizens, without in any manner interfering with the real or pretended rights of the United States or of Great Britain, except where the protection of life and property actually required it. And in conclusion of the message, the Executive Committee said :

“As citizens of the United States and as subjects of Great Britain, we should honor and respect the countries which gave us birth; and as citizens of Oregon, we should, by a uniform observance of the rules of justice, equity and republican principles, without party distinction, use our best endeavors to cultivate the kind feelings, not only of our native countries, but of all the powers or States with whom we may have intercourse.”

Among other business transacted at this session was the passage of a law providing for holding a convention with a view to some fundamental changes. Under this law, public meetings were held and delegates were elected to meet at Champoege for the purpose of nominating candidates for Governor, Supreme Judge, and Recorder. The candidates for Governor were A. L. Lovejoy, George Abernethy, Osborne Russell and Dr. Bailey. After several ballotings Mr. Lovejoy was declared the nominee of the convention for the office of Governor, to be elected under an organic act which as yet had no actual existence. Mr. Russell's friends were much dissatisfied and even chagrined; and at the June election they united with the friends of Mr. Abernethy, then at the Sandwich Islands, and elected him. This left the Executive Committee as the still recognized head of the government.

On the 24th of June, 1844, the Legislative Committee met at Oregon City, the members elected being H. A. G. Lee, W. H. Gray and Hiram Straight, from Clackamas district; Robert M. Newell, J. M. Garrison, M. G. Foisy and Barter Lee, from Champoege (now Marion); Jesse Applegate, from Yamhill; M. M. McCarver, J. W. Smith and David Hill, from Tualatin (now Washington), and John McClure from Clatsop district.

On motion of Mr. Applegate, the following oath was administered to the members :

“ I do solemnly swear that I will support the organic laws of the Provisional Government of Oregon, so far as the said organic laws are consistent with my duties as a citizen of the United States, or a subject of Great Britain, and faithfully demean myself in office, so help me God.”

The form of this oath was advocated by Applegate, Newell, Foisy, McCarver, Garrison, Smith and Hendricks, and clearly enough indicates that the American element was a conservative one, and that to secure peace and the ends of good government, the Americans were really willing to form a union with the

English element; but historical justice requires that the fact be stated that many Americans regarded the English, while willing to give the Provisional Government a seeming support, as a source of danger the more menacing because the enemy was inside the citadel.

The first and most important business of the Legislative Committee was the revision of the organic laws, to be submitted for the approval or rejection of the legal voters of Oregon, then (June 24th, 1845,) numbering about eight hundred. Messrs. Lee, Newell, Smith, Applegate and McClure, were appointed a sub-committee, charged with the duty of preparing such an organic law as experience and the changed condition of affairs might suggest as being most calculated to preserve peace and good order, and promote the happiness and prosperity of the people.

On the first day of the session commencing June 24th, 1845, on motion of W. H. Gray, a Committee of Five was appointed to draft a memorial and petition to be forwarded to the Congress of the United States, setting forth the condition, situation and wants of the country. W. H. Gray, Jesse Applegate, H. A. G. Lee, John McClure and J. Hill were appointed said committee.

This and the organic law occupied the greater portion of the time of the session. On the subject of this memorial, it is enough to say that the chairman of the Special Committee was instructed to report the memorial to the House for its adoption, with a request that a Committee of Three be appointed to wait upon the Executive Committee for their signatures, together with that of the Circuit Judge, and that measures be taken to forward one copy to the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States. This memorial was, on the 28th June, 1845, signed by Osborn Russell and Peter G. Stewart, the Executive Committee; J. W. Nesmith, Circuit Judge; Mr. Speaker and all the members of the Legislative Committee, attested by the clerk, and a copy delivered to Dr. E. White to be conveyed to the Congress of the United States.

On the 2nd July, 1845, the Legislative Committee adopted the report of the Special Committee, and on the 5th of the same month, passed an act submitting it to the people, to be voted upon by them at the polls July 26th, 1845, the result of which was reported to the Legislative Committee, which met at Oregon City (previously known as the Wallamet Falls) August 5th, 1845, when it was ascertained that a majority of 203 votes had been given for the organic law, now found in the General Laws of Oregon, page 46.

On the 5th July, 1845, the Legislative Committee adjourned to meet on the 5th of August at Oregon City, under the revised and amended organic law.

The Legislative Committee having met pursuant to adjournment, and the roll

being called, members present were Applegate, Foisy, Garrison, H. A. G. Lee, Barton Lee, Gray, Newell, Hill, Smith, McCarver, McClure and Straight.

Absent—Hendricks.

The clerk being called upon to inform the House of the result of the vote of the people on the organic law, it appeared that a majority of 203 had been cast in favor of the law. This majority was not nearly so large as it would have been but for the fact that many voted against the proposed changes because the Hudson's Bay Company's foreign born followers were allowed to exercise at the polls the same rights which American citizens enjoyed; and because the proposed changes contemplated giving to the Legislative Committee the power to *regulate* the introduction and sale of intoxicating liquors, instead of the power to *prohibit*.

M. M. McCarver, after considerable discussion, was finally declared Speaker under the new organic law, in virtue of his having held the position under the former organization.

The proceedings of a part of the day for August 11th will give the student of our early history some idea of the manner and matter of Legislative proceeding in those somewhat primitive times :

The rules were suspended and the following bills were

Read a second time by title, and referred to Committee of the Whole, for this day; to-wit :

The bill on education and schools;

The bill to establish a Recorder's office;

The bill to establish District Courts; and

The bill to establish Probate Courts.

While the House was thus proceeding under the orders of the day, Mr. Applegate hastily entered the Legislative hall in a manner evincing great excitement and perturbation, and asked that the rules be suspended and that he be allowed to introduce a bill to prevent duelling. No reason was assigned, but the earnest and nervous manner of Mr. Applegate were sufficient to make the reason plain enough, to say nothing of what some of the members seemed to know of what was transpiring on the outside. Under a suspension of the rules the bill was read three times and passed in less than half an hour. On a further motion of the excited member, Mr. P. G. Stewart was appointed special messenger to convey the act to the Governor for his approval and signature, which were at once given.

All this haste in passing a law which thenceforward made it a very grave offense to either give or accept a challenge, was caused by a young man whose name was Holderness having challenged Dr. E. White to fight a duel, because of some either real or imagined insult or injury. Holderness was a man not to be much trifled with, and one who, if he fought at all, would certainly fight for a funeral. Dr. White was greatly pleased with Mr. Applegate's management of this business, and expressed himself as being grateful to him for his skill in thus helping him out of a very unpleasant affair.

The subject of regulating the currency was then, as it ever has been, one of great difficulty. But the good, sound practical common sense of the Representatives enabled them to adopt at this session a system of currency suited to the existing condition of the country. And it was one which became necessary from the known policy of the Hudson's Bay Company to enforce the payment of debts in that which did not exist in quantities sufficient to affect the exchanges of the country, so long as the commercial power continued to be held by that Company. The law provided that in addition to gold and silver, treasury drafts, approved orders on solvent merchants, and good merchantable wheat at the market price, delivered at such place as was customary for the people to receive wheat, should be a lawful tender in payment of taxes and judgments, and for the payment of all debts, *where no special contract had been made to the contrary*. It will thus be seen that in 1845 we had a specific contract law in Oregon, but under circumstances of law and the condition of the country and of the people, which in no wise made it a precedent for a like law in 1864, respecting which the least that is said is best said for the credit of later Oregon legislation.

On the 20th August, 1845, the House of Representatives adjourned *sine die*. There not having been any provision made in the amended organic law for a new election, the old members were again called to meet at the residence of J. E. Long in Oregon City, December 2nd, 1845, agreeably to the provisions of the organic law, it being the first day of the first annual session under that law.

On calling of the roll, found to be present from Champoege district M. G. Foisy, J. M. Garrison, Robert Newell and Barton Lee; from Clackamas district, W. H. Gray and Hiram Straight; from Tuality district, David Hill and M. M. McCarver; and from Clatsop district, Mr. McClure.

There were absent from Yamhill district, Mr. Hendricks and Jesse Applegate; from Tuality, J. M. Smith; and from Clackamas district, H. A. G. Lee.

After the members were sworn in, Messrs. Straight and McClure were appointed a committee to procure a suitable room.

At 2 o'clock, the House organized by electing Robert Newell, of Champoege district, Speaker; J. E. Long, Chief Clerk, and Theophilus Magruder, Sergeant-at-Arms.

The committee appointed to procure a room suitable for the sessions reported that the use of a room had been procured from Theophilus Magruder, at \$2 per day, including fuel and lights.

On the second day, all the members were present except Jesse Applegate, who had resigned. To fill this vacancy, a writ of election was issued by the Governor, but no one appeared to take Mr. Applegate's place.

A copy of Jefferson's Manual having by some happy accident gotten into the Multnomah Circulating Library, it was, on motion of W. H. Gray,

Resolved, That the rules of the House of Representatives of the United States, as contained in that work, be adopted, as far as applicable to the circumstances of the House.

It ought perhaps to be observed that in the earlier legislation of Oregon, under the Provisional Government, the country was divided into *districts*, the legal subdivisions being so designated instead of being called *counties*. The earliest legislation upon this subject being an act passed by the Legislative Committee at its session commenced at Wallamet Falls May 16, and ended June 28, 1843, and approved by the inhabitants in a public meeting assembled at the same place July 8th of the same year. By this Legislative Committee, the whole country was divided into four districts, to-wit: Tuality, Yamhill, Clackamas and Champoege. And it recommended that the districts thus named be designated as Oregon Territory.

On the 24th December, 1844, an act was passed declaring the boundaries of Oregon as being the Pacific ocean on the west, the summit of the Rocky mountains on the east, the 42nd parallel of latitude on the south, and the latitude of 54 degrees and 40 minutes on the north. And the sentiment of the American population of the day, as expressing their opinions, and wishes as well, on the subject of the disputed boundary, was "*Fifty-four forty or fight.*"

To this little digression I have been led by what my favorite author on mental philosophy calls the principle of relative suggestion. In referring historically to the early legislation by which Oregon was divided into districts, I was necessarily led to indicating the lines by which these districts as a whole were bounded; and then all the rest having come into my mind on the principle I have alluded to, I am sure the kind reader will pardon the indulgence of this little bit of patriotic vanity and complacency.

Recurring, then, to the subject of districts, I have now only to add that on December 19th, 1845, the Legislature of the Provisional Government passed an act providing for inserting the word "county" in the laws of Oregon, in the place of the word "district."

At this session (commencing December 2nd, 1845, and adjourning on the 19th of the same month,) the subject of post offices and post roads received the attention its importance demanded, and William G. T'Vault was elected Post Master General. The subject of Indian affairs in like manner required and received wise and careful consideration; and to guard the interests of the people and of the aboriginal tribes in their relations to each other, the Governor, George Abernethy, was elected Superintendent of Indian Affairs.

The action of the Provisional Government on the subject of the application of a remedy for the evils arising out of the sale and use of intoxicating liquors, cannot fail to be both interesting and instructive to the Christian student of Oregon history. I would be inexcusable, therefore, if I did not sketch at least the outlines of this important subject, hoping that at some other time the Supreme Being may permit me to fill up these in a manner more satisfactory to myself, and I hope to the kind reader, than this imperfect performance can be.

Peter H. Burnett, now an immensely wealthy banker in San Francisco, framed a law in the summer of 1845 which was lost on the final vote. At this session, W. H. Gray reported a bill from the Committee on Ways and Means, the 2nd section of which provided :

"That if any person shall hereafter sell, barter, give or trade any ardent spirits of any kind whatever, directly or indirectly, to any person within the Territory of Oregon, he shall forfeit and pay the sum of twenty dollars for each and every such sale, trade, barter or gift, to be recovered by indictment in the County Court, or before a Justice of the Peace, without the form of pleading."

The 3d section enacted :

"That if any person shall hereafter establish or carry on any manufactory or distillery of ardent spirits in Oregon, he shall be subject to indictment before the County Court, as for a nuisance, and if convicted, he shall be fined in the sum of one hundred dollars, and the Court shall issue an order to the sheriff directing him to seize and destroy the distilling apparatus."

One half the fines collectible under the law were to go to the witnesses and the party giving information of the offense, while the other half was to be paid to the officer making the arrest. It was also made the duty of any officer, or of any private citizen who might have knowledge of a violation of the law, to prosecute at once.

On the 6th of December, 1845, Mr. Gray's bill passed, Messrs. Gray, H. Lee, Garrison, Hendricks, B. Lee, McClure and McCarver (7) voting in the affirmative; and Messrs. Foisy, Hill, Straight and Newell (4) voting in the negative.

The whisky interest at once became alarmed, and were not long at a loss for the means and appliances necessary to winning Hendricks and Barton Lee to their policy. On the 8th, Barton Lee moved a reconsideration of the vote by which the bill had passed. The yeas and nays being called, the vote resulted as follows :

Yeas—Hendricks, Hill, B. Lee, Smith, Straight and Newell—6.

Nays—Foisy, Gray, Garrison, H. Lee, McCarver and McClure—6.

Thus the motion to reconsider being lost, it was immediately published, in accordance with the provisions of the law, in the *Oregon Spectator* February 5th, 1846, in Oregon City, which was the first newspaper published by the citizens of the United States on the Pacific coast. This law remained in force until December 19th, 1846.

The organic law had provided that the Legislative power might *regulate* the introduction, manufacture or sale of ardent spirits. On this the advocates of the indiscriminate use of ardent spirits built up their most effective enginery of attack; and they insisted that the power to *regulate* did not extend to *prohibition*. The advocates of total abstinence appealed with pride and confidence to our experience as an infant colony excluding the introduction of intoxicating liquors, and they challenged their opponents to point to a new country where as much harmony and peace had prevailed as in this, even at a time when we had absolutely no law, and when, although every man was a law unto himself, yet all things moved on smoothly and without any friction, and when the people were prosperous and happy, as they would certainly continue to be if ardent spirits could be kept out of the country. Our Governor, George Abernethy, was in both principle and practice a thoroughly consistent temperance man, always refusing to touch, taste or handle anything that would in any manner intoxicate. He even manifested an aversion to being brought in contact with drinking men. Such an example by the head of the government was a power of strength to the friends of temperance in a community that had taken a high stand in the cause of temperance by its early efforts to exclude intoxicating liquors from the country, and by which that community had secured peace and prosperity.

Notwithstanding the organic law provided for *regulating* this, at least two-thirds of the people had voted to *prohibit*. And yet the whole liquor influence

of the country was so brought to bear upon the Legislature which assembled in December, 1846, that the prohibitory law of 1845 was repealed and a license law substituted. On the 17th December, 1846, the Governor returned this bill with his veto message. Among other things, he said :

“Previous to our organization as a Provisional Government, public sentiment kept intoxicating liquor from being either manufactured or sold in this Territory. Heretofore every act of the Legislature has been, as far as ardent spirits were concerned, prohibitory in character. The act laying before me is the first that has in any manner attempted to legalize the manufacture and sale of ardent spirits. At the session in June, 1844, an act was passed entitled ‘An act to *prevent* the introduction, sale and distillation of ardent spirits in Oregon,’ and as far as my knowledge extends, the passage of that act gave satisfaction to the great body of the people. It is said that the Legislature has no right to *prohibit* the introduction or sale of liquor, and this is probably the strongest argument used in defense of your bill. But do you not as effectually prohibit any person who has not the sum of one, two or three hundred dollars, to pay his license, as does the law now on the statute book? Are not your fines and penalties great or greater than those of the old law? My opinion is that the people are opposed to legalizing the introduction and sale of liquor in this land. I may be mistaken, and therefore should be in favor of the old law, or if something similar should not be adopted, of referring the whole matter to the polls at the next general election. It is with regret that I return any bill unsigned, but I feel that we both have duties to perform, and when we think duty points out the way, I trust we may always be found willing to follow it.”

On the question being put on the passage of the bill notwithstanding the Governor's veto, the vote stood :

Yeas—Messrs. Boon, Hall, Hembree, Lownsdale, Looney, Meek, Summers, Straight, T'Vault, Williams and Mr. Speaker—11.

Nays—Messrs. Chamberlain, McDonald, Newell, Beers and Tolmie—5.

Thus the bill having received a two-thirds' vote, became a law on the 18th day of December, 1846, which is a very memorable day in Oregon history, as being the first on which one man could lawfully sell liquor to another to make him drunk.

The causes which operated to bring about the repeal of the prohibitory law of 1845, and the passage of that of December 18th, 1846, are not to be sought in any supposed objectionable feature of the old law, but in the peculiar organization of the Legislature of December, 1846, a reference to which will show that the Hudson's Bay Company was represented by Messrs. W. F. Tolmie,

Chamberlain, McDonald, Newell and Peers. While the Hudson's Bay Company were yielding a sort of assent to the Provisional Government, and had their representatives in the Legislative branch of it, they were using whatever power the control of an immense amount of capital could give them to dwarf American enterprises and to control American privileges. In consistency with this policy, they were bringing intoxicating liquors in their ships from England, to be used in and about their trade, although their representatives in the Legislature were willing enough to vote against the manufacture and sale here.

The composition of a large majority of the House was peculiarly American, and peculiarly antagonistic to the Hudson's Bay Company. To say then, or even during years afterward, of any American that he was a Hudson's Bay man, tended to ostracise him socially and to kill him politically. Hence the friends of prohibition felt themselves compelled (whatever the facts might otherwise be) to yield the point, on the ground of self defense for national rights, and not from a disposition to consider the law of 1845 either a bad or unwise one. In other words, Messrs. Boon, Looney, Hall, Hembree, Meek, Summers, Straight, T'Vault, Williams and the Speaker, (A. L. Lovejoy,) were induced to confer the privilege of doing that which was known to be fraught with incalculable evils, because the Hudson's Bay Company, as a monopoly in our midst, were bringing liquor from England and disposing of it in Oregon.

A rapid survey of the facts of the history of the Provisional Government, transpiring in the year 1845, will show that the fundamental law had been very materially changed, and that these changes being ratified by the people, the government become more permanent and dignified in its character, securing at once the respect, confidence and obedience of all classes and conditions, and of nationalities, English, French and American. The boundaries of the country had been extended and clearly defined. The Executive power and efficiency for usefulness had been united in a single head. The Legislative department had been enlarged to sixty-one members, who, when organized, were called a House of Representatives, instead of a Legislative Committee, as formerly. The reader may say that there is not much in a name. But pardon me if I say that there is, after all, very much in a name, since no man could respect himself, or be respected, if so unfortunate as to be known as Ichabod Snooks. The organic law likewise conferred upon the Legislative department the power to create superior and inferior courts, as the wants of the people might require. The land law, although defective in some particulars, was on the whole a good one for the times. The official oath was peculiar in its form, but that peculiarity was a necessity, having its origin in the fact that the population consisted of Americans, English, Canadian French and mixed blood, the fruit of the mar-

riage of hunters and trappers with native women. As residents of Oregon under the treaty for the joint occupancy of the country, the dangers and interests of the people were, in a qualified sense, mutual, while their allegiance was different. Nevertheless, however varied were the feelings of this mixed population in their attachments to the form of the government established in their respective native countries, their acceptance of the Provisional Government was so near being absolutely unanimous, and so thoroughly sustained by all in their confidence in the integrity of those who administered it, that it was strong without either an army or navy, and rich without a treasury. Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness were guaranteed. Property was safe, schools were established and supported; contracts were enforced; debts were collected, and the majesty of law vindicated in a manner that proved that the government was able and efficient, because the people confided in the patriotism and wisdom of those who founded it, and in the integrity and ability of those who administered it; and of course the people were prosperous and happy; yet certainly not perfectly so, since there were inconveniences arising out of their isolation and other circumstances with which they stood associated, which caused them to long for the advent of a government not liable to be displaced by either of the two great nationalities.

The surprising energy and power which this government was capable of displaying, and the patriotism of the Oregon pioneers, was fully evinced at a much later period, when the massacre of Whitman and family, and others, at his Mission station, November 29th, 1847, roused both government and people to the energetic and successful prosecution of a war commenced in the depth of the winter of 1847-8. Within thirteen days from the time of the information being received at Oregon City, where the Legislature of the Provisional Government was at the time in session, a well armed force of fifty men were, under the advice of Col. J. W. Nesmith, stationed at the Dalles of the Columbia, it being seen by him to be a strategical point of great importance to the successful issue of a campaign against the Cayuse Indians, who had perpetrated the massacre of the memorable 29th of November, 1847. It required, indeed, a military mind to see by a glance at the geographical configuration of the country, that the seizure and holding of this point was of the utmost importance, since it would essentially contribute to the success of an invasion of the Indian country. And it is perhaps no more than what is historically due to the author of the suggestion of this masterly military movement, to say that the people of Oregon have probably never fully appreciated the services thus rendered by this, among the earliest of the Oregon pioneers, and afterwards by him, while Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs in the United States Senate during

the war for the maintenance of the integrity of the Union, where he proved himself to be one of the most patriotic of those pioneers.

A further evidence of the surprising energy of the Provisional Government, and of its fertility in resources upon the sudden arising of an emergency, will be seen when the reader is informed that the troops sent to the Dalles were raised, armed, and equipped within thirteen days from the time of the massacre at Wa-il-at-pu becoming known to the Governor and Legislature of the Provisional Government; and that they were within the time named, moved also one hundred and fifty miles to the point to be occupied, without the facilities which would now be afforded by railroads and steamboats. But in addition to the raising of this company, the Governor was authorized to organize a force of five hundred mounted volunteers. As fast as the men who came forward to be enrolled could be armed and equipped, they were moved to the front.

On the 27th of February, 1848, the pioneer troops met the enemy at the canyon of the De Schutes, where the first battle was fought, and the enemy driven with considerable loss. On the next day, the Indians were again encountered and defeated. On the 2d of March, the enemy were once more met and severely punished at the Umatilla. On the 4th of the same month, the advance column occupied Wa-il-at-pu three hundred miles distant from the cabins which these hardy, honest, and patriotic pioneers had left behind them, to chastise the savages by a steady advance into their country and by sharp and decisive fighting, for their brutal massacre of Christian missionaries.

It will thus at once be seen that the Provisional Government had both energy and power; and that the Oregon pioneers were fully equal to the occasion; and that they were brave and patriotic men exercising the superior virtues of a superior and noble manhood. In short, when the story of this war and of its results, ending finally in the capture of the principal savages engaged in the massacre, and their trial and execution at Oregon City, shall hereafter be written by the Muse of history it will make a chapter of which no descendant of an Oregon pioneer will be ashamed.

But the train of causes which led to the terrible slaughter of Dr. Whitman and wife, together with others at the Wa-il-at-pu Mission Station on the 29th day of November, 1847, and the incidents of the war of which the massacre was the cause, belong rather to the general history of Oregon during the Provisional Government than to the history of the Provisional Government itself, which is the subject of this paper. And although few things could give me more pure pleasure than to be the chronicler of the thrilling incidents and the soul-stirring stories of which those brave and unselfish pioneers were the heroes who established an American State on the Pacific Coast, giving abundant evidence of the

wisdom displayed in its civil organization and now exhibited no less proof of its ability for military purposes, yet at this time I must deny myself the happiness this would give to me, and I will console myself with the hope that a benign Providence will, with prolonged life and suitable opportunities, yet permit me to engage in a labor that would be so grateful to my feelings.

The remainder of this paper will therefore be devoted to a notice of only such historical events as more or less nearly relate to a change from a Provisional to a Territorial Government; and if I shall use the personal pronoun in the first person more frequently than may seem to be quite consistent with good taste and becoming modesty, I trust that the indulgent reader will not attribute it to any foolish vanity or mere spirit of egotism, but rather to the fact that the remaining events appropriate to this paper, are of such a character that I can in no wise separate my name from them without making the story incomplete and even unintelligible.

In the spring of 1847, Dr. Whitman being at my residence in Oregon City, spoke to me very freely on the subject of his Mission station, and of the perils to which he feared all connected with it were exposed. And he said that he believed that nothing short of the speedy establishment of a Territorial Government to supercede the Provisional Government would save him and his Mission from falling under the murderous hands of the savages. And he urged me to yield to the solicitations I had received to go at once to Washington City on behalf of the people and Provisional Government for this and for other purposes. I had sought to induce Peter H. Burnet to go, being myself averse to doing so. But this interview decided me; and when Dr. Whitman was about to depart for his field of mission labor I promised that I would do as he desired, if Governor Abernethy would furnish me with the necessary letter to the President of the United States.

I have said that my object in going to Washington was to procure the passage of a law for organizing a Territorial Government and for other purposes. Among these *other purposes* I may mention:

1. A line of stockade posts between Independence, Missouri, and Western Oregon, for the protection of emigrants, for facilitating the transportation of mails, and for the establishment of new settlements.
2. Engineers to survey and establish the best wagon route into Oregon.
3. Appropriations for opening and grading a road across the Cascade Mountains.
4. A line of steam packets from Panama, Monterey, San Francisco, and the Columbia river.

5. Appropriations for the mouth of the Columbia river, for a fixed light on Cape Hancock, a revolving light on Point Adams, buoys, a steam tow boat.

6. Fortification of Cape Hancock, Point Adams and a battery at Tongue Point.

7. Light at New Dungeness.

8. Grants of land to immigrants.

9. Grants of land for educational purposes.

10. A geological survey of the country.

11. Purchase of Indian title.

12. Survey of a road to California for stockade posts on it.

13. Indian agencies or sub-agencies at Soda Springs, Walla Walla, the Dalles, the Wallamet Valley, Puget Sound and Rogue River.

14. A military and naval depot in Oregon.

15. A recognition of all our legislative and judicial acts.

16. A recognition of our land titles valid under the Oregon law of July 5th, 1845.

17. Should this be found to be impracticable, then the next best grant embodied in a new Donation Law.

18. An appropriation for the payment of the public debt of the Provisional Government of Oregon.

19. Mail facilities.

20. Troops for protection.

21. A revenue cutter.

22. A law for a Territorial Government.

23. A Territorial Library.

On Monday, Oct. 18th, 1847, I proceeded to Green Point, the residence of His Excellency George Abernethy, the Governor of the Provisional Government, and after resigning my office of Judge of the Supreme Court, I received his letter to the President of the United States. I then embarked with Capt. Roland Gelston, in his gig, and in a short time my very humble but pleasant home was lost to my sight, and nothing of it was left to me but the memories clustering about it as being my first Oregon home. The regular plash of the oars as we glided down the beautiful Wallamet seemed much in harmony with my emotions which I am almost ashamed to confess oppressed me with sadness

while the responsibilities I had taken upon me weighed heavily upon my heart. The future was all uncertain. My mission to Washington was itself an experiment I had scarce the courage to make. There were no steamships then on the western coast of America north of Panama. Suppose that Capt. Gelston, after getting beyond San Francisco, then a little dirty village, should change his destination and not take me on to Panama, according to his contract, how would I be able to proceed? Even if I succeeded in getting forward without any detention of this character, would I be able to obtain a guide to conduct me over the Isthmus to Chagres; and how long would I be detained in that most unhealthy of all known places—that charnel house of death—before I would be able to obtain a passage on board some transient vessel bound for Havana or for some port on the coast of the United States? All these difficulties being either avoided or overcome, would the government of the United States condescend to give any heed to the suggestions and counsel of so humble a representative of an obscure little colony and its Provisional Government?

But deeply interested in the permanent welfare of the colony and thoroughly honest and disinterested in the motives which impelled me to action in consenting to go to Washington, it was quite natural for me to believe that when Congress were made acquainted with the embarrassing circumstances in which their fellow-citizens of Oregon were situated, although they had done nothing for them up to the time of which I am speaking, yet the government would not, nay, it could not, be guilty of the monstrous injustice of permitting an omission to extend to them the protection of the laws of their native country to disfigure another page of its history. Congress had hitherto permitted this unhappy omission because of the impossibility of their knowing the real condition and wants of their brothers of this distant and isolated portion of our common country, and because of slavery becoming an element of the question, as to whether the General Government would proceed at once to the discharge of its most solemn duty, to throw over all its citizens the ægis of its laws.

I was also encouraged to hope for prompt and efficient action upon the subject of the main object of my mission from a consideration of the additional fact that the treaty of June 15th, 1846, settling the question of title to Oregon had removed every obstacle which could be referred to as a reason for not granting to the colonists of Oregon the protection of the laws of their country and the means of defense against the Indian tribes. So, too, I felt that it would ill comport with the character of a great nation to urge that protection could not be *afforded* to a people whose duty and allegiance had been tested by almost every variety of circumstances. I could not persuade myself that it would be said, that because the people of Oregon had done well in establishing a government,

in the administration of which internal order had been maintained to an extent equal to that of any State of the Union, that therefore they might be neglected, and exposed to the brutal outrages of ruthless savages, upon their borders and in their midst. This I could not but believe would be making their well doing a misfortune, by causing a withholding of their rights. The continued expectation that the Provisional Government would be superseded, prevented them from doing for themselves what the exigencies of their situation demanded, and that which they would otherwise have done. They were therefore weary, as I personally knew, of a *quasi* independence, and would have rejoiced to have yielded it up for something that might not be changed by the arrival of the next ship that entered the mouth of the Columbia.

Had the citizens of the United States and the subjects of her Britanic Majesty, who resided in Oregon under the treaty of joint occupancy, by cherishing for each other a feeling of positive hostility and rancorous enmity, become embroiled in an unnatural strife, instead of cultivating a spirit tending to preserve the peace of the country, I saw that the laws and jurisdiction of the United States would have been extended over us long before the time at which these thoughts filled my mind. This, too, I could not but believe would have been done, also, if the country, instead of presenting an example of industry and tranquility wholly unexampled in the history of new colonies, had exhibited a scene of anarchy, confusion and bloodshed, unworthy of their origin and of the destiny of their beloved Oregon. But how much better was it to extend the laws over a people already in the enjoyment of many of the blessings of a peaceful and well ordered State, than to be under the necessity of interposing authority as a shield to prevent them from staining their hands in fraternal blood.

Although the people of Oregon felt an unconquerable desire for self government—a desire nurtured and educated under the republican institutions of the land of their birth—yet their position was so peculiar that they realized the impossibility, under their circumstances, of making full provision for their protection in a manner at all satisfactory to themselves; and they therefore husbanded their resources under a temporary government, cherishing a hope which they believed to be reasonable, that as soon as a suitable opportunity presented itself, a law would be passed establishing a Territorial Government. The settlement of the boundary question seemed to present that opportunity for the fulfillment of their most ardent hopes, and the consummation of their most devout wishes. The extension of the laws of the United States over the people, was an event looked to as promising a remedy for evils growing out of the fact that there were many important subjects upon which the Provisional Legislature

had not, under the circumstances, the power to legislate. It was an event looked for, also, as one that would give additional importance to the country, and a new impulse to trade and commerce, and one which would satisfy the mind on the subject of a grant of land to settlers.

That this anxiety was both reasonable and natural, would appear by advertising to the peculiarly interesting history of the country. During several years without any government except that which reason imposes, and without a law of any kind except the general law of duty arising out of the relations which exist between men everywhere, the penalties for the violation of which were inflicted by the conscience only, the people peacefully pursued their occupations during six days of the week, and on the seventh quietly assembled to listen to the preaching of some one of the missionaries. But time brought changes, and in these changes originated the absolute necessity for that Provisional Government under which had grown up a prosperous and virtuous community, mature in its development and strong in the confidence of the peoples' ability to achieve success in all legitimate enterprises.

It was thus as our little boat rapidly glided down the beautiful Wallamet to the vessel about two miles below Portland, waiting only for our arrival, that I surveyed the history of Oregon's past and considered her existing circumstances, that my heart might be strengthened with courage and hope as to the results of my proposed labors at Washington.

On board the *Whitton*, I was conveyed first to San Francisco, and thence to the southern extremity of the peninsula of Lower California, where Capt. Gelston informed me that he had determined upon engaging in the trade with Mazatlan, on the western coast of Mexico, and that he therefore could take me no further. The United States sloop of war *Portsmouth*, Capt. Montgomery, was lying at anchor in the open roadstead off the point, and hearing of my dilemma, he sent Lieutenant Bartlet to the *Whitton* with a message to me, inviting me on board the *Portsmouth*, and requesting me to bring with me any papers showing my relations to the Provisional Government of Oregon, and the nature and objects of my mission to Washington. This I did, of course, and the interview ended by his offering to give up his cabin to my exclusive use, and to convey me as a guest to Boston harbor. It required about three weeks to get the ship ready. But this being done, we sailed for Boston, and the ship being one of the best in the United States navy, we cast anchor in the port of our destination on the 2nd of May, 1848.

I proceeded at once to Washington, where, soon after my arrival, President Polk, Mr. Benton and Mr. Douglas suggested to me the propriety of my preparing a memorial to Congress, setting forth the condition and wants of the

people I was representing. In pursuance of their advice, I at once prepared a memorial; and among the most prominent subjects to which I solicited attention, was the necessity for a Territorial Government, and for grants of land to encourage settlement. The memorial was presented by Mr. Benton in the Senate, and being, on his motion, printed for the use of both Houses of Congress, it greatly helped me forward on my way to the general objects of my mission.

Soon afterwards, I prepared a bill for organizing a Territorial Government; and I so framed it that it amounted to a practical recognition of the Provisional Government, and of the land law under it. This I did in the wording of the 17th section of the Act of Congress of August 14th, 1848. Among other things important to be noticed, having this in view, is the following:

*"All land recognizances, and obligations of every kind whatsoever, valid under the existing laws, within the limits of said Territory, shall be valid under this act; * * * * * and all penalties, forfeitures, actions, and causes of action, may be recovered under this act in like manner as they would have been under the laws in force within the limits comprising said Territory at the time this act shall go into operation."*

This provision was designed to afford the means for enforcing all previous sales and contracts to sell real estate, and particularly real estate in towns.

The reasons for this provision will at once be obvious to the reader, when he is informed that under the organic law of Oregon and the enactments of the Provisional Legislature, contracts had been made, marriages had been entered into, divorces had been granted by both the Legislature and the courts; judgments had been rendered in courts of law, and decrees had been rendered in chancery, some of which had already been satisfied; and actions and suits were still pending in the courts.

In order, therefore, that inextricable confusion and remediless wrong might not result from the Provisional Government being superseded by a Territorial Government, I so drafted the bill that provision should be made for all suits, process and proceedings, civil and criminal, at law and in equity, and all indictments and informations which might be pending and undetermined in the courts established by the Provisional Government, when the act should take effect, being transferred to be heard, tried, prosecuted and determined in the district courts to be established by the bill, which might include the counties where any such proceedings might be pending; and for all contracts, bonds, recognizances, and obligations of every kind whatsoever, valid under the existing laws within the limits of the Territory, being in like manner valid under the act which I sought to have passed for organizing a Territorial Government;

and for all crimes and misdemeanors against the laws in force within Oregon being prosecuted, tried and punished, in the courts which might be established by said act; and for all penalties, forfeitures, actions and causes of action, being recovered under said act, in like manner as they would have been under the laws in force within the limits of said Territory at the time the said act should go into operation. These provisions were contained in the 17th section of the proposed law.

In the bill for organizing a Territorial Government, I had incorporated a provision prohibiting slavery in Oregon. This I took from the ordinance of 1787, and I was induced to make it a part of the bill, not only because of my own convictions on the subject of human rights, but also for the reason that the people of Oregon had, under the Provisional Government, sternly pronounced a rigid interdiction of slavery. I believed that the bill would become a law; but because the opposition from southern members on account of the prohibition of slavery might delay its passage until it would be too late to come to a final vote on the land bill, which I drafted and caused to be introduced, I incorporated in the Territorial bill the provisions I have referred to as being contained in the 17th section, designed in general terms as a practical recognition of the Provisional Government, and of the land law under it, but it was especially designed to legalize all contracts for the sale of town property in every part of Oregon.

In a government like ours, resting upon the suffrages of the great body of the people, who, not only in semblance but in reality, have the care of their political institutions, the general diffusion of knowledge is necessary, in order that they may exercise their rights in a manner the most conducive to the prosperity of the nation, the perpetuity of its laws, and the purity of its legislative and judicial tribunals. The education and mental training of the youth of the country is absolutely necessary, to qualify them for the care of our political institutions, and that they may possess the ability to exercise the powers of government in a manner the most conducive to their civil and religious liberties. All history shows that where the people have not been educated, they have always been the dupes of political demagogues, who were selfish rather than sagacious, and who learned to ruin by hollow pretenses and professions of patriotism. Believing that the generous and ennobling sentiments, to which his own breast is a stranger, are a worthless and wicked pretense in others, the demagogue justifies himself in caressing an uneducated and deluded people he means to scourge as soon as they transfer their power to him.

If an uneducated people do not fall into the hands of demagogues, yet they are sure, in time, to become the victims of the rapacity, avarice, and that thirst

for power which characterizes another class, who are even yet more dangerous, because they worship cunning, betray with a kiss, counterfeit wisdom, and so adroitly work upon the weakness, ignorance and prejudices of their victims, that they at length obtain place, as slimy reptiles are sometimes known, by a slow and laborious process, to arrive at the top of pyramids.

But these political evils and errors can be prevented, by training the youth of the country in proper studies, and by animating them with a love of country and of virtue, and by the habitual contemplation of the character and example of distinguished American statesman and warriors. Enlightened and instructed, they may set at nought the wicked designs of the hypocrite, who flatters and caresses those he means to sell as soon as he discovers that they are sufficiently debased to submit quietly and without rebuke to the wrong. But if properly educated, the people will be able to sustain the institutions of the country, not only against their own temporary excesses, but when their rulers contemplate wicked enterprises, and would cast down the ark of their country's liberty, they can, without presumption, extend their hands to stay it up.

Entertaining sentiments and opinions such as these, I felt a vehement desire to so multiply, in Oregon, the springs of knowledge that pure streams might thence flow out to water all the land, and to gladden unborn generations thirsting for literary and scientific knowledge. To this end, I framed the 20th section of the Act of Congress of August 14th, 1848, which enacts:

“That when the lands in the said Territory shall be surveyed under the direction of the government of the United States, preparatory to bringing the same into market, sections numbered sixteen and thirty-six in each township in said Territory shall be, and the same is hereby, reserved for the purpose of being applied to schools in said Territory, and in the States and Territories to be erected out of the same.”

The consideration which influenced my judgment and determined me to make the 17th section a part of the bill for organizing a Territorial Government, decided me to make this 20th section a part of the same bill, rather than to make it a part of the land bill, to which both sections more appropriately belonged.

Soon after the bill for a Territorial Government was introduced, I prepared a bill for making donations of land to settlers. There was at no time much opposition to the land bill, and what there was, I soon succeeded in overcoming by a few explanations and a reasonable amount of labor well directed by the suggestions of common sense. But the land bill could not be gotten beyond a second reading, because the bill for the Territorial Government must necessarily pass first; and the opposition to this finally drove its enemies under the lead of

Mr. Calhoun, of South Carolina, and of Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, to resort to all known legislative tactics which were supposed to be in any manner conducive to the end at which those gentlemen sought to arrive. For this purpose they labored to consume time in offering amendments, by debating, etc., so that the bill should never reach a vote on its final passage until the 14th of August, M., the hour fixed upon by a joint resolution of Congress for the close of that session.

On Saturday morning, August 12th, Mr. Benton, Mr. Douglas and John P. Hale, sent for me to meet them in one of the retiring rooms. They there informed me that the leading friends of the bill then known to be in the majority, had on the night before determined on a "golden silence" as the line upon which to receive the onset of the enemy; and that the supporters of the proposed law would under no circumstances change their tactics, the leading feature of which, consisted in a determination to make no replies to the enemies of the bill, but to vote against all the usual motions for adjournment from that time (Saturday morning, Aug. 12, 1848) until Monday, 12 o'clock, M.

I re-entered the Senate Chamber with the deepest feelings of solicitude, and yet hopeful because of the assurances which had been given to me by the gentlemen I have named. I soon saw, however, that Calhoun and Butler, of South Carolina; Davis and Foot, of Mississippi; and Hunter and Mason, of Virginia, as leaders of the opposition, had girded up their loins and had buckled on their armor for the battle.

When I explain a little the reader will not be surprised that I felt very nervous. The bill had previously been in the Senate and having passed went down to the House where it was amended, and now it had come back for concurrence. The debate when the bill was first in the Senate was one of thrilling interest. "There were giants in those days," and the field on which they fought and measured strength with each other was one in which no man could be at a loss to find a foeman worthy of his steel, since here might be encountered such mighty men as Douglas and Benton, Webster, Calhoun and Corwin. The last named gentleman having gotten the floor in the debate on the Oregon bill, the Senate adjourned. In this manner it became known at once throughout the city that Mr. Corwin would on the next day, after the preliminary business of the morning hour had been disposed of, address the Senate on that bill—the provision in it taken from the ordinance of 1787, prohibiting slavery being the point of his departure, and human rights the subject of his address. At an early hour the gallery was literally packed full of the elite and beauty of the capitol, most of them being brought hither by an unconquerable desire to witness the triumph of right over wrong and of reason over passion which they felt

sure would be achieved by their favorite orator's burning words consuming to ashes the sophisms relied upon by the advocates of slavery to defend the most gigantic evil that ever cursed a nation or stained its escutcheon. On the floor of the Senate were diplomatic representatives from every Court in Europe already impatient to drink in the inspiration of the wonderful eloquence of an orator who had no equal in some respects and no superior in any.

The preliminary business of the morning hour having been hurried through, Mr. Corwin, of Ohio, rose to his feet; and during two hours commencing with his saying "Mr. President" and ending with the close of his wonderful address, no other sound was heard save occasionally that of one who seemed to catch at his breath, and no movement could be seen save in the varying muscles of the faces of the listening hearers as the orator's matchless manner, melodious voice, and ready command of most apt language alternately melted the heart into pity or kindled it into resentment, while with inimitable skill and unequalled power, he portrayed "the sum of all villainies."

This description of the effects of the address does not of course apply to such of his hearers as were the advocates of "the patriarchal institution." The faces of these seemed at times to be as much blanched with fear as would that of a nervous woman on being suddenly confronted by a death's head. At other times the face was equally white yet the compressed lips, and the flashing eye and a peculiar expression of the countenance as clearly as language could speak showed that the heart was a burning volcano of the most fiery passions in the throes of a terrible eruption.

When Mr. Corwin closed his memorable speech, there seemed to be quite an interval before those who heard gained their self-recollection, and a motion was made for the adjournment of the Senate. As with others I was slowly and thoughtfully retiring, Father Richie, the most venerable journalist in the United States, a life long advocate of slavery, and at that time editor of the government organ, nervously laid his hand upon my shoulder, and with lips as white as paper and quivering with emotion he said: "A few speeches such as that would sever the bonds of this Union!!"

With such a scene as this fresh in my memory, the reader will not be surprised if on Saturday morning, the 12th of August, 1848, I felt after my interview with Mr. Benton, Mr. Douglas and Mr. Hale, anxious for the results of the day's proceedings on the bill returned for concurrence in the amendments made in the House.

The friends of the bill, led by Mr. Benton, having taken their position, waited calmly for the onset of their adversaries, who spent Saturday until the usual

hour of adjournment in skirmishing in force, as if feeling the strength of their opponents. When the motion was made at the usual time in the afternoon for adjournment the friends of the bill came pouring out of the retiring rooms, and on coming inside the bar they voted *No* with very marked emphases. I ought, perhaps, to explain that when many of the friends of the Oregon bill went into this room to rest upon lounges, and to smoke and chat and tell anecdotes, they left behind a trusty corps to observe the movements of the enemy, and through a vigilant page stationed at the door to give notice when it was necessary, to rise and rush inside the bar to vote *No* on all motions for adjournment.

This state of affairs continued until after night when Judge Butler, of South Carolina, being the colleague of Mr. Calhoun, resorted to a sort of legislative filibustering with a view to thrusting aside the Oregon bill, under a motion to go into executive session for the purpose of enquiring into the conduct of Mr. Benton, who he alleged had communicated to Dr. Wallace, the reporter of the New York *Herald*, some things that had been said and done in secret session. During his remarks, Judge Butler characterized Mr. Benton's conduct as being "*dishonorable*." This word had only been pronounced when Mr. Benton sprang to his feet in great anger, and advancing rapidly toward Judge Butler, with his clenched fist and violently gesticulating, said : You lie, sir ! You lie ! ! I cram the lie down your throat ! ! ! " Both men wore long hair that age had made as white as wool, and yet they were only kept from violence on the floor of the Senate Chamber by Gen. Dix, of New York, Mason, of Virginia, and others, who by placing themselves between the venerable Senators, prevented them from coming to blows. Thus restrained, Judge Butler said to Mr. Benton in a very loud and angry tone, " I will see you sir, at another time and place. " Mr. Benton immediately rejoined in great heat, " Yes sir, you can see me at any other time and in any other place ; but you and your friends will take notice that when I fight, I fight for a funeral. "

Order being at length restored, the vote was taken on Judge Butler's motion, to go into Executive session, and the real object of the motion being seen to be the defeat of the Oregon bill through the consumption of time, it was lost.

Gen. Foot, the colleague of Jeff. Davis, then rose and in a drawling tone assumed for the occasion, said his powers of endurance he believed would enable him to continue his address to the Senate until Monday, 12 o'clock M., and although he could not promise to say much on the subject of the Oregon bill, he could not doubt that he would be able to interest and greatly edify distinguished Senators. The friends of the bill, seeing what was before them, posted a page in the doorway opening into one of the retiring rooms, and then after detailing a few of their number to keep watch and ward on the floor of the

Senate, withdrew into the room of which I have spoken to chat and tell anecdotes and to drink wine, or perhaps something even much stronger, and thus to wear away the slowly and heavily passing hours of that memorable Saturday night. Soon great clouds of smoke filled the room, and from it issued the sound of the chink of glasses, and of loud conversation, almost drowning the eloquence of the Mississippi Senator as he repeated the Bible story of the cosmogony of the world, the creation of man, the taking from his side the rib from which Eve was made, her talking with the "snake," as he called the Evil One, the fall of man, etc, etc. The galleries were soon deserted. Many of the aged Senators prostrated themselves upon the sofas in one of the retiring rooms, and slumbered soundly, while "thoughts that breathed and words that burned" fell in glowing eloquence from the lips of the Mississippi Senator, as he continued thus to instruct and edify the few watching friends of the bill, who, notwithstanding the weight of seventy winters pressed heavily upon some of them, were as wide awake as the youngest, and they sat firm and erect in their seats, watching with lynx eyes every movement of the adversaries of the bill.

At intervals of about one hour, the Speaker would yield the floor to a motion for adjournment, coming from the opposition. Then the sentinel page at the door would give the notice to the waking Senators in the retiring room, and these would immediately arouse the slumbering Senators, and all would then rush pell mell through the doorway, and when the inside of the bar was reached, would vote *No* with a thundering emphasis.

It happened, however on more occasions than one, that a sleeping Senator, not yet quite awake, even after getting inside the bar, voted "aye," then "nay," and then "aye," and finally "nay" again, to the great amusement of those who were sufficiently wide awake to see where the laugh came in.

Occasionally southern Senators, toward Sunday morning, relieved Gen. Foot by short, dull speeches, to which the friends of the bill vouchsafed no answers; so that Mr. Calhoun and his pro-slavery subordinates had things for the most part all their own way until Sabbath morning August 13th, 1848, at about 8 o'clock, when the leading opponents of the bill collected together in a knot, and after conversing together a short time in an under tone, the Mississippi Senator who had been so very edifying and entertaining during the night, said that no further opposition would be made to taking a vote on the bill. The ayes and nays were then called and the bill passed. The Senate of course then adjourned and many members came to me and congratulated me on the result of the struggle as though I had been even mainly instrumental in achieving the victory; although the fact was that I necessarily acted in the very subordinate position of one industriously furnishing facts and making suggestions

to members before the debate came on. Among those thus generous, kind and considerate, I may mention Mr. Vinton, of Ohio, and Judge Colamer, of Vermont. The last named gentleman was Chairman of the Committee on Public Lands, in the House, and for that reason I had often found it necessary to be with him at his rooms. On the passage of the bill, he took my hand in both of his, and with great warmth said: "From the profoundest depth of my heart I congratulate you, because throughout this struggle, and in the discharge of all your difficult duties, you have acted very much like a man who intended to return to his constituents.

To all of this I could not utter a single word of reply, no more than if I had never known or listened to the music of speech; and only my quivering lips betraying the intensity of my feelings and the depth of my emotions, interpreted the language of my heart to this incorruptible and great man, in whose presence I felt so small, yet so happy to be thus commended. In short, I may truly say that the time of the passage of this bill was the supreme moment of my life.

The reader has not failed to observe how conspicuous Gen. Foot made himself during the proceedings of this memorable Saturday night and Sunday morning. This he did to provoke Mr. Benton, and to finally so kindle his anger into flame that in an unguarded moment he might elicit from the great Missourian some remark of recognition; but the contempt of the veteran Senator for Gen. Foot could be measured only by the intensity of his hatred of Mr. Calhoun. Two anecdotes will illustrate how he despised the former and how well he hated the latter. Gen. Foot, while preparing a political pamphlet which he felt quite sure would annihilate Mr. Benton, but which of course left him as undisturbed as would be the bull on whose horn a gad-fly had lighted, sent to "the gentleman from Missouri" a message in about these words: "Please say to Mr. Benton that I am writing a very small book in which his name will appear very often." Whereupon Mr. Benton immediately replied in his inimitable manner: "And return for my answer to Foot that I am writing two very large books in which his name will not appear at all." Any one who is familiar with Mr. Benton's Congressional Debates in fifteen volumes, and with his *Thirty Years in the United States Senate*, in two large volumes, will know how well he kept his word.

The intensity with which Mr. Benton hated Mr. Calhoun will be seen in the spirit of a remark he made to me very soon after the adjournment of the Senate after coming to a vote on the bill for organizing a Territorial Government in Oregon. My way to my boarding house being the same that led to Mr. Benton's residence, we naturally fell in together as we left the Senate Chamber; and as naturally our conversation was on the subject of the scenes during the recent

protracted session. In allusion to the passage at arms between himself and Judge Butler, he said: "I did not blame Judge Butler so much as I did that scoundrel Calhoun, who, while egging on Butler, sat there looking as demure as a whore at a christening."

I had not, indeed, succeeded in accomplishing all I had in view in accepting the mission to Washington; and yet a brief notice of the results of my labors as the objects of my mission, embodied in the forms of law, will certainly be sufficient to show that these labors had not been in vain.

In the passage of this law, the great and primary object of my mission was secured, the immediate extension of the jurisdiction of the United States over the people and the country. In framing the bill I incorporated an appropriation of five thousand dollars for a Territorial Library; and in the passage of the bill I secured this also. But second only to the general object of obtaining an extension of the jurisdiction and laws of the United States over us, was that of obtaining a practical recognition of the Provisional Government and of the Land Law under it, as also of all judicial proceedings valid under existing laws of the Provisional Government. All these objects, too, were chrystalized into law by the 17th section. The 27th section appropriated fifteen thousand dollars for the construction of a light house at New Dunginess and one at Cape Hancock, as also for buoys to indicate the channel at the mouth of the Columbia river. This was the first appropriation Congress ever made for commercial purposes on the Pacific Coast; and I secured it mainly through the influence of Hon. Washington Hunt, of New York, then Chairman of the Committee on Commerce in the House. And I feel great pleasure in saying that in this gentleman, as well as those already named, I found an earnest co-laborer in everything tending to promote the permanent interests of Oregon.

A law providing for a grant of land to immigrants, had not, indeed, been actually passed. But a bill had been carefully prepared by me and it had been introduced in the House; and nothing prevented it from passing through both Houses, but the fact of the passage of the Territorial Bill being too late to reach the Land Bill. The Donation Law we now have, except the 11th section and two or three unimportant amendments, is an exact copy of the bill I prepared, and which Congress passed Sept. 27th, 1850, with scarce any opposition.

I had felt a strong desire to increase the educational facilities of Oregon, in the very beginning of the structure of its institutions, and as the foundation on which to build them. To this end, I framed the 20th section of the Act of Congress of August 14th, 1848, so that the 16th and 36th sections of land in each township should be reserved for the purpose of being applied to schools in Oregon and the States and territories to be erected out of it.

Up to the time of the passage of this bill, Congress had never appropriated

more than the 16th section for the support of common schools; and the late Nathan Dane, L. L. D., had labored long before he succeeded in inducing the government to appropriate that portion of the public lands. It will not then be thought strange that during a considerable time, the policy of adding the 36th section to an endowment already supposed to be munificent, was met by a resistance which threatened to be very grave, if not fatal to success. In my efforts to neutralize this hostility, and to meet the objections of honest and candid gentlemen, I was often made to feel that I required greater resources of prudence, knowledge and wisdom than I possessed. But I succeeded at length in bringing to the support of my measure the industry, patriotism and influence of such gentlemen as Hon. Mr. Vinton, of Ohio, and of Hon. Horace Mann, of Massachusetts, who seconded my efforts in such a manner that all serious opposition gave way before their logic and eloquence.

Daniel Webster once said in one of his great speeches that he would rather go down to posterity as the recognized author of the policy of appropriating the 16th section of the public lands to the support of common schools, than to commit his name and fame to all else by which he would be known in the history of his country. And I will frankly admit that when to this section of the public lands, the 36th was added by the passage of the bill, the thought that Providence had permitted me to be the instrument of conferring so great a boon upon posterity, filled my heart with emotions as pure as can be experienced by man. So, also, when I confess that I could not, and indeed, did not, wish to shut out from my mind the thought that when I rested from my life's toils and responsibilities, and had bequeathed my name to the generations my labor herein had blessed, I might be recognized as a benefactor and friend of my race, other reasons than those I have mentioned, will be seen why it was that I regarded the time of the passage of this bill as the supreme moment of my life. And as if to enhance my enjoyment of the event, such gentlemen as the Hon. Horace Mann, of Massachusetts, and Hon. Mr. Vinton and Corwin, of Ohio, and Col. Imler, of Vermont, together with other large hearted gentlemen came clustering about me and most cordially congratulated me upon the success of a measure to which they had so largely contributed, but for which in the warmth of their friendship and the outpourings of their sympathy they so generously gave me all the credit and unselfishly commended me for successful efforts springing from a vehement desire to greatly enlarge the means of enlightenment to those who would else wander in darkness.

General Jo. Lane having been appointed by President Polk, Governor under the Act of Congress of August 14th, 1848, arrived at Oregon City on the 3d of the following March, and at once issued a proclamation inaugurating the Terri-

torial Government; and thus the Provisional Government surrounded with many pleasant and honorable memories passed into history and became a thing that was; the Oregon pioneers as such, having then yielded up to stranger hands the civil institutions they had reared on foundations as deep as the principles of natural justice and as broad as the common law.

Of the Oregon pioneers whose mutual trials and labors in establishing the institutions of society, civil government and Christianity on the Pacific Coast, bearing together the burthen and heat of the day, comparatively few now remain, the greater number having made their last remove and gone to that land from whose bourne no traveller returns; but those who yet wait in old age and infirmity for their time also to come, may look back through the vista of the years that are gone, and surveying the institutions their hands have assisted to build up in this our goodly heritage, may with honest pride and pure pleasure, exclaim: "This is in part my work."

THE PROVISIONAL AND TERRITORIAL SEAL.

On the title page of this pamphlet there is what purports to be the Seal of the Provisional Government. This is an error which the printer might well have made under the circumstances. My recollection is, that the Seal of the Provisional Government was simply a beaver; Legend, Territory of Oregon.

The Seal which appears on the title page was devised and procured by me in the city of New York, in the year 1848, and it was by me offered to Gov. Lane in 1849, who declined to receive it. In 1850, I offered it to Gov. Gaines and Secretary Hamilton who thought it so much more suitable for Oregon than the one they brought with them, that they at once accepted it, and it then continued to be the Great Seal until June 2d, 1859.

In note 3, General Laws of Oregon, page 496, Hon. Matthew P. Deady, the compiler, says:

"By an Act of January 18, 1854, the description of this Seal was directed to be deposited and recorded in the office of the Secretary, to remain a public record; but so far as can be ascertained, the same was never done. The description of this Seal was as follows: In the center, a shield, two compartments. Lower compartment—in the foreground, a plow; in the distance, mountains. In the upper compartment—a ship under full sail. The crest, a beaver. The sinister supporter—an Indian with bow and arrows, and a mantle of skins over his shoulder. The dexter supporter, an eagle, with wings displayed. The motto—*alis volat propriis*—I fly with my own wings. Field of the lower compartment, argent; of the upper, blue. It is to be regretted that this Seal was not continued as the Seal of the State, by simply substituting, "the State of Oregon" for "the Territory of Oregon." In design and propriety, it is in every way superior to the obscure and meaningless one of the State—particularly is the loss of the sagacious beaver to be regretted, the most appropriate symbol of the history and people of Oregon that could have been selected from the treasury of heraldry. It is to be hoped that the Legislative Assembly will yet restore him to his proper place in our coat of arms." J. QUINN THORNTON.

NOTE BY THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.—It will be seen, by reference to the cover and title page, that no special mention is made of the "History of the Provisional Government." Both were printed before the Committee had concluded to solicit that paper from Judge Thornton. Having been compelled to write it during leisure hours when not engaged in professional duties, the publication of this pamphlet has been unavoidably delayed several weeks. It will be found valuable and interesting.

SALEM, April 20, 1875.

WILLARD H. REES,
E. N. COOKE,
J. B. McCLANE,
S. F. CHADWICK.

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

THIRD ANNUAL RE-UNION

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association;

AND THE

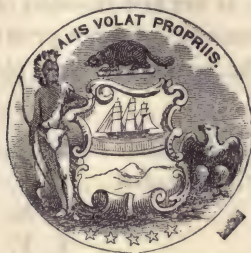
ANNUAL ADDRESS DELIVERED BY HON. MATTHEW P. DEADY,

TOGETHER WITH

THE ADDRESSES BY HON. J. W. NESMITH, EX-GOV. GEO. L. CURRY, AND
HON. GEO. P. HOLMAN.

AND A

BIOGRAPHY OF COL. JOS. L. MEEK.



SALEM, OREGON:

E. M. WAITE, PRINTER AND BOOKBINDER.

1876.

PREFACE.

It is a source of gratification to the Printing Committee, that they are enabled to present this the second annual publication of the Transactions of the Oregon Pioneer Association, and the addresses delivered at the third re-union held on the State Agricultural Society's Grounds near Salem, June 15, 1875. The re-union proved a grand success, both financially and socially, and a large number of Pioneers availed themselves of the opportunity to become members of the Association; and it is earnestly hoped that the remainder of the Pioneers who are eligible, will secure a membership, so that the Association's roll will contain the names of all of those who came and settled within the bounds of the original Territory of Oregon, either by sea or across the plains.

The addresses of Hons. M. P. Deady, J. W. Nesmith and Ex-Gov. Geo. L. Curry, contain a great deal of history, and will be perused with interest. The address of Ex-Gov. Curry was delivered at Champoege, at the first re-union of the Association, but the copy not being furnished, was not printed in the pamphlet of 1875, consequently the committee have placed it in this year's report.

The biography of the late Col. Joseph L. Meek, was furnished by Mrs. F. F. Victor, by request.

E. N. COOKE,
S. F. CHADWICK,
WILLARD H. REES,
JOHN MINTO,
J. HENRY BROWN,
Committee.

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

LEGISLATIVE HALL,
SALEM, OREGON, May 15, 1875. }

In pursuance to adjournment, the Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association, met in the Legislative Hall, in Salem, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and was called to order by Hon. J. W. Grim, President of the Association.

The Secretary of the Association, Willard H. Rees, being absent, J. Henry Brown was elected Secretary *pro tem*.

The Secretary read the published proceedings of the last meeting of the Board, which met at Aurora, December 3d, 1874.

Mr. W. J. Herren, Chairman of Committee of Arrangements, made a verbal report of the committee's work; and that they had procured lumber to construct a dancing floor, and had secured vocal and instrumental music for the occasion of the re-union. And a committee had been appointed to canvas the city for funds for the celebration.

Mr. Herren submitted a programme for the celebration, which on motion of Mr. J. B. McClain, was referred to a committee of four, consisting of Hon. S. F. Chadwick, W. J. Herren, J. N. Matheny and E. M. Waite, whereupon the committee retired for consultation.

While awaiting the action of the committee, the members entered into a general exchange of reminiscence of the early days of emigration, when they crossed the plains with ox teams.

The committee on programme submitted the following report:

To the Chairman and Members of the Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association:

Your committee appointed to arrange programme of exercises for the annual re-union of the Pioneer Association for 1875, would report the following:

EXERCISES AT THE FAIR GROUNDS.

The procession will form under the direction of the Chief Marshal, Col. John McCracken, at 10 o'clock, A. M., June 15, 1875, on the plank walk extending East from the railroad track, at the Fair Grounds, in the following order:

- 1st. Northwest Band.
 - 2d. Standard Bearers.
 - 3d. President and Vice President.
 - 4th. Chaplain and Orator.
 - 5th. Members of the Pioneer and Historical Society of Oregon.
 - 6th. Secretary and Treasurer of the Association.
 - 7th. Invited guests, male and female.
 - 8th. Members of the Society, male and female, who came into the Territory prior to January, 1841, followed by the twelve divisions to January 1853, each division with appropriate banner.
 - 9th. Friends of the Association, male and female.
-

AT THE STAND.

- 1st. Music—Hail Columbia.
 - 2d. Prayer by the Chaplain—Rev. E. Walker.
 - 3d. Annual Address by Hon. Matthew P. Deady.
 - 4th. Music.
 - 5th. Recess.
-

AFTERNOON EXERCISES.

- 1st. 1 o'clock, Picnic Dinner.
- 2d. 2 o'clock, Musical Entertainment in the Pavilion, by the Pioneer young ladies and gentlemen.
- 3d. Address by Hon. J. W. Nesmith, and others.
- 4th. At 5 o'clock, dancing in the pavilion.
- 5th. At 7 o'clock, annual election of officers of the Association.
- 6th. At 8 o'clock, Pioneer LOVE FEAST.

The following persons have been selected as Floor Managers of the Pioneer ball:

Walter S. Moss,—Oregon City.
M. L. Savage,—Salem.
D. Thompson,—Albany.
F. C. Geer,—Butteville.
Ex-Gov. Geo. L. Curry,—Portland.
John Thompson,—Eugene City.
Edward Taylor,—Astoria.
Erastus Holgate.—Corvallis.
Chris. Taylor,—Dayton.
James Applegate,—Yoncalla.

The sale of intoxicating liquors and games of chance on the ground, positively prohibited.

In order that there will be complete success of the picnic dinner, it is requested that when convenient, the Pioneers bring their baskets with them.

The Pioneers throughout Oregon, Washington and Idaho Territories are cordially invited.

Respectfully submitted,

W. J. HERREN,

Chairman.

On motion, the report was adopted.

Hon. E. N. Cooke, Chairman of Committee on Printing, made a verbal report, stating that the committee had had 2,000 copies of the pamphlet containing Constitution and By-Laws, the remarks of Gov. L. F. Grover, with the Annual Address of Hon. S. F. Chadwick, and a history of the Provisional Government by Hon. J. Quinn Thornton, instead of 500 as first designed by the Association, and that the printing bill was \$284.

The question of disposing of the pamphlet was discussed by all of the members present, and on motion, the action of the committee in regard to sending copies to be sold at the bookstores in Salem and Portland was endorsed, and that copies should be sent to all old Pioneers, and that each member who had heretofore joined or should join subsequently, should receive a copy when

he paid the amount required at the time of joining, and that the Secretary keep in his office 250 copies for future use.

The President and Secretary were authorized to extend special invitations to old Pioneers.

On motion, the Printing Committee was instructed to place 100 copies of the pamphlet in the hands of the committee to collect money in the city of Salem.

On motion of Hon. E. N. Cooke, the Committee on Printing was authorized to present 50 copies of the pamphlet to Hon. J. Quinn Thornton.

On motion of W. J. Herren, Hon. S. F. Chadwick was added to the Committee on Printing, and instructed to send copies to old Oregonians.

On motion of Mr. J. N. Matheny, the President was authorized to extend special invitations to the Territorial officers of Washington and Idaho Territories to attend our re-union.

On motion, John W. Minto was authorized to solicit membership of those eligible.

On motion, the Committee of Arrangements were authorized to act when necessary, where they had not been fully instructed, as occasion might require.

On motion, the Board adjourned.

J. W. GRIM, *President.*

J. HENRY BROWN, *Sec'y pro tem.*

THIRD ANNUAL RE-UNION.

STATE FAIR GROUNDS,
SALEM, June 15, 1875. }

The third annual re-union of the Oregon Pioneer Association, was held at the State Fair Grounds near Salem, June 15, 1875, under very favorable circumstances. At an early hour, a vast concourse of the early settlers attended by their families and friends, began to arrive. The different roads were lined with wagons containing participants, who were anxious to join in the exercises of the State holiday, and while the different trains from the north and south materially swelled the throng, ^{and} they discharged their precious freight. Hearty greetings were exchanged by friends who had not met for years, old acquaintances were renewed, whose long separation had nearly obliterated their remembrance; although they had traversed the sandy plains in each other's company. The patriarchs although young then, now had grown old and gray in pioneer life, were surrounded by their children and children's children, who were assuming their position in the development of this young and thriving State, making a happy occasion, which, to be properly appreciated, should be witnessed.

Punctual to the hour of 10 o'clock, A. M., Col. John McCracken, Chief Marshal, assisted by his aids, formed the Pioneers in column according to the year of their arrival, which was designated by an appropriate banner, headed by the Northwest Brass Band, which discoursed excellent music, marched through the

Fair Grounds and halted at the speaker's stand in a beautiful grove of young oak, where, after music by the band, prayer by the Chaplain, the President made the following remarks:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION:—In opening the exercises of your third annual re-union, you will permit me on this happy occasion in behalf of the Executive Board and Directors, to greet you with their kindest wishes, and ask that you may be pleased to accept their heartfelt thanks for the honored distinction, which, through your favor, we have been permitted to enjoy during the past year.

Friends and fellow citizens with us here assembled, I can assure you that never in my life have I been called upon to discharge a more pleasant duty, than at this present moment, which on their behalf and in the name of this honored Association, I bid you all thrice welcome to our feast.

Turn your eyes wheresoever you may, I verily believe no more deserving or nobler minded men or women are to be found, than they who stand to-day in the ranks of this self-sacrificing love-devoted remnant of Oregon's early Pioneers. Long may they be spared with their children and friends to enjoy the good things of this favored land, secured by their valor in long years of isolation, privation and toil, which they so faithfully endured.

The address* of Hon. M. P. Deady was replete with information and the large audience was highly pleased with that gentleman's effort.

At recess, the audience dispersed in groups to enjoy an old fashioned picnic dinner, strongly bringing to mind days of yore, and reviewing the vicissitudes of years gone by, recalling names of those who now are numbered with the great "silent majority," recounting their virtues and heaving a sigh to their memory.

At 2 o'clock, a musical entertainment was had in the pavilion under the direction of Prof. Thos. H. Crawford.

At 3 o'clock, Hon. J. W. Nesmith, Hon. Geo. P. Holman and others delivered instructive and entertaining addresses. Mr. Nesmith's address was about the immigration of 1843, of which

*See page 17, for Address.

he was one, and was a full and succinct history of the toils of that early day of overland immigration. Thus placing in history in a permanent manner a great deal of information that will prove of interest and value in after years.

At 5 o'clock, dancing commenced in the pavilion, in which many participated who had not danced a step for years, and they entered into the enjoyment of the hour with a zest that was gratifying to the floor managers, who spared no pains to make the occasion a success, and their labor was well rewarded.

At 7 o'clock, the Association met to transact the business that is necessary at these annual re-unions, which was as follows:

PAVILION, STATE FAIR GROUNDS, }
SALEM, June 15, 1875. }

Association was called to order by Hon. J. W. Grim, the President.

The first business to be transacted was the election of officers, which was held with the following result:

President, John W. Grim, by acclamation.

Vice President, E. N. Cooke, by acclamation.

Secretary, J. Henry Brown.

Treasurer, John M. Bacon.

Three Directors, Wm. J. Herren, Alex. P. Ankney and Bush W. Wilson.

The committee, consisting of Hon. E. N. Cooke, John M. Bacon and Geo. W. Dimick, who had been appointed to confer with the Pioneer and Historical Society of Oregon, submitted the following report and correspondence:

To the President of the Oregon Pioneer Association:—Your committee appointed to confer with the Pioneer and Historical Society of Oregon, with a view of uniting under one constitution the two organizations, beg leave to report

that they have communicated with the officers of said Pioneer and Historical Society, and they *decline* to unite the two organizations.

Respectfully submitted,

E. N. COOKE,

J. M. BACON,

Committee.

The committee submitted the following correspondence on the subject:

At the semi-annual meeting of the Oregon Pioneer and Historical Society, held on the 4th day of July, 1874, at Astoria, Wm. H. Gray, the Corresponding Secretary of said Society, presented a communication from the Oregon Pioneer Association, which reads as follows:

OREGON CITY, OREGON, }
JUNE 17, 1874. }

To the President, Officers and Members of the Pioneer and Historical Society of Oregon:—GENTS. The undersigned were appointed a committee by the Oregon Pioneer Association, to communicate with your Society, and to ascertain upon what terms or arrangements, our Association could be united with your Society, believing the two organizations to be identically the same. We are of the opinion that good would result from such union.

Respectfully yours, &c.,

E. N. COOKE,

J. M. BACON,

G. W. DIMICK,

Committee.

On motion, the above letter was placed on file, and whereupon the following preamble and resolutions were adopted as a reply, viz:

WHEREAS, A proposition to unite with the Pioneer Association of Oregon, at present located in the Willamette Valley, with the Pioneer and Historical Society of Oregon, located at Astoria, the latter being organized and incorporated under the laws of Oregon, and being historical and perpetual in its existence and efforts. Therefore,

Resolved 1. That any material change in our organic existence would defeat the prime object of the Society.

Resolved 2. That to facilitate and embrace all Pioneers of this country, we cordially invite such as by the seventh Article of our Constitution, are entitled

to become subscribing and voting members, to send their names to the Recording or Corresponding Secretaries, that they may be duly entered on our Record Book of members.

Resolved 3. That all members of the Pioneer Association are invited to send their names to the Executive Board of this Society, that they may become honorary and corresponding members.

Resolved 4. That the semi-annual meetings of this Society shall be held at such time and place as shall be designated by its Executive Board; said Board taking into account the convenience and number of subscribing members, and of the location of such meetings.

On motion, the Secretary is hereby requested to furnish a certified copy of this preamble and resolutions to the Pioneer Association of Oregon.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I hereby sign my name, and affix the official



seal of said Society, this 15th day of July, 1874.

J. TAYLOR,

Secretary.

The following is Article 7, of the Constitution of the Oregon Pioneer and Historical Society, as alluded to in the second resolution above:

“ARTICLE VII. All persons may become members of this Society, who arrived upon the coast, or were born in the country, prior to January 1st, 1851, and are twenty-one years of age at the time of signing. All persons subscribing to this Constitution and By-Laws, shall give their full name, age, nativity, and date of arrival in the country as near as possible.”

The committee on Pioneer Banner, consisting of Joseph Watt, A. P. Ankeny and John Minto, made a verbal report that they had not yet completed the banner, and asked that three more persons be added.

On motion the following gentlemen were added to said committee, C. A. Reed, M. P. Deady and J. W. Nesmith.

On motion, the Secretary was authorized to furnish suitable badges for the members, with the year of arrival of each member printed thereon.

W. J. Herren, chairman of committee to revise and amend the Constitution of the Association, submitted an amendment to Article VIII, to read as follows:

ARTICLE VIII. All immigrants, male or female, who reside within the bounds of the original Territory of Oregon, under joint occupancy of the country by the United States and Great Britain, and those who were born, or settled within said Territory prior to the first day of January, 1854, are eligible to become members of this Association.

Also that Article III be amended so as to read as follows:

ARTICLE III. The officers of this Association shall consist of President, Vice President, Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, and Treasurer, who shall form the Executive Board; and a Board of five Directors, including the President and Vice President, who shall be ex-officio members of the same. All officers of the Association shall hold their respective places for one year, or until their successors shall have been elected as hereinafter provided.

On motion, the above amendments were adopted.

On motion of Gen. Joel Palmer, the Treasurer was required to give bonds in the discretion of the Executive Board.

On motion, the thanks of the Association were extended to Hons. M. P. Deady and J. W. Nesmith.

On motion a vote of thanks was extended to the Oregon Agricultural Society, for the use of the grounds.

The Association voted their thanks to the Oregon and California Railroad Company, for kindness received at their hands for reduction to half fare, to persons who attended this re-union.

On motion, the Association adjourned.

After adjournment, most of the members went from the business hall to the ball room, where they were soon mingled with the happy throng, and enjoyed themselves only as Pioneers could until 11 o'clock, when the Portland train called for passengers. But those remaining, continued to enjoy themselves until the "we sma' hours of morn." Thus closed the third re-union, and all hope to live to enjoy many more such happy occasions.

SALEM, June 16, 1875.

The Board of Directors met in the Senate Chamber, Salem, Oregon, for the purpose of transacting business and receiving reports of committees.

Hon. E. N. Cooke in the chair.

On motion, the Secretary was authorized to correspond with the new Board of Directors and request their votes for W. H. Rees, Esq., who had been nominated for Corresponding Secretary.

The following is the financial statement as per reports of committees:

Amount received from all sources.....	\$902 25
Bills paid out of same.....	856 18
	<hr/>
Balance on hand.....	\$ 46 07

On motion, Board adjourned.

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

SALEM, Jan. 20th, 1876.

The Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met in the Secretary of State's office, at 2 o'clock P. M., and was called to order by Hon. J. W. Grim, President.

The following members of the Board and Association were present:

Hon. John W. Grim, President.

Hon. E. N. Cooke, Vice President.

W. J. Herren, Esq.

J. Henry Brown, Secretary.

Williard H. Rees, Corresponding Secretary.

Hon. F. X. Mathieu, Ex-President.

Hons. S. F. Chadwick, Ralph C. Geer, and several other gentlemen who took part in the proceedings.

Hon. S. F. Chadwick moved that the next annual re-union be held at the Oregon Agricultural Society Grounds which had been generously proffered, and as there had been no other place offered.

A letter from Hon. Elwood Evans of Washington Territory, was read, declining to deliver the next annual address, on account of previous engagements.

On motion, the Printing Committee of 1875 was reappointed, which consisted of Hons. E. N. Cooke, S. F. Chadwick, Willard H. Rees, Esq., and Hon. John Minto.

On motion, the Secretary was requested to make an exhibit of the financial resources of the Association.

The Secretary was added to the Committee on Printing.

On motion, adjourned until 7 o'clock, P. M.

EVENING SESSION.

Board met pursuant to adjournment, Hon. J. W. Grim in the chair.

A telegram was received and read by the Secretary from Alex. P. Ankeny, resigning his position as a member of the Board of Directors.

On motion, the resignation was accepted.

On motion, Joseph Watt of Yamhill, was elected as a member of the Board of Directors in place of A. P. Ankeny, resigned.

The Secretary stated that there were 380 contributing members (males), and 91 females on the Association's roll. Total 471.

Mr. Rees nominated Rev. Wm. H. Roberts for Chaplain.

Mr. Cooke nominated Rev. J. H. Wilbur.

Rev. J. H. Wilbur was elected as Chaplain and Rev. Wm. H. Roberts, alternate.

Hon. Jesse Applegate was selected to deliver the Annual Address.

Judge R. P. Boise was selected as alternate.

Mr. Rees moved that a committee of five ladies be elected to select some lady to deliver or read an address at the next annual re-union, and to report to the Secretary by the 22d of February next, who they have selected.

Mrs. J. F. Miller, Mrs. S. A. Clarke, Mrs. Werner Breyman,

Mrs. I. N. Gilbert and Mrs. J. H. Moores, were appointed said committee.

Mr. Thos. C. Shaw was chosen Chief Marshal, with Col. T. R. Cornelius and Ralph C. Geer, aids.

On motion, the following Committee of Arrangements was appointed: John F. Miller, Joseph Holman, John W. Minto, Mrs. B. H. Bowman, Mrs. Mary Minto, Mrs. J. F. Miller, Mrs. S. A. Clarke, Mrs. I. N. Gilbert, Miss Clara Watt and Miss Maria Smith.

Moved and carried, that the Committee of Arrangements be instructed to attend to the invited guests.

Hon. John Minto was selected to deliver an address and call the roll of 1844.

Mrs. F. F. Victor, on motion, was invited to write a biography of the late Col. Joseph L. Meek, to be published in the proceedings of the Association.

Moved and carried that the Committee on Printing be instructed to have 2,000 copies of the proceedings and addresses printed as soon as possible.

Mr. E. M. Waite made a proposition to print the proceedings and addresses for \$5.00 less than last year (1875), and if the number of pages are less, at a corresponding price, and if the number of pages be more, at a corresponding advance.

On motion, the proposition was accepted.

Moved, that the Committee of Arrangements be instructed to examine the banners and have them retouched if found necessary.

Moved and carried, that a warrant be drawn in favor of the Secretary for \$15.00.

On motion, adjourned until the first Thursday in May.

J. HENRY BROWN,
Secretary.

THE ANNUAL ADDRESS.

BY HON. MATTHEW P. DEADY.

Hon. Matthew P. Deady, of Portland, was then introduced by the President, and in a full voice, with his usual forcible manner, delivered the following address:

OREGON PIONEERS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Allow me to congratulate you upon being permitted to assemble here under the sheen of the Stars and Stripes, on this Twenty-Ninth Anniversary of the final acknowledgment of Great Britain of the American right to the Oregon territory. Having wisely resolved to meet together annually and celebrate your entry into the country, and brighten and perpetuate the memory of your early trials and sufferings while engaged in making the weary journey from the Missouri to the Wallamet, and transplanting, to this then far off shore, the customs, laws and institutions of Alfred and Washington, you could not have selected a more appropriate day for the occasion, than this. Just twenty-nine years ago, your only rival and competitor for the possession of this goodly land, by the treaty of Washington, in effect admitted, that the OREGON PIONEER, unaided by his Government, and despite the deeply interested opposition of the far-reaching Hudson Bay Company, backed by the power and diplomacy of the English Crown, although bringing with him across the trackless wilds of the continent little else than the Family, the School and the Church, had succeeded in occupying the country and rearing therein, upon these institutions, as foundation stones, the enduring edifice of an American State.

But we are not here to triumph over those who failed in the struggle for the prize or cast reproach upon their policy or conduct. The object of the Hudson Bay Company in occupying the country, was to secure the exclusive trade with the Indians and such British subjects as might suit its policy to allow therein, and it pursued this object as justly and considerately as could be expected. Its autocratic government and discipline was such as best suited its condition and pursuits. It did not seek to build towns, establish political communities, or even to cultivate the soil, except in a very limited measure. Its factors, traders

and clerks; though generally just and intelligent men, were a part of an unyielding system which compelled them to live for, and promote the special interests of the Company before those of the country.

But justice demands that I should name, at least, one notable exception to this general rule.

Dr. John McLoughlin was Chief Factor of the Company, west of the Rocky mountains, from 1823 to 1845, when he resigned the position and settled at Oregon City, where he died in 1857, full of years and honor. During this period he was the controlling power in the country, and did more than any one else to preserve order, peace and good will among the conflicting and sometimes lawless elements of the population. Although, as an officer of the Company, his duty and interest required that he should prefer it to the American immigrant or missionary, yet at the call of humanity, he always forgot all special interests, and was ever ready to help and succor the needy and unfortunate, of whatever creed or clime.

Had he but turned his back upon the early missionary or settler and left them to shift for themselves, the occupation of the country by Americans would have been seriously retarded, and attended with much greater hardship and suffering than it was. As has been truly and eloquently said of him by another: "He was a great man upon whom God had stamped a grandeur of character which few men possess, and a nobility which the patent of no earthly sovereign can confer. His standard of commercial integrity would compare with that of the best of men. As a Christian, he was a devout Roman Catholic, yet nevertheless Catholic in the largest sense of that word."

For at least a quarter of a century McLoughlin was a grand and potent figure in the affairs of the Pacific slope. Compared with his surroundings and measured by his opportunities, in majesty of appearance and nobility of soul, he was—

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

But he has long since gone to his rest. Peace to his ashes! Yet the good deeds done in the body are a lasting monument to his memory, and shall in due time cause his name to be written in letters of gold in Oregon history. As I pass along where he fell out of the ranks of life, I reverently turn aside and drop this stone upon his neglected CAIRN, and hope every OREGON PIONEER will say, Amen.

Page upon page has been written to prove that Oregon belonged to the United States by right of discovery, and by virtue of the French cession of the territory of Louisiana of April 30, 1803, and the treaty of limits with Spain, of February 22, 1829, by which the latter relinquished her rights to the country north and east of a line therein described and agreed upon.

But these indefinite grounds of title, although as good as any set up against them, were the mere makeweights of diplomatic controversy and finesse, and had but little, if any effect, upon the final result. The accidental discovery, in 1792, of the mouth of the Oregon by a private adventurer in the ship *Columbia*, who never attempted to make any use of the fact or exploration of the country, was a very insignificant and insufficient circumstance upon which, after a lapse of fifty years, to base a claim to a country crossed by seven degrees of latitude and nearly as many as many more of longitude. The fact of the entry and exploration of the river, for the distance of one hundred miles from its mouth, at a latter period of the same year, by the British navigator, Vancouver, is of the same general character. In the absence of any other claim to the country, either circumstance might be relied upon by the Governments of the respective discoverers, as giving them some right to the possession of the territory drained by the river. But upon these facts alone, as between Great Britain and the United States, I think the better right was with the former; for, as I have said, Gray was only a private citizen engaged in a mere mercantile adventure, and made no exploration of the river above its mouth, while Vancouver was a commissioned officer of the British Government engaged in exploring the coast, who entered the river and explored it as far east as the present town of Vancouver. But as against a title derived from the actual occupation of the soil by any considerable number of the people of either nation, a claim based upon such inconclusive circumstances, ought not to weigh a feather.

The only direct result of Gray's discovery, has been the change of the name of the River of the West from the OREGON to the COLUMBIA, in compliment to his ship. For many reasons the change is to be regretted, but I suppose it is now beyond recall. Yet the sonorous original is embalmed in the beautiful lines of Bryant, and will not be forgotten while Thanatopsis remains to edify and delight the world:

"Take the wings
Of morning—and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods,
Where rolls the OREGON, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there."

From the beginning, the right to the country was to depend upon the successful occupation of it. The race for possession was between Great Britain and

the United States—the former represented by its Fur Companies with their hierarchy of educated and trained officers and clerks, and motley following of Canadians, half breeds and Indians—the latter by the Eastern trader and Missionary and particularly the Western woodsman and farmer. Primarily, the English sought to occupy the country for the purpose of carrying on the fur trade with the Indians. It was to be kept from the plough and the sickle and preserved as a breeding ground for fur bearing animals except so far as the limited necessities or convenience of the Company might otherwise require. Many of the “gentlemen” of the Company regarded the country as a mere outpost, in which they were engaged in a temporary service.

On the other hand, the American settler was always animated—often it may have been unconsciously—with the heroic thought that he was permanently engaged in reclaiming the wilderness—building a home—founding an American State and extending the area of liberty. He had visions, however dimly seen, that he was here to do for this country what his ancestors had done for savage England centuries before—to plant a community which in due time should grow and ripen into one of the great sisterhood of Anglo-American States, wherein the language of the Bible, Shakspeare and Milton should be spoken by millions then unborn, and the law of Magna Charta and Westminster Hall be the bulwark of liberty and the buttress of order for generations to come.

Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at, that this British army of occupation failed to take deep root in the soil and hold the country as against the OREGON PIONEER. But at one time, apparently, the odds were largely in its favor. Only forty-five years ago, a casual observer might have concluded that the arch of the American Union would never span this continent. So late as that period, the territory did not contain an American citizen. Practically, it was under the control and in the occupation of the subjects of Great Britain and their Indian allies and dependents. But to-day not a vestige of the once undisputed dominion of the great British corporation remains to be seen, while the Stars and Stripes float free from every battlement and mast-head from the mountains to the sea.

Before proceeding to speak of the great emigrations from the West to Oregon, between the years 1840 and 1846, which by their numbers and character finally determined the question of occupancy, let us glance at the progress of discovery and settlement up to that period.

Between 1804 and 1806, the expedition of Lewis and Clarke traversed the continent from the mouth of the Missouri to that of the Columbia, and returned to the place of starting. It wintered in the country on the south side of the river, near its mouth. This expedition was authorized and supported by the National Government, and is more properly entitled to the credit of *discovering*

the river than either Gray or Vancouver. Altogether, it did much to attract the attention of the people of the United States to the country, and impress them with the feasibility of making the journey to the Pacific shore by land.

The entrance of the *Touquin* into the Columbia in, 1811, and the establishment of a trading post at the mouth of the river by Astor's Fur Company, together with the overland journeys of Hunt, Stuart, Franchere, and others of the Pacific and Northwest companies, prior to the year 1815, also served to familiarize the inhabitants of the United States with the general character of the country and its proximity and relation to the acknowledged American territory. The war with Great Britain having caused the failure of Astor's project to occupy the country with a pseudo American fur company, the property and trade of the Pacific Fur Company fell into the hands of the Northwest Company—a British-Canadian organization—some of whose members constituted the principal persons in Astor's company. Thereupon Astoria became Fort George, and the Northwest Company was the dominant power in the country until 1823, when it was merged into the Hudson Bay Company; thenceforth the latter ruled in Oregon, until it was superseded by the government of the PIONEERS. With the advent of the Hudson Bay Company, the seat of empire was removed from Fort George to Vancouver, which latter place became the western emporium of this great colonial corporation. There for full twenty years, its Chief Factor, McLoughlin, held baronial sway, governing the country with a strong hand but a just judgment, and dispensing a primitive but generous hospitality to the weary traveller or chance tourist of whatever race or land. The scream of the American eagle was unheard in the country while the British lion roamed without a rival from Fort Hall to Fort George and from Colville to Umpqua.

And now diplomacy entered the arena and conceded that, notwithstanding the partial discoveries of Heceta, Mears, Gray, Vancouver, Lewis and Clarke, the country was open to be occupied by the people of either nation.

On October 20, 1818, it was agreed by the third article of the treaty of London, "that any country that may be claimed by either" Great Britain or the United States "on the Northwest coast of America, westward of the Stony mountains * * * should be free and open for the term of ten years to the vessels, citizens and subjects of the two powers." By this act the two high contracting parties virtually admitted to the world, that neither of them had any perfect or acknowledged right to any country westward of the Stony mountains, or that at most, they had but a *claim* of right to some undefined part of that comparatively unknown region. This convention, apparently acting upon the admission that neither party had any definite right to the country, and that like any other unsettled and unowned portion of the globe, it was open to

occupation by the first comer, expressly recognized the right of the people of both nations to occupy it, for the time being, at pleasure.

Thus was sanctioned that occupation of the country by Great Britain, which was practically commenced some years before, with the transfer of the property and business of the Pacific Fur Company to the Northwest. This convenient condition of things was continued indefinitely by the treaty of London, of August 16, 1827, with liberty to either party "to annul and abrogate" it at any time after October 20, 1828, by giving notice of such purpose.

And now commenced a movement that, if it had been successful, would have hastened the occupation of the country and the acknowledgment of the American title to it by at least ten years. As early as the year 1817, Hall J. Kelley, of Boston, began to advocate the immediate occupation of the Oregon territory by American settlers. He became an enthusiast upon the subject, and spent his time and some fortune in promoting a scheme for emigration to the country. As early as 1829 he procured the incorporation, by the commonwealth of Massachusetts, of "The American Society for the settlement of the Oregon territory."

From a memorial presented by the society to Congress, in 1831, it appears that it was "engaged in the work of opening to a civilized and virtuous population that part of Western America called Oregon." The memorialists state that "They are convinced that if the country should be settled under the auspices of the United States of America, from such of her worthy sons who have drunk the spirit of those civil and religious institutions which constitute the living fountain and the very perennial source of her national prosperity, great benefits must result to mankind. They believe that there the skillful and persevering hand of industry might be employed with unparalleled advantage; that there science and the arts, the invaluable privilege of a free and liberal government, and the refinement and ordinances of Christianity, diffusing each its blessing, would harmoniously unite in meliorating the moral condition of the Indians, in promoting the comfort and happiness of the settlers, and in augmenting the wealth and power of the Republic."

After stating "that the country in question is the most valuable of all the unoccupied portions of the earth," and designed by Providence "to be the residence of a people whose singular advantages will give them unexampled power and prosperity," the memorial adds "That these things * * * * have settled in the policy of the British nation the determined purpose of possessing and enjoying the country as their own, and have induced their Parliament to confer on the Hudson Bay Company chartered privileges for occupying with

their settlements the fertile banks of the Columbia. * * * * *

Already have they flourishing towns, strong fortifications and cultivated farms.

* * * Their largest town is Vancouver, which is situated on a beautiful plain, in the region of tide water, on the northern bank of the Columbia. * * * Everything, either in the organization of the government, or in the busy and various operations of the settlements of this place, at Wallawalla, at Fort Colville and at De Fuca, indicate the intention of the English to colonize the country. Now, therefore, your memorialists, in behalf of a large number of the citizens of the United States, would respectfully ask Congress to aid them in carrying into operation the great purposes of their institution—to grant them troops, artillery, military arms and munitions of war for the security of the contemplated settlement—to incorporate their society with power to extinguish the Indian title to such tracts and extent of territory, at the mouth of the Columbia and the junction of the Multnomah with the Columbia, as may be adequate to the laudable objects and pursuits of the settlers; and with such other powers, rights and immunities as may be at least, equal and concurrent to those given by Parliament to the Hudson Bay Company; and such as are not repugnant to the stipulations of the Convention, made between Great Britain and the United States, wherein it was agreed that any country on the Northwest coast of America, to the westward of the Rocky mountains should be free and open to the citizens and subjects of the two powers, for a term of years; and to grant them such other rights and privileges as may contribute to the means of establishing a respectable and prosperous community."

Mr. Kelley was the general agent of the Society. In 1831 he published a pamphlet, entitled "A general circular to all persons of good character, who wish to emigrate to the Oregon Territory," which set forth the general objects of the Society. The opening paragraph discloses the fact that the subsequent cry of "Fifty-Four-Forty-or-Fight" had not then been invented nor the claim upon which it was based known or understood. It commences—"Oregon Settlement. To be commenced in the spring of 1832 on the delightful and fertile banks of the Columbia river. It has been for many years in serious contemplation to settle with a free and enlightened but redundant population from the American Republic that portion of her territory, called Oregon, bounding on the Pacific ocean and lying between the forty-second and *forty-ninth* parallels of N. latitude."

As appears, the banks of the Columbia were then supposed to be the valuable portion of the country, while the great Wallamet valley where "the clouds drop fatness" and seed-time and harvest never fail, was scarcely known or mentioned.

The names of 37 agents of the Society are given in the pamphlet, from any of

whom, persons desirous of becoming emigrants to Oregon, under its auspices might obtain the proper certificate for that purpose. The agents were scattered over the Union. Only two of them—Nathaniel Wyeth, of Cambridge, Mass., and Mr. Kelley himself—ever visited the scene of the proposed colony.

The expedition was to start from St. Louis in March, 1832, with a good supply of waggons and stock. Each emigrant was to receive a town and farm lot at the junction of the Columbia and Multnomah rivers, and at the mouth of the former, where seaports and river towns were already laid off—on paper.

But this scheme bore no immediate fruit. Congress was busy with some political abstraction and could not spare the time or stoop to give attention to a plan for founding an empire on the Columbia; and so the American occupation of the disputed territory was delayed for at least another decade. Nevertheless, the agitation of the project brought the country favorably before the public, and here and there set certain special forces and interests in motion, which in due time materially aided the consummation, Hall J. Kelley so devoutly wished, and so long labored for.

To him, more than any other one person, in my judgment, may be justly attributed the subsequent occupation of the country by emigrants from the United States—and Oregon should in some way worthy of the subject and herself yet acknowledge and commemorate that fact.

In the year 1832, Nathaniel Wyeth, crossed the plains to Oregon, and returning by the same route to Boston in 1833, came back in 1834 and established himself as an independent trader in the country; having sent his goods around the Horn the same year in the *May Dacre*. He established his headquarters on Wappatoo island, near the mouth of the Wallamet. A continuation of ill-luck, including a dearth of salmon in the Columbia river for two successive years, induced him, after an experiment of three years, to abandon the enterprise. He disposed of his property to the Hudson Bay Company, who placed a Frenchman by the name of Sauve on the island, as a dairyman. In after years, when the western emigrants found their way to this country, they called it from this fact, Sauve's island—and thus the original name, by which it was known and settled by Wyeth, was lost.

Yet this attempt of Wyeth's, which itself was largely a consequence of Kelley's scheme, was not without results conducive to American occupation. Divers persons employed in the enterprise remained in the country and were the beginning of the independent American settlers in the country.

Among them, were the well known names of O'Neil, Hubbard and Smith.

Afterwards, these men exerted a positive influence in favor of American interests and the formation of the Provisional government. The last named—the Hon. Solomon Smith—is still living and at present a member of the Senate from Clatsop county. He came here from New Hampshire in 1834, and has been a useful and exemplary citizen of the country ever since. I believe he is the oldest Pioneer now living.

Besides these, there came with Wyeth, Nuttall the naturalist, and Townsend the ornithologist, whose accounts of their explorations and observations did much to attract the attention of the scientific and curious to the country.

To this expedition we also owe in great part the presence of the first Methodist missionaries in the country—the Lees, Shepard and Edwards, who crossed the plains with Wyeth in 1834; their goods being shipped by him with his own in the *May Dacre*. This was the beginning of the Methodist mission in Oregon.

The other members of the mission—among who were Willson, Beers, Leslie, Waller, Hines, Judson, Parrish, Abernethy, Campbell and Babcock—came to the country between this year and 1840—many of them in the latter year. They were mostly from the Eastern States. Their professed object in coming to the country was a religious one—to convert the Indian to the Christian religion—rather than to occupy the country and establish therein an American community and State. They came simply as missionaries to the Indians, and as such were made welcome by the Company. Incidentally, of course, they expected to occupy mission stations, and engage in such secular labor as might be necessary and convenient for the maintenance of their work among the Indians. When they landed in the country they did not burn their ships.

It was expected that their base of operations would be in the east; and after a few years spent in ministering to the heathen, the missionary himself might return to his friends and home in the land from whence he came. Their Board of Missions had very little idea of the character and value of the country or of the important and far reaching results which were to issue from their futile mission to the Indians of Oregon. So late, even, as 1844, their organ, the *New York Christian Advocate*, published an article on Oregon which was quoted in Congress during the debate on the resolution to terminate the treaty of joint occupation, to show that the country was not worth quarreling about. The article contained the following paragraph: “We have some opportunity from our position, to found a correct estimate of the soil, climate, productions and facilities of the country from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific ocean, as we have had a large mission there for several years, distributed in small parties over the

territory; and from all that we have learned we should prefer migrating to Botany bay. With the exception of the lands of the Wallamet, and strips along a few of the smaller water courses, the whole country is among the most irreclaimable, barren wastes of which we have read, except the desert of Sahara."

But now, after the lapse of years, we can readily see how these simple men were really the unconscious instruments in the hands of HIM who "hath made the round world" and ruleth the destiny of all nations that dwell thereon. Under His divine guidance, they "builded better than they knew."

Although their mission to the Indians was substantially a failure, they were of great benefit to the country. They wisely settled in the heart of the great Wallamet valley, and formed there a nucleus and rallying point for the future American settlement, and thereby attracted the after coming immigration to this Goshen of the Pacific. From the first, the lay element and secular spirit was sufficiently strong among them, to cause them to take root in the country and gradually become a permanent colony, rather than remain mere sojourners among the Indians. Before long they began to build and plant as men who regarded the country as their future home. Comparatively, they prospered in this world's goods; and when the immigration came flowing into the country from the west, they found at the "Wallamet Mission," practically an American settlement, whose influence and example were favorable to order, industry, sobriety and economy, and contributed materially to the formation of a moral, industrious and law abiding community out of these successive waves of unstratified population.

True, their Indian school had no permanent effect upon the aboriginies of the vicinage.

*"His soul their science never taught to stray,
Far as the solar walk or milky way."*

But it was of great advantage as a seat of learning, however primitive, and a means of education, to the white youth of the country. "As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," it attracted to its vicinity, those who were desirous of protecting themselves as far as possible, from the withering atmosphere of an ignorant and uncultivated community. Around it, and largely on account of it, grew up the town of Salem—now the wide-spreading capital of the State. Long since, it discarded the rustic and uncertain appellation of "Institute," and now glories in the honor of being a well-endowed and prosperous university, which many of the foremost young men of this generation are proud to hail as their Alma Mater.

In 1834, Hall J. Kelley reached the country, via Mexico and California. On account of ill-health he returned to the east in the following spring, and thus

ended his early aspiration to found "a virtuous and civilized" community in Oregon. Yet even this transient visit of his was not without notable results in favor of American occupation. Somewhere in lower California Kelley fell in with Ewing Young, formerly of Missouri, whom he induced, with some others, to come to the country with him. Young soon settled in the Wallamet valley as a farmer and stock-raiser. He and a few others, of whom he seems to have been somewhat a leader, early aspired to an independent existence as free American settlers—not recognizing any superiority of right or position in either the Company or the Mission. In January, 1837, Young, in company with Edwards, a layman of the Mission, and a few others, went to California by sea, to purchase cattle for themselves and others in the Wallamet settlement. The party returned by land in the spring of the same year with 600 Spanish cattle. This was a very important event in the history of the colony—almost as much so as the rape of the Sabine women in the founding of Rome. For without the cheap labor of the patient ox and the simple food of the faithful cow, the plough must have rusted in the furrow and the young pioneers gone hungry to bed. Thereafter the cattle monopoly of the Company was at an end, and the settlers soon had a sufficient supply of "long horns" for food and labor.

I suppose that the "blue blood" of these Castilian cattle has long since become so diluted with that of the ignoble herds driven hither from the West in after times, that to-day it is scarcely perceptible in the ordinary bovines of the country. Indeed, the improved short-horns and other wonderful adipose products of modern cow-culture, are rapidly taking the place of all others. But the time was, when the broad, unbroken prairies of the Wallamet were dotted over with droves of the fleet-footed descendants of these seed-cattle of Oregon.

Many of you remember their striking appearance—a half wild look and motion; a light, long, round body; clean, bony limbs, and a handsome head crowned with a pair of long, tapering, curved horns. When tame or at rest, they were as mild-looking as gazelles, but a herd of them alarmed or enraged was as "terrible as an army with banners."

In February, 1841, Young died comparatively wealthy in cattle and horses, without any known heirs. The necessity of providing for some disposition of his property forced upon the settlers the question of organization, which was the beginning of the agitation that resulted in the establishment of a Provisional government. The result was, that the estate was appropriated to the building of a jail at Oregon City—probably the first "prison house" west of the Rocky mountains. More than twenty years afterwards the *State* of Oregon refunded the value of the property taken, to his son, Joaquin Young, of New Mexico.

In 1837 the formation of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company was commenced by some of the principal persons of the Hudson Bay Company, for the purpose of bringing into the country a British agricultural population, to aid by their presence and numbers in the approaching contest for the occupation of the soil. Before 1840 the company was completely organized, and in 1841 a party of settlers was brought from Red river, Rupert's Land, and settled at Cowlitz and Nisqually, on the north side of the Columbia. In 1843, Dr Tolmie was placed in charge at Nisqually, the principal point of operations. But the settlement never thrived and the scheme failed signally. In many respects the location was not a favorable one for agricultural pursuits: and some of the settlers, who were attracted to the Wallamet valley on account of its superior advantages, left the company and eventually cast their weight on the American side of the question.

The missionaries sent across the Rocky mountains by the American Board, remained among the Indians east of the Cascade mountains, and never became and were not considered a part of the American settlement in Oregon. But in exploring the pathway to their mission grounds, they did much towards finding and marking the route for the future immigration to the country and facilitating their journey to it.

In 1836, Whitman, Spaulding and Gray, with the wives of the first two, were sent by this Board as missionaries to the Nez Perce Indians. They established missions at Wailaptu, near the Wallawalla and at Lapwai on the Clearwater. In the fall of 1842, Whitman went east and returned to his mission in 1843, travelling a part of the way with the great immigration of that year, and doing much to encourage them to take their waggons beyond Fort Hall, the point where he left them. Gray went home in 1837 and returned in the following year with Mrs. Gray. There came with him Walker and Eells and their wives, as additions to the mission. In 1842, Gray abandoned the mission and came down into the Wallamet valley, where he soon became a settler and an active supporter of American interests and a determined promoter of the organization of the Provisional government. He is still living and within a few years has published an interesting chronicle of those early times. In the spring of 1839, Walker and Eells and their wives established a mission on the Spokane, in the vicinity of Fort Colville, where they labored until 1848, when they withdrew from the mission and removed to the Wallamet valley. In 1849, Mr. and Mrs. Walker settled at Forest Grove, where they still live respected by all who know them. Of the American women now living, Mrs. Gray, Walker and Eells, are the first that crossed the plains—while the only ones who proceeded

them were Mrs. Whitman and Spalding—both long since numbered with “the dead who die in the Lord.”

In 1838, the Rev. F. N. Blanchett and Modeste De Meers were sent from Canada across the country to Vancouver, by the Bishop of Quebec, as missionaries to the Canadian French who, after leaving the service of the Hudson Bay Company, had settled in the Wallamet valley and on the Cowlitz. De Meers was stationed at the Cowlitz and is now a Bishop in British Columbia. Blanchett went into the Wallamet valley and founded there the mission of St. Paul, where a church and school have ever since been maintained. This settlement was commenced about 1829, and when Blanchett arrived there, it contained about twenty-five families—Frenchmen with Indian wives—from which circumstance the region came to be called the “French Prairie.” Among them were the well known names of Luci, Gervais and Laframbeaux.

These priests were not *settlers* in the country, but *ministers* to the French and Indians. The ultimate possession of the country was a matter in which they ostensibly took no interest. They were, however, subjects of Great Britain and their influence and teaching among their people were naturally in favor of the authority and interest of the Hudson Bay Company. They discouraged the early attempts at the formation of a settlers government in the country, but submitted to it when established.

Blanchett is still living—a genial, kind old gentleman—upon whom near 40 years of missionary journeyings and labors by land and sea in both hemispheres have made but little outward impression. In some sense he has had his reward. From a simple priest he has become an Archbishop, and as such often visits the place where he first erected the Standard of the Cross in Oregon—“St. Paul du Wallamette.”

In 1839, Griffin and Munger and their wives came to the country as independent missionaries, and settled on the west side of the Wallamet river, in the Tualitin plains. Practically they were American settlers and took root in the country at once. In the same year, the Americans, Sydney Smith, Shortess and Geiger, settled in the country. Shortess was for some time a noted man in the affairs of the colony. Smith is still living in Yamhill county where he cast his independent lot, long, long ago.

In 1840, Harvey Clarke, an independent Congregational missionary, crossed the plains to the Whitman mission, and the following year came into the valley with some associates and settled in Tualitin plains. Among these were Alvin T. Smith and Littlejohn. Smith is still living in the vicinity, a well to do farmer and good citizen. This settlement on the Tualitin plains was an important addition to the active, intelligent American sentiment in the country. In his day,

Mr. Clarke was a leading spirit in it and a useful and exemplary man. It has been said of him—"The country is blessed by his having lived in it." The votive tablet or mural monument of pantheon, cathedral or abbey contains no greater eulogy of the dead than this. He was the principal founder and promoter of the school at Forest Grove—since grown into the Pacific University, and one of the oldest and best seats of learning on the coast.

In 1840 a few mountain men—independent American trappers from the Rocky mountains—among whom were Newell and Meek, abandoned their nomadic lives and settled in the Wallamet valley. They all took part in the subsequent organization of the Provisional government, and helped to Americanize the country. In the winter of 1847-8, during the Cayuse war, Meek crossed the plains as a delegate from the Provisional government to the government at Washington, and was afterwards the first United States Marshal in Oregon.

In the same year there came from the States, as independent settlers, Robert Moore, Amos Cook, Francis Fletcher and Joseph Holman. Moore settled at the Wallamet Falls, on the west bank of the river, and called his place "Robin's Nest," where he lived until his decease, at a good old age, in 1857. Here, in 1841, Wilkes found him claiming to hold a section of land under a purchase from an Indian chief—Old Slacomb, I suppose—and sneered at him, because, with the true instinct of a native Pennsylvanian, he saw iron in the vicinity and expected before long to be engaged in smelting it. But time, which tries all things, has verified "Old Mr. Moore's" unlearned opinion and confuted the Admiral's scientific scepticism.

McLoughlin claimed the opposite bank of the river. In the course of this strife for preoccupation, here met these two characteristic representatives of the Pioneer of the Old and the New World, to claim the respective shores of this great water power and commanding point in the future navigation of the river and business of the country. For years they looked out upon one another across the foaming flood as the vanguards or leaders of the opposing armies of occupation. They died within a few days of each other, and their bodies lie buried within the sound of the cataract, which separated them in life.

Cook and Fletcher settled on the bank of the beautiful Yamhill, near the Falls, and soon became the leading farmers in the country. Mr. Cook is still living within a short distance of the spot where he first settled. Few men have done more with their own hands to improve the country than he.

Holman settled at the Methodist mission, and soon married a member of it—Miss Almira Phelps. For a short time he and his wife had charge of the Indian school, after which he was engaged in farming and subsequently went into bu-

siness and kept a store at Salem. He is still living and enjoying in a large degree the reward of a life of industry and integrity.

At the close of this year the population of the country, exclusive of the Company and Indians, was about 200. Of these, one-sixth were Canadians. Nine-tenths of them were located to the west of the Cascade mountains, and almost all of them in the Wallamet valley. But the power and prestige resulting from wealth, organization and priority of settlement were still on the side of those who represented Great Britain. It was a common opinion among all classes that in the final settlement of boundaries between the two countries, the territory north of the Columbia might be conceded to Great Britain; and the principal settlements and stations of the British and Americans were located with reference to this possibility.

So stood the matter thirty-five years after the American exploration of the Columbia river by Lewis and Clarke. A casual observer might have concluded that the country was doomed to remain a mere trapping and trading ground for the Company for generations to come.

But a new force was now about to appear on the scene and settle the long protracted controversy in favor of the United States. It was the Oregon Argonauts, moving across the continent in dusty columns, with their wives and children, flocks and herds, in search of the Golden Fleece that was to be found in the groves and prairies of the coveted lands of the Wallamet.

The actual occupation of Oregon for the purpose of claiming and holding the country as against Great Britain, and forming therein an American State, did not commence until after 1840. Very naturally the movement began in the West, and had its greatest strength in Missouri, Illinois and Iowa. The panic of 1837 and the subsequent stagnation of business had produced a feeling of dispondency in the West. Especially, in the States named, was there no market for stock or produce, and money had almost ceased to be a circulating medium. Taxes could scarcely be paid, and many persons feared that the land must ultimately be sold to pay the public debts and expenses. This state of things helped very much to turn the public attention to Oregon, as a sure place of refuge from panics, bank failures, high taxes, and all the other ills, real or imaginary, under which the extreme Western States were then groaning, as they never have since.

Notwithstanding the apparent advantages on the side of those who represented Great Britain in the race for possession, there were two facts or circumstances in the case which were operating with ever increasing force in favor of American occupation, and which, in the end gave the victory to the American settler.

These were: (1.) The contiguity of the country to the admitted territory of the United States; and, (2.) The strong inclination and well tried capacity of the western American for emigration by land, and his long experience in self-government.

The country south of the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude was properly regarded as a mere prolongation of the acknowledged territory of the United States to its natural geographical boundary—the Pacific ocean—while that on the north of such line, for a like reason more properly belonged to Great Britain. Between conflicting claimants to unoccupied country, its contiguity to the principal possessions of either party is always a material circumstance in the controversy. As between independent nations, convenience and utility being the ultimate standard of right, the fact of greater contiguity has much force in such a controversy and may itself be sufficient to give the better right.

The possession of Calais by the English, though won by force of arms and sanctioned by treaties and lapse of time, was always a political wrong. It violated the integrity and imperiled the security of the French territory, and was a constant cause of trouble and anxiety to both nations. It was a standing menace and continuous injury to France. On the other hand, in the case of Ireland, the argument of convenience and utility, based upon its contiguity to Great Britain, has always prevailed and justified the latter, as against France or any other continental power in taking the Gem of the Sea and wearing it among the jewels of her crown. The general convenience and utility being most promoted by Oregon's becoming a part of the American union, rather than remaining a mere Hudson Bay possession or a distant appanage of the British crown, the better right of occupation was with the American settler. But he also had the power to enforce that right. The great capacity and experience which the Western trader, farmer and woodman had acquired for moving across wild and uninhabited regions, and occupying new countries, and supporting and governing themselves while there, without government aid or direction, constituted their power to take and occupy Oregon. In such matters, in the long run, might makes right. In the struggle for the possession of an unoccupied country, the weak and ignorant must give place to the strong and experienced. Under the circumstances, emigration from Great Britain was out of the question. The *people* of that country knew nothing of Oregon, and took but little, if any, interest in its settlement or acquisition. Besides, the Company did not desire a general immigration to the country, even of British subjects, for that would interfere with the special use for which they sought to occupy the country, quite as much as an American one. The policy of the Company was to hold the country as a private possession, within which, only such persons should be allowed to settle

as would submit to their control—become in some way their vassals or tenants.

In the half century following the close of the American revolution, the wave of population had moved nine hundred miles westward from the Alleghanies, occupying and improving the country over which it passed. But the public interest in Oregon was soon to become so thoroughly aroused, that this slow rate of extending the Western frontier was to be abandoned, and the wide space between the Missouri and the Wallamet, then regarded as comparatively worthless, crossed at a bound.

In 1836 and 1837, Irving's *Astoria* and *Bonneville* were given to the world. The perusal of these sprightly and picturesque pages was well calculated to fill the minds of the romantic and adventurous with an interest in the country and a desire to make that marvelous journey across the plains.

The visit of Wilkes in 1841, with the exploring squadron, gave the impression that the national government was intending to take measures to encourage the occupation of the country by its citizens. His account of the country, which was largely circulated, confirmed the most favorable reports of the fertility of the soil and the salubrity of the climate.

Early in the year 1842, a special impetus was given to immigration by the introduction in the Senate of Dr. Linn's bill, offering a liberal donation of land to settlers in Oregon. The promise thereby implied was afterwards honorably redeemed by Congress, in the passage of the well-earned Donation act. As a result of this proposition and the other circumstances to which I have adverted, about 100 immigrants crossed the plains this year to Oregon—having left their waggons at Fort Hall. This was the first considerable body of actual settlers that had yet come to the country. Among them were the well-known names of Lovejoy, Hastings, Crawford, Robb, Matthieu, Coombs, Shadden, Moss and Morrison, all of whom are still living and in the front rank of the OREGON PIONEERS. Hastings and Coombs reside in California, the former having been a judge of the Supreme Court of that State. Lovejoy was a lawyer from Boston,—the first lawyer in the colony—and was prominent in its affairs and councils for the next twenty years. Crawford taught in the Methodist Mission Indian school for a time, and has since held various positions of honor and trust under the National and State governments. The tide of immigration to Oregon had now commenced to flood—never to slacken or ebb until it had covered the country with permanent settlers, and rendered the American occupation of it an accomplished fact.

This year also witnessed the first successful attempt at independent trade in Oregon. In July, Capt. John H. Couch brought the ship *Chenamus* into the Wallamet river with a cargo of goods from Boston, which he placed on sale at

Wallamet Falls. Prior to this event, the Company and Mission had a monopoly of the mercantile business in Oregon. Couch was so well pleased with the country that he gave up the sea and settled in it. Couch's addition to the city of Portland, is built upon the land claim taken up by him in 1845. A few years ago he was carried across the Wallamet to the Necropolis, where he lies at anchor awaiting the general resurrection of the dead. By the early pioneers he will always be remembered with feelings of kindness and respect.

On November 8th of this year a public meeting was held at Alton, Illinois, by which resolutions were passed urging the importance of the speedy occupation of Oregon. The resolutions were reported and the meeting addressed by Gen. Semple, of that State, who appears to have taken an early interest in the subject. This was followed by a large meeting at the capital of the same State on February 5th, 1843, at which resolutions were passed to the same effect. Many of the distinguished men of Illinois were present at, and participated in this meeting. Col. Baker, who lived to become a United States Senator from Oregon and one other person, opposed the passage of the resolutions. How true it is that "Man proposes but God disposes." In the following July "a convention of delegates from the States and territories of the west and south-west," was held at Cincinnati, which passed resolutions asserting the right of the United States to the country as far north as "Fifty-four Forty," and urging Congress to take measures to promote the speedy settlement of it.

Whilst these causes were at work east of the Missouri to push on the column of immigration to Oregon, the settlers were earnestly preparing for them, by laying the foundations of order and justice in the colony.

In the early part of 1843 "the citizens of the colony," as they styled themselves, commenced to hold meetings to devise ways and means to protect their stock from the wolves and other beasts of prey. These meetings were the germ of the provisional government. The first one was held on February 2d, at "the Oregon Institute." It appointed a committee of six to report business to an adjourned meeting on the first Monday in March, at the house of Joseph Gervais. This meeting after providing for the "destruction of all wolves, panthers and bears," took a step forward, and initiated the movement for the establishment of a civil government, by appointing a committee of twelve persons, namely, Babcock, White, O'Neil, Shortess, Newell, Lucie, Gervais, Hubbard, McRoy, Gray, Smith and Gay, to devise "measures for the civil and military protection of the colony." This committee agreed upon a plan of government, and called a general meeting of the citizens at Champoege on May 2, to consider their report. At this meeting the report of the committee, after much canvassing, was adopted by a vote of 52 yeas to 50 nays—the yeas and nays rising and separating, while

Meek led off in a loud voice for the adoption of the report. Before adjourning, the meeting set the new government on its legs, by electing a supreme judge and sundry subordinate officers, and also a legislative committee of nine persons, namely, Moore, Hill, Shortess, Beers, Gray, Hubbard, O'Neil, Newell and Dougherty, at the princely compensation of \$1.25 per day, to prepare and report the necessary laws for the new government, to be submitted to a vote of the people at the same place, on the 5th of July. The report of the legislative committee was by this COLONIAL COMITIA adopted; and thus begun, while yet Oregon was claimed and partially occupied by British subjects, a government, which, however feeble or limited, was in form and spirit purely American.

How appropriate it was, under the circumstances, that these isolated and self-reliant people should inscribe upon their banner, the old motto of Thanet—*ALIS VOLAT PROPRIIS*. May their descendants never forget its significance or prove themselves unworthy of it!

The immigration of that year numbered about 900 men, women and children. They brought their waggons to Wallawalla and The Dalles, where they were abandoned for the time being. Their cattle, some 1,300 in number, were driven into the valley upon a trail around the base of Mount Hood. The main body of the immigrants were brought down the Columbia river in the Company's boats, for which they were indebted to the kindness and consideration of Dr. McLoughlin. The immigration of 1844 amounted in round numbers to 800, so that by the close of this year, there were near 2,000 American citizens in the country. The immigration of 1845 was still larger than that of either of the two preceding years; containing near 3,000 persons and 2,500 head of cattle. It was largely from Iowa and was the means of introducing the statutes of that State into the country, from which time until 1854, Iowa law was substantially the law of Oregon.

The great majority of the American population were plain, substantial people. Many of them were persons of great force of character and much natural ability, while some few were men of education and experience in public affairs.

Those of 1843 stood somewhat pre-eminent among the early settlers. This immigration was much larger than any which preceded it. It brought the first waggons to The Dalles, and it contained many persons of subsequent note and distinction in the country. Among these were Applegate, Burnett, Waldo, Holman and Nesmith, and others equally worthy of being mentioned if time would admit.

Applegate was a farmer, trader and surveyor from Missouri. Full of original thought and suggestion, of great energy and endurance, he has written his plain

Saxon name upon every page of the early annals of the country, but lacking the useful talent for either leading or following others, more often in the minority than otherwise.

As I said in a sketch of him which was published some ten years ago:

“Without being in any sense a party leader or direct manager of men and having but little of the huckstering talent that conduces to getting along in the world, yet by force of his self abnegation and Catonian independence—his ever asserted individuality and persistent pressure upon the mobile masses, he has left the impress of his thoughts, opinions and prejudices all along the pages of our history. He is now well advanced in years, and I suppose will end his toilsome life, within the sound of the sweet babbling brook, in which he has so long performed his early morning ablutions, and be buried at the base of the cloud-capped mountain, that gives name to his early home. It is pleasant to think that in after years, coming generations while enjoying the fruit of his early privations and labors, will, as they pass to and fro, slip aside from the highway, and pause a moment to contemplate the tomb of The Sage of Yoncalla.”

Burnett was a lawyer from the same State. His legal knowledge and experience were of great benefit to the young community in remodelling the government in 1845. In 1844 he wrote a series of letters, giving an interesting account of the country and the immigration of the previous year, which were published in the east, and did much to attract favorable attention to the country and point the way to it. Upon the organization of the territorial government in 1848, he declined the position of justice of the supreme court, and removed to California, where he was made governor, then justice of the supreme court and is still living, surrounded with—

“—that which should accompany old age.
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends.”

Waldo was a substantial farmer from Missouri also. He settled in the red hills, east of Salem, and impressed upon them his euphonious name. He sat in the legislature of the provisional government. I believe he has never held any other office, but his opinion of public men and measures has commonly affected the vote of his neighborhood. He still lives, and while Waldo Hills are Waldo Hills, his name will be remembered as a synonym for independence and integrity.

Holman was a respectable farmer, a native of Kentucky, but from Missouri to Oregon. He was the forerunner of a large family connection, that followed him to the country, and contributed largely to the good order, morality and well being of the colony.

Nesmith was a roving

“—youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth.”

But a person of his great natural ability could not long remain in the background of this young and free community. He soon wore the colonial ermine, and sat in the legislative halls, and commanded in the armies of the provisional government. He has since held many responsible public positions, including the office of Representative and Senator in the Congress of the United States, with usefulness to the country and credit to himself. His *braid* Scotch humor and peerless, pitiless, pungent wit, have made him famous on both shores of the Republic. When his brief candle is out, any of us who remain, may exclaim—

“—He was man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.”

Among the immigrants of 1844 were Stephens', Johnson, Perkins', Welch, Ford, Gough, Smith, Watt and Lee. The majority of them have passed away, but in their lives they did their duty by the country. Stephens still lives where he first settled, but in the mean time East Portland has spread over his land claim. Welch still flourishes like a green bay tree, down by the deep sounding sea, at Astoria, and looks as if he may live long enough to see that most ancient city of the Pacific rival in grandeur and commerce the Bride of the Adriatic. Smith has long been a man of mark in business circles and public affairs. While he answered to the name of Oregon, at the roll call in the House of Representatives, she had no cause to blush for her Pioneer Congressman.

In 1847, Watt went East and returned the following year with the first or second flock of sheep ever driven to the country. He aided materially in the establishment of the Salem Woolen Mill, in 1857. He has been a steady worker and builder and generally a benefactor of mankind, according to the Jeffersonian test, by causing the portion of the earth committed to his care to increase and double its products.

The roll of immigration of 1845 contains among others, the names of Rector, Wilcox, Barlow, Stephens, Terwilliger, Bennett, Cornelius, King, Palmer, and Greenbury Smith. Most of them are yet in the ranks of the living. Barlow cut the waggon road around the base of Mount Hood, across the Cascade mountains, in 1846. The building of railways since has been of less importance to the community, than the opening of this road, which enabled the settlers to bring their waggons and teams directly into the valley.

Wilcox has served in the Legislature and held many other positions with the highest integrity. With his ability and popularity, he only lacked audacity or

industry, or both, to have long since been one of the foremost men in Oregon. But perhaps he has chosen the better part. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

Few men, in this or any country, have labored harder or more disinterestedly for the public good than General Joel Palmer. A man of ardent temperament, strong friendships, and full of hope for and confidence in his fellow men, he has unreservedly given the flower of his life for the best interests of Oregon—and of all the early Pioneers it may be justly said of him—"He deserves well of his country."

Rector was no ordinary man. Amid the sneers and indifference of the community, he projected and established, in 1857, the Pioneer woolen mill of the Pacific coast. To-day, the town of Salem has good reason, because of her factories and water power, to be thankful that he ever settled within her borders.*

The journey across the plains was one of great length and risks, to be undertaken with ox teams, and without roads, or any conveniences or supplies, except such as could be carried along. The waggon was the ship by day and the house and fortress by night. Occasionally death invaded the ranks of the caravan, and then a fresh grave denoted the stricken wayfarer's last camping place on earth; while not unfrequently, a little stranger was introduced to the camp without the aid of Esculapius or the expense of a trousseau.

*Since the delivery of this oration, Mr. Joseph Watt, thinking that the foregoing statement in regard to Mr. Rector's connection with the woolen mill, needs qualification, has written me an account of the founding of this important work, from which I condense the following: In the summer of 1855 as wool was almost worthless for exportation, Mr. Watt conceived the idea of building a woolen mill in Oregon. After conferring with Mr. Reynolds (now of Wallawalla), and a few others, he drew up articles for the government of "The Wallamette Woolen Manufacturing Co.," with a capital of \$25,000 divided into shares of \$250. This was the name given the company and that paper is still on the files of the office. The articles provided that the mill should be located wherever \$4,000 of the stock was subscribed. Watt was anxious to locate at Salem, because he thought the people of that place would take an interest in the matter, not so much for itself, but as a means of getting the water from the Santiam brought into the town. By the spring of 1856 the necessary amount of stock being taken—principally in Yamhill and Polk counties—a meeting to locate was held at Dallas, and Watt and Reynolds having a majority of the votes decided the question in favor of Salem. After much labor and time, the Salem people were induced to take stock in the enterprise. The most active of them in the matter, being Waldo, Holman, Minto, Rector, Joe Wilson, Williams and Boon,—the latter giving the company the valuable property upon which the mill was built. In the summer of 1856, Rector was made Superintendent and went east the following fall to procure workman and machinery. During the summer of 1857, Watt superintended the construction of the mill building and the race from the Santiam, both of which labors were completed by November of that year.

MATTHEW P. DEADY.

When we consider how little was known of the country in those early days, and the dangers and hardships which might be encountered and suffered along the route, who can hesitate to admire the heroism which led those Pioneers, with their wives and children, to undertake such a journey and sustained them through the weary length of it. Nothing like it has ever occurred on this continent. The only parallel to it, in profane history, is the famous "Retreat of the Ten Thousand"—and in that case the distance traversed was less than 1000 miles compared with 2,000 in this. What a theme it affords for the poet and the painter. Not the showy, sneering caricature of Bierstadt, upon which the ignorant and ostentatious Dives lavishes his surplus coin, but the truthful and heroic delineation of some noble soul, capable of appreciating the grandeur and simplicity of the motives which induced those humble and unknown men and women to undertake this marvelous journey—that Oregon might be brought under the ægis of the American Union and her hills and valleys become the inheritance of their children.

But yesterday one of Oregon's poetic sons showed us in a few rough-hewn but graphic, imaginative stanzas, what high inspiration can be drawn from this memorable march by one capable of appreciating all that it reveals and suggests. Here are a few lines, taken at random from the poem—PIONEERS OF THE PACIFIC, by Miller :

* * * * *

"The wild man's yell, the groaning wheel,
The train that moved like drifting barge;
The dust rose up like a cloud,
Like smoke of distant battle! Loud
The great whips rang like shot, and steel
Flashed back as in some battle charge.

They sought, yea, they did find their rest
Along that long and lonesome way,
Those brave men buffeting the West
With lifted faces. Full were they
Of great endeavor.

* * * * *

When

Adown the shining iron track
We sweep, and fields of corn flash back,
And herds of lowing steers move by,
I turn to other days, to men
Who made a pathway with their dust."

It is well, fellow citizens, that you cherish the memory of these early days and magnify and extol the conduct and qualities of these worthy founders of this great and growing commonwealth. You and those who come after you,

will in turn be elevated and improved by the proud consciousness that your progenitors and predecessors deserved and received the meed of honor and esteem for lives spent in noble and useful deeds. Doubtless there is a pride of ancestry which is a weakness and a care for posterity which is only disguised selfishness. But there is both beauty and truth in the sentiment of Webster, expressed on a similar occasion: "There is also a moral and philosophical respect for our ancestors, which elevates the character and impresses the heart. Next to the sense of religious duty and moral feeling, I hardly know what should bear with stronger obligation on a liberal and enlightened mind, than a consciousness of alliance with excellence which is departed; and a consciousness too, that in its acts and conduct, and even in its sentiments and thoughts it may be actively operating on the happiness of those who come after it."

With the influx of the immigration of 1843 and 1844, the Committee government of the former year was found insufficient for the population. An enlarged and more absolute form of government was accordingly prepared by some of the leading minds of the colony, and by the Legislative Committee submitted to the people, on July 5, 1845, when it was approved by a majority of 203 votes. By this change, a single Executive was substituted for the Executive Committee of three, while the Legislative Committee of nine was superseded by "a House of Representatives," consisting of not less than 13 nor more than 61 members. Abernethy, who came to the country as the Steward of the Mission, was chosen Governor annually for the next four years. In a late paper from the facile pen of one of Oregon's distinguished Pioneers, I find the following notice of him: "George Abernethy, an intelligent Christian gentleman, unassuming, indisposed to court popular favor, with strong common sense, and a desire to do his duty consciously and quietly was the right man for the occasion, and whatever prejudice may assert to the contrary, it was fortunate for the colony that just such a person could be had to fill the highest and most responsible position in the pioneer government."

And thus, thirty years ago, was established, by a mere handful of people, on this then remote and inaccessible land, that famous Provisional Government, which carried the country with honor and credit through the vicissitudes of peace and war, until March 3, 1849, when the Territorial Government provided by Congress was proclaimed at Oregon City, amid the rejoicings of the people, by its first Governor—General Joseph Lane.

But already, the country was practically the territory of the United States, by the highest and best title in existence—the actual occupation and control of it by her citizens. The subsequent acknowledgement by the treaty of 1846, of the American right to Oregon, was only a formal recognition of the fact, that the

long contest for the occupation of the country had terminated in favor of the OREGON PIONEER.

Nor was this all. As was well said by Gov. Grover in his address to you on a former occasion: "As great events generally follow in clusters, the acquisition of California followed in 1848, by military occupancy. It is fair to claim that our government never would have ventured with the small force it had at command, to push its arms to the Pacific, in Mexican territory, during the war with Mexico, if we did not already possess a domain in that quarter, and a reliable American population in Oregon. So that the Pioneers of Oregon were really the fathers of American jurisdiction over all that magnificent domain of the United States, west of the Rocky mountains—an empire in itself."

Yes! WORTHY PIONEERS, to you, whom Heaven has kindly granted to see this day, and your absent but not forgotten brethren and friends, who made a pathway to the country with their dust, or have since given their lives for its defense, or fallen asleep in its valleys, are we chiefly indebted for this grand and benificent result. By your great endeavors an empire in limits has been added to the jurisdiction of the United States, and to-day the sun in his journey across the heavens shines down upon a continuous Union of American States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Verily you have your reward! and they who come after you shall rise up and do you honor.

THE OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

BY HON. J. W. NESMITH.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION:

Having been honored with an invitation to address you at this your third annual re-union, with the understanding that my remarks are to be preserved in your archives as a portion of the recorded history of your society, I have reduced to writing the little that I have to say, and shall submit it in the form of mere dry narrative, feeling more than compensated if my humble effort shall contribute to the value of the records which your society proposes to gather up and preserve for the use and edification of those who are to be our successors. History is said to be "Philosophy teaching by example." Among all civilized people there exists a desire to be informed relative to the past.

The example taught by the acts of those who have preceded us, have doubtless contributed to our edification. Historians, philosophers and antiquarians have devoted ages to the most laborious investigation and research, spreading barrels of ink over tons of paper in their attempts to elucidate incidents, phases and facts which might and have been preserved by those whose lives were contemporaneous with the subjects sought to be investigated.

The philosophic presentation of those examples of the past have not always been of the most reliable or definite character, and it is to be regretted that so much valuable time has been wasted in arriving at conclusions called history, but only worthy to be regarded as mythical fictions. If the founders of ancient and extinct empires and kingdoms could be recalled to earth they would feel like instituting suits for libel against the historians who have recorded their acts, if their remedy in that direction was not barred by the statute of limitation. In the rude and barbaric ages of the past, when the preservation of facts and incidents depended solely upon the uncertainty of tradition, they must have suffered terrible mutations incident to that faulty mode of preservation.

Human nature is so constituted with its bias of prejudice and self-interest, to say nothing of defective memory, that it is rarely that two persons who witness

the same incident can, with the most honest intentions, give a similar version of what actually did occur.

It seems to be the accepted maxim, and doubtless with some foundation in reason, that no man is qualified to write the history of the time in which he lives, and that a truthful record of current events requires the conservative and mellowing influence of time to render them perfectly impartial and reliable. It seems to be the mission of historians to gather up facts and incidents of the past, with their contemporaneous illustrations, and weave them together in a web of probabilities, often colored by the passions and prejudices of the writer.

The proof of the fact that historians look at objects and incidents of the past through magnifying or contracting lenses is to be found in what is recognized as History, both sacred and profane.

A correct narration of the condition, situation and surroundings of the early settlers of our State will be of interest to those who succeed us. Their mode of life, dress, manners, occupation, state of their manufactories, agricultural and other industries, and all that pertained to their comparatively rude and primitive condition must be of value to their successors in estimating the progress and benefits of civilization.

In the far-off future, when the "New Zealander will sit upon the ruined pier of London bridge," and indulge in antiquarian cogitations relative to the past, it might be convenient for him or some other delver in historic mine, to refer to the archives of the Oregon Pioneer Society to establish the fact that the founders of our State, unlike Romulus and Remus, derived their sustenance from something more respectable than a she wolf.

It is then evidently a duty that we owe to posterity—as the second article of your constitution has it—"To collect from living witnesses such facts relating to the Pioneers and history of the Territory of Oregon as the Association may deem worthy of preservation."

The treasures thus gathered up may seem to be of little present value to their possessors, but the time will come when posterity will highly prize and appreciate them. It will be of interest to those who are to inhabit this country centuries hence to know in what manner and by whom it was settled and reclaimed from the dominion of savages. It may be true that the progress of civilization and the accompanying arts and sciences will be such as to place our posterity upon a plane so high above us as to induce them to look upon the trials and privations of the pioneer with contempt, just as the modern pleasure-seeker who crosses the Atlantic in a well appointed steamship fails to discover anything in that exploit which should confer immortality upon Christopher Columbus,

who previously performed that voyage without some of the convenient appliances developed by modern sciences.

In a few years hence, as the traveler in search of pleasure, crosses the continent,—when every foot of it shall be occupied with thrifty farms and smiling villages, and with luxury in every form contributing to his comfort and enjoyment, he will wonder what sort of stupid people Lewis and Clark, and the early émigrants were to spend from six months to two years wandering about, half starved, in a country that he crosses in sixty hours without suffering any discomforts or inconveniences. Indeed, the early exploits of discoverers, navigators, and warriors, dwindle into insignificance when viewed in the light of modern science and improvement.

The performances of Horsea and Hingurst, Christopher Columbus, Americus Vespucci, Cortez, Pizarro, and Lewis and Clark, would excite no comment in modern times if accomplished by the aid of modern appliances.

Darius did not resist Miltiades at Marathon with a battery of Modern artillery and Leonidas failed to use Gatling guns and revolvers against the hosts of Xerxes at Thermopylæ.

Had the patriots on Bunker Hill been armed with the Springfield breech-loader, no red-coat would have entered that historic redoubt.

But those failures or neglects simply illustrate the progress of the world. That progress which has received such an impetus within the last quarter of a century as to astonish those of us who have witnessed it, is not likely to be retarded or impeded, and two or three generations hence will look back upon us as a very primitive sort of people. While they will pity our ignorance, it may interest them to read of our lives and adventures as pioneers.

In looking over the former proceedings of your society, at the meetings which I did not have the pleasure of attending, I perceive that the questions relative to the organization of the provisional government have been ably presented in the main, with, however, some slight inaccuracies, which would be incident to any narration of facts so long after their occurrence. Not desiring to go over the same grounds so ably occupied by others at your previous re-unions, I have concluded to confine myself in this address to a statement of Oregon as I found it in 1843, who came here with me, and whom we found when we came. I might at this point add, by way of an apology, my regrets that the various and pressing demands upon my time have not permitted me to exhaust the facts and data at my disposal, which bear upon the early history and settlement of the country. I have therefore condensed my present communication to the narrowest possible limits.

As early as the year 1840, being then an adventurous youth in what at that time was known as the "Far West," I had heard of Oregon as a "*Terra Incognita*" somewhere upon the western slope of the continent, as a country to which the United States had some sort of a claim, and

"Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings."

During the winter of 1841-2, being in Jefferson county, Iowa, I incidentally heard that a party contemplated leaving Independence in May or June, 1842, for Oregon, under the leadership of Dr. Elijah White, who had formerly been in Oregon connected with the Methodist missions, and who was then about returning to the Territory in the service of the U. S. Government as Sub-Indian agent. Thinking this a good opportunity to make the trip which I had some time contemplated, I mounted my horse and rode across Western Iowa, then a wilderness, and arrived at Independence seventeen days after White and his party had left. I at first contemplated following them up alone, but learning that the murderous Pawnees were then hostile, I was advised not to attempt the dangerous experiment. I therefore abandoned the trip for the present, and spent most of the ensuing year in the employment of the government as a carpenter, in the construction of Fort Scott, in Kansas, about 100 miles south of Independence.

During the winter of 1842-3, Dr. Marcus Whitman, then a missionary in the Walla Walla valley visited Washington to intercede in behalf of the American interests on this coast.

Dr. Lewis F. Linn was then in the U. S. Senate, from Missouri, and took a great interest in the settlement of Oregon. The means for the transmission of news at that time was slow and meagre upon the frontier, it being before the day of railroads, telegraph and postage stamps. But the Oregon question through the medium of Senators Benton and Linn, and Dr. Whitman, did create some commotion in Washington and enough of it found its way to the "Far West," to make some stir among the ever restless and adventurous frontiersmen. Without any formal promulgation it became fairly understood, and was so published in the few border papers then in existence, that our emigration party would rendezvous at Independence to start for Oregon as soon as the grass would subsist the stock.

Without orders from any quarter, and without preconcert, promptly as the grass began to start, the emigrants began to assemble near Independence, at a place called Fitzhugh's Mill. On the 17th day of May, 1843, notices were circulated through the different encampments that on the succeeding day, those

contemplating emigration to Oregon, would meet at a designated point to organize.

Promptly at the appointed hour the motley groups assembled. It consisted of people from all the States and Territories, and nearly all nationalities. The most however, from Arkansas, Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, and all strangers to one another, but impressed with some crude idea that there existed an imperative necessity for some kind of an organization for mutual protection against the hostile Indians inhabiting the great unknown wilderness stretching away to the shores of the Pacific, and which they were about to traverse with their wives and children, household goods and all their earthly possessions.

Many of the emigrants were from the western tier of counties of Missouri, know as the Platte Purchase, and among them was Peter H. Burnett, a former merchant, who had abandoned the yardstick and become a lawyer of some celebrity for his ability as a smooth-tongued advocate. He subsequently emigrated to California, and was elected the first Governor of the Golden State, was afterward Chief Justice, and still an honored resident of that State. Mr. Burnett, or, as he was familiarly designated, "Pete," was called upon for a speech. Mounting a log, the glib-tongued orator delivered a glowing, florid address. He commenced by showing his audience that the then western tier of States and Territories was overcrowded with a redundant population, who had not sufficient elbow room for the expansion of their enterprise and genius, and it was a duty they owed to themselves and posterity to strike out in search of a more expanded field and more genial climate, where the soil yielded the richest return for the slightest amount of cultivation, where the trees were loaded with perennial fruit and where a good substitute for bread, called *La Camash*, grew in the ground, salmon and other fish crowded the streams, and where the principal labor of the settler would be confined to keeping their gardens free from the inroads of buffalo, elk, deer and wild turkeys. He appealed to our patriotism by picturing forth the glorious empire we would establish upon the shores of the Pacific. How, with our trusty rifles, we would drive out the British usurpers who claimed the soil, and defend the country from the avarice and pretensions of the British lion, and how posterity would honor us for placing the fairest portion of our land under the dominion of the stars and stripes. He concluded with a slight allusion to the trials and hardships incident to the trip and dangers to be encountered from hostile Indians on the route, and those inhabiting the country whither we were bound. He furthermore intimated a desire to look upon the tribe of noble "red men" that the valiant and well armed crowd around him could not vanquish in a single encounter.

Other speeches were made, full of glowing descriptions of the fair land of

promise, the far away Oregon which no one in the assemblage had ever seen, and of which not more than half a dozen had ever read any account. After the election of Mr. Burnett, as captain, and other necessary officers, the meeting, as motley and primitive a one as ever assembled, adjourned, with "three cheers" for Capt. Burnett and Oregon.

On the 20th day of May, 1843, after a pretty thorough military organization, we took up our line of march, with Capt. John Gantt, an old army officer, who combined the character of trapper and mountaineer, as our guide. Gantt had in his wanderings been as far as Green river and assured us of the practicability of a wagon road thus far. Green river, the extent of our guide's knowledge in that direction, was not half-way to the Willamette valley, the then only inhabited portion of Oregon. Beyond that we had not the slightest conjecture of the condition of the country. We went forth trusting to the future and would doubtless have encountered more difficulties than we experienced had not Dr. Whitman overtaken us before we reached the terminus of our guide's knowledge. He was familiar with the whole route and was confident that wagons could pass through the canyons and gorges of Snake river and over the Blue mountains, which the mountaineers in the vicinity of Fort Hall declared to be a physical impossibility.

Capt. Grant then in charge of the Hudson Bay Company at Fort Hall, endeavored to dissuade us from proceeding further with our wagons, and showed us the wagons that the emigrants of the preceding year had abandoned, as an evidence of the impracticability of our determination.

Dr. Whitman was persistent in his assertions that wagons could proceed as far as the Grand Dalles of the Columbia river, from which point he asserted they could be taken down by rafts or batteaux to the Willamette valley, while our stock could be driven by an Indian trail over the Cascade mountains, near Mt. Hood.

Happily Whitman's advice prevailed, and a large number of the wagons with a portion of the stock, did reach Walla Walla and the Dalles, from which points they were taken to the Willamette the following year.

Had we followed Grant's advice and abandoned the cattle and wagons at Fort Hall, much suffering must have ensued, as a sufficient number of horses to carry the women and children of the party could not have been obtained, besides wagons and cattle were indispensable to men expecting to live by farming in a country destitute of such articles.

At Fort Hall, we fell in with some Cayuse and Nez Perce Indians returning from the buffalo country, and as it was necessary for Dr. Whitman to precede us

to Walla Walla, he recommended to us a guide in the person of an old Cayuse Indian called "Sticcus." He was a faithful old fellow, perfectly familiar with all the trails and topography of the country from Fort Hall to The Dalles, and although not speaking a word of English, and no one in our party a word of Cayuse, he succeeded by pantomime in taking us over the roughest wagon route I ever saw. Sticcus was a member of Dr. Whitman's church, and the only Indian I ever saw that I thought had any conception of, and practiced the Christian religion. I met him afterward in the Cayuse war. He did not participate in the murder of Dr. Whitman and his family, and remained neutral during the war between his tribe and the whites, which grew out of the massacre. I once dined with Sticcus, in his camp, upon what I supposed to be elk meat. I had arrived at that conclusion because, looking at the cooked meat and then at the old Indian interrogatively, he held up his hands in a manner that indicated elk horns; but, after dinner, seeing the ears, tail and hoofs of a mule near camp, I became satisfied that what he meant to convey by his pantomime was "ears" not "horns," but digestion waited upon appetite, and after the dinner was over it did not make much difference about the appendages of the animal that furnished it. It not being my intention to weary your patience with a detailed narration of our toilsome march across the continent, I shall leave that portion of the subject for some more convenient season, with the assurance to you that the data in my possession, if in the hands of a skillful Defoe, would be a sufficient and truthful basis for a narrative as entertaining as Robinson Crusoe.

Having been elected by the people comprising the emigration to the position of Orderly Sergeant, with the duties of Adjutant, it devolved upon me to make up a complete roll of the male members of the company capable of bearing arms, and including all above the age of sixteen years.

They were divided into four details for guard duty, thus giving one-fourth of the company a turn of guard duty every fourth day, or as the soldiers express it, we had "three nights in bed." I have that old roll before me, and it is the only authentic copy extant.

It has lain among my musty documents for nearly a third of a century, and I shall now proceed to call over the names with the sad consciousness that the most of them have answered to their last roll-call upon earth, and I hope have made a better exchange for the troubles of this life. Still, I would take it as a great favor of those present would answer promptly as their names are again called after a lapse of thirty-two years, and I will mark those who have survived that long period and answer "here" as *present for duty*.

THE ROLL OF 1843.

Applegate, Jesse	Carey, Miles	Ford, Ninevah
Applegate, Charles	Cochran, Thomas	Ford, Ephram
Applegate, Lindsey	Clymour, L.	Ford, Nimrod
Athey, James	Copenhaver, John	Ford, John
Athey, William	Caton, J. H.	Francis, Alexander
Atkinson, John	Chappel, Alfred	Frazier, Abner
Arthur, Wm.	Cronin, Daniel	Frazier, Wm.
Arthur, Robert	Cozine, Samuel	Fowler, Wm.
Arthur, David	Costable, Benedict	Fowler, Wm. J.
Butler, Amon	Childs, Joseph	Fowler, Henry
Brooke, George	Clark, Ransom	Fairly, Stephen
Burnett, Peter H	Campbell, John G.	Fendall, Charles
Bird, David	Chapman, —	Gantt, John
Brown, Thomas A	Chase, James	Gray, Chiley B.
Blevins, Alexander	Dodd, Solomon	Garrison, Enoch
Brooks, John P	Dement, Wm. C.	Garrison, J. W.
Brown, Martin	Dougherty, W. P.	Garrison, W. J.
Brown, Oris	Day, William	Gardner, Wm.
Black, J. P.	Duncan, James	Gardner, Samuel
Bane, Layton	Dorin, Jacob	Gilmore, Mat.
Baker, Andrew	Davis, Thomas	Goodman, Richard
Baker, John G.	Delany, Daniel	Gilpin, Major
Beagle, William	Delany, Daniel, Jr.	Gray, —
Boyd, Levi	Delany, William	Haggard, B.
Baker, William	Doke, William	Hide, H. H.
Biddle, Nicholas	Davis, J. H.	Holmes, Wm.
Beale, George	Davis, Burrell	Holmes, Riley A.
Braidy, James	Dailey, George	Hobson, John
Beadle, George	Doherty, John	Hobson, Wm.
Boardman, — <i>John</i>	Dawson, —	Hembre, J. J.
Baldridge, Wm.	Eaton, Charles	Hembre, James
Cason, F. C.	Eaton, Nathan	Hembre, Andrew
Cason, James	Etchell, James	Hembre, A. J.
Chapman, Wm.	Emerick, Solomon	Hall, Samuel B.
Cox, John	Eaker, John W.	Houk, James
Champ, Jacob	Edson, E. G.	Hughes, Wm. P.
Cooper, L. C.	Eyres, Miles	Hendrick, Abijah
Cone, James	East, John W	Hays, James
Childers, Moses	Everman, Niniwon	Hentley, Thomas J.

THE ROLL OF 1843.—Continued.

Holley, B.	Little, Milton	O'Brien, Hugh D.
Hunt, Henry	Luther, —	O'Brien, Humphrey
Holderness, S. M.	Lauderdale, John	Owen, Thomas A.
Hutchins, Isaac	McGee, —	Owen, Thomas
Husted, A.	Martin, Wm. J.	Otie, E. W.
Hess, Joseph	Martin, James	Otie, M. B.
Haun, Jacob	Martin, Julius	O'Neil, Bennett
Howell, John	McClelland, —	Olinger, A.
Howell, Wm.	McClelland, F.	Parker, Jesse
Howell, Wesley	Mills, John B.	Parker, William
Howell, G. W.	Mills, Isaac	Pennington, J. B.
Howell, Thomas E.	Mills, Wm. A.	Poe, R. H.
Hill, Henry	Mills, Owen	Paynter, Samuel
Hill, William	McGarey, G. W.	Patterson, J. R.
Hill, Almorán	Mondon, Gilbert	Pickett, Charles E.
Hewett, Henry	Matheny, Daniel	Prigg, Frederick
Hargrove, Wm.	Matheny, Adam	Paine, Clayborn
Hoyt, A.	Matheny, J. N.	Reading, P. B.
Holman, John	Matheny, Josiah	Rodgers, S. P.
Holman, Daniel	Matheny, Henry	Rodgers, G. W.
Harrigas, B.	Mastire, A. J.	Russell, William
James, Calvin	McHaley, John	Roberts, James
Jackson, John B.	Myers, Jacob	Rice, G. W.
Jones, John	Manning, John	Richardson, John
Johnson, Overton	Manning, James	Richardson, Daniel
Keyser, Thomas	McCarver, M. M.	Ruby, Philip
Keyser, J. B.	McCorcle, George	Ricord, John
Keyser, Pleasant	Mays, William	Reid, Jacob
Kelley, —	Millican, Elijah	Roe, John
Kelsey, — <i>David</i>	McDaniel, William	Roberts, Solomon
Lovejoy, A. L.	McKissic, D.	Roberts, Emseley
Lenox, Edward	Malone, Madison	Rossin, Joseph
Lenox, E.	McClane, John B.	Rives, Thomas
Layson, Aaron	Mauzee, William	Smith, Thomas H.
Looney, Jesse	McIntire, John	Smith, Thomas
Long, John E.	Moore, Jackson	Smith, Isaac W.
Lee, H. A. G.	Matney, W. J.	Smith, Anderson
Lugur, F.	Nesmith, J. W.	Smith, Ahi
Linebarger, Lew	Newby, W. T.	Smith, Robert
Linebarger, John	Newman, Noah	Smith, Eli
Laswell, Isaac	Naylor, Thomas	Sheldon, William
Loughborough, J.	Osborn, Neil	Stewart, P. G.

THE ROLL OF 1843.—Concluded.

Sutton, Dr. Nathaniel	Stringer, C. W.	Williams, Benjamin
Stimmerman, C.	Tharp, Lindsey	Williams, David
Sharp, C.	Thompson, John	Wilson, Wm.
Summers, W. C.	Trainor, D.	Williams, John
Sewell, Henry	Teller, Jeremiah	Williams, James
Stout, Henry	Tarbox, Stephen	Williams, Squire
Sterling, George	Umnicker, John	Williams, Isaac
Stout, —	Vance, Samuel	Ward, T. B.
Stevenson, —	Vaughn, William	White, James
Story, James	Vernon, George	Watson, John (Betty)
Swift, —	Wilmont, James	Waters, James
Shively, John M.	Wilson, Wm. H.	Winter, Wm.
Shirley, Samuel	Wair, J. W.	Waldo, Daniel
Stoughton, Alexander	Winkle, Archibald	Waldo, David
Spencer, Chancey	Williams, Edward	Waldo, William
Strait, Hiram	Wheeler, H.	Zachary, Alexander
Summers, George	Wagoner, John	Zachary, John
Stringer, Cornelius		

Alas! alas! of my 295 comrades who marched across the border at Fitzhugh's mill, with rifles on their shoulders, on the morning of the 20th of May, 1843, but 13 are here to-day to respond to the roll-call.

Time has sadly decimated our ranks, and the thin line that to-day presents itself as the remnant of the old guard of "43" is in the melancholy contrast with that gallant battalion of brave hearts and strong arms which so full of life and hope marched over the border thirty-two years ago. Many of them have fallen in defense of our infant settlement against the ruthless savages that surrounded us, and now fill honored but undecorated graves. Some I have with my own hands consigned to their last resting place; others have found homes in the surrounding States and Territories, while a few are scattered about over Oregon. In a few years, the last of us will have taken our departure for a better land as I hope, and our places will be occupied by strangers. Posterity will not, however, forget the sacrifices, the trials and privations we have endured in our efforts to make the "wilderness bud and blossom like the rose."

My duty did not require me to make out a list of the women and children, and I have always regretted that it was omitted. Such a list would be of interest to

many who were then young and whose names ought to be enrolled as belonging to the emigration of 1843.

The ladies who accompanied us and who have contributed so much to the prosperity of our young State, deserve to be enumerated in the list of early settlers, but that important duty seems to have been neglected by those who had more time at their disposal than I had.

Men are generally governed in their actions by some rational motive. I have often been asked by refined and cultivated people in Washington the reason for my coming to Oregon at that early day, and I have found it a difficult question to answer. I was a poor, homeless youth, destitute alike of friends, money and education. Actuated by a reckless spirit of adventure, one place was to me the same as another. No tie of near kindred or possessions bound me to any spot of the earth's surface. Thinking my condition might be made better, and knowing it could not be worse, I took the leap in the dark. But in the emigration that accompanied me, there were staid men of mature years and cultivated intellects—men who left comparatively comfortable homes and friends, with their wives and children, gave up the advantages of civilization to cross a desert continent beset with hostile savages, to go they knew not whither, and with the certainty that in the event of a defeat by Indians, or finding Oregon uninhabitable, there could be no possibility of returning. The chances were more than even that if they escaped the scalping knife of the savages, it would only be to perish by starvation. So far as lands at reasonable rates and a fruitful soil were desirable, they were surrounded with them in the homes they abandoned. No monarchical or arbitrary government oppressed them, no religious zealots persecuted them. They fled from no such evils as brought either the pilgrims or cavaliers to the New World; nor was their avarice tempted by the inducements which sent Cortez and his companions to Mexico, or Pizarro to Peru—for the existence of precious metals in this region was then unknown.

Then it may be asked, why did such men peril everything—burning their ships behind them, exposing their helpless families to the possibilities of massacre and starvation, braving death—and for what purpose? I am not quite certain that any rational answer will ever be given to that question. At the time we came, there was comparatively nothing known of the possessions to which we had a disputed title on this coast. Lewis and Clark had only beheld the valley of the Columbia river. The missionary reports were confined principally to exaggerated accounts of Indian conversions, while other writings upon the subject of Oregon were a mixture of fiction and perverted fact that contained no definite information of the country and its resources.

The Hon. Nathaniel Pendleton had written a report, submitting to the House of Representatives, of which he was a member in 1841 or '42, which was mostly a compilation of such information as he could gather up from the meagre sources then existing.

The best informed men in both Houses of Congress, excepting, perhaps, Benton and Linn, placed no value upon the country, while some of them deprecated any attempt at its settlement, and derided the idea of its ever becoming a portion of the American Union.

The furor about "54:40 or fight" was raised subsequently, when that alliteration became the rallying cry of a political party. But whatever might have been the motive of the early settlers, their labors resulted in the acquisition of one of the most valuable portions of the American Union, and their efforts in that behalf will be recognized and appreciated by posterity.

But to return to the consideration of the facts connected with the emigration of 1843, as shown by the roll just called. There were 295 male persons above the age of sixteen, capable of bearing arms. There were 111 wagons and vehicles of different kinds, but no pleasure conveyance. The greater portion of the teams consisted of oxen.

Of the party, the following named persons turned back on the Platte: Nicholas Biddle, Alexander Francis, F. Lugur, John Loughborough and Jackson Moore.

Their hearts weakened at the prospect of the toil, privations and dangers of the trip and the great uncertainty of its termination. In view of all the surrounding circumstances then existing, I am of the opinion that those who turned back manifested more descretion, but less valor than those of us who braved the dangers and uncertainties of the trip.

The following named persons died at different points on the route: — Stevenson died on the Sandy; Clayborn Paine died on the Sweetwater; Daniel Richardson died at Fort Hall; McClelland, Miles Eyers and C. M. Stringer were drowned in the Columbia; William Day arrived sick, and died at Fort Vancouver.

At Fort Hall, the following named persons turned off and went to California: J. Atkinson, — Boardman, Joseph Childs, — Dawson, John Gantt, Milton Little, Capt. Wm. J. Martin, Julius Martin, F. McClelland, — McGee, John McIntire, John Williams, James Williams, Squire Williams, Isaac Williams, P. B. Reading and Thos. J. Hensley.

Deducting those who turned back and those who died on the road, together

with those who went to California, left the actual number of our immigration who arrived here, 268. Upon our arrival, we found in the country the following persons, exclusive of missionaries, and who might be included in the general term of settlers. They had found their way here from different points, some crossing the Rocky mountains from the Eastern States, some of them sailors who had abandoned the sea, while others were trappers who had exchanged the uncertainties of nomadic life for farming; others had found their way from California:

Armstrong, Pleasant	Gale, Joseph	Newell Robert
Burns, Hugh	Girtman, —	O'Neil, James A.
Brown, —	Hathawy, Felix	Pettygrove, F. W.
Brown, William	Hatch, Peter H.	Pomeroy, Dwight
Brown, —	Hubbard, Thomas	Pomeroy, Walter
Black, J. M.	Hewitt, Adam	Perry, —
Baldro, —	Horegon, Jeremiah	Rimmick, —
Balis, James	Holman, Joseph	Russell, Osborn
Bailey, Dr.	Hill, David	Robb, J. R.
Brainard, —	Hoxhurst, Weberly	Shortess, Robert
Crawford, Medorem	Hutchinson, —	Smith, Sidney
Carter, David	Johnson, William	Smith, —
Campbell, Samuel	K ng, —	Smith, Andrew
Campbell, Jack	Kelsey, —	Smith, Andrew, Jr.
Craig, Wm.	Lewis, Reuben	Smith, Darling
Cook, Amos	LeBreton, G. W.	Spence, —
Cook, Aaron	Larrison, Jack	Sailor, Jack
Conner, —	Meek, Joseph L.	Turnham, Joel
Cannon, William	Mathieu, F. X.	Turner, —
Davy, Allen	McClure, John	Taylor, Hiram
Doty, William	Moss, S. W.	Tibbetts, Calvin
Eakin, Richard	Moore, Robert	Trask, —
Eebbetts, Squire	McFadden, —	Walker, C. M.
Edwards, John	McCarty, William	Warner, Jack
Foster, Philip	McKay, Charles	Wilson, A. E.
Force, John	McKay, Thomas	Winslow, David
Force, James	Morrison, —	Wilkins, Caleb
Fletcher, Francis	Mack, J. W.	Wood, Henry
Gay, George	Newbanks, —	Williams, B.

On the arrival of immigration in the fall of 1843, we found in the country the following named persons, as Protestant missionaries, or connected with the missions:

Dr. Marcus Whitman,	W. H. Gray,	— Brewer,
A. F. Waller,	E. Walker,	Dr. Babcock,
David Leslie,	E. Eells,	Dr. Elijah White,
Hamilton Campbell,	Alanson Beers,	Harvey Clark,
George Abernethy,	Jason Lee,	W. H. Spaulding,
Wm. H. Willson,	Gustavus Hines,	J. L. Parrish,
L. H. Judson,	— Perkins,	H. W. Raymond.

I do not claim absolute accuracy for the lists of persons who were in Oregon prior to the emigration of 1843, as it is made up from the memory I retain of persons known to me nearly a third of a century ago. I am more or less acquainted with the history of those persons and the time of their arrival here, but to go into such details would swell this address to a volume.

Suffice it to say, they were the real Pioneers of Oregon, and among them were some of the noblest men, and I hope that an abler pen than mine will one day delineate their true merits. Some names may have escaped me; if so, I beg that those who have been unintentionally neglected will step forward and assert their rights.

In this connection I should say that some of the persons in this list are perhaps not designated by their Christian names. I have not had the opportunity to examine their baptismal record, and some names may be recorded which would astonish their sponsors.

I have, however, done the best that I could in the way of patronymics, and shall be pleased to be corrected where I have erred. I have given the names that the early Pioneers were then known by, and if I am guilty of mistakes it is the assumed duty, incumbent upon those who know better to "vindicate the truth of history."

While upon the subject of apologies, perhaps in the interest of absolute certainty, I should say that Uncle Dan Waldo with his party did not join us at the rendezvous, but overtook us on the Big Blue, and that Ransom Clark, John G. Campbell, — Chapman and Maj. Gilpin, though crossing the plains with Lieut. Fremont, they did not properly belong to our party; still, I have included them as they arrived in that year.

There were also at that time a few Roman Catholic missionaries in Oregon, but my knowledge of them was not sufficiently definite to undertake a correct list of their names.

This is also true of the settlers of Canadian birth who had formerly belonged to the Hudson Bay Company's service, but who had left it. I knew the most of

them, and can bear testimony to the fact that they were quiet, honest, industrious settlers and good citizens, who helped to develop the country and assisted in its defense in our Indian wars. My limited acquaintance with them would forbid my attempting a correct list of their names. Among them, however, I remember Chamberlane, Plamondon, Gervais and Luce, and many others who are entitled to share with us whatever credit is due to the Pioneers, as they endured the toils and privations of developing and defending the country, and I trust that some of their own number will file in our archives a correct list of their names. One of these Canadians (I think his name was DeLoar) lived near Champœg, was one of Lewis and Clark's party that came to Oregon in 1804, and subsequently returned here in the Hudson Bay Company's service, and for many years enjoyed the appellation, "oldest inhabitant."

William Cannon, another very old man who resided near Champœg and died a few years since, came to the country in the service of Astor, in Wilson G. Hunt's party, and resided here the remainder of his life. Washington Irving, in his Astoria, makes Cannon the hero of a ludicrous adventure with a bear, and I have heard the old man give his version of the affair wherein he figured in a tree, his position secure in its elevation, while bruin watched below.

Estimating the Catholic missions and the Canadians who had left the Hudson Bay Company's service in the country in the fall of 1843, at 50 persons, added to the other settlers and Protestant missionaries, would make the white male population 157; add to this those who crossed the plains that year and we have in that vast territory now comprised within the limits of the State of Oregon, Washington and Idaho Territories, approximating 424 male white persons above the age of 16, and in this communication you have their names. At that time there were no settlers between the Missouri border and the Cascade mountains, and no Americans north of the Columbia river. My old friend Mike Simmons, now deceased, is entitled to the honor of being the first American settler in that region, and no better man has ever inhabited it since. The settlements west of the Cascades were confined to the counties of Clatsop, Washington, (then known as Tualatin plains) Clackamas, Champœg, (now Marion) and Yamhill. There were no settlers on the east side of the Willamette, south of Marion, and George Gay, living in the southern border of Yamhill county, was the most southern settler west of the river. Sutter's fort, now Sacramento city, at a distance of 600 miles south, was the nearest white settlement in any direction. Oregon City was then the principal town west of the Rocky mountains. It was located by Dr. John McLoughlin, then Governor of the Hudson Bay Company, on the east side of the river, and consisted of about half a dozen houses.

On the west side at the Falls, as it was all then called, was Linn City, more

commonly known as the Robin's Nest, owned by Robert Moor, Esq., and just below it, at the terminus of the present canal, was Multnomah City under the proprietorship of Hugh Burns, a shrewd Hibernian, and the principal blacksmith west of the Rocky mountains. Salem contained three houses, and no other towns were known.

The present site of Portland was a solitude surrounded with a dense forest of fir trees. Perhaps I ought to devote a paragraph to its early history.

With three comrades, I left the emigration on the Umatilla river, at a point near the present Indian Agency, and after a variety of adventures, which I may at some time narrate, we arrived in a canoe at Fort Vancouver on the evening of the 23d of October, 1843. We encamped on the bank of the river about where the government wharf now stands. The greater part of our slender means were expended in the purchase of provisions and hickory shirts, consigning those that had done such long and continuous service, with their inhabitants, to the Columbia. On the morning of the 24th, we started for what was known as the "Willamette" settlement at the Falls.

Dr. McLoughlin told us that at a distance of seven miles below the Fort, we would encounter the waters of the Willamette entering the Columbia from the south. At about the distance indicated by the Doctor, we reached what we supposed to be the mouth of the river and after paddling up it until noon, looked across, and to our astonishment discovered Fort Vancouver. It then flashed upon us that we had circumnavigated the island opposite the Fort. We retraced our way, and that evening discovered the mouth of the Willamette and encamped upon its banks. The next evening we encamped on the prairie opposite Portland upon what is now the town site of East Portland, owned by James Stephens, Esq.

In 1844, William Overton, a Tennessean, located upon the present town site and engaged in making shingles, and set up a claim to the land, which was then like the other continuous wilderness lining the banks of the river. Overton sold his claim to Pettygrove and Lovejoy, who, in 1845, laid out some lots and called the place Portland, after the city of that name in Maine, from which State they had emigrated. Overton was a desperate, rollicking fellow, and sought his fortunes in the wilds of Texas, where, as I have heard, his career was brought to a sudden termination by a halter.

In 1843, the only settler on the river below the Falls, was an old English sailor by the name of William Johnson, who resided upon a claim about a mile above the present city of Portland. He was a fine specimen of the British tar, and had at an early day abandoned his allegiance to the British lion and taken service on the old frigate *Constitution*. I have frequently listened to his narra-

tive of the action between *Old Ironsides* and the *Guerriere*, on which occasion he served with the boarding party. He used to exhibit an ugly scar upon his head, made in that memorable action by a British cutlass, and attributed his escape from death, to the fact that he had a couple of pieces of hoop-iron crossed in his cap, which turned the cutlass and saved his life.

To narrate all the incidents which occurred in connection with the early settlement of the country would exceed what I have intended as a brief address, to an unreasonable limit. Suffice it to say that the immigration of 1843 arrived safely in the valley during the fall and early part of the winter, and found homes in the then settled neighborhoods. Dr. John McLoughlin, then at the head of the Hudson Bay Company, from his own private resources, rendered the new settlers much valuable aid by furnishing the destitute with food, clothing and seed, waiting for his pay until they had a surplus to dispose of. Dr. John McLoughlin was a public benefactor, and the time will come when the people of Oregon will do themselves credit by erecting a statue to his memory. Of foreign birth and lineage, he gave the strongest proof of his devotion to republican institutions, by becoming an American citizen, while all his personal interests were identified with the British government. Thus far, detraction and abuse have been his principal reward. There was at that time no money in the country, and all transactions were based upon barter or trade, and fortunate was the individual who could procure an "order" on the "Hudson Bay Company" for goods, which were then sold at remarkably reasonable rates considering all the surroundings. During the early period of the settlement of Oregon, there existed a wonderful equality among the population in point of wealth. Those who possessed a few cattle were considered the most fortunate; still the property was too equally divided and too scanty to admit of distinctions on the score of wealth. The means of transportation consisted of pack horses by land and canoes by water, with an occasional Hudson Bay batteax. I remember, as late as 1847, standing with some friends upon the banks of the Willamette, when we discussed the possibility of any of our number living to see its placid bosom disturbed by the wheels of a steamboat. At that time, the rude hospitality of the settlers was dispensed with a liberal hand. The traveler went forth with his own blanket and lasso, thus furnishing his own bed and security for the safety of his horse, while the cabin door of the settler always stood open to furnish him shelter and food, without money and without price. In the summer of 1846, my wife and self, entertained two British officers. I staked out their horses on the grass; they had their own blankets and slept on the floor of our palatial residence, which consisted of a pole cabin fourteen feet square, the interstices between the poles

"Stuffed with clay to keep the wind away,"

a puncheon floor and a mud chimney, and not a pane of glass or particle of sawed lumber about the institution. The furniture, consisting of such articles as I had manufactured from a fir tree with an ax and augur. We regaled our guests bountifully upon boiled wheat and jerked beef, without sugar, coffee or tea. A quarter of a century afterward I met one of these officers in Washington. He reminded me that he had once been my guest in Oregon. When that fact was recalled to my mind, I attempted an apology for the brevity of our bill of fare, but with characteristic politeness, he interrupted me with, "My dear sir! don't mention it. The fare was splendid and we enjoyed it hugely. You gave us the best you had, and the Prince of Wales could do no more."

As an illustration of the honest and simple directness which pervaded our legislative proceedings of that day, I will mention that in 1847, I had the honor of a seat in the Legislature of the Provisional Government; it was my first step upon the slippery rungs of the political ladder. The Legislature then consisted of but one house and we sat in the old Methodist church at the Falls. Close by the church, Barton Lee had constructed a "ten-pin alley" where some of my fellow members were in the habit of resorting to seek relaxation and *refreshment* from their Legislative toils. I had aspired to the Speakership and supposed myself sure of the position, but the same uncertainty in political matters existed then that I have seen so much of since. Some of my friends threw off on me and elected a better man, in the person of Dr. Robert Newell. God bless his old soul. In the small collection of books at the Falls known as the Multnomah Library, I found what I had never heard of before, a copy of "Jefferson's Manual," and after giving it an evening's perusal by the light of an armful of pitch knots, I found that there was such a thing in parliamentary usage as "the previous question."

I had a bill then pending to cut off the southern end of Yamhill, and to establish the county of Polk, which measure had violent opposition in the body. One morning while most of the opponents of my bill were amusing themselves at "horse billiards" in Lee's ten-pin alley, I called up my bill, and, after making the best argument I could in its favor, I concluded with: "And now, Mr. Speaker, upon this bill I move the previous question." Newell looked confused, and I was satisfied that he had no conception of what I meant; but he rallied, and, looking wise and severe (I have since seen presiding officers in Washington do the same thing), said: "Sit down, sir! Resume your seat! Do you intend to trifle with the Chair! when you know that we passed the previous question two weeks ago? *It was the first thing we done!*" I got a vote, however, before the return of the "horse billiard" players, and Polk country has a legal existence

to-day, notwithstanding the adverse ruling upon a question of parliamentary usage.

Genial, kind-hearted Newell! How many of you recollect his good qualities and how heartily have you laughed around the camp fire at his favorite song, "Love and Sassingers." I can yet hear the lugubrious refrain describing how his dulcena was captured by the butcher's boy.

"And there sat faithless she
A frying sassingers for he."

He has folded his robe about him and lain himself down to rest, among the mountains he loved so well, and which have so often echoed the merry tones of his voice.

In these primitive days, we had but few of the vices of civilization. Intemperance in strong drink was unknown, and there was comparatively no litigation. Lawyers and doctors had to till the soil like honest men to procure their daily bread. Every neighborhood had a rough log school-house in which "stated preaching" was dispensed on Sunday by divines who had cultivated their fields during the week, and who did not "sit upon the ragged edge of despair" and were not troubled with visions of "a moral Niagara," or "sections of the day of judgment." Every neighborhood had also its violinists, who furnished music for the innocent and rational devotees of Terpsichore, who, clad in buckskin, tripped the light fantastic toe in moccasins on puncheon floors. In fact, the young people whiled away much of the long dreary winter in that sort of amusement.

"We danced all night till broad daylight,
And went home with the gals in the morning."

As a result of such social intercourse, there was often a union of two "half sections," to one of which each of the dancers was entitled when they concluded to waltz together through life.

In the Eastern States, I have often been asked how long it was after Fremont discovered Oregon that I emigrated there. It is true that in the year 1843, Fremont, then a Lieutenant in the Engineer Corps, did cross the plains, and brought his party to the Dalles, and visited Vancouver to procure supplies. I saw him on the plains, though he reached the Dalles in the rear of our emigration. His outfit contained all of the conveniences and luxuries that a Government appropriation could procure, while he "roughed it" in a covered carriage, surrounded by servants paid from the public purse. He returned to the States and was afterward rewarded with a Presidential nomination as the "Pathfinder." The path he found was made by the hardy frontiersmen who preceded him to

the Pacific, and who stood by their rifles here and held the country against hostile Indians and British threats, without Government aid or recognition until 1849, when the first Government troops came to our relief. Yet Fremont, with many people, has the credit of "finding" everything west of the Rocky mountains, and I suppose his pretensions will be recognized by the future historian, while the deserving men who made the path, unaided by Government, will be forgotten. "And such is history."

A rude prosperity, contentment and happiness pervaded our society, and while our posterity may be more refined, cultivated and wealthy, I doubt if they will be any better, more contented, virtuous or happier, than their rude Pioneer ancestors.

Mr. President and Pioneers, I am not here to draw invidious distinctions or depreciate any one man's merits by referring to those of another; but I feel it is an occasion when I might pay a slight tribute to an early Pioneer (who, I am sorry to say, is absent, and has left our State), without partiality, as we have always been political opponents. If at this time, after the lapse of nearly a third of a century, I were called upon to designate the man of the immigration of 1843, or any other immigration, who had made the most personal sacrifices for the benefit of our common State and had received the least reward, I should mention the name that deservedly heads the roll of 1843,

"UNCLE" JESSE APPLGATE.

I traveled in his company across the plains, lived neighbor to him for years, and have had many controversies with him, in which, I regret to say, I did not always come out of the contest unscathed.

He was at the rendezvous at Fitzhugh's Mill on the 17th day of May, 1843, and more by his silence than by what he said, gave character to our proceedings. No man did more upon the route to aid the destitute and encourage the weak. He divided his rations with the same reckless liberality with which he signed the bonds of those who have victimized him and reduced him to poverty in his old age.

He was one of the first settlers in Polk county, as he has been in Umpqua, and now is in Northern California. He presents the singular anomaly of a gentleman of the highest culture who shrinks from contact with society. In his presence all feel the power of his genius, while he has not the volubility to utter a dozen consecutive words; but give him pen, ink and paper, and there is scarcely a subject upon which he cannot shed a flood of light.

He was the leader in forming our Provisional Government in 1845, as he was

of the party of 1846 that escorted the first immigration by the Southern route—an unselfish service in which he periled his life to ruin himself pecuniarily. The services and reputation of Jesse Applegate are the common property of the Oregon Pioneers. “Such a man might be a copy to these younger times.” In the language of the great poet—

“ This was the noblest Roman of them all.
His life was gentle: and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, This was a man.”

As a frontiersman in courage, sagacity and natural intelligence, he is the equal of Daniel Boone. In culture and experience, he is the superior of half the living statesmen of our land. As a generous, kindhearted neighbor, he has no superior anywhere. In politics, he is a cross between the old-fashioned, honest notions of Hamilton and Jefferson. In religion, while he broke none of the commandments, separately or intentionally; still, like Moses, if a proper provocation occurred, he would be likely to throw down the tablets, and while extemporizing awkward profanity, might break them *en masse*. He was too impracticable to be a party leader, and too independent to be the recipient of political favors. The future historian will do justice to the merits, the ability and the sacrifices of the “Sage of Yoncalla.”

Mr. President and Pioneers, the time rapidly approaches when we, the first settlers of Oregon, must go hence and leave to our posterity the fruits of our toils and our labors, and I feel this to be an occasion when, if animosities or unkindness have existed among us, they ought to be buried out of sight and forgotten. Let us at least leave to those who are to come after us a heritage of charity, kindness and good feeling, and let us hope that our descendants may prove themselves an honest, patriotic race of men and women, worthy to inherit the goodly land we spied out for them, and in your and their pursuit of all that is great and good,

“ In ploughman’s phrase, ‘ God send you speed’
Still daily to grow wiser,
And may you better reck the rede
Than ever did th’ adviser.”

ADDRESS.

BY HON. GEORGE P. HOLMAN.

MR. PRESIDENT, PIONEERS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

By referring to the Register of our Association, I find recorded, Jas. W. Nesmith, born in Maine, 1820; arrived in Oregon, 1843. Geo. P. Holman, born in Salem, Oregon, Feb. 6, 1842, arrived in the State about the same day. Thus you will perceive that I came not by the "Horn around" or the "plains across," yet the date of my arrival in the State is some time previous to that of the honorable gentleman who has so ably addressed you, and places me upon the record as a genuine, indigenous Webfoot.

By request of your committee, I will say a few words in behalf of that portion of our population born within the State of Oregon, prior to January 1st, 1853, recognized as native Pioneers.

Representing, then, this particular branch of our Association, it is with emotions of pride, that we have assembled with you, honored Pioneers, to celebrate another anniversary of our re-union; and, as we look over this assembly and find here and there, those whom we have known for years, we can not forget the scenes and incidents of their earlier life. In the history of these brave men and noble women, our fathers and our mothers, we recognize that spirit of enterprise and advancement, both moral, social and intellectual, so universally characteristic of our Pioneers.

Only a few years ago, and the country extending along the shores of the Atlantic, touching the lakes on the north and the Alleghanies on the west, embraced the original States of this Republic. To-day, how different the picture! How grand! how glorious the change! Not only have new States started into life, between the Alleghanies and the Father of Waters, founding beautiful and wealthy cities, burdening the rivers with commerce, stretching the iron track and telegraph, and opening classic halls and consecrated temples throughout all this domain, but the government has carried the chain of Union, not only over this region but beyond the Mississippi, and still on beyond the Rocky Mountains, and finally linked it to the rocks which roll back the waves of the Pacific.

The American Pioneer has ever been the chief actor in this drama of unparalleled national progress. "Westward the course of empire takes its way," but westward no further. The progress of population, improvement and civilization, stretching from mountain to plain, and from plain to the western ocean, had reached our own beautiful valley of the Willamette, and here amid toils and suffering, privations and defeat, the Pioneer of Oregon, laid the foundation of a commonwealth, destined to become the chief of our Empire on the Pacific.

Animated by a strong love of country, and a veneration for the institutions of their fathers, possessed of consummate moral courage, imbued with indomitable energy and trusting to the protection of Heaven, they began to build upon this foundation, soon reared the superstructure of a State Government, and lit up the land with the lights of liberty, religion and science; lights which to-day are illuminating the most distant portions of this continent.

Those who have come among us of late years, may not regard the progress of our State towards internal development and commercial enterprise, as marked in any particular degree. It is the old Oregon Pioneer who can fully understand, who can fully comprehend this change. Well do I remember when only two dwellings graced the Capital of our State, and the voyager was carried over the waters of the Willamette and the Columbia, in the rude canoe, with the red man as driving power and pilot combined. To-day how different! No longer can the author of *Thanatopsis* sing,

" Or lose thyself in the continuous woods,
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings."

Other sounds now reverberate along the banks of that noble river, as upon its broad, deep waters, are borne the intelligence and the commerce of the nations.

While we rejoice over the present proud position of our young State, we witness on every hand the evidences of still greater prosperity. Our healthful skies, our fertile vallies, our wonderful mines of mineral wealth, our majestic forests, our noble rivers, our commerce, our manufacturers, our busy population, already here, all these assure us that a region enjoying such a profusion of Nature's gifts, will soon be densely populated by industrious citizens, who guided by enterprise and science, will build up a rich and powerful State, to augment the nations' strength, and to adorn its culture.

As we gather amid these scenes of festivity and song, let us not forget to pay tribute to the memory of those honored Pioneers who are not among us to-day. A thousand hallowed associations throng the mind, as we witness on every hand the results of their patient, heroic, Christian lives. But alas! They have gone

and gone in triumph; and though no splendid monument towers above the spot where rests their ashes, yet, their memory shall live in the hearts of their descendants, as long as one shall remain to recount their deeds of goodness and virtue.

Native Pioneers, assembled as we are with these noble veterans who still linger on the shore of time, how befitting that we pledge ourselves to guard with a jealous care the sacred heritage of our fathers and protect the fair name of the land of our birth. Let us maintain all the organized institutions of an enlightened people, institutions of law, education, benevolence, religion and all the adornments of the highest civilization and then shall our native State of Oregon, not only contribute to the power and grandeur of this Republic, but like ascending sun, rising still higher, shed its glorious influence backward upon the States of Europe and forward upon the Empires of Asia.

FIRST ANNUAL ADDRESS.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

BY EX-GOV. GEORGE L. CURRY.

AT BUTTEVILLE, MARION COUNTY, OREGON, ON THE OCCASION OF THE SIXTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ADOPTION OF THE STATE CONSTITUTION,
NOVEMBER 11TH, 1873.

MR. PRESIDENT, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

When, a short time since, I received the invitation of your committee to be present and address you on this occasion—the first re-union of the Pioneers of Oregon—I felt that I should be greatly gratified to be able to do so, and I answered, that I would if I could, for I was then closely engaged in the discharge of a public duty. That engagement has been concluded, and I am glad to report myself here to-day, among the Pioneers, to take with them a brief review of the circumstances attending the first formation of civil Society and civil government in Oregon.

Spain, through the courage and perseverance of Columbus, discovered the Indies of the West. Here was a Pioneer of the sea, greater than the old Vikings of the Norsemen, because he was able to establish the proof of his discovery, and that discovery was for the benefit of his race. It was a great event. It occasioned and shaped other great events of the first consequence in the progress of humanity. Men turned with gladness to the bright prospect, and inhaled the inspiration of the new world. A wide and new field was opened for the accomplishment of many grand and noble undertakings. The spirit of adventure seized the opportunity. Bold and unscrupulous men like Cortez and Pizarro, first planted Christian civilization on the shores of a new hemisphere and made their names odious by their cruelties and crimes. For nearly 300 years Spain was a great nation; part of that time in the lead of nations, for her maritime discoveries, and conquests by sea and land, were the most brilliant and important that the world had ever known. The most formidable power in Europe, her influence was felt throughout the entire continent, and her authority acknowledged and obeyed in the very centre of its dominions. She successfully colonized South

and part of North America from ocean to ocean. Her early navigators explored the entire western coast line from Cape Horn to the Russian possessions, giving names to the principal rivers, bays and headlands. The mutations of time have left her now only the memory of that splendid past to console her under the vicissitudes of bitter fortune.

Just three hundred years, within five months, after the discovery made by Columbus, a ship bearing the flag of a new nation, which his grand achievement had brought into existence, sailing upon the Pacific ocean, entered the mouth of a large and unknown river, which was named after the vessel, and is now known as our own magnificent Columbia. Subsequent explorations proved the country to contain magnificent forests of fine timber, and beautiful valleys of fertile land. It obtained the name Oregon, through the appellation *Oregana* given to the country north of California, from the circumstance of the prolific growth of a plant or shrub, perhaps the "*Artemesia*," which the Spanish navigator likened to wild *Marjoram*, the meaning of the word "*Oregana*." I know of nothing to sustain the beautiful idea, that the word "*Oregon*" is derived from Indian tradition, signifying the land nearest the setting sun, or the most western land.

The first settlement was made by American traders at Oak Point, on the Columbia river, where Capt. Smith of the ship *Albatross*, of Boston, in the spring of 1810, cleared, fenced and cultivated a piece of land, but the annual freshet of the river submerged his improvements and caused him to abandon the place.

On the night of the 26th of March, of the year following, 1811, the ship *Tonquin*, the pioneer ship of the Pacific Fur Company, as John Jacob Astor's enterprise was called, crossed the bar of the Columbia river, under circumstances of great danger, involving loss of life, and anchored in Baker's Bay. This bay was named after the Captain of the vessel which first used that anchorage. Point George was selected as a site of the settlement, and called Astoria, which is now the flourishing town of that name. On the 12th of April, the work was commenced, and in due time the requisite buildings were erected and protected by a stockade. Expeditions were fitted out and sent up the river; one as far as the Spokane country, where a trading post was established, another up the Willamette river, where in 1812, Mr. Halsey built a trading establishment in the vicinity of the present town site of Halsey, so called in compliment to the Vice President of the Oregon and California Railroad Company. Here is a remarkable coincidence, and the question might well suggest itself which of the Halseys' is the better entitled to the honor of having the place named after him. The presence of the first white man, and he an American on the Calapooiah Prairie, was a circumstance of great interest and importance, and the whistle of

the first locomotive was an event of equal grandeur and significance. The first gave the promise of the advent of a new order of things, while the other redeems the pledge with the assurance of beneficial influences and continual prosperity.

The war with England, and other unpropitious circumstances, so discouraged the operations of the Pacific Fur Company as to cause its interests to pass into other and foreign hands, and ultimately into those of the Hudson's Bay Company—an incorporation of British subjects for the same business.

The first recognition on the part of Congress of such a country as Oregon, occurred in 1825, in the introduction of a bill, by Mr. Floyd of Virginia, in the House of Representatives, "authorizing the occupation of the Oregon river," providing for the maintenance of a military establishment, the collection of the customs and the donation of lands to settlers. With the last provision stricken out, it passed that body. On the 26th of February, during the same session, Mr. Mahlon Dickerson of New Jersey, assailed the measure in a sarcastic speech in the Senate, to which I must briefly allude, for subsequent events and our present situation and prosperity, have played the mischief with the logic and wit of this amusing Senatorial effort. Mr. Dickerson said: "But is this Territory of Oregon ever to become a State? Never!" He alluded to the great distance it was from the seat of the Federal Government, fixing it at 4,650 miles. "The distance therefore," said he, "that a member of Congress of this State of Oregon will be obliged to travel in coming to the seat of government and returning, would be 9,300 miles. This at the rate of \$8 for every 20 miles, would make his travelling expenses amount to \$3,720. Every member of Congress ought to see his constituents once a year. This is already very difficult for those in the most remote parts of the Union. At the rate which members of Congress travel according to law, that is 20 miles per day, it would require to come to the seat of government and return, 465 days. But if he should travel at the rate of 30 miles a day, it would require 306 days. Allowing for Sundays, 44 days, it would require 350 days. This would allow the member a fortnight to rest himself at Washington, before commencing his journey home. This rate of travelling would be a hard duty, as a greater part of the way is exceedingly bad, and a portion of it over rugged mountains, where Lewis and Clark found several feet of snow the latter part of June. Yet, a young, able bodied Senator, might travel from Oregon to Washington and back once a year, but he could do nothing else. It would be more expeditious, however, to come by water round Cape Horn, or through Behring's Straits, round the north coast of the continent to Baffin's Bay, through Davis Straits to the Atlantic ocean, and so on to Washington. It is true this passage is not yet discovered except upon the maps, but it will be as soon as Oregon will be a State." Alas for all human expectations! Oregon *is* a State and there is no North-west passage yet. Time and distance are well nigh

annihilated by steam travel and the telegraph, and but one-fourth part of the time-table of Mr. Dickerson is now required to make the trip around the world. The merciless Senator drove the last nail in the coffin, which he was making for the measure, by the following "clinger:" "As to the Oregon Territory, it can never be of any pecuniary advantage to the United States."

Senator Benton, always the friend of Oregon, remarked in reply: "It is a country too great and too desirable to remain longer without civilized inhabitants. In extent, soil and climate, it is superior to the old thirteen United States." Still the Senate must have been convinced by the argument of Senator Dickerson, for it refused to pass the bill.

Other ineffectual attempts at legislation occurred, and in the meantime, the people themselves took the matter in hand. The Pioneers came and established communities, churches, schools and a government, and prosperous industries. These, our adventurous fellow citizens, did more to preserve all this great Northwestern section to the United States, than all the skillful diplomats and astute statesmen. The stamp of the American character was placed upon the country and its institutions, in the management of public affairs, in its churches, schools and the business of every day life. It may appear strange that a handful of Americans in Oregon, at that early day, should have so acted as to have impressed events then in the womb of the future. New countries develop character. Man cannot be a hypocrite in performing the duties of pioneer life. Whatever there is in him, whether good, bad or indifferent, must come out. It is a life of action, incessant action. Men are called upon to think quickly. Often there is little intervening time between conception and performance. Men are known by what they do, rather than by what they say. Practice is always so much better than theory. In the wilderness, men cannot afford to be otherwise than true to nature. This life of independence, affixes manhood to the humblest individual, for it educates him as to a knowledge of himself, and inspires him to depend solely upon his own exertions for his ultimate success. This induces industry and energy of purpose. Such men never give up—never say they "cannot,"—they are confident in all they undertake. The idea of failure is never contemplated. Their determination never flags, the greater the difficulties, the more they are resolved to overcome them. They take hold of a work to do it—not to do at it. Thus we find them pressing into new and unexplored tracts of country, with a hardihood and resolution to be admired and commended—planting civilization everywhere. Here is a type of that character which has made the Pacific side of our continent all that it is; that same unconquerable, enterprising spirit which will yet make it the worthy rival of the Atlantic sea-board. Alas, that so many of those indefatigable spirits should have been

compelled to sacrifice their lives in order to advance the success of the great work before them. Their whitened bones, where the wolves have scattered them, are there to this day in the desert and the mountain land, as melancholy evidence of the enterprise and courage of the American Pioneer.

The first permanent American settlers in Oregon, were trappers or mountaineers, so called from their occupation. Of these, Mr. Sol. Smith, who came in 1832, and is still living in Clatsop county, is our oldest American Pioneer. Jas. A. O'Neil, Thomas Hubbard and others, came with Capt. Wyeth of Boston, in 1834. The brothers Lee, and others of the Methodist Mission, came also the same year. The Rev. Dr. Whitman and Rev. H. H. Spaulding, with their wives, and Mr. Wm. H. Gray, of the "American Board of Foreign Missions," arrived in 1836. Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spaulding were the first white women who crossed the Rocky Mountains. Their children were the first American children born in Oregon.

In 1840, there were only about 250 white people in the country, of which number, 140 were Americans.

An attempt was made in 1841, to form a government without an executive, making a Supreme Judge the highest functionary, with the laws of the State of New York as the law of the land. Rev. Dr. Babcock of the Methodist Mission, was elected to that position. The movement, however, does not appear to have been popular, and a copy of the New York Statutes not being convenient perhaps, the undertaking proved abortive.

On the 4th of March, 1843, a meeting of the settlers of the Willamette valley was held for the purpose of determining upon some method to protect their stock from the attacks of wild animals. This gathering not inappropriately has been denominated the "Wolf Scalp Meeting," and has become noted from the fact that the first successful measures were there inaugurated for the establishment of a government. In 1846, I saw the original record of the proceedings on that occasion. One side of a half sheet of foolscap contained the minutes of the Wolf Scalp Meeting, and the other, the graver doings of the more important undertaking. A committee of twelve were appointed to report a plan of government, who did their duty exceedingly well, and on the 4th of July following, announced in mass meeting the first system of polity for the North Pacific coast. It placed the executive power in three persons, the law making power in a committee composed of twelve members, and the judiciary power in a Supreme Judge, with Justices of the Peace in various districts. The first two branches of authority were modestly styled "Executive Committee" and "Legislative Committee."

W. H. Gray, now of Astoria, was a leading spirit throughout the whole affair, and doubtless contributed much towards its success. This civil authority was to control a mixed population composed of Americans, English, Scotch, Canadians and half-breed Indians. At that time, there were three religious denominations represented by missionaries, Methodist, Presbyterian and Catholic, and there were manifestations of an active anti-mission party. The first Executive Committee consisted of one member of the Methodist Mission, Alanson Beers, and two farmers, David Hill and Joseph Gale.

Two years after, in 1845, this frame work was so perfected as to assume the dignity of a constitutional government, with the executive power lodged in a Governor with the right of veto, and the legislative functions in a House of Representatives. This form of government existed until March 3d, 1849, when the jurisdiction of the United States was extended by virtue of the Act of Congress organizing the Territorial Government of Oregon. The general acceptance, if not the entire approval by our people of the Provisional Government, made it strong, and enforced its authority. Under it, life and property were protected, contracts maintained, and the people were prosperous and happy. Coined money being scarce, wheat was made a legal tender in the payment of all demands. War was vigorously and successfully prosecuted. In the winter of 1847 and '48, over 300 men were kept in the field beyond the Cascade mountains, in offensive operations against the Cayuse Indians. In thirteen days from the receipt of the information at the seat of government, Oregon City, of the massacre of the missionaries and immigrants at Wa-il-at-pu, a force of fifty armed men were in possession of the Mission station at The Dalles of the Columbia river, having marched a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. There were no steam facilities for travel and transportation in those days and the march was made in the inclement month of December. As fast as the companies could be equipped, they moved to the front by the old pack trail up the Columbia. The two fights at the canyon of the Des Chutes, in which the enemy were driven each time with loss, occurred on the last two days of February. The battle of Umatilla, where the enemy were again repulsed with serious loss, was fought on the 2nd of March. On the 4th, the advance of the column occupied Wa-il-at-pu, Whitman's Mission, now Walla Walla, three hundred miles away from the seat of government, and almost the same distance from any settlement of note. All this was a display of energy and power which would be regarded as remarkable in the operations of any government; but in one so new and inexperienced as that of the Pioneers of Oregon, it must be proof eminently satisfactory as to the ability and efficiency of it, that it was not one only in name, but a government founded in the esteem and sustained by the will and majesty of the people. The

highest compliment has been paid to the integrity and patriotism of those Americans who really created and administered this early organization, in the simple circumstance that the greater part of those of foreign birth, who shared with them the fortunes of that government, as soon as an opportunity was afforded them became citizens of the United States. It is indicative of the good faith and honest dealing which had characterized the association.

In 1846, when I arrived in the country, I found an intelligent, virtuous and industrious community, actuated by the purest motives, and the highest sense of duty. There was an intense anxiety—made keener by suspense and the deferment of hope—for the time to come, when the jurisdiction of the Union would be extended over them, and they could realize that, though far off, they were still at home, and beneath the protection of the glorious banner of our country. At that time Oregon comprised six counties, north of the Columbia river the two counties of Lewis and Vancouver; south of it Clackamas, Tuality, Yamhill and Champoege, now Marion.

To the Oregon Pioneers belongs the honor of having established the first newspaper press on the Pacific coast, at Oregon City, in February, 1846. The paper was called the *Oregon Spectator*, and was issued semi-monthly. The *Oregon Free Press*, the first weekly news sheet on this side of the continent, was also published at that place in March, 1848, from a press made in the country, and with display type wrought out of wood.

The first coinage of gold on this coast took place at Oregon City in the spring of 1849. Our people returning from the gold mines in California, could get but eleven dollars per ounce for their gold dust in trade, when it was worth from sixteen to eighteen dollars cash. To remedy this, the Legislature in the winter of 1848-9, passed an act authorizing "The assaying, melting and coining of gold," but the advent of the new order of things under the Federal Government, precluded the carrying out of the law. Private enterprise however, within a short time after, issued what has since been called the "Beaver" coin, five and ten dollar gold pieces, with the impression of the beaver on one side, over which appeared the initial letters of the names of the company, Kilborn, Magruder, Taylor, Abernethy, Wilson, Rector, Campbell, Smith; underneath, "O. T. 1849." On the reverse, was "Oregon Exchange Company, 130 grains Native Gold, 5 D." The only alteration on the faces of the \$10 pieces was, "10 pdwts 20 grains, Ten D." The dies for this coinage were made by Hamilton Campbell, since dead; the press and rolling mill were made by Wm. H. Rector, now removed to California. The intrinsic worth of these gold pieces was some eight per cent. more than their representative value, and therefore they were readily interchanged and soon passed from general circulation.

In concluding this brief and desultory address let us hope that the coming generations, who are to build up the State of Oregon to a scale competing with the grandeur and power of other States, will the more and more appreciate the work of the Pioneers, as in the performance of that duty, glimpses after glimpses of the grand future are disclosed.

No doubt a high regard will be cherished for them when they shall have passed away, to live again in the grateful stories of the thrilling incidents of frontier and wilderness life. Few deeds will be found within the period of that pioneer rule which any one will care to have disclaimed, or which will cause the least reproach. The Oregon Pioneers were a class of men possessing the superior virtues which make a superior manhood. Already they have been distinguished by the higher honors—in the pulpit, on the bench, at the bar, as Governors, as Congressmen, as Senators. They did their work unostentatiously, but did it well, in leaving a broad and substantial foundation, at least for the more complete and perfect work of those who were to come after them.

The world with laurel garlands
Victorious warriors crown,
And life-like forms in marble,
Proclaim their high renown;
On crimsoned fields of carnage,
Where desperate deeds are done,
Where brother strikes a brother down,
That he may wear the victor's crown,
That kind of fame is won.

But, Peace in her achievements,
No pain, or ill, imparts;
How grand her scope of usefulness,
Her wonder-work of arts!
Our hopes, our lives—the homes of earth—
All that makes life of any worth
To her are consecrate,
Which once destroyed in war's wild wrath,
War cannot re-create.

Her rule developes manhood,
And makes a people great
In that which tends to human good,
In all that links a brotherhood,
And glorifies the State.

For those beneath her banner,
 Who wrought our pleasant ways,
 Who toiled and suffered to the end,
 That man might be his own best friend,
 Be honor and all praise.
 Is there no song of triumph?
 No word of lofty cheer?
 Now that the Wilderness is ours,
 For the brave Pioneer?

What was there so enticing,
 That charmed him to his fate?
 Was he to win a hero's name?
 To fill the world with loud acclaim?
 And rank among the great?
 There was no sound of greeting,
 In deserts where he trod;
 With a stout heart to do and dare,
 Hardships and perils were his share,
 Far off—alone with God!

On! for the good of others,
 That end for all atones;
 To fell the forest, make the home--
 To mark the path for them to come,
 If need be with his bones.
 On dreary wastes, in mountain pass,
 Mournful mementoes tell
 Of sudden strait--of desperate strife--
 Where fiercely fighting for his life,
 A brave man bravely fell.

At length he wins high guerdon!
 His star of fortune shines!
 The mountains ope' their flinty pores,
 Nature reveals her precious stores--
 The gold and silver mines;
 The world is in a tumult!
 It rushes for the prize!
 A miracle is wrought--how grand!
 As if by magic through the land,
 See towns and traffic rise!

As the farmer tills his broad lands,
 And gathers in his grain;
 As the voices of the homestead
 Swell in a happy strain;
 As sunset gives it grandeur,
 And herds come home to rest;
 As round the hearth-stone each loved form
 Brings wealth of an affection warm,
 The Pioneer is blest.

The noise of busy labor
 With music fills the air,
 And makes the song of triumph
 That echoes every where;
 While art designs the honors
 Which thriving thrift uprears,
 From the mountains to the sea-side,
 For the brave Pioneers.

CAPTAIN LEVEN N. ENGLISH.

BORN 1792. DIED 1876.

Leven Nelson English was born near Baltimore, Maryland, March 25, 1792. When quite young, his parents moved to the then Territory of Kentucky, where he resided for several years and married. When the war with England was declared, (1812), he volunteered and was in several of the heaviest battles on the frontiers of the United States and the Canadas. After the declaration of peace, he immigrated with his family to MaCoupin's county, Illinois, where he earnestly set himself to work to make a home in the great wilderness, but these operations were temporarily suspended by the commencement of the Indian troubles which finally culminated in the Black Hawk war. At the breaking out of the war, he raised and was elected Captain of a volunteer company, and was so commissioned by Governor Reynolds.

In 1836 he again determined to push further West, and moved to the Territory of Iowa, where he settled and erected a mill and identified himself with the progress of that young and rising population.

In 1845, he again pulled "up stakes" and started for Oregon, and settled in the Willamette valley near and east of Salem, after a toilsome trip across the plains, losing one of his sons by death during the trip. Capt. English built the next year, what was once widely known as English's mills, which contributed very materially to the better class of dwelling houses in Salem and the surrounding country.

When the Cayuse war broke out, Capt. English and several of his sons responded to the call for volunteer with alacrity, thus filling his place creditably in three different wars. In 1869, he moved with his family to California, but not liking the climate, he returned and settled in Salem, in 1871, where he resided the remainder of his life.

Captain English was married twice; with his first wife he lived 39 years up to 1851, when she died, and being the mother of twelve children. By his second wife he had seven, making a total of nineteen children.

Capt. English died March 5, 1875, lacking twenty days of being 85 years old. His death occurred after the publication of the title page of this publication, or it would have appropriately appeared therein.

COL. JOSEPH L. MEEK.

1810--1875.

AGE 65.

CAPT. L. N. ENGLISH.

1792--1876.

AGE 84.

COL. JOSEPH L. WEEK.

1814-1815.

1816-1817.

CAPT. F. W. ENGLISH.

1818-1819.

1820-1821.

COL. JOSEPH L. MEEK.

BORN 1810. DIED 1875.

BY MRS. F. F. VICTOR.

Joseph L. Meek was born in Washington county, Virginia. He was the son of a planter, and his mother was of a good Virginia family—one of the Walker's—and aunt to the wife of President Polk. But unfortunately for her son, this lady died early, and young Joseph was left very much to his own devices, on a plantation where there was nothing for him to do, and little to learn, except such out-door sports as boys delight in. These he enjoyed in the most unrestrained liberty, having for his companions only the children of his father's slaves, towards whom he stood in the relation of master.

Such circumstances would be inimical to habits of mental industry in any case; and the lad found his temptations to a busy idleness so many and strong, that he refused even to avail himself of the little elementary teaching that he might have had on the plantation. His stepmother, for whom he seems to have felt a dislike, either did not, or could not influence him in the direction of study; and it fell out that when he arrived at the age of sixteen years, he was a tall, merry, active boy, who knew hardly as much of spelling and reading as is contained in the child's first primer. Why it was that his father neglected him in so culpable a manner does not appear; but what is evident is, that young Meek was not happy at home, and that his not being so was the cause of his abandoning the plantation when between sixteen and seventeen years of age, and undertaking to enter upon a career for himself. This he did by going to Kentucky, where some relations of his father resided; and, on finding things not to his mind in the new place, finally pushing on to St. Louis, then a mere trading-post on the Missouri frontier, where he arrived in the fall of 1828.

This was the decisive step that colored all his after life. St. Louis was the rendezvous of fur traders, who yearly enlisted new men for service in trapping beaver in the Rocky Mountains. Young Meek offered himself, and though

younger than the other recruits, was accepted, on his assurance that he would not shrink from duty, even if that duty should be to fight Indians. The spring of 1829 accordingly found him in the employ of Mr. William Sublette, one of the most enterprising and successful of the fur traders, who annually led a company of men to the mountains, and through them, from summer to winter rendezvous; leaving them the following spring to go to St. Louis for the necessary Indian goods and fresh recruits.

Little did the boy of eighteen realize the fateful step he was taking; that for eleven years he should roam the mountains and plains like an Indian, carrying his life in his hand at every step; that he should marry an Indian woman; and leave a family of half-Indian children in the valley of that far off Oregon, of which then he had hardly ever heard the name. But a man once entered into the service of the fur companies found it nearly impossible to abandon the service, unless he had shown himself cowardly and unfit—in which case he was permitted to return when the trading partner went to St. Louis for goods. A brave and active man was sure to be kept in the Company's debt, or in some other way in its power; so that no opportunity should be afforded of leaving the life he had entered upon however thoughtlessly. Letters were even forbidden to be written or received; lest hearing from home should produce homesickness and disaffection. The service was so full of dangers, that it was estimated fully one-fifth if not one-fourth of the trappers were killed by the Indians, or died by accident and exposure each year.

Yet, with all these chances against him, Meek lived eleven years in the mountains, fighting Indians and wild beasts, with never in all that time a serious wound from Indian arrow or paw of grizzly bear; a fact that illustrates better than any words, the address, quickness and courage of the man. Though often sportively alluding to his own subterfuges to escape from danger, it still remained evident that an awkward, slow or cowardly man could never have resorted to such means. An unusually fine physic, a sunny temper and ready wit, made him a favorite with both comrades and employers, and gave him influence with such Indian tribes as the mountain-men held in friendly relations.

There are certain seasons of the year when either the beaver cannot be taken on account of cold, or when its fur is worth little on account of hot weather. At these seasons, the men had their semi-annual rendezvous—that of winter season being the longest—all of the men going into camp in some part of the country where they could best subsist themselves and their horses. During some of these winter vacations, Meek applied himself to acquiring some knowledge of reading; and as the only authors carried about with the Company's goods, were of the very best—the Bible, Shakespeare, and the standard poets—the effect

was to store a mind otherwise empty of learning with some of the finest literature in the English language.

Besides this advantage, Meek had for companions men who had in their youth been educated for a very different life from that they were leading, but who, for one cause and another, had become embittered against society and voluntarily exiled themselves. Others, from a love of adventure had come to the mountains. Only a small proportion were really illiterate men. Besides his companions in camp, Meek quite often was brought into contact with the traveling parties of English noblemen, or of painters and naturalists, who attached themselves for greater safety to the caravan of the fur companies. In this way he was enabled to pick up a fund of miscellaneous knowledge that went far to cover the deficiency of his early education.

About 1839, the beaver had become so scarce from being so long and steadily hunted by the several companies, that it was thought best to disband them. Here was a new phase of the life into which Meek had so thoughtlessly been drawn. At twenty-nine, in the very flush of young manhood, to be deserted in the mountains by his employers, was something he had not foreseen. To return to Virginia with an Indian wife and children, was not to be thought of, even if it were possible, as it was not. To remain in the mountains, except by relinquishing forever all thoughts of civilized associations, was equally impossible.

At this juncture, Meek, with several more mountain-men, determined to cast their lot with that of the almost unknown Oregon, then virtually in possession of the Hudson Bay Company; and in 1840, did remove with their families to the Wallamet valley, where at that time very few Americans were living except those connected with the Methodist Mission—few indeed, in all.

In the winter of 1840, Meek selected a land claim in the Tualatin Plains, where he began to farm, the same he afterwards lived upon and where he died, in June, 1875.

From the time that he came to Oregon, until Oregon became a State, Meek was always more or less actively concerned in her affairs. Well acquainted with Indian character, he was useful in maintaining peace with the native tribes. A staunch American, he resisted the encroachments of British authority during the period of joint occupancy of the country. When it was at last thought best to move for the organization of a Provisional Government, he was conspicuously active in calling for an expression of sentiment, heading the American column in his own person. Being made Sheriff under the new government, he performed his duties, not always light ones, with promptitude and spirit. He was twice elected Assemblyman from Washington county, performing his duties with propriety and patri-

otism, dashed sometimes with the wild humor for which, whether as a mountaineer or a legislator, he was celebrated.

When the massacre of the missionaries and emigrants at Wailatpu, startled all Oregon in 1847, he accepted the toilsome and dangerous duty of messenger to Congress; having to perform the journey overland in the depth of winter, with only two companions, one of whom gave out upon the way. He arrived after much hardship, on the Missouri frontier early in March, without money or decent habiliments, and by his address won his way wherever he appeared until he presented himself, a forlorn messenger indeed, at the door of the White House. During all his subsequent life, he delighted to recall the sensation he was able to produce on being presented to President Polk. No other man in the United States would have thought of standing so entirely on the merits of his cause; or of making his wretchedness a subject of such self-railery as to divert attention from its pitifulness and make it seem only a very good jest. Such was the temperament of the man, that when he chose to be merry—and at his own expense—there was universal enjoyment in beholding it.

Meek remained in Washington, a guest of President Polk, until the passage of the Organic Act, August 14th, 1848. Oregon was by this Act, constituted a Territory of the United States, and it became necessary to appoint its officers as quickly as possible in order that they might reach their field of action before the expiration of Polk's term of office. A commission was given Meek of U. S. Marshal; and he was entrusted with the duty of conveying to Gen. Joseph Lane, his commission as Governor of Oregon, with authority to take an escort of U. S. dragoons from Fort Leavenworth in the Kansas Territory, for their safe conduct across the plains. This was a very different order of travel from that he had pursued six months previous, when he had skulked through a thousand miles of Indian country almost alone, poor, ragged and often in danger of starving, to carry news to the government of the awful straight in which the little American colony in Oregon found itself.

By taking the southern route, or Sante Fe trail, the Oregon Governor and Marshal arrived in California in February, 1849, and in Oregon on the 2d of March, just in time for Lane to be proclaimed Governor of the new territory before the expiration of Polk's term. They found the Indians in a state of *armed tranquility*, waiting to see what the whites would do further to avenge the murders of Wailatpu. Lane demanded the principal murderers from their tribe, and had them hanged, Meek officiating as executioner—a duty which he performed with less reluctance since one of his own children had been among the victims.

Meek was now at his prime, being about forty years of age; gay, handsome, and of a dignified carriage. He might have been wealthy, had he possessed either the avariciousness or the business acumen necessary to the accumulation of money. But not having either, the money that came into his hands slipped easily away. When the Territory became a State, offices passed into other hands, and the Pioneers rarely conducted its affairs. Meek thenceforth lived quietly upon his farm near Hillsboro, laboring little, and finding occupation in riding about the country or visiting the towns that he had seen grow up throughout the valley of the Wallamet. Wherever he went, a crowd of curious listeners were wont to gather, eager to hear, over and over, the tales of mountain adventure, or stories of pioneer times, that he so well knew how to make interesting or diverting. To those who knew him only in this character, he appeared simply as a humorist who could paint a scene as broadly as his audience demanded. But there was another side to his character not so well understood—that, had his mother lived to cultivate it, or had he married a refined woman of his own race, who would have developed it, would have been conspicuous for its gentleness, generosity and courtesy. In the presence of women he was courtly and gallant to a degree very remarkable in a man who had lived so adventurous a life. Notwithstanding his lively temperament, personal beauty, and uncongenial domestic relations, it was never reported of him that he was untrue to his marriage-bond. The blame of his position he took upon himself; though in reviewing the circumstances of his life there seems not much real blame attaching to it. It was unfortunate rather than blameworthy.

Many are the humorous sayings that will long be remembered in Oregon of which Meek was the author; one of the best known of which probably is his reply to a young Englishman, who in rather an affected manner, was inquiring of him concerning the changes which he, still a young man, and only a few years a resident in the country, had seen in Oregon. "Changes?" said Meek, with great animation, "Why, when *I* came to Oregon, Mount Hood was a *hole in the ground!*"

Concerning his indifference to money, and his love of reputation, Hon. Jesse Applegate relates that there being two offices at his disposal under the Provisional Government, one with some emoluments, and the other with only glory, the choice was offered Meek, who quickly responded—"Give me the one with the glory!"

I, myself, once asked why he brought his Nez Perce wife to the white settlements—why he did not leave her with her people? "I could't do it," he replied, "she had children, and I could not take them away from her." On my suggesting that he could have left them with her, and cut loose entirely

from his mountain life, he replied, tapping his breast in the region of the heart, "I could not do that, it *hurt here*."

He was a kind husband and father; proud of his children and ready to sacrifice himself for them. His family, seven in number, resided with the mother, near Hillsboro, until recently, when two of the daughters married and removed to other States. Of his three sons, all remain upon the farm, with the elder and younger sister, and all are devoted to the Nez Perce mother, who sincerely mourns her widowhood.

The title of "Colonel" which attached to Meek, was altogether honorary, he never having held a commission. But his military air, and the willingness with which he performed military duty when called upon, his Marshal's costume, decorated with the U. S. buttons, and similar causes, led to the adoption of the title that seemed so naturally to belong to him. His horsemanship was perfect, and his appearance upon horseback in his office of Marshal extremely imposing; circumstances that inevitably suggested a title.

Such are some of the characteristics, and such some of the circumstances belonging to the subject of this sketch. In the "River of the West," the future historian will find preserved many details too voluminous for the purposes of this Association.

Colonel Meek died of inflammation of the stomach, June 20th, 1875, after an illness of two weeks, exhibiting in his suffering and death the same patience and self-abnegation which had always distinguished him. Mourned by his family, and regretted by hundreds of neighbors and friends, as well as by the members of the Association.

PIONEER DAY.

It is generally conceded that the suggestion of the fifteenth of June for the annual meeting of the Pioneers was a good one, and has done much to make the meetings a success. In the selection of this day, both the useful and beautiful are promoted. It is the most convenient and pleasant season of the year for an out of door meeting; and is the leisure season of the farming community, who constitute the greater portion of the people and the Pioneers. It also serves to commemorate the final acknowledgment by Great Britain of the American right to the country and the triumph of the Pioneer in the race for the pre-occupation of it.

It will be seen from the following letter, a copy of which has been obtained from Judge Grim, that Hon. Stephen F. Chadwick is the author of the suggestion and that to him we are indebted for this happy choice of what we venture to call PIONEER DAY.

SALEM. Nov. 19th, 1873.

JUDGE GRIM, VICE PRESIDENT OF O. P. A.

DEAR SIR.—Some of our Pioneer's feel as if the meeting of our folks should be in the spring. In June would be the best time I think. I would call your attention to the 15th of June as a very appropriate day for the meeting. In 1846, June 15th, the treaty with Great Britain settling the boundary of Oregon was signed at Washington, by James Buchanan on our part, and by Richard Pakenham on the part of Great Britain. These Plenipotentiaries were appointed by the respective nations to settle the limits of Oregon "westward of the Rocky Mountains," making the boundary the 49th parallel. By this treaty, all those considering themselves British subjects before, or nearly all, became citizens of the United States and recognized the American government over them. It is a fine idea connected with this circumstance. By this treaty, all those hailing from the two different nations, now accepted the situation and became American citizens and pioneers of one great people. All born abroad, all from different

parts, still by this treaty brought under one flag, one government, and enabled to work in harmony for their common interest. The event is a good one and belongs to the Pioneers. It is true this treaty was not proclaimed until the 5th of August, 1846, still it was signed and became the law on the 15th of June 1846.

If a change is made to spring, the 15th of June is the best time for the meeting. The 5th of August is in the midst of harvest, otherwise that would do. The 15th of June is a season of rest, if there is such a thing in Oregon.

You will find this treaty in the laws of the United States, Vol. 9, page 869; also in Judge Deady's Code, page 55. By the aid of this letter you will understand the dates therein mentioned. Please get the Code and read the treaty and let me know what you think of the idea.

Yours truly,

S. F. CHADWICK.

AURORA, MARION COUNTY, OREGON, }
November 23d, 1875. }

HON. S. F. CHADWICK :

DEAR SIR:—I thank you for your suggestion of the 15th of June, as the proper time for the annual meeting of the Oregon Pioneers. It is a good day, and it belongs to the Pioneers. I have written to President F. X. Mathiew, W. H. Rees, Dr. Wm Keil, E. C. Cooley and others, and all agree with you that the 15th of June, in remembrance of that day in 1846, when the final settlement of the vexed question of boundary of Oregon was brought about between the contending powers, is a suitable day for our re-unions, and I have no doubt when the Association meets, it will set apart the 15th of June as the anniversary day of the Pioneers of Oregon, according to your suggestion.

Yours very truly,

J. W. GRIM.

SONG OF THE PIONEERS.

The following song was composed by Mr. S. A. Clarke, for the occasion and sung by Prof. T. H. Crawford, who was assisted by several young ladies, at the re-union of the Oregon Pioneer Association, held at Salem, June 15, 1875. It was the intention to put the song in its proper place in the proceedings of the celebration, but was inadvertently omitted.

I

Oh! So many years have flown,
Since the news of Oregon,
Reached our homes beyond the mountains far away;
Since we harnessed up our teams,
When the Spring-time's sunny gleams,
Showed the path across the plains and mountains grey.

CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the trains came marching,
Westward, still westward, see them come!
Sometimes savage tribes they fought,
But the starry flag they brought,
While beneath its folds each freeman found a home.

II

Up the Rocky Mountain' height,
Now their camp-fires blaze by night;
Or upon the savage plains they thickly gleam;
Now the weary legions pass,
Where the frowning canyons mass,
Or they swim and ford the swiftly running stream.

CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the trains came marching;
Westward, still westward, day by day,
Standing guard the live-long night;
Ever ready for the fight;
Here to plant our flag three thousand miles away.

III.

Through the land of savage foes,
See, the long procession goes,
Till it camps upon Columbia of the West;
Where the mountains block the stream,
And the Cascades flash and gleam,
As the sun sinks to his distant ocean rest.

CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the trains came marching,
At length the deadly plains are passed;
But there's still the river trail,
Or the Cascade Range to scale,
Then the fair Willamette homes are reached at last.

IV.

And 'tis well that Pioneers
Should thus meet with passing years,
While the locks that once were dark are turning snow,
To recall the olden story,
That shall be their children's glory,
How we crossed the plains and mountains long ago.

CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the trains came marching,
Singing and marching to the West;
Till all dangers were behind,
And the homes we came to find,
Smiled upon us from Willamette's Vale of Rest.

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

FOURTH ANNUAL RE-UNION

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association ;

FOR

1876;

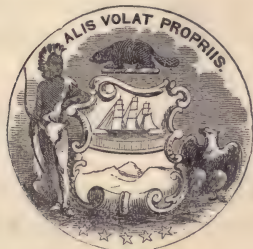
AND THE

ANNUAL ADDRESS DELIVERED BY HON. R. P. BOISE,

TOGETHER WITH

THE OCCASIONAL ADDRESS BY HON. JOHN MINTO ; POEM BY E. EBERHARDT,
ESQ., AND AN ARTICLE WRITTEN BY HON. JESSE APPLIGATE.

—•••—
PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATION.
—•••—



SALEM, OREGON :

E. M. WAITE, STEAM PRINTER AND BOOKBINDER.

1877.

THE NEW YORK

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MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

SALEM, OREGON, May 4, 1876.

Board of Directors met pursuant to adjournment.

The following members of the Board and Association were present:

Hon. John W. Grim, President.

Hon. E. N. Cooke, Vice President.

Joseph Watt and W. J. Herren, members of the Board.

J. Henry Brown, Recording Secretary.

Willard H. Rees, Corresponding Secretary.

Hon. F. X. Mathieu, and several other gentlemen took part in the proceedings.

Mr. Rees moved that the re-union be extended to continue for two days,—16th and 16th of June next.

On motion, Jos. Watt and S. G. Reed, were appointed a committee of arrangements in regard to fares with the different companies. Carried.

The subject of programme was taken up and considered in detail.

Joseph Holman, of Marion; Amos Cook, of Yamhill; A. L. Lovejoy, of Clackamas; and Medoram Crawford, of Multnomah, were elected standard bearers.

The piece of music known as *Oregon*, (a Quickstep) composed by A. Metz, in 1845, the only copy in existence, was selected to be played by the band as the leading piece of music.

The committee of arrangements to appoint the floor managers for the ball.

Mr. Cook moved that the ball tickets be placed at \$2.00, without supper.

After considerable discussion in regard to financial matters, the Board adjourned until 7 o'clock, P. M.

EVENING SESSION.

The Board met pursuant to adjournment.

The following programme for the Annual Re-union commencing the 15th of June, was taken up and adopted:

EXERCISES AT THE FAIR GROUNDS.

The procession will form under the direction of the Chief Marshal, Thomas C. Shaw, at 10½ o'clock, A. M., June 15, 1876, on the plank walk extending east from the railroad track, at the Fair Grounds in the following order, and march to the stand in the grove:

- 1st. Northwest Brass Band—*Oregon*.
- 2d. Standard Bearers.
- 3d. President and Vice President.
- 4th. Chaplain and Orator.
- 5th. Essayist and Poet.
- 6th. Members of Pioneer and Historical Society of Oregon.
- 7th. Recording and Corresponding Secretaries and Treasurer.
- 8th. Invited guests, male and female.
- 9th. Members of the Society, male and female, who came into the Territory previous to January, 1841; followed by the 13 divisions to January, 1854, each division with appropriate banner.
- 10th. Friends of the Association, male and female.
- 11th. March as the Marshal shall direct, to the Stand, where the following Exercises will be had.

AT THE STAND.

- 1st. Music—Hail Columbia.

- 2d. Prayer by the Chaplain, Rev. W. H. Roberts.
 - 3th. Annual Address by Hon. R. P. Boise.
 - 4th. Music.
 - 5th. Recess.
-

AFTERNOON EXERCISES.

- 1st. 1 o'clock, Picnic Dinner.
 - 2d. 3 o'clock, Essay by Mrs. Jennie E. Dawne, followed by a Musical Entertainment in the Pavilion, by the Pioneer young ladies and gentlemen.
 - 3d. 7 o'clock, dancing in the Pavilion.
 - 4th. 7 o'clock, PIONEER CAMP FIRE. Opening address, by Hon. S. F. Chadwick, who will be followed by others, with time limited to 15 minutes to each speaker.
-

SECOND DAY.

- 1st. 9 o'clock, A. M., reports and election of officers and business meeting.
 - 2d. 11 o'clock, A. M., form procession and march to the speakers' stand, where Hon. John Minto will deliver the Descriptive Address, and call the Roll of 1844.
 - 3d. 1 o'clock, Picnic Dinner.
 - 4th. 2 o'clock, Poem by E. Eberhardt.
 - 5th. Singing by Students of Salem under direction of Prof. T. H. Crawford.
-

PORTLAND CELEBRATION.

Mr. W. H. Rees offered the following preamble and resolutions, which were adopted:

WHEREAS, An invitation has been extended by the Centennial Executive Committee, in the name of the citizens of Portland, to the Pioneer Association, requesting its members to be present and join in celebrating the hundreth anniversary of our national independence; and

WHEREAS, Hon. J. W. Grim, President of the Association, has, in behalf of its members, accepted the invitation thus extended; wherefore, the following suggestions are respectfully submitted:

- 1st. That the Board of Directors be requested to confer with the Centennial Executive Committee for the purpose of securing a suitable hall or place in the

city, to be used as headquarters of the Pioneer Association, during the Centennial Celebration.

2d. That the meeting designate a member of the organization to perform the duty of "spokesman" or orator, and when occasion may require in the regular order of exercises, to respond in behalf of the Pioneer Association.

3d. That a Marshal and two aids be selected to act during the celebration under the general orders of the Chief Marshal of the Centennial Jubilee.

4th. That in forming the Pioneers in procession, the same order used at the Annual Re-union shall be observed and the National flag, the Grand and Division banners of the Association, when not in use, shall be placed in charge of the Marshal of the Association.

5th. That the Recording Secretary of the Association be authorized to keep the Register at the Pioneer headquarters in Portland during the Centennial Celebration, for the purpose of enrolling the names of those who may choose to become members.

The following gentlemen were appointed as Marshal and aids:

R. H. Lamson, of Dayton, Yamhill county, Chief Marshal.

Aids—Daniel Clark, of Marion, and James Elkins, of Linn.

Association Grand Standard Bearers:—Ben Cornelius, of Forest Grove; Hiram Smith, of Harrisburg; B. F. Shaw, of Vancouver, W. T.; B. F. Nichols, of Dallas.

Division Standard Bearers:—1840, J. L. Parrish, of Marion; 1841, F. Bernier, of Marion; 1842, M. Crawford, of Multnomah; 1843, W. J. Garrison, McMinnville; 1844, Wm. M. Case, of Champoe; 1845, Greenberry Smith, of Corvallis; 1846, F. M. Geer, Butteville; 1847, Chris. Taylor, Dayton; 1848, Ahio S. Watt, Forest Grove; 1849, Capt. Geo. H. Flanders, Portland; 1850, Geo. Comegyes, Amity.

On motion, adjourned.

J. W. GRIM, *President*.

J. HENRY BROWN, *Recording Secretary*.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

SALEM, May 13, 1876.

The Committee of Arrangements met in the Senate Chamber at 2 o'clock, and the following named members were present: Mrs. J. F. Miller, Mrs. John Minto, Mrs. S. A. Clarke, Mrs. W. Breyman, Mrs. B. H. Bowman, Misses Clara Watt, Marie E. Smith, and John W. Minto.

On motion, Mrs. J. F. Miller was elected President.

The several propositions from Brass Bands were read, and, on motion, the Northwest band, Charles Brey, leader was selected.

On motion, J. A. Baker was added to the committee.

On motion, Martin & Co., and Peter Emerson were authorized to open restaurants on the ground during the Re-union.

The following persons were appointed as Committee on Finance: Hon. S. F. Chadwick, C. M. Cartwright, Misses Clara A. Watt and Marie E. Smith.

The following committees were chosen for the annual ball:

HONORARY COMMITTEE.

Hon. M. P. Deady,—Portland.

Hon. L. F. Grover,—Salem.

Dr. J. R. Bayley—Corvallis.

Col. John McCracken,—Portland.

Hon. Henry Conn, Sen.,—Roseburg.

Hon. M. Crawford,—La Fayette.

Capt. A. P. Ankeny,—Portland.

Joseph Watt Esq,—Forest Grove.

Hon. J. W. Nesmith,—Dixie.

Hon. J. C. Tolman,—Jacksonville.
Hon. S. F. Chadwick,—Salem.
John Hobson, Esq.,—Astoria.
Hon. Henry Klippell,—Jacksonville.
Hon. O. S. Savage,—The Dalles.
Col. C. C. Beekman,—Jacksonville.

FLOOR MANAGERS.

Hon. J. B. Lee,—Corvallis.
Gen'l. M. V. Brown,—Albany.
D. H. Looney,—Jefferson.
Benjamin Strang,—Salem.
John W. Minto,—Salem.
W. S. Moss,—Oakland.
E. B. Fellows,—Oregon City.
Hon. Geo. L. Curry,—Portland.
Ed. Taylor,—Astoria.

RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

Elijah Livingstone,—Roseburg.
E. F. Thompson,—Freeport, W. T.
Byron Grim,—Aurora.
W. S. Eakin,—Eugene City.
J. R. Herren,—Albany.
D. H. Murphy,—Salem.
F. C. Geer,—Butteville.

On motion, all intoxicating drinks are to be excluded from the grounds.

On motion, adjourned.

MRS. J. F. MILLER, *President*.

J. HENRY BROWN, *Secretary*.

FOURTH ANNUAL RE-UNION.

STATE FAIR GROUNDS,
SALEM, June 16, 1876. }

The morning of the 15th of June was greeted with a balmy sun, and again the Pioneer Association of Oregon came together around its common alter to join in a jubilee over the completion of the toils and the accomplishments of the hopes of its members. The warm greetings of those who had not met for years, were exchanged, old acquaintances renewed; the youths of different families were brought face to face with the companions of their parents in the toils and privations in years long gone by. The scene was a picturesque one; old and young mingled together with a cordiality and freedom that resembled a re-union of a long separated family. Constantly the assembly was augmented, and each arrival was greeted with an earnestness and cordiality that was assuring that they were expected and welcomed.

The procession was formed by the Chief Marshal, Thomas C. Shaw, headed by a large American flag, borne by Mr. W. J. Herren, accompanied by Mrs. Oliva Smith, one of the pioneer ladies of Oregon. Then followed the magnificent banner of the Association, followed by the officers and different divisions to January, 1853, and marched over the designated route, halting at the Speaker's stand, where the assembly was seated. After music by the band, Rev. Wm. Roberts offered a fervent prayer, which was listened to with the strictest decorum.

Hon. John W. Grim, President of the Association, then delivered the following opening address:

FELLOW CITIZENS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION:—In compliance with the Constitution of our organization, the ceremonies of your fourth Annual Re-union have now commenced. The 15th of June is an historical day in the annals of the former Territory of Oregon, and by your organic law has been set apart as an anniversary for the re-union of her early pioneers, the men and women who brought from their far-off Eastern homes and planted by their own unaided exertions, upon this western shore, the inestimable blessings of civil and religious liberty. While we cannot but drop a silent tear at the tombs of John Ford, Col. Joseph L. Meek, Capt. L. N. English, Samuel Allen, David Weston and J. J. Mathoit—all veteran pioneers of Oregon, most of whom were present with us upon these beautiful grounds twelve months ago—and remembering that those who are gone are only a few camps in advance, yet we have cause to return thanks and rejoice with an honest joy, springing up from the innermost recesses of our hearts, that so many of the early fathers and mothers are present with their children, children's children, and friends, to take part in the exercises of this the thirtieth anniversary of the day we commemorate.

The Oregon Pioneer Association is historical and social in character, hence fellow-members, you have a high and responsible duty to perform, and as its founders, will in due time be rewarded for your labors, if you shall faithfully continue to observe your high trust.

Your historical association will be perpetuated by your children. It will grow with their growth, and strength. The geographical boundaries of the country over which historical researches may extend is vast indeed, limited on the east by the summit of the Rocky mountains; on the west by the Pacific ocean, and extending from the 42d to the 49th parallel of north latitude, which comprises the outline of the original Territory of Oregon. I can not but congratulate you, ladies and gentlemen of the Association, upon the rapidity with which your historical collections, published and unpublished, are accumulating. But for the greater part of this valuable labor, the Association is indebted to but comparatively few of its members. Hence permit me to say, if it is our intention to contribute one single thought, incident or historical fact to our archival collection, that good intention should not be delayed, for each returning Pioneer day will find our ranks more and more decimated by the ravages of ever-rolling time.

It is hardly necessary, fellow-members, for me to remind you that this great nation is now nearing the Centennial anniversary of her birth. We are forty millions of people united in a great and invincible Republic. The next Centennial year will find us a gigantic nation of one hundred millions, with at least

thirty millions on the Pacific coast. And let us hope for the benefit of posterity, a republic still, with all the blessings the name implies.

Now that our kindred organization all over this broad land are putting forth their best energies toward the consummation of the special objects which call them into life, it would be well for us to emulate their praiseworthy example.

I am also gratified on behalf of this Association, to send greeting to our sister organization, the Pioneer and Historical Society of Oregon, your kindest regards, fully impressed in the belief that their labors will add many valuable pages to the historical record of this western land.

In conclusion permit me, Ladies and Gentlemen, in behalf of this honored Association to bid you all a most hearty welcome to this, the Fourth Annual Jubilee of the Oregon Pioneer Association.

At the conclusion of the Opening Address by the President, Hon. R. P. Boise was introduced and delivered the Annual Address* and for an hour interested the audience in his strong and terse style, making one of the best efforts; relating many thrilling incidents and giving many details of the early history of Oregon.

Judge Boise was followed by Hon. M. P. Deady, who read an article written by Hon. Jesse Applegate, entitled "A Day with the Cow Column," that had been published in the *Overland Monthly*.

After music by the band, the audience was dismissed and soon scattered through the beautiful grove of oaks and partook of a repast served in a true picnic style.

At 3 o'clock, P. M., Mrs. Jennie E. Dawne read an essay in behalf of the ladies of the Association.

In the evening, the younger portion of the Association repaired to the pavilion and participated in the Annual Ball, and it was noticed that quite a number of the old Pioneers who were unable to resist the influence of the good music furnished for the occasion, took an active part in the exhilarating quadrille; the sexagenary joined hands with his rosy cheeked partner in her teens. The strictest decorum was observed, and the Managers exerted themselves, and succeeded most admirably, in making the ball one of the most enjoyable that could be found.

At the same hour, in the oak grove near by, there was a large number collected around the camp-fire, where short speeches were made, and many thrilling anecdotes of life upon the plains and pioneering in Oregon and the now adjacent Territories, were related. Many of these anecdotes were of mirth-provoking character, while others were burdened with a serious cast, but they were all of an instructive character and of deep interest to the audience.

SECOND DAY.

At 11 o'clock, A. M., the procession was formed according to programme and marched to the Speaker's stand, where they were well entertained by the Occasional Address by Hon. John Minto, reviewing and giving a historical account of their trials, and called the roll of 1844. The address was followed by several impromptu speeches by those who had come to this coast both by land and water.

As a re-union, the occasion was a success; all who took part enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent, and it was remarked by a visitor that the collection was one well calculated in their younger years to reclaim a country, subdue the savages and build up a State that is a bright star in the galaxy of our common country.

ASSOCIATION MEETING.

STATE FAIR GROUNDS, }
SALEM, June, 16, 1876. }

At 9 o'clock, A. M., according to programme, a business meeting of the Association was held, and the Recording Secretary submitted the following report, which was adopted:

Mr. President and Members of the Oregon Pioneer Association:

At this the fourth Annual Re-union of the Association, your Secretary would respectfully beg leave to report:

Since our last Re-union there has been a steady increase of interest in the affairs of the Association, and quite a number of the early settlers of Oregon have become members, while others have evinced a deep interest in the welfare of the Association.

THE DEATHS.

Of our members who have passed away since our last Re-union, the first was Joseph L. Meek, who resided near Hillsboro, Washington county. Col. Meek died June 11, 1875, aged 65 years, 4 months and 4 days, and was sick at the time of our last meeting. For a more extended notice and biography, the members are referred to an article furnished by the gifted pen of Mrs. F. F. Victor, published in this year's Transactions.

Capt. Leven N. English, a member of the class of 1845, died in Salem, March 6, 1876, at the ripe age of 84 years, 11 months and 10 days. There was a short notice of his life published in our Transactions, but not as full as was justly due, on account of the near completion of the publication; but a much fuller biography is being prepared for the Association's Biographical book.

Samuel Allen, a member of the class of 1847, died in Salem, May 12, 1876, aged 71 years. Uncle Samuel Allen, as was most familiarly known, died after our Transactions had been issued, consequently his name does not appear on the memorial page.

These three deaths are all that your Secretary has been informed of; but there may have been more, and I would suggest that when a member of this Association has passed away, that information be furnished to the Secretary, with name, date and age, with such biographical sketch that would prove of interest to the Association and the people of the State.

There have also several other old pioneers, not members of this Association, died during the year. The first, I believe, was Joseph H. Brown, who resided I think, in Washington county, at an advanced age; also a Mr. Nelson, of Polk county, another settler, whose name I did not obtain, who had reached nearly 100 years of age.

Jean Jacque Mathoit, a native of France and a resident of Butteville, Marion county, who died May 23, 1876, age 72 years and 1 month.

Walter Montieth, the proprietor of Albany, Oregon, died at that city last Sabbath, June 11, 1876, age 60 years.

These last mentioned deaths most probably do not belong to this report; but it shows how rapidly the pioneers of early Oregon are passing off the stage of action, after a life of toil and danger, and having established a State on the far

off Pacific coast, thousands of miles from the homes of their childhood and made the wilderness blossom like the rose.

AMENDMENTS.

By request of several who are interested, the subject of striking out the words: "*Provided*, That no admission fees or yearly dues be exacted from female members of the Association;" in Article IX, of the Constitution, is brought to your attention, and they argue that they wish to be placed upon an equal footing with male members. I will only say that there are now on the roll ninety female names, which, if they paid one dollar a year, might have some weight on the subject.

MEMBERSHIP.

For the purpose of having uniformity, and to obtain as many members as possible, I printed at my own expense, blanks with the proper headings, as adopted by the Association at its organization, adding the postoffice address, and appointed agents wherever I could ascertain that a person would act and take interest in the same. This action met with the hearty approval of the Board of Directors, and I hope the Association will approve of the same, if you think proper, as it was thought that by this means the names of many could be obtained that could not have been otherwise.

For the purpose of arranging the name alphabetically, I manufactured a book and copied all the members' names into the same.

To keep the accounts, had printed receipts and bound into books with proper stubs, considering it the easiest and most accurate way of keeping the accounts of the members, giving a receipt to a new for membership or dues from old, properly noted on the stub.

FINANCE.

This is a subject that requires careful legislation, and it has been suggested that the dues be raised to that of \$1.50 or \$2.00 as it is quite evident that at the present amount it is not sufficient to meet the necessary current expenses. The idea has been advanced that there be a subscription paper circulated at the town or city where it has been determined to hold the Re-union, but it is a very uncertain way of raising money, especially when the gathering lasts for only two days, and that a social one. If ladies should be allowed to pay an initiation fee and yearly dues as male members, there would most probably be added from \$50 to \$100 per annum. There should be a fund set aside each year, and allowed to accumulate for the purpose of erecting a simple monument to old pioneers who have spent the energies of their lives in the establishment of civil-

ization on this coast, or for the especial need that may come up unprovided for, or purchase of books for a library.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND BIOGRAPHICAL BOOK.

Early in July last I issued the following circular:

OFFICE OF RECORDING SECRETARY,
SALEM, Oregon, July 5, 1875. }

To the Pioneers of Oregon:—The undersigned, Recording Secretary of the Oregon Pioneer Association, proposes to open a "Book of Autobiography," and will record in the same, for the purpose of accumulating all the information possible in regard to the early history of Oregon, and thus rescuing from oblivion all the incidents pertaining to Oregon's history, hardships endured by those who traversed the plains or arrived by water; also, all scraps of history or incidents relating to persons who are now dead or still living, whether in this State or elsewhere; incidents of Indian wars; accounts of trips to California in 1849 and 1850; history of the discovery of gold in California, Southern or Eastern Oregon; in fact everything that will prove interesting, and wish to have the same recorded; no matter how insignificant or trivial you may think the incident is, it contributes to the general history of the State of Oregon.

I suggest the following as a general plan: name in full; date of birth, giving date of month and the year; town, county and State or Province, giving incidents of early life, year of emigration to Oregon, account of the trip and arrival and where first settled, with as complete a list as possible of those who accompanied you, and the names of those died or lost their lives while on the journey. You are also requested to send your photograph, with name distinctly written on the back, and year of arrival, in ink.

It is hoped that *all* will act upon this suggestion, as every person who came to Oregon up to the time of the completion of the railroad across the plains, can furnish something of interest.

In reply to the above circular I have received a few sketches, but not so many as I had hoped, and I will state that the Pioneers of Oregon possess more modesty than Lieutenant General Winfield Scott, who wrote his own autobiography, and insisted that no one could do the subject justice as well as himself. I have conversed with several who thought it advisable to incorporate in the same book the biographies of deceased members. If the above scheme should meet with your approval and endorsement, it would undoubtedly go far toward forwarding the object.

LIBRARY.

As a commencement toward a library of the Association, Hon. Wm. H. Gray

donated two volumes of his "History of Oregon," and the thanks of the Society is due that gentleman for his liberality. This is a subject of considerable importance to the Association, and the sooner a move is made to collect books, journals, manuscripts and newspapers published in Oregon, or refers to the early history of this coast, the easier and the more complete collection can be obtained. In fact many valuable books are now out of print, and it would most probably be next to impossible to obtain them. I am credibly informed that there is but one known copy in existence of Captains Lewis and Clarke's journal of the expedition to Oregon in 1804, and that is in the Congressional Library at Washington City. I received a catalogue of old works for sale in New York City that mention eight works on Oregon or pertaining to this coast, that can be purchased at a reasonable price, considering their scarcity.

I have made an effort to make a collection of books and papers published in Oregon, such as the *Oregon Spectator* and other newspapers; also the Archives and other pamphlets and books, but have met with very indifferent success.

NATIVITY.

The question has been quite frequently asked, "What State has furnished the most Pioneers?" And, as an answer, I have compiled the following from the roll of the Association:

Where from to Oregon—Arkansas, 5; California, 8; Connecticut, 3; Georgia, 1; Illinois, 103; Indiana, 29; Iowa, 48; Kentucky, 6; Michigan, 6; Minnesota, 1; Missouri, 164; New Hampshire, 1; New York, 23; Ohio, 30; Oregon, 8; Pennsylvania, 5; Tennessee, 5; Vermont, 1; Virginia, 3; Wisconsin, 1. *Foreign countries*—England, 3; Russia, 1; Canada, 1; Ireland, 1; Sandwich Islands, 3; Scotland 2; South America, 1; New Zealand, 1; Mexico, 1.

Native State or country—Alabama, 2; Arkansas, 3; Connecticut, 7; Delaware, 1; Georgia, 1; Illinois, 47; Indiana, 31; Iowa, 12; Kentucky, 39; Maine, 5; Maryland, 7; Massachusetts, 15; Michigan, 3; Missouri, 68; New Hampshire, 4; New Jersey, 1; New York, 55; North Carolina, 3; Ohio, 50; Oregon, 13; Pennsylvania, 21; Tennessee, 33; Vermont, 7; Virginia, 29; West Virginia, 5; Wisconsin, 1. *Foreign countries*—England, 22; Australia, 1; Bavaria, 3; Germany, 7; Russia, 1; Canada, 6; Ireland, 8; Cuba, 1; Switzerland, 1; Van Dieman's Land, 1; New Brunswick, 4; Scotland, 3; Prussia, 1; Nova Scotia, 1.

Nearly every civilized nation on earth is represented. Truly a cosmopolitan people; gathered together under one flag and government, and members of one association, each bringing with him the improvements and the energy of his race

as common stock in reclaiming a wilderness and establishing civilization on the far away Pacific coast.

FUTURE PROSPECTS.

The out-look for our future prosperity in usefulness and numbers is very flattering, and the interest that is now being awakened in the affairs of the Association cannot help but forward our prosperity.

CONCLUSION.

In conclusion, I will say that I have performed my duty to the best of my ability, and used all the energy I possessed in forwarding the objects of the Association, I found that there was a great amount of work to do, but hope it has been successfully accomplished; but will say that I have received encouragement and assistance from Hon. John W. Grim, our venerable president, and Willard H. Rees, Esq., the energetic and acceptable Corresponding Secretary.

Hoping that my work will prove satisfactory as submitted to you for inspection, I remain yours, etc.,

J. HENRY BROWN,

Recording Sec'y.

The Treasurer submitted the following report, which was adopted:

TREASURER'S REPORT.

OREGON CITY, June 15, 1876.

To the Officers and Members of the O. P. A.:

GENTLEMEN: I herewith submit my report as Treasurer of the Association for the year last passed:

1874.

RECEIPTS.

From ex-Treasurer, June 16th.....	\$ 79 20
From W. H. Rees.....	114 50
Collected, self.....	45 00
From Mr. Watt.....	2 00
From the ball fund.....	333 50
Subscriptions.....	260 00
Accounted for by Reed & Wright.....	50 00
From Mr. Minto.....	16 00
Dues, R. S. Steen, J. M. Moore.....	2 00
Jan. 1876—Admission fees from A. R. Shipley, D. D. Tompkins, C. O. Boynton, J. P. Blanchard, J. N. Meldrum, Peter	

Paquet, E. L. Eastham, W. C. Johnson, W. H. Pope, Z. S.	
Dotson (dues), J. M. Moore, C. W. Pope, W. J. Whitlock, H.	
Straight, R. L. Warsham, J. Athey, J. M. Bacon (dues), one	
dollar each.....	17 00
	————\$919 25

EXPENDITURES.

June 16, 1876—Paid order No. 1.....	\$ 10 50
Refunded to Rev. E. Walker.....	1 00
Paid bank as per receipts.....	100 00
Coin on bill.....	30 00
Coin on Wright's bill.....	20 00
Order No. 2.....	130 00
Order No. 6.....	288 00
Order No. 6.....	17 00
W. J. Herren, as per receipt.....	170 00
Orders 7 and 10.....	15 00
Order No. 8.....	70 00
Order No. 11.....	50 10
	————\$ 902 50
To balance on hand.....	\$ 16 75

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. BACON, *Treasurer.*

The following officers were elected by acclamation:

President, Hon. John Minto.

Vice President, Hon. E. N. Cooke.

Recording Secretary, J. Henry Brown.

Corresponding Secretary, Willard H. Rees.

Treasurer, John M. Bacon.

Three Directors, Wm. J. Herren, Chris. Taylor and Joseph Watt.

On motion, Daniel Clark was elected Chief Marshal.

On motion, three delegates were elected to represent the Association, at the National Historical Association to convene at

Philadelphia. Rev. Wm. Roberts, R. R. Thompson and A. J. Dufur.

The subject of Membership dues was called up, and after considerable discussion the amount retained as heretofore—\$1.00.

On motion, the Association adjourned.

JOHN W GRIM, *President.*

J. HENRY BROWN, *Recording Secretary.*

MEETING OF BOARD DIRECTORS.

SALEM, April 9, 1877.

The Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met in the parlor of the Chemeketa Hotel. Present, Hon. J. Minto, President; Wm. J. Herren, Joseph Watt and Chris. Taylor, Directors; J. Henry Brown, Secretary; W. H. Rees, Corresponding Secretary; Hons. J. W. Grim, F. X. Mathieu, R. C. Geer, Col. Jennings and others, who participated in the proceedings.

Mr. Rees introduced some Order of Business, which were adopted.

As the Board of Managers of the Oregon State Agricultural Society had granted the use of their grounds, on motion they were selected.

On motion, the the time of closing the next Re-union was fixed at Saturday noon, June 16th, 1877.

Rev. L. H. Judson was chosen as Chaplain.

On motion, Hon. Elwood Evans, of Olympia, W. T., was elected to deliver the Annual Address, and Hon. Wm. Strong, as alternate.

On motion, Gen. Joel Palmer, was chosen to deliver the Occasional Address, in relation to the immigration, and call the roll of 1845, and Hon. Stephen Staats, as alternate.

The following were appointed as Financial Committee: Wm. J. Herren, Jos. Holman and Werner Breyman.

Committee of Arrangements: E. M. Waite, Wm. J. Herren, John W. Minto, Mrs. Mary Minto and Mrs. S. A. Clarke.

Mr. Geer moved that the grand march of the Association be held at 1:30 o'clock, P. M., on the first day of the Re-union.

Mr. Rees introduced the following resolution for action at the evening session:

Resolved, That the Board of Directors present for the consideration of this meeting, a plan for assessment upon its members or otherwise, as to the Board may seem best, which will free the Association of its present indebtedness.

Hon. A. L. Lovejoy was chosen to deliver an address on the immigration of 1842, and Hon. Medorum Crawford, alternate.

On motion, the old committee on Printing was re-elected.

On motion, adjourned until 7:30 o'clock, P. M.

EVENING SESSION.

Board met pursuant to adjournment.

Daniel Clark resigned as Chief Marshal, and on motion, Hon. R. C. Geer was elected to fill the vacancy, and James Elkins, of Linn county, assistant.

Moved and carried, that an admittance fee of fifty cents be charged to all male adults who are not members, and all members who pay their membership dues pass free.

On motion, the ball tickets were placed at \$2.00, without supper.

On motion, the Recording Secretary was authorized to file away 100 copies of each year's Transactions of the Association, in his office, as archives.

On motion, E. M. Waite was authorized to print 1,000 copies of the Transactions of 1876.

Moved and carried that the members of the press be invited by the Secretary to attend the Re-union.

Moved that a resolution of thanks be tendered to the State Agricultural Society for the use of the Fair Grounds.

The President, Vice President, Recording Secretary, Wm. J. Herren and E. M. Waite, were appointed a Committee on Programme.

A resolution was passed requesting the different newspapers of the State to print the proceedings of this meeting.

Moved and carried that Col. J. McCracken, A. P. Ankeny and C. H. Lewis, be appointed a committee to secure a reduction of fare on the different lines of transportation.

On motion, adjourned.

JOHN MINTO, *President*.

J. HENRY BROWN, *Secretary*.

THE ANNUAL ADDRESS.

BY HON. R. P. BOISE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION :

I had hoped that an older Pioneer than I am, our esteemed and honored friend Jesse Applegate, would address us on this our Annual Re-union, for I know he is much better able to do justice to the occasion.

Though we are in what we call a new country, still in the history of our planet it is old. These rocks and hills are old and grey with age.

The history of a country is written first by those natural forces which formed and fashioned the land, and dates back to a period before the mountains were raised up or the plains stretched out to form the face of the landscape.

This history is registered on the rocks on the mountain sides, and in the deposits of the rivers and lakes; in periods, reaching far back before the advent of man on the earth, and in those facts which have been preserved here and there to testify of the passed wonderful works of the Creator.

But the history of the people of a country, is the record of the lives and actions of her men and women.

It is interesting and instructive in proportion as the people were intelligent, virtuous and enterprising. In proportion as their history excites our sympathy by their deprivations and sufferings, or their joys and exultations; and to feel for them and be interested in them, we must be able to penetrate to the feelings and every day excitements and pursuits of their lives.

And as we would desire to preserve our early history in this country, which we have by our enterprise and industry, searched out and settled, and redeemed from the wilderness, fresh in the annals of future years, we must be particular in preserving and recording the incidents and traditions of our early pioneer life.

Those of us who saw Oregon twenty-five years ago, can see the changes which advancing enterprise and civilization have wrought, not only in the physical appearance of the country, but in the habits and every-day thoughts and actions of the people.

If at that day you traveled through this valley, the usual and almost only mode of conveyance was on horseback, on the native Indian horse. If you came to a river you must swim or ford it, except at a few points; where ferries were established by private enterprise. But few fences turned the traveler aside. You could go from point to point straight across the open prairie, then fresh with luxuriant grass and fragrant with flowers.

The settlers then in the country were scattered at considerable distances from each other. They lived in log houses—and on summer evenings sat in their rude chairs on the outside about the door. They were kind to one another and uniformly hospitable to strangers. It was the period of our history which preceded the establishment of hotels, and was unadorned with fashion and the corruptions of stylish living. It was not, however, an unhappy period of our history, for though none were rich, all seemed well to do, and abundance, social equality, peace and good will reigned in the land.

We were then a pastoral people and lived on the range, and the range was indeed good in those days—better, I imagine, and more inviting to the herdsmen than was the plains of Jordon, when it is recorded that separating his herds from those of Abraham, “Lot lifted up his eyes and beheld all the plain of Jordan that it was well watered everywhere,” “and he pitched his tent in it, towards Sodom.”

Cattle were then abundant and constituted the principal staple commercial wealth of the people. Ox teams which had hauled their owners across the plains were then used to do the freighting of the country, and instead of horses served to take the family of the pioneer a visiting, to church, and campmeeting, where natural orators with fervent souls officiated as acceptable and successful ministers of our Holy Religion.

These slow but sure teams made long journies to take our unground wheat to the then distant mills, and were the only means of commercial intercourse, between the interior of the valley and Portland, then a small village anchored in the mud, with the Willamette in front and a gigantic forest in the rear.

Portland then as now, was a place of supply, and contained abundance of sugar and coffee, and some whiskey, which latter was often purchased by the hardy pioneer in moderate quantities, just to keep out the wet in returning home on his slow, long journey, while he slept by his wagon, often covered by a cloudy sky and exposed to the Oregon mist.

When with a number of other Pioneers, I arrived in the Columbia river on the 27th of November, 1850, I found Astoria very much the place I contemplated. For from what I had read of the country, and its early settlements, Astoria was

pictured on my mind as little more than a rude fort, sheltered and shaded by gigantic pines and spruces growing on the jagged edges of rocky precipices.

But the Columbia, or famed Oregon, was more grand than I had conceived. Its mouth opening into the sea five miles in width, stretched across by a row of breakers that looked like an impassable wall between the restless, surging ocean, and the calm waters of the bay, inspired me with awe at the terrific power and grandeur of the winds and the waters.

When we approached the river to enter from the sea, it was a clear day with a strong wind that occasionally dashed the spray over the wheel-house and wet the decks of the steamer California. As we crossed the bar, riding over the long surges of the ocean, that rocked us with no very gentle motion, we could see the grand panorama of the wild Columbia region. It surpassed all I had ever seen in grandeur and sublimity. It looked as though God had thrown together here in wild confusion the huge refuse and rubbish that had been left and cleaned off in the creation of smoother lands.

Wherever you could look, it was the broad river issuing from vast mountains, clothed and crowned with sombre green forests, which looked as though they would never be tenable by men, and were only fit for the habitations of wild beasts and the birds of heaven. Away in the distance were to be seen Mounts Hood and St. Helens, just covered with fresh snows of the late autumn, setting like glittering gems in the dark green of the distant mountain pines.

Those who have never before seen snow capped mountains and hundreds of miles of evergreen forests at a single sight, will never forget the impression made on the mind when approaching the Columbia bar from sea on a clear day.

As we neared the breakers, our Captain said to us, make everything fast and hold on to something solid, or you will be unable to stand. And it was well we heeded his admonition, for the ship rolled in the waters like a floating cork.

Astoria was then almost without hotel accommodations, and we were obliged to sleep on the floor and provide our own blankets and pay a dollar for lodging.

We concluded not to tarry longer than one night at this seaport, even then being a port of entry with custom house, and claiming that it was to be in time the emporium of the future commerce of the Columbia region.

We started up the Columbia for Portland in an open boat, and after a very disagreeable voyage of three days, arrived at St. Helens, then as now, a small village, and claiming to be the most favorable point for the location of the future emporium of trade.

Having become very tired of this river travel where we had been exposed to cold snow and rain, and learning that Rev. Cushing Eels, who was from my

native town in Massachusetts, was living at Forest Grove about twenty-five miles from St. Helens, and that I could reach him by leaving our craft and taking a new road across the mountains to the Tualatin plains, I bid a due to my companions on the river voyage and started on foot for Forest Grove, where I arrived in two days without particular adventure. I found Mr. Eels living in a comfortable log house near where now stands the Pacific University. I knew him, though he did not know me, for I was a boy when he left our native place on his mission to the Indians in Oregon. I had seen him ordained for his holy office, and remember now as though it were yesterday of seeing Dr. Davis and other Divines lay their hands upon his head in the old church at Blandford, and consecrate him to God and the church, and of the singing on that occasion of that grand old missionary hymn:

"Go messenger of peace and love,
To people plunged in shades of night;
Like angels sent from fields above
Be thine to shed celestial light."

He received me as a friend and a brother and gave me much valuable information relative to the country and its prospects. He had lived for many years in the Spokane country in Eastern Oregon, as a missionary among the Indians and had traveled much in both Eastern and Western Oregon and was then well acquainted with the geography of the country and its resources.

And though it has been said of some of the early missionaries, that they thought and said this country was of little value, such was not the opinion of Mr. Eels, who was then earnestly projecting and laboring for the planting and nurturing of religious and educational institutions in the country on a scale that contemplated a populous and wealthy commonwealth of intelligent Americans. He then predicted a grand future for the country and was impressed with the value of both Eastern and Western Oregon.

He was impressed with the opinion that it was impossible to tame into civilization the wild Indians and educate from them the barbarism of their nature.

Though he regarded his mission to the Indians as a practical failure so far as gathering them from barbarism to Christianity, he thought God had guided here the feet of the missionaries as the forerunners of American civilization. That had they not been here in those early days and advised the United States government of the value of the country, it would have passed under the sway of the British crown, and the flag of the Union never floated over it.

And history will record that these holy men were the nucleus around which has been formed and built the State of Oregon. They builded well, for they laid their foundation on that rock which bears up and sustains the superstructure

of the civilization of the last eighteen hundred years. And fortunate indeed is it that such men were here in that early time, men who knew the wants of a christian community. Men who were learned in the sciences and literature as well as in theology; and knew and appreciated the value of labor and industry, and who were willing to and did build with their own hands.

Men who knew how to plant in the virgin soil the seeds of virtue and knowledge and cultivate them, as they germinated and grew into churches, schools and colleges.

They founded the Willamette University at Salem; the Pacific University at Forest Grove, and other institutions of religion and learning throughout the land, which are of more value to the future prosperity and glory of the State, than all the gold of California or the wealth of the Indies.

In December, 1850, the Territorial Legislature was in session at Oregon City, then the Capitol of the Territory; it consisted of nine Councilmen and twenty-five Representatives. There had been one Territorial Legislature before this, but, agitated by the gold excitement of California and anxious to hasten to the gold fields, little was done towards putting the Territorial government in running order. The laws were meagre and uncertain and almost passed finding out.

There was what was called the Steamboat Code, which was in manuscript, and contained a mere reference to various laws of Iowa of 1843; which had been adopted as the laws of Oregon. The printed Statute of Iowa, being adopted without being rewritten or reprinted. These Statutes of Iowa were used for several years and until June, 1853, as the laws of Oregon; and was then and still is known as the Blue Book; not because the laws were blue, but because the book was under a blue cover.

In that Legislature were many men who have since been prominent and contributed much to the political history of Oregon, and done much to form its society and shape its destiny.

Then I first saw Fred Waymire, he was a member of the Council from Polk county. He was afterwards in the Legislature and Constitutional Convention. He was a man of great energy and strong impulse. As a legislator, he was ever opposed to extravagance in public affairs and well earned the name "of bull dog of the treasury" in Oregon. For many years he was prominent in politics and was called the "Old Apostle of Democracy," of this appellation he was always proud. In 1850, he was a young man in appearance, showing in every lineament and feature, the strong, impulsive vehemance of his nature. He was then to outward appearances a man of the world, without much regard to the

teachings and ordinances of religion. But when he wrote (as he sometimes did for the *Statesman*, then the oracle of Democracy,) or spoke in public, his writings and speeches betrayed his strong religious tendencies. In his library were religious works, and among them the writings of Dr. Adam Smith; and he named his residence on the Luckimute, "Hayden Hall," after the name of the residence of that great author. And Uncle Fred, as he was familiarly called, after wandering for a few years from the communion of the Methodist Episcopal Church of which he had been a member in Missouri, returned again to its discipline and observances. Almost the last time I saw him, he was at a camp-meeting on the banks of the La Creole, standing with the Elders within the altar. He had then become old and gray with the lapse of seventy years, and declared with the courage of a veteran who had met with fidelity and patriotism the duties of life, that he was ready to make his exit from life's stage whenever his Master should call him.

And nothing truer or better can be said of this old pioneer than that he was a true friend, a patriotic citizen, an honest man, and a christian gentleman; who, with resignation and an earnest belief in the immortality of the human soul, and hoped that he would live again beyond the grave, died in the bosom of the church he loved, honored and mourned by his brethren.

B. F. Harding was a member of this same Legislature, and a young lawyer from the then little town of Salem, which was then aspiring to be made the Capital of the Territory and finally succeeded in securing its location there before the session closed. Mr. Harding has been from that time on a prominent and leading man in Oregon—having been Secretary of the Territory, and United States Senator. His practical knowledge and strong common sense has rendered him at all times a safe counselor in public and private affairs.

After his return from the United States Senate, in 1866, he did not return to the practice of his profession, but like the statesman and philosopher of the olden time, chose the calmer pursuits of agriculture. He has a fine and extensive tract of land near Fairfield, in this county, where, by his industry and enterprise, he has cleared away the brush and timber and extended fresh fields and pastures into the forest, and made broader and more extensive grain fields. He has changed the former unthrift of an old French ranche, into a beautiful, attractive and profitable estate, where abundant harvests greet the eye and blooded stock graze on the rich pastures. This is the fittest life of a true nobleman. He has no care for others' strifes, nor is vexed by legal quibbles, which strain the nerves and rack the brains of those who live by espousing the quarrels of others, and leading the contentions of the forum. Of all the persons whom I know, he is among the most fortunate in his circumstances and surroundings. He is yet in

the prime of life, and we may hope to meet him at many future re-unions of this Society.

George L. Curry was a clerk of the Legislature of 1850. He was from Clackamas county, and was even then an old settler. He was a jeweler by trade, had then been an editor and published the first newspaper in Oregon, and knew well all the men of the olden time.

He was then as now, a man of energy and enterprise. He has since been Secretary of the Territory, and Governor, and contributed much to the formation of its laws and the development and management of politics. He has of late been much engaged in politics as editor of political newspapers. He is now living in the city of Portland, and is still prominent in public affairs, and has the virtue of physical endurance and the power not to grow old in appearance.

M. P. Deady was also in the Legislature of 1850, as a member of the House from Yamhill county; a county somewhat famous in the annals of the country, as the early home and foster field of many men who have been prominent in Oregon politics. His career and history so far as it is yet accomplished, is so well known and so intimately connected with the formation of the laws and social and educational development of the country, that anything I could say on this occasion would not make him more prominent. He was afterwards a judge of the Supreme Court of the Territory, was President of the convention of delegates who framed the Constitution of Oregon, and was elected one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the State, which position he resigned on being appointed Judge of the U. S. District Court of Oregon—which office he now holds. Judge Deady has contributed more than any other man, towards shaping our statutes and developing our jurisprudence. He is still in the prime of mature manhood, and will as we may all reasonably hope, contribute much more to the legal, historical and literary advancement of the State. His history is yet to be *written*.

In the Legislature of 1850, I first saw Col. Wm. M. King, who was a member of the House from Portland, then a part of Washington county. He was even then advanced to the prime of life, and was a veteran politician, who had done service as a legislator and lobbyist before he came to Oregon, and knew well the various evolutions of Legislative tactics. He was a ready debator and could use with equal earnestness sound argument or sophistry, and could marshal the selfish desires, interests and prejudices of men with consummate skill; and, like most men who aim at carrying a point, he was not over scrupulous as to the means by which it was attained.

He was a firm and faithful friend and a bitter enemy. He had his faults

which caused him much trouble and suffering. But who has not faults. He was generous and kind, and possessed a keen, penetrating mind; and much intelligence, what would have made him a marked and prominent man in community. He died some years ago in the city of Portland, which had grown up under his eye from a small village to be a rich city, and he now rests from his exciting, turbulent labors, in an adorned and beautiful cemetery, where in 1850, the dense solemn towering pines were still singing the requiem of departed ages of solitude.

Dr. Ralph Wilcox was also a member of this Legislature from Washington county. He was then a practicing physician living at Hillsboro. He afterwards quit the practice of his profession, and was appointed Register of the Land Office at Oregon City, then County Judge of Washington county, and then Clerk of the United States Circuit and District Courts for Oregon, which office he now holds. He is possessed of fine clerical ability and is a capable and efficient officer.

H. N. V. Holmes was also in this Legislature as a member of the House from Polk county. He then was and has ever since continued to be, a farmer and trader in stock, and has a picturesque and productive farm at what is known as Holmes' Gap, a place which nature opened as a thoroughfare from the Yamhill to the LaCreole, and through which the West Side railroad is destined to pass. Mr. Holmes is a man of energy and enterprise, and for many years has been prominent in aiding the development of the agriculture of the country. He has also been prominent in politics, and several times a member of the Legislature. He is still living and in business, in the enjoyment of that abundance which has been the result of industry and thrift. He is a true gentleman, of the old Kentucky school, and may we often in the future be allowed to greet him at the reunions of this Society.

There were many other members of the Legislature of 1850 who are no less worthy of mention than those I have named, and who have borne a prominent part in the affairs of the country. As a whole, that Legislature was a body of able and patriotic men, whose favor could not be bought with money; and during all the time we were a Territory I never heard it charged that offices or legislation was procured by bribery. That despicable and criminal practice has been since imported here from our neighboring State, where inferior men have become suddenly rich by accident, and, intoxicated by temporary success, are riding the flood tide of fickle fortune whose ebb will surely land them where their mental and intellectual inferiority will certainly find an equilibrium—in disgrace and infamy. Thank God the time is passed when men can publicly boast that they have purchased public favor with money, and that golden coins can buy high position and an honorable name.

The country as we found it twenty-five years ago was new and its capacities untried. It lay before us an almost unbroken stretch of grass and forests; the level lands were one vast pasture, and the mountain regions one vast forest. We then speculated as to its value; it was then known that these open lands would produce good wheat and all the cereals, fruits and vegetables of the temperate zones, in great variety, abundance and perfection. But our markets were then limited to the mines, and we looked to California for a market for our surplus grain. This soon proved a delusion, for California soon become an exporter of wheat, and we were compelled to look to distant Europe as our market.

The actual value of this country then was but little appreciated, or its resources comprehended. One mining excitement followed another, and steady industry was for a time neglected. And that knowledge of the capacities and resources of the country which actually determines the commercial value of the land, was exceedingly imperfect. Men who settle a new country can not tell what the land will produce until they plant the seed and observe the growth and maturity of the plants. Experience alone can teach us the regularity of the seasons. In California it is said that two years in every seven are dry, and crops fail for want of rain. Our experience of a quarter of a century now teaches us that the former and latter rains have come with each returning season almost as regularly as the sun returns to the summer solstice, and brings with it warm breezes, green landscapes, fragrant flowers, and the sheen of the glad spring time. And these years have proven that the wet and the dry season, and seed time and harvest will not fail in Oregon.

A short time ago, I was at the house of an old friend and pioneer, who to-day honors us with his presence and sympathy. About his mansion I saw growing the silver beal and other exotic shade trees, which already reach the height of fifty feet. His orchards of apples, pears and plums looked as though they had stood doing service for half a century. There I saw one mammoth grape vine that had gone unpruned and allowed to take its way, luxuriant with foliage and bloom, it had clambered over arbor, porch, and on to trees fifty feet from its parent roots, and would do honor to an ancient castle on the Rhine. He told me his grain fields as yet gave no sign of exhaustion, but continued to return the same rich harvests as twenty years ago.

The Willamette Valley, now the center of Oregon in population, was famous twenty-five years ago as the best part of the country; and it has been able to maintain its credit as a good country, and is perhaps the largest continuous extent of good land in Oregon. Its climate, though mild, is not quick in stimulating the growth of vegetation; it is tempered by the cool breezes of the ocean,

and our grain and fruits require a long season to mature, but grow to great perfection. Learned geologists who have fathomed the deep mysteries of the distant periods, tell us that nature, far back in the annals of time, before the ocean beds were finally adjusted, formed the soil of this valley during periods of thousands of years while the waters of the ocean still extended over it, and that these rich prairies were then the bottom of what Prof. Condon calls the ancient Willamette Sound, whose waters stretched from Spencer Butte to beyond where the Columbia now flows, and those green hills over in Polk County were then beautiful islands standing in this grand panorama of waters. Then no ships carrying the trade of nations riffled its placid bosom, or human voice disturbed its vast solitudes. It was then that God was forming these rich lands and preparing the earth for the advent of man.

Twenty-five years ago it was thought by many that Oregon was of too limited an extent in available lands to ever become a prominent State in the Union. And indeed to those who came here from the great valley of the Mississippi, such a suggestion was very natural. There, one vast plain, extending from the Alleghany to the Rocky Mountains, and large enough for an empire, impressed them with its magnitude.

Here is a little valley one hundred and fifty miles long by forty or fifty broad, apparently cut off from any other country. On the west, the lofty wooded hills of the Coast mountains then, as now, offered little inducement to settlement, and seemed destined to lie waste for all time to come. On the east, the Cascade mountains stretched a wall of snow and ice, where fierce winter reigns for eight months in the year, rendering them as impassable during that time as though the arch of heaven rested on their frozen heights. No wonder that men whose vision had been enlarged by the great Father of Waters and the vast countries it drains, should have thought the Willamette Valley but a small part of the great republic. But these contracted views have greatly enlarged in this quarter of a century. Whoever looks on the Columbia river when the floods of spring are on, must know that far inland on its tributaries are vast tracts of available land, for no river on the globe of its magnitude, that reaches the ocean in the temperate zone, where fertilizing rains are sure to come to fructify the land, but drains fertile provinces of vast extent. You may almost measure the agricultural and commercial resources of a country by the waters of its rivers. And now it is well proven that through the whole vast area of the Columbia country are rich tracts of good agricultural land, which only need cheap transportation to bring millions of bushels of wheat annually to the sea.

Twenty-five years ago, we knew that salmon abounded in our rivers, but we did not then know that within the period that has since elapsed, fishing for them

would be one of the prominent industries of the country, yielding millions of dollars annually.

Our early surveyors were aware that the magnetic needle was restless and uncertain whenever set in the hills west of Portland, and predicted that iron ore would be found in that vicinity. It is now known that iron of superior quality is abundant in all the hilly country west of Portland, from the Chehalem valley to St. Helens. These rich mines are already being worked and will eventually develop into a vast business that will make Oregon to the Pacific States what Pennsylvania is to the States on the Atlantic.

Every year is proving to us that in choosing this country as a home, whether it was by chance or otherwise, we were fortunate, and have now and in prospect one of the best portions of the Republic. The ocean, the highway of nations, rolls at our feet and invites our people to enter every legitimate commercial enterprise, and many there are which will bring wealth to our shores. We have abundant timber and iron for ships, and before many years they will be built here as cheap as in England or Maine, ready for an outgoing cargo of wheat. But we are to-day dwelling with the past, rather than the future.

The centennial year of the Republic is come, and more than one quarter of that century we have spent in building up Oregon; we have founded her industries and began her history, and laid the foundations of her future political and educational career. As the foundation is, so the superstructure must be; and to our wisdom are our children in a great degree to be indebted for what they will achieve; so let us build with care and caution, seeing well to the materials we use, and that our corner stones are securely laid and capable of sustaining the grand superstructure which is to rise on the foundation we have laid as pioneers.

Friends and fellow Pioneers, we have long been associated as neighbors and friends; we have together felt the privations and the joys of a pioneer life, for indeed pioneer life is not without its compensations and its joys. Twenty-five years ago every man met his neighbor as a friend and a brother; the distinctions of wealth had not then estranged us, and I trust never will. Then we saw this valley one vast pasture; now it is one vast wheat field, dotted here and there with gardens and orchards. Then everywhere the log house of the settler greeted the eye; now the glitter of bright white houses enliven and adorn the landscape. Then there were no cities or towns of importance; now cities and towns have arisen at convenient distances all over the valley, and the dashing of water wheels and the hum of machinery is grown familiar to us all in places that then were solitudes.

As time glides on and we grow old, let us not forget the olden time. Let the warm sunshine of younger days linger in our memories, when with stout hearts and hands we fenced and plowed up these virgin lands, and planted orchards and vineyards which have utilized and beautified our homes and made them a goodly heritage for our children.

Having many of us passed the meridian of our days, as we step up on the summit of life's stage and look back on the young and ardent throng who with various success are toiling up the path of life, may we be able to say that we have seen life's joys and follies in a manner to add something to our knowledge and wisdom, and that we are wiser and better for having lived in this good country for this quarter of a century; and when the time shall come for us to step forth on the frozen fields which lie in life's decline, and join the great caravan that is traveling to the mysterious realm, and come to the shore of the famed river which divides the life that now is from that which is to come, may we all with the courage and equanimity of the ancient sage, boldly step into old Charon's boat, cheered with the hope of a safe passage to a new and still better land.

THE OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

BY HON. JOHN MINTO.

Members and Friends of the Oregon Pioneer Association:

In my efforts to entertain you on this occasion, I shall omit all allusion to the history of the discovery of that portion of the Northwest coast that for many years was known as Oregon; that portion of the subject having been better set forth to you by those who have preceded me at this and former re-unions, than I could hope to set it before you. It shall be my endeavor to describe to you as well as I may, the motive, the men, the actions and experiences of the immigration of 1844.

You all know the public motive was the occupation and settlement of the country in order to make good the claims of our government to it, as against the claims of Great Britain, whose claims up to near this time may be fairly stated to be second only to those of the United States as an abstract right, and better, so far as such claims could be strengthened by organized power in occupation of the land.

Those interested in the question as to which of the nationalities had the best right, had before 1844 began to discern the fact that without actual occupation and use, the claims of neither party amounted to much, either as against each other, or as beneficial to mankind.

To plant "30,000 rifles in the valley of the Columbia," had been for many years advocated by Senator Benton of Missouri, and a few other American statesmen, as the surest ground of title.

The settlement in Oregon of a few American free trappers and sailors, and by the American missionaries, had shown the leading minds of the Hudson Bay Company the necessity of something more than an organization to collect furs and peltries, in order to secure the British title. Members of that company, as shown you by those who addressed you last year, had organized themselves

into an agricultural company, and a colony of farmers had been brought into the country north of the Columbia, from the Red River of the North. This attempt to colonize proved a failure. The cause of its failure was shortly afterward indicated in an ably written article published in a leading *North British Review* for September, 1844, wherein the writer (evidently well acquainted with his subject) earnestly called the attention of his countrymen to the imperative necessity of prompt organized efforts to colonize Oregon, and thus secure the title to the country. He claimed there was yet time, and only time, for the necessary action, as the Americans were beginning to adopt the only (to him) feasible method of coming from the Atlantic seaboard by ships. The idea prominently put forth in the paper of the impossibility of colonization by overland immigration, indicates the writer was probably a member of the Hudson Bay Company, that being a delusion under which many of that company labored. But of the class of immigrants required from Great Britain to successfully cope with the Americans, the conception was vivid and true, stated in about these words: "What is wanted to occupy Oregon is something more than the ordinary class of emigrants from Britain, men capable of self direction, for be it understood these Yankees (the citizens of the United States settling in Oregon) are different from the ordinary British colonists, who generally move in obedience to a few leading minds. All the Americans use the rifle and the axe, and all of them can calculate."

Being myself at that time but recently an emigrant from North Britain, I trust it will not seem invidious for me to say it was not then, nor do I believe it now possible to get a class of immigrants from there that would be able to cope with those that were, even while the article in question was passing through the press, making their way down the valley of the Columbia, with intent to make their homes and establish civil government around its mouth, thence to spread, as it has since done, north, south and east, until it reaches the frozen regions of the north, the arid plains of the south, and the advancing communities of the Atlantic slope meet and mingle with its returning wave from the Pacific, around the base of the Rocky mountains, and thus the whole habitable domain of the United States filled with law-restrained, orderly, industry and consequent happiness.

This difference between the two classes of colonists is shown in the different circumstances and the results of the attempts of each to colonize on Puget Sound. Under the guidance and fostering care of the Hudson Bay Company, the hardy Scotch and Canadians failed. As they were slowly abandoning the enterprise, a few citizens of the United States, against the almost hostile opposition of the Hudson Bay Company; against the earnest advice and with the express state-

ment of Dr. McLoughlin, the Chief Factor, that they (the company he represented) could give them no aid, not even employment, went there and maintained themselves, and in a few years were holding public meetings and passing resolutions calling on their government to remove the (to them) foreign element out of their way. I may here remark that it is one of the notable features of the immigration of 1844, that it furnished the nucleus of this successful settlement on Puget Sound. To Michael T. Simmons has been ascribed the honor of being the first American settler in that region, and he possessed in a high degree the *natural* qualifications for the enterprise, as previous to his immigration to Oregon he had, by literally spelling his way to the meaning of a work on mechanics succeeded in constructing himself an excellent grist mill by the rule of "cut and fit," on the waters of the *hundred and two* branch of the Missouri. This property he sold in order to make his fit-out for crossing the plains. He was, from an outside view, the leader of the Puget Sound settlement, if it could be said to have a leader. But there was another man in that little band who, I think, if all were known, would out-rank Mr. Simmons in that respect. I mean George W. Bush, a mulatto, who had been a neighbor of Simmons' in Missouri, and was his intimate friend and traveling companion from thence. A man of considerable substance, who used it at that time to help several white families to make their fit-out to come to Oregon along with him. This man Bush had, in addition to his tact for getting and holding property, a strong love of liberty, and long before he got to Oregon I learned from him personally that he would watch with care the indications of public sentiment in the new settlement of Oregon in regard to people of color, and so place himself that he could defend himself and interests against it if it proved unfriendly. That man's interests and determination, in my judgment, was the secret spring to Col. Simmons' determination to place himself outside of the Willamette Valley settlements and on the Puget Sound, so that if necessary Bush could have placed himself under the protection of British and Canadian law. It is creditable to the good sense of the first Oregon legislature that convened after the planting of the Puget Sound colony, that in spite of his color, it recognized the worth of this man Bush by exempting him from the general law against negroes and mulattos coming here. And there is no act of Col. Simmons' life does him more credit than that of asking, as a member of the legislature, that his friend and co-laborer should be so far recognized as to be permitted to live unmolested in the colony he had helped to establish. It is pleasant, now after the whirlwind of passion through which we as a people have passed, that embraced in its sweep the strong prejudice of the white against the colored race, to reflect that when this prejudice was strongest the pioneers of Oregon could rise above it and recognize that the manly qualities of activity, courage, vigilance and discretion were ele-

ments they could not afford to banish; and such, in an eminent degree, were interwoven in the character of Geo. W. Bush.

The general character of the immigration of 1844 did not differ materially from that of the preceding and subsequent years. It was composed for the most part of frontiersmen who kept in advance of the settlements, emanating from the Southern rather than the Eastern States; there were men in it from all the States East and North perhaps, and individuals from nearly all the countries of Western Europe, but the largest number traced their origin to the Scotch covenanters who had settled in Virginia, Georgia and North Carolina, bringing with them traditions of such battle fields as that of King's Mountain. As pioneers of the settlements of Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri, they now detailed these traditions around the camp fire, intermixed with stories of New Orleans and wars with the Indians. The men of these families were of such as Daniel Boone and David Crockett furnish prominent types; men who from choice would rather struggle with and overcome natural obstacles than jostle with men. Their pride, and they had pride, was to be on the western edge of the most advanced wave of frontier settlements. They, in many cases, were the sons of sons of frontiersmen for many generations back, bred and inured to the shifts, privations and dangers of frontier life. In their hands, the limited instrumentalities of the rifle, the axe, and ox goad were vastly more efficient than things of the same name in the hands of the settlers introduced from Rupert's Land, and much more so than any that immigrants fresh from Britain would be likely to yield. The women of these pioneers were such as were fitted to be the wives of such men. Though reared under the same influences and possessing less of acquired accomplishments than their fathers, husbands or brothers, if such could be, they used language and the smaller proprieties of life with more grace and tact. I can now cast my memory back to individuals amongst them like Aunt Sallie Shaw—now gone to her reward—who in times of severe trial showed forth the delicacy of true ladyhood, combined with the courage of brave manhood. There were few of these women who would have been immigrants of their own desire, but they showed a fortitude in enduring the trials and privations their devotion to their families entailed, in the highest degree commendable. Their just fears and anxieties as wives and mothers I feel incapable of describing.

Such, from my point of view, were the qualities of the immigrants of 1844. Self-reliant, determined men; devoted, loyal, bravely enduring women. Of course these noble traits were lodged in various degrees in different individuals, and as every prominent object cast some shadow, that in these men's character most prominent, was an opinion of the Indian race very different from Fenimore

Cooper's ideal. Indeed, as a rule, they were not believers in good Indians, which, considering the position of the two races towards each other upon the frontier, is no matter of wonder. The trait I now note of the immigrant of 1844, was that the fear of danger was not sufficient to conquer his love for personal freedom, to such an extent as to constrain the different companies into one organization for the purpose of their journey. They started from different points under different leaders, and never united, but, on the contrary, divided up still more as they traveled, a single man sometimes separating himself from an entire company, under the settled conviction that they were all too contrary for him to keep company with any longer.

The main companies started from three different points: One party from Independence, one from near the mouth of the Platte river, and one from Capler's Landing, 12 miles above St. Joseph, Missouri. To the last mentioned, I had attached myself. The united company comprised a train of over 80 wagons, and at an attempted military organization, Cornelius Gilliam was chosen General; M. T. Simmons, Colonel; Messrs. R. W. Morrison, Wm. Shaw and Richard Woodcock, Captains. The company of Woodcock separated themselves from the others in a few days—and the rest of the organization was badly demoralized by the shock of our attack upon the buffalo, when we came to them, "Uncle Neal" himself setting the example of losing self control, by throwing himself on the first horse of his own that he could lay his hands on, and rifle in hand, cried over his shoulder, "Tell the boys to camp when there is wood and water;" away he went after the moving mass of fat beef, leading the onslaught of all such as could mount and follow, leaving the "boys," that is such as were in charge of the teams and cattle, in a very unenviable plight, for they all felt a God-given right to be in that first buffalo hunt. The result was, discontent and insubordination of those who were not in the hunt. The next day speeches were made, and rules for hunting prescribed—rules utterly disregarded the next day, and from that time forth such generalship as we had, was exercised by the combined minds of Captains Morrison and Shaw. General Gilliam was a man generous and brave, in the full meaning of those words among western men, but had not, I think, the measure of discretion that would enable him to control all the elements of his company, and it is doubtful if any other man had. The men who traveled with him yielded only to circumstances, and it required strong circumstances to control them. Mr. Gilliam had served one term in the Legislature of Missouri, and as a captain of volunteers in the Seminole war, had made a good record; Captain Shaw was also in the Florida war, and had been a soldier of 1812, under Jackson. Both of them and Captain Morrison placed themselves under the orders of Gov. Abernethy during the war arising out of the Whitman massacre. The two former were actively engaged

in the field, whence returning, Gilliam lost his life by the accidental discharge of a gun. Captain Morrison was placed in command of Fort Wascopum, at the Dalles, then as now, deemed the most important military point of the interior Columbia valley.

Col. Nathaniel Ford, chosen Captain of the company that started from Independence, was a man of consideration and influence after his arrival here, and served one term in the Legislature. Major Thorp led the company which gathered near the mouth of the Platte, and came up the north side of that stream.

Owing to the fact of the various companies starting from these different points and keeping separate, the difficulty of making up a perfect roll of the names is enhanced. The one I am about to call has been formed by Joseph Watt, assisted by your Secretary, Willard H. Rees, and Wm. M. Case. This roll as so furnished, contains the following names :

THE ROLL OF 1844.

Alanson Hinman,
 *Geo. Waunch,
 Jackson Shelton,
 Wm. Sebring,
 Wm. Morgan,
 Sebrin Thornton,
 *Theophilus McGruder,
 Ed. McGruder,
 — Blakely,
 — Dougherty,
 I. N. Gilbert,
 David Crawford,
 Daniel Clark,
 John Minto,
 T. S. Hedges,
 — Springer,
 — Williams,
 Jacob Hutton,
 Harrison Wright,
 Richard Woodcock,
 *John Fleming,
 Joshua McDaniel,

Elisha McDaniel,
 Fleming Hill,
 Geo. Neal,
 Attey Neal,
 Calvin Neal,
 Robert Neal,
 Alex Neal,
 Peter Neal,
 Geo. Nelson,
 Cyrus Nelson,
 *Joel Perkins, Sen.,
 John Perkins,
 James Johnson,
 Daniel Johnson,
 Joel Perkins, Jr.,
 *Nehemiah Martin,
 *Nathaniel Ford,
 C. Emery,
 *David Goff,
 Samuel McSwain,
 *J. C. Hawley,
 *Mark Ford,

Samuel Goff,
 Marion Goff,
 — Clemens,
 *Mrs. McDaniel,
 — McMahan,
 *— Alderman,
 *Geo. W. Bush,
 *David Kindred,
 Bart. Kindred,
 *John Kindred,
 *James McAllister,
 R. W. Morrison,
 James Welsh,
 Jacob Hoover,
 Michael Moor,
 J. S. Smith,
 Charles Smith,
 *David Parker,
 *John Jackson,
 *Peter Smith,
 *James Cave,
 O. S. Thomas,

*Deceased.

THE ROLL OF 1844.—Continued.

J. Roland,	Abe Inyard,	James Davenport,
*Henry Saffron,	Peter Inyard,	Joshua "Sheep" Shaw,
*Barton Lee,	John Lousenaut,	A. R. C. Shaw,
— Priest,	E. E. Parrish,	Wash. Shaw,
T. Holt,	Gabriel Parrish,	Thomas Shaw,
*James Marshall,	James Stewart,	B. F. Shaw,
*Big Sis,	C. Everman,	Capt. William Shaw,
James Harper,	*Noyes Smith,	David Jenkins,
James Fruit,	W. H. Goodwin,	Charles Buich,
"Doc" Fruit,	Westly Mulky,	Martin Gillahan,
*Thomas Boggs,	John Eades,	Wm. Gillahan,
Mountain Robinson,	William Gilliam,	*Capt. C. Bennett,
*Fatty Robinson,	Porter Gilliam,	James Stephens,
Ben Robinson,	— Gillespie,	Parton Rice,
Joel Crisman,	Abr. Eades,	Mac Rice,
Gabriel Crisman,	Henry Eades,	Wm. Jenkins,
Wm. Crisman,	Clark Eades,	Charles Lewis,
*Lafe Moreland,	*Solomon Eades,	Henry Jenkins,
*Ruel Owless,	Elijah Bunton,	Robert Eddy,
Wm. Smith,	Joseph Bunton,	Texas Smith,
*Joseph Parrot,	Wm. Bunton,	James Hunt,
David Grant,	Jos. Holman,	Henry Willamson,
John Nichols,	Patrick Conner,	Willard H. Rees,
Frank Nichols,	Henry Owens,	Joseph Watt,
*Benjamin Nichols,	James Owens,	*James Johnson,
Mitchell Gilliam,	John Owens,	Old Man Rice,
Neil Gilliam,	Wm. Saunders,	* — Sager, died on the
Smith Gilliam,	S. Packwood,	way, at Green river.
Wm. Gage,	T. Packwood,	— Warmbough,
Jesse Gage,	*James Walker, Sen.,	Norris Humphrey,
*Wm. Bowman, Sen.,	James Walker, Jr.,	Charles Saxton,
Wm. Bowman, Jr.,	Robert Walker,	Mortimer Thorp,
Ira Bowman,	*Samuel B. Crockett,	Milton Thorp,
John Thorp,	*R. K. Payne,	Benjamin Tucker,
Alvin Thorp,	Luke Mulkey,	David Johnson,
Theodore Thorp,	Cooper Y. Trues,	Wm. M. Case,
Wm. Johnson,	— Murray,	Daniel Kinmey,
*Aaron Chamberlain,	— Mudgett,	Thomas Vance, died on
*Moses Edes,	*James Gavish,	the Platte.
*John Inyard,	John Gavish,	Jacob Hammer,

*Deceased.

THE ROLL OF 1844.—*Concluded.*

Wm. Clemens,	Chas. Gilmore,	Scott, } Colored men
Francis Bordran,	Poe Williams,	Robbin } with Col. Ford,
Joseph Bartrough,	Thos. Werner,	Mrs. W. M. Case fur-
Herman Higgins,	Edward Dupuis,	nished the following list
Wm. Higgins,	Eaben Pettie,	of ladies who came in
Wm. Bray,	Amab Pettie,	Major Thorp's Co.:
Wm. Prater,	Peter Bonnin.	Mrs. D. Johnson,
Theodore Prater,	The following turned	Mrs. Joshua Shaw,
John Owens,	off and went to Califor-	Mrs. Jacob Hammer,
— Ramsey,	nia :	Mrs. Herman Higgins,
Vincent Snelling,	— Jackson,	Mrs. Vincent Snelling,
Benjamin Snelling,	— Stephens,	Mrs. Wm. M. Case,
Long Tucker,	Murphy and four sons,	Mrs. Benjamin Tucker,
Daniel Durbin,	Martin and John,	Miss Amanda Thorp,
Jenny Fuller,	Dennis Martin,	Miss Eliza Snelling,
— Ramsdell,	John Sullivan & brother,	Eliza, a mulato girl,
Dennis Clark,	Dr. Townsend,	Aunt Hannah, a negress,
Geo. Hibler,	James Montgomery,	Horace Holden and May
Lewis Crawford,	John Greenwood,	his wife, arrived in
Nathan Bayard,	— Greenwood,	April of this year from
John Ellick,	Britain Greenwood,	the Sandwich Islands.
Adam Brown,		

The total number of young and old is supposed to be about 800 persons of both sexes.

Of heads of families and youth able to bear arms, the number was 235, of which two died on the way and 17 turned off and went to California, leaving 216, who arrived in Oregon. Of this number I can now think of nine who were subsequently called to serve the State as legislators: They were Capt. Wm. Shaw (twice), R. W. Morrison, Willard H. Rees, Nathaniel Ford, M. T. Simmons, (B. F. Shaw in W. T. Legislature), Cyrus Nelson, John Minto, and J. S. Smith as M. C. All these, unless Col. Ford be excepted, were what is termed "self made men," men but little indebted to schools for their acquirements. In fact, that is characteristic of most pioneers—so that when we observe so large a proportion of them still standing in the front ranks of those who influence public affairs and business, while men of trained faculties have become so numerous, we find reason for the belief that first men will be first men, and pioneers are God-made.

These are the immigrants of 1844, who, together with those who preceded or came after them within a few years, attained their public object, and secured

to the people of the United States the vast domain then known as Oregon. They were all pioneers in a general sense. I trust it will not be considered invidious to mention a few who were pioneers in a particular sense: As Simmons and Bush, the first colonists on Puget Sound, and pioneers there in the lumber trade; John Fleming, the printer of the first newspaper published in Oregon; James Marshall, the first discoverer of gold in California—which discovery soon reached Oregon; Joshua Shaw, who brought the first sheep across the plains; Joseph Watt, who beame the pioneer in the improvement of sheep for wool growing purposes in a few years subsequent, and was the originator of the project for building the first woolen factory on this coast, and was the first to send a cargo of wheat around Cape Horn.

To do these things, they crossed an unsettled country covering 28 degrees of longitude, every part of the way liable to attacks from savage foes; the whole route of meandering travel of 2,000 miles, opposed by every natural obstacle nature places in the way of man, three thousand three hundred (3,300) miles from their seat of government, with the administration of that government rather opposed to their object than otherwise, leaving behind them a fruitful soil, the ownership of which was easily attained, and homes in which, as Col. Nesmith, at your last reunion, very truthfully said: "No monarchical or arbitrary government oppressed them; no religious zealots persecuted them. They fled from no such evils as brought either the pilgrims or cavaliers to the new world; nor was their avarice tempted by the inducements which sent Cortez and his companions to Mexico, or Pizarro to Peru—for the existence of precious metals in this region was then unknown." They, as their own priests and their own kings, moved in the freedom of American citizenship—after calculating the journey, they came conquering and to conquer

Your other eminent speaker of last year (Judge Deady) said the parallel to this journey is the famous retreat of the ten thousand; but the cases were not similar. The ten thousand Greek soldiers were as well disciplined as they were brave, and the retreat is handed down to us as an illustration of that discipline rather than the bravery of the Greeks. As a feat of war, the retreat of Xenophon was out-done by the march through Mexico of Doniphan, at the head of a body of Missouri volunteers, com-patriots of the men who performed this journey to Oregon, some of whom made the journey afterwards, and are here to day as Oregon pioneers; Col. John F. Miller, of Salem, and Andrew Carter, of Coos Bay, were of the number.

The journey of the Israelites from Egypt to Canaan, offers a closer parallel, they being encumbered with their families; but there the distance traveled was hundreds of miles where this was thousands, and they moved in a body of near

3,000,000 as compact as such a multitude could move, guarded in front, flanks, and rear by an organized army of over 600,000 men, taking 40 years to move over one-tenth the distance of your journey. The nearest parallel that I can find is in the movement of the people during the period of the great emigration from the north to the south of Europe, when the various German tribes were all moving in one general direction, tribe pressing tribe, in search of *land whereon to feed their increasing numbers*, with such violence that the two comparatively weak tribes of Angles and Saxons confederated, that by uniting their strength they might maintain themselves in their chosen locality in central Germany. whence part of them migrated to Britain 600 years later, gave part of the country one of their tribal names of Angle-land (England), whence part of the same people migrated to the east side of the American continent in the beginning of the 17th century, and their descendants are now here celebrating their occupation of the west side of the continent between the years 1840 and 1853.

If we may credit the German historian, Kohlraus, who claims to follow Tacitus, the manner of the travel of these emigrants of 2000 years ago must have been similar to that we adopted—in wagons drawn by oxen so leisurely that these women wove their clothing as they went, much as we have seen women knitting as they crossed the plains. The men placed themselves under military captains of their own election, and their civil judges distinct from their military leaders, were chosen in the same way—that also was our method. A description of one these German emigrants at the time the Cimbri threatened Rome is given. “A stoutly built man with fair hair and florid face, dressed uncouthly, armed with a rude strong sword or lance and shield, so reckless of danger that he would place his shield under him, slide down the declivities of the Apenines, and at the foot rise to his feet ready for battle with the Romans.” With a little change, and allowing for hyperbole, the description might apply to an immigrant of 1844, given the rifle instead of the sword, and having no shield, he did not slide down the declivities of the Cascades upon one, but he shot down the lower Cascade rapids in a canoe. Arrived at Fort Vancouver, where he saw the first ship he remembered to have seen. He went on board and examined the strange construction, and without thinking he might be intruding, he soon found himself face to face with the Captain in his cabin, who being busy with his log or his ship’s accounts, looked up in surprise at the intruder, and addressed him in words to this effect: “Young man, who are you and what do you want here?” The man answered, “Sir, I am an immigrant just come down the river. I do not wish to intrude, but I wanted to see the ship, as I never saw one before to recollect.” The Captain examined his strange visitor a few moments in silence, and said: “Where

do you come from, and why do you come here?" He was answered, "*We've come from Missouri across the Rocky Mountains—we've come to settle in Oregon and rule this country.*" The Captain took another silent stare at the man, and then replied: "Well, young man, I have sailed into every quarter of this globe, and seen most of the people on it, but a more uncouth, at the same time a bolder set of men than you Americans, I never saw before." This conversation I received a few days after it occurred, from my traveling comrade. We had parted at the Dalles, he to come down the river in company with Gen. McCarver, I to bring our horses across the mountains via the Indian trail on the north side of Mt. Hood, and to meet him at McCarver's farm, where we did meet Oct. 20th. Recanting to each other the incidents of our several trips, he repeated to me his interview with the ship Captain. I do not think he himself fully appreciated the words he used at the time, and they only struck me as a very brief statement of the object of our journey, but I have often reflected upon them since.

As he stood in that ship's cabin and answered the curt question of conscious power, in words that might have well become a soldier of Sparta or of Rome, asserting the sovereignty of American citizenship over the soil he had as yet scarcely touched—he showed himself a soldier, not of the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks, but of the advance of the 30,000 free Americans following in his foot-steps, now fast swelling to 300,000, *soon to be 3,000,000, and before the next centennial year to number 30,000,000* of people who will inhabit the land redeemed from the wilderness by the pioneers of Oregon, of whom he was—is yet—a representative man.

And as I in fancy contemplate him standing there in the simple dignity of American citizenship, I think I see more than national interests around and behind him. The interests of the homeless and landless of the race, as opposed to and by the interests of the Hudson Bay Company, which would have continued this delightful country a breeding ground for the beaver and the otter. For, in the footsteps of the American citizen, follow tens of thousands from the various nations of Western Europe, seeking lands and homes for themselves and offspring, not by making war upon each other in tribal strife, as in the past, but working together in the patient labors of fellow-citizenship that tends to establish "peace upon earth and good will to men"—hastening the day when "Man to man, the world ow'r, shall brothers be, and a' that."

And now, Brother and Sister Pioneers, after our exertions have been crowned with such glorious results, can we not afford to let the remark of the worthy British Captain upon our "uncouth" appearance pass for all it was worth? For,

"What though on homely fare we" dined
Wore "hoddin grey and a' that,
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that."

Yes! "For a' that and a' that,
And twice as muckle as a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the man for a' that."

The spring of 1844 might well be called a wet season, for during the first two months after leaving the Missouri river there were only eight days on which it did not rain. Of course the margins of all the streams were marshy, and sometimes our wagons cut through the sod and sank to the axle on the highest land we could find. Nearly every stream larger than a brook we had either to bridge or swim and ferry until we reached the Platte. To ferry the wagons over, two large trees were cut and hollowed out with axes in the shape of rude canoes, and secured together the right distance apart, the wagon was run into the canoes so that different sides of the wagon occupied separate canoes; this was found to be a more expeditious mode than to depend on tight wagon beds as boats. While the wagons, chattels and families, were crossed in this manner, the teams and loose stock were made to swim; generally by selecting a point on the bank we were leaving that projected towards the one we desired to attain. A few of the most experienced oxen were then forced in, and then a young man jumped in with each one of the first five or six oxen to guide them to the best part of the bank to get out at, the landing being the important matter. The man usually placed himself on the lower side of the animal and placed his right hand on the neck or withers, and swam with his left, unless it happened (which was rare) that the brute inclined to go too much up stream. This portion of the labor fell to the "boys," all the unmarried men being in that rank. I was one of them at that time, and I can tell my young friends here it was rare good fun, not always free from danger, which with boys gives a zest to fun. If we consider that in all probability the danger of the enterprise of crossing the plains at that day formed a strong, though perhaps an undefined reason why many of the heads of families were engaged in the journey, it will not be wondered at that their sons loved the excitement of a little danger. I once was placed near two young men during exercises one Sunday, when the late Rev. E. E. Parrish prayed God "to remove the wild beasts and savage men from our pathway;" one of the boys whispered to his comrade, he "hoped God would not hear all that prayer," for he was "bound to kill a buffalo, and he would like to see a grizzly bear."

These religious exercises were had on a day when, after many wet days, we stopped so that the clothing could be placed in the sun to dry. We were yet not over 60 miles from the Missouri river, and from this point one man went back discouraged with the rate of our journey. Yet after he left we were detained 16 days on the east bank of Vermillion creek, on 14 of which, the rain came down so that on the 3d day we were forced to move the camp to the foothills, the bottom lands being all overflowed. With such stoppages it was the 4th of July, and we were yet on the west fork of Blue river some days' journey east of the Platte. The day was a bright one, and consequently another *drying day* for the women. The men spending it in hunting, doing any little necessary job of rearranging things, or chatting around the camp fires about Oregon. In a conversation on that subject, I happened to express the opinion that there would be no money, and we would have no use for money, when we got there, Oregon having, as I thought, no commerce with the rest of the world. Mike Simmons and Gabriel Jones both protested against that view. Uncle Gabriel said: "No money there? why man alive, John! money grows out there!" And Mike added with a smile of superior intelligence: "Yes, and feather beds grow upon the bushes." I doubt whether Mr. Jones could spell his own name, but his faith in Oregon wealth seems almost intuition when we reflect that one of our traveling companions—James Marshall—should, a short time afterwards, find the shining metal in Sutter's mill race, "like pebbles in the brook," for plenteousness, causing further search and discovery, which proved Jones' faith, preceded a development of mineral and other natural wealth that has influenced business and social life over a large portion of the civilized world.

From this west fork of Blue river, the trains proceeded without hindrance of water-courses or rain until they reached the Dalles of the Columbia, where the wagons were left, and an attempt was made to drive the cattle across the mountains to the Willamette Valley via a trail passing north of Mount Hood. If any succeeded, I am not informed of it. The attempt was made by Capt. Morrison in behalf of his own and Capt. Shaw's trains; but the rain had set in on the 18th of October, and came down so constantly and copiously that by the 3d of November, the Willamette river was higher than it has been since except in the winter of 1861-'62. These rains in the valleys represented snowstorms whirling around the base of Mount Hood, and great suffering was endured both by the poor, toil worn cattle and their drivers; some of the stock perished, some had to be killed to save the party from perishing, but most of them were got back to the Dalles, where they were kept until spring and driven down the Columbia river valley trail, crossing to the north side by swimming a little below the mouth of Hood river and back to the south bank below the mouth of Sandy. The families and wagons were brought down the Columbia

by boats loaned by the Hudson Bay Company, by their then chief factor, Dr. John McLoughlin. Daniel Clark, S. B. Crocket and myself, had left our trains at Fort Howard and made our way down the valley of the Columbia, and while working for a little means to return with, applied to Dr. McLoughlin for the use of a batteau of the H. B. Co.'s with which to go up and assist our friends down the river. This we received from the good man. He also caused our orders we had on the Company for the little supplies our earnings in the settlement would command, to be respected, more for the sake of the object of our enterprise than from any obligation to fill them. Indeed, he set aside their rules of trade to do so, and I noticed a difference between his manner and that of Mr. James Douglass, in their intercourse with us. Mr. Douglass was an urbane, civil and gentlemanly man in his dealings with us; but honest to himself and his sovereign—he could not disguise his chagrin at each addition to the number of American settlers, and if ever man, by loyalty to his sovereign's interests, earned honors, James Douglass deserved his knighthood. But John McLoughlin “held the patent for his honors immediately from Almighty God.” He filled our orders—wished us success in our enterprise, and said of his own volition, that a messenger would leave that evening with the last dispatches to a vessel about to sail out of the Columbia river, which afforded us, if we would like to take it, an opportunity to write to our friends in the East, we might not get again for six months. We thanked him, but said we could not, for we had no writing material with us. He immediately ordered us furnished with everything necessary. After writing, we proceeded up the river and found the families in scattered bands making their way down as best they could—some in canoes, some on rafts, and most by batteau, suffering wet, cold and hunger, to an extent pitiable to see. I found the mother of the family with whom I had left Missouri at the Cascade falls. She had traded the best dress she had the evening before to an Indian for about a peck of potatoes; these were now eaten by her family and famishing neighbors. Her husband, Capt. R. W. Morrison, was in the Cascades with the snow bound cattle, so near famished that some who were in the same situation had eaten their only dog. My portion of our purchase at Vancouver was immediately handed over to Mrs. Morrison's care, and it soon was in use, making glad the faces of other families besides her own. It being deemed best, we took our boat above the Cascades and plied it till the last of our immigration that desired to come, were down.

I cannot well leave this part of my subject without an attempt to describe an incident to which I feel myself altogether unable to do justice to, yet in casting my memory back to scenes of danger, both by field and flood, I select this one as best worthy of introduction here. Most of you have heard of Cape Horn on the Columbia river, and many of you passed it. In the

last boat load I have mentioned, a batteau capable of carrying three tons; the crew, instead of the six Canadian voyagers the H. B. Co. usually had to man her, was Samuel B. Crocket, Daniel Clark and myself—Mr. Clark at the helm. There were the running gears of a number of wagons in the boat, and on top of these about 16 persons. We were just entering the gorge of Cape Horn at the east end and close to the Oregon shore, when we saw a storm of wind and cloud coming into it from the west. The wind was so strong that it literally lifted the water from the river and took it upward as spray, and still upward as dense fog cloud. In front of this mass of fog and spray, five or six bald eagles circled, whirled and dove seemingly in fierce delight—now high in the air, even above the cloud, and anon swift as an arrow down to the white surface of the river. I had read of the swiftness of the eagle's flight, but never saw before, and never have since, such proofs of it. With that and the sight of the approaching storm, I was fascinated so as to temporarily forget the swift approaching danger, but that soon became the engrossing subject. There were but three of us to man the top-heavy, three-ton batteau; we having left the two Indians who had assisted us, while we plied between the Cascade falls and the Dalles, at their homes at that place. Mr. Crocket proposed we land as soon as possible on a little sand spot on the south side, which we were then very near; to this Clark, who had the steering oar, and consequently, control of the boat, objected, he being determined the boat should go to the north side of the river; over this the three of us wrangled and might have got to blows if we had had either time or room to move, but we had not, for our top-heavy load of people left no space for by-play, and the storm was so near by this time that the preceding swell began to rock the boat. She had to have motion or she would surely go down before the onset of the storm. We bent to our oars with all our strength, just in time to avoid that result, though she shipped considerable water. We were now enveloped in the spray, it shutting us from the sight of some Indians in a canoe that were preceding us and hugging the (now) Oregon shore. These went on their way and carried the news to our friends, who were camped at Linton, a canvas town on the west bank of the Willamette six miles below where Portland now is, that we were all certainly drowned as they had seen us go down in the "skookum chuck" (strong water), and so no doubt it appeared to them. But the first shock of the storm proved the worst, and we managed to reach the north bank of the river and landed, where if we should be weather bound by water we could proceed to Vancouver by the trail.

This incident furnished a strong proof of the courage and self-control of the pioneer matron. There was with us a Mrs. McAllister, with a family of five small children. This lady sat perfectly mute during the fearful onset of the

storm—she said no word to indicate that she felt apprehension during the time we plowed through the troubled waters the strong wind raised around us; but as she placed her children safely on the land, she turned her face blanched with the intensity of her emotion, to Clark, and said, “Dan. Clark, I have been your good friend (he had come a portion of the way as a member of her family), but you have just jeopardized the lives of my children without reason, and I can never feel friendly to you again.”

We struck camp and started a fire from the damp drift and dead wood within reach, cooked and ate supper, lay down with the lowering dark sky for a curtain, and waked up next morning with a cover of soft, damp snow upon our blankets. Up and out amongst it, some of us bare-footed, got together enough dead wood to cook a hasty breakfast similar to our supper, and pushed off our boat. This was the 29th of December, and on the 31st we arrived at the camps at Linton.

We had left the Missouri river the last of April, and the Agency of the Iowa Indians on the 15th of May. Some of the families were eight months living in tents before, and endured the latter rains of an exceedingly wet summer in the Missouri valley and the early rains of an Oregon winter, yet the general health of the people was good.



Memorials.



JOSEPH C. AVERY.

BORN 1817. DIED 1876.

JOSEPH COX.

BORN 1811. DIED 1876.

GEO. ABERNETHY.

BORN 1807. DIED 1877.

Finis coronat opus.

THE OCCASIONAL POEM.

BY E. EBERHARD.

The following poem was read by the author at the conclusion of the Annual Address, by Hon. R. P. Boise, and was well received. Mr. Eberhard is a young man of acknowledged poetical genius:

PROLOGUE.

We stand on the verge of a century's grave,
And gaze at the temple of fame;
A monument grand, 'tis the gift of the brave—
Erected in Liberty's name.

We stand in amazement, and call back the train
Of years that have glided away;
When clouds of oppression o'er-spread the domain,
And hope, had nigh vanished away.

We see in the front, the proud Briton invade—
The savage beseiging the rear,
The cities and hamlets in ruins are laid,
The screams of the fleeing we hear.

The dark wreaths of smoke slowly curling on high,
Are drifting—fast drifting away—
The bright sun of *Justice* now shines in the sky,
And Liberty glows in its ray.

The column oppression had reared to decay,
Has fallen a century ago;
And over its ruins, environed to-day,
The flowers of harmony grow.

'Tis morn in the land, and the nations of earth
Are grasping Columbia's hand,
And rejoice on the day of America's birth,
That took 'mong the nations, her stand.

OREGON.

Why should I sing of foreign lands
Beyond the bitter moon-mad brine?
While richer theme by far, commands
This happy, fertile shore of mine.

What tho' they boast of Pyramids
By slaves erected, vast, sublime,
Huge, gaudy structures, that have hid
'Neath wonder's garb, vast seas of crime.

Of a Collesium, crumbling fast
Before time's great erosive shrine;
A relic of bright ages past,
Of vanished glory but a sign.

What, tho' they boast of long ago,
Of men of valor and renown;
How Sparta met her haughty foe
And slew a myriad Persians down.

Or great deeds heroes have done
On other bloody ghastly fields;
And of their thousand victories won
While others were compelled to yield.

Of heritage we boast more grand;
Of happy homes, of freedom's tree,
Of peace and plenty—fertile land,
A people generous, brave and free.

We boast of land by blood unstained,
We boast of liberty and peace,
For dearer boons than e'er were gained
By Egypt, Rome or sunny Greece.

Of wide-spread fertile harvest fields,
Where wave the bounteous grains of gold,
Which to INDUSTRY's hand will yield
A rich reward, "an hundred fold."

We boast of Pioneers who crossed
The rugged mountain—sultry plain;
And on this bright Pacific coast
To Freedom gave a new domain.

While others strove in distant lands
Thro' blood, to gain an envied crown;
Our soldiers marched with ax in hand
And hewed the giant forests down.

With trusty plow and honest spade,
They turned the grassy, stubborn sod;
That had for ages dormant laid,
By naught but beast and savage trod.

With hearts united, quickly tore
Away that rayless ebon cloud,
That veiled so long this western shore,
Of which to-day, thank God, we're proud.

The praises of the sunny South
Let others tune their harps and sing;
New England's praise with open mouth
Let others shout, till woodlands ring.

Of Oregon, we'll sing the praise,
Columbia's bright hesperian star;
Kissed by the sun's last lingering rays,
We'll sound her praises, near and far.

We'll sing of rivers deep and wide,
Of snow-capped mountains—grassy plains,
Of scenes romantic, not out vied
By any State in Union's chain.

O Oregon! my State—my Land!
Long hast thy lyre laid unstrung;
But thanks to God, thou'lt henceforth stand
Columbia's brightest stars among.

A hundred nation's here go forth
To sow and gather in the grain,
From out the North—from out the South,
All scattered over hill and plain.

Thy loyalty, we proudly claim
By any State is not surpassed;
Contention, never soiled her fame
Or blew here e're her deadly blast.

Thy soil by slaves was never trod—
Here "Blue Laws" never found a home;
Here royal feet ne'er stained the sod,
Here treason never dared to come.

When war's dark clouds began to rain
On sunny South their sanguine flood,
The tempest came not here, to stain
Thy soil with fratricidal blood.

Then roll thou broad Willamette on,
Gaze on Mt. Hood, serenely, long;
March on thy lovely Oregon,
And I'll record thy deeds in song.

A DAY WITH THE COW COLUMN IN 1843.

BY HON. JESSE APPLGATE.

The Hon. Jesse Applegate, a pioneer in the immigration of 1843, and ever since a distinguished citizen of Oregon, not being able to be present as was expected, Judge Deady read for him the following article, entitled "A Day with the Cow Column in 1843," as his contribution to the proceedings of the day and the preservation of the memory of the trials and incidents of the journey across the plains to Oregon:

The migration of a large body of men, women and children across the Continent to Oregon was, in the year 1843, strictly an experiment not only in respect to the numbers, but to the outfit of the migrating party.

Before that date, two or three missionaries had performed the journey on horseback, driving a few cows with them. Three or four wagons drawn by oxen had reached Fort Hall, on Snake river, but it was the honest opinion of the most of those who had traveled the route down Snake river, that no large number of cattle could be subsisted on its scanty pasturage, or wagons taken over a route so rugged and mountainous.

The emigrants were also assured that the Sioux would be much opposed to the passage of so large a body through their country, and would probably resist it on account of the emigrants destroying and frightening away the buffaloes, which were then diminishing in numbers.

The migrating body numbered over one thousand souls, with about one hundred and twenty wagons, drawn by six ox teams, averaging about six yokes to the team, and several thousand loose horses and cattle.

The emigrants first organized and attempted to travel in one body, but it was soon found that no progress could be made with a body so cumbrous, and as

yet so averse to all discipline. And at the crossing of the "Big Blue," it divided into two columns, which traveled in supporting distance of each other as far as Independence Rock, on the Sweet Water.

From this point, all danger from Indians being over, the emigrants separated into small parties better suited to the narrow mountain paths and small pastures in their front.

Before the division on the Blue river, there was some just cause for discontent in respect to loose cattle. Some of the emigrants had only their teams, while others had large herds in addition which must share the pastures and be guarded and driven by the whole body.

This discontent had its effect in the division on the Blue, those not encumbered with or having but few loose cattle attached themselves to the light column, those having more than four or five cows had of necessity to join the heavy or cow column. Hence the cow column, being much larger than the other and encumbered with its large herds, had to use greater exertion and observe a more rigid discipline to keep pace with the more agile consort.

It is with the cow or more clumsy column that I propose to journey with the reader for a single day.

It is four o'clock, A. M.; the sentinels on duty have discharged their rifles—the signal that the hours of sleep are over; and every wagon and tent is pouring forth its night tenants, and slow-kindling smokes begin largely to rise and float away on the morning air. Sixty men start from the corral, spreading as they make through the vast herd of cattle and horses that form a semi-circle around the encampment, the most distant perhaps two miles away.

The herders pass to the extreme verge and carefully examine for trails beyond, to see that none of the animals have strayed or been stolen during the night. This morning no trails lead beyond the outside animals in sight, and by five o'clock the herders begin to contract the great moving circle, and the well-trained animals move slowly towards camp, clipping here and there a thistle or tempting bunch of grass on the way. In about an hour, five thousand animals are close up to the encampment, and the teamsters are busy selecting their teams and driving them inside the "corral" to be yoked. The corral is a circle one hundred yards deep, formed with wagons connected strongly with each other; the wagon in the rear being connected with the wagon in front by its tongue and ox chains. It is a strong barrier that the most vicious ox cannot break, and in case of an attack of the Sioux would be no contemptible entrenchment.

From six to seven o'clock is a busy time; breakfast is to be eaten, the tents struck, the wagons loaded, and the teams yoked and brought up in readiness to

be attached to their respective wagons. All know when, at seven o'clock, the signal to march sounds, that those not ready to take their proper places in the line of march must fall into the dusty rear for the day.

There are sixty wagons. They have been divided into fifteen divisions or platoons of four wagons each, and each platoon is entitled to lead in its turn. The leading platoon of to-day will be the rear one of to-morrow, and will bring up the rear unless some teamster, through indolence or negligence, has lost his place in the line, and is condemned to that uncomfortable post. It is within ten minutes of seven; the corral but now a strong barricade is everywhere broken, the teams being attached to the wagons. The woman and children have taken their places in them. The pilot (a borderer who has passed his life on the verge of civilization, and has been chosen to the post of leader from his knowledge of the savage and his experience in travel through roadless wastes) stands ready in the midst of his pioneers, and aids to mount and lead the way. Ten or fifteen young men, not to-day on duty, form another cluster. They are ready to start on a buffalo hunt, are well mounted and well armed as they need be, for the unfriendly Sioux have driven the buffalo out of the Platte, and the hunters must ride fifteen or twenty miles to reach them. The cow-drivers are hastening, as they get ready, to the rear of their charge, to collect and prepare them for the day's march.

It is on the stroke of seven; the rushing to and fro, the cracking of whips, the loud command to oxen, and what seemed to be the inextricable confusion of the last ten minutes has ceased. Fortunately every one has been found and every teamster is at his post. The clear notes of a trumpet sound in the front; the pilot and his guards mount their horses; the leading division of wagons move out of the encampment, and take up the line of march; the rest fall into their places with the precision of clockwork, until the spot so lately full of life sinks back into that solitude that seems to reign over the broad plain and rushing river as the caravan draws its lazy length towards the distant El Dorado. It is with the hunters we will briskly canter towards the bold but smooth and grassy bluffs that bound the broad valley, for we are not yet in sight of the grander but less beautiful scenery (of the Chimney Rock, Court House, and other bluffs, so nearly resembling giant castles and palaces) made by the passage of the Platte through the Highlands near Laramie. We have been traveling briskly for more than an hour. We have reached the top of the bluff, and now have turned to view the wonderful panorama spread before us. To those who have not been on the Platte my powers of description are wholly inadequate to convey an idea of the vast extent and grandeur of the picture, and the rare beauty and distinctness of its detail. No haze or fog obscures objects in the pure and transparent at-

mosphere of this lofty region. To those accustomed only to the murky air of the sea-board, no correct judgment of distance can be formed by sight, and objects which they think they can reach in a two hours' walk may be a day's travel away; and though the evening air is a better conductor of sound, on the high plain during the day the report of the loudest rifle sounds little louder than the bursting of a cap; and while the report can be heard but a few hundred yards, the smoke of the discharge may be seen for miles. So extended is the view from the bluff on which the hunters stand, that the broad river glowing under the morning sun like a sheet of silver, and the broader emerald valley that borders it, stretch away in the distance until they narrow at almost two points in the horizon, and when first seen, the vast pile of the Wind river mountain, though hundreds of miles away, looks clear and distinct as a white cottage on the plain.

We are full six miles away from the line of march; though everything is dwarfed by distance, it is seen distinctly. The caravan has been about two hours in motion and is now extended as widely as a prudent regard for safety will permit. First, near the bank of the shining river, is a company of horsemen; they seem to have found an obstruction, for the main body has halted while three or four ride rapidly along the bank of a creek or slough. They are hunting a favorable crossing for the wagons; while we look they have succeeded; it has apparently required no work to make it passable, for all but one of the party have passed on, and he has raised a flag, no doubt a signal to the wagons to steer their course to where he stands. The leading teamster sees him, though he is yet two miles off, and steers his course directly towards him, all the wagons following in his track. They (the wagons) form a line three-quarters of a mile in length; some of the teamsters ride upon the front of their wagons, some march beside their teams; scattered along the line companies of women and children are taking exercise on foot; they gather bouquets of rare and beautiful flowers that line the way; near them stalks a stately grey hound or an Irish wolf dog, apparently proud of keeping watch and ward over his master's wife and children. Next comes a band of horses; two or three men or boys follow them, the docile and sagacious animals scarce needing this attention, for they have learned to follow in the rear of the wagons, and know that at noon they will be allowed to graze and rest. Their knowledge of time seems as accurate as of the place they are to occupy in the line, and even a full-blown thistle will scarce tempt them to straggle or halt until the dinner hour has arrived. Not so with the large herd of horned beasts that bring up the rear; lazy, selfish and unsocial, it has been a task to get them in motion, the strong always ready to domineer over the weak, halt in the front and forbid the weaker to pass them. They seem to move only in fear of the

driver's whip; though in the morning full to repletion, they have not been driven an hour, before their hunger and thirst seem to indicate a fast of days' duration. Through all the long day their greed is never sated nor their thirst quenched, nor is there a moment of relaxation of the tedious and vexatious labors of their drivers, although to all others the march furnishes some season of relaxation or enjoyment. For the cow-drivers there is none.

But from the stand-point of the hunters the vexations are not apparent; the crack of whips and loud objurgations are lost in the distance. Nothing of the moving panorama, smooth and orderly as it appears, has more attractions for the eye than that vast square column in which all colors are mingled, moving here slowly and there briskly, as impelled by horsemen riding furiously in front and rear.

But the picture, in its grandeur, its wonderful mingling of colors and distinctness of detail, is forgotten in contemplation of the singular people who give it life and animation. No other race of men with the means at their command would undertake so great a journey; none save these could successfully perform it, with no previous preparation, relying only on the fertility of their invention to devise the means to overcome each danger and difficulty as it arose. They have undertaken to perform, with slow-moving oxen, a journey of two thousand miles. The way lies over trackless wastes, wide and deep rivers, rugged and lofty mountains, and is beset with hostile savages. Yet, whether it were a deep river with no tree upon its banks, a rugged defile where even a loose horse could not pass, a hill too steep for him to climb, or a threatened attack of an enemy, they are always found ready and equal to the occasion, and always conquerors. May we not call them men of destiny? They are people changed in no essential particulars from their ancestors, who have followed closely on the footsteps of the receding savage, from the Atlantic sea-board to the great valley of the Mississippi.

But while we have been gazing at the picture in the valley, the hunters have been examining the high plain in the other direction. Some dark moving objects have been discovered in the distance, and all are closely watching them to discover what they are, for in the atmosphere of the plains a flock of crows marching miles away, or a band of buffaloes or Indians at ten times the distance look alike, and many ludicrous mistakes occur. But these are buffaloes, for two have struck their heads together and are, alternately, pushing each other back. The hunters mount and away in pursuit, and I, a poor cow-driver, must hurry back to my daily toil, and take a scolding from my fellow herders for so long playing truant.

The pilot, by measuring the ground and timing the speed of the wagons and

the walk of his horses, has determined the rate of each, so as to enable him to select the nooning place, as nearly as the requisite grass and water can be had at the end of five hours' travel of the wagons. To-day, the ground being favorable, little time has been lost in preparing the road, so that he and his pioneers are at the nooning place an hour in advance of the wagons, which time is spent in preparing convenient watering places for the animals, and digging little wells near the bank of the Platte. As the teams are not unyoked, but simply turned loose from the wagons, a corral is not formed at noon, but the wagons are drawn up in columns, four abreast, the leading wagon of each platoon on the left—the platoons being formed with that view. This brings friends together at noon as well as at night.

To-day, an extra session of the Council is being held, to settle a dispute that does not admit of delay, between a proprietor and a young man who has undertaken to do a man's service on the journey for bed and board. Many such engagements exist, and much interest is taken in the manner this high court, from which there is no appeal, will define the rights of each party in such engagements. The Council was a high court in the most exalted sense. It was a Senate, composed of the ablest and most respected fathers of the emigration. It exercised both legislative and judicial powers, and its laws and decisions proved it equal and worthy the high trust reposed in it. Its sessions were usually held on days when the caravan was not moving. It first took the state of the little commonwealth into consideration; revised or repealed rules defective or obsolete, and exacted such others as the exigencies seemed to require. The common weal being cared for, it next resolved itself into a court to hear and settle private disputes and grievances. The offender and the aggrieved appeared before it; witnesses were examined, and the parties were heard by themselves and sometimes by council. The judges thus being made fully acquainted with the case, and being in no way influenced or cramped by technicalities, decided all cases according to their merits. There was but little use for lawyers before this court, for no plea was entertained which was calculated to hinder or defeat the ends of justice. Many of these judges have since won honors in higher spheres. They have aided to establish on the broad basis of right and universal liberty two of the pillars of our great Republic in the Occident. Some of the young men who appeared before them as advocates have themselves sat upon the highest judicial tribunals, commanded armies, been Governors of States, and taken high positions in the Senate of the nation.

It is now one o'clock; the bugle has sounded, and the caravan has resumed its westward journey. It is in the same order, but the evening is far less animated than the morning march; a drowsiness has fallen apparently on man and beast;

teamsters drop asleep on their perches and even when walking by their teams, and the words of command are now addressed to the slowly creeping oxen in the softened tenor of women or the piping treble of children, while the snores of the teamsters make a droning accompaniment.

But a little incident breaks the monotony of the march. An emigrant's wife whose state of health has caused Dr. Whitman to travel near the wagon for the day, is now taken with violent illness. The Doctor has had the wagon driven out of the line, a tent pitched and a fire kindled. Many conjectures are hazarded in regard to this mysterious proceeding, and as to why this lone wagon is to be left behind.

And we too must leave it, hasten to the front, and note the proceedings, for the sun is now getting low in the west, and at length the pains-taking pilot is standing ready to conduct the train in the circle which he has previously measured and marked out, which is to form the invariable fortification for the night. The leading wagons follow him so nearly round the circle, that but a wagon length separates them. Each wagon follows in its track, the rear closing on the front, until its tongue and ox-chains will perfectly reach from one to the other, and so accurate the measurement and perfect the practice, that the hindmost wagon of the train always precisely closes the gateway, as each wagon is brought into position. It is dropped from its team, (the teams being inside the circle) the team unyoked, and the yokes and chains are used to connect the wagon strongly with that in its front. Within ten minutes from the time the leading wagon halted, the barricade is formed, the teams unyoked and driven out to pasture. Every one is busy preparing fires of buffalo chips to cook the evening meal, pitching tents and otherwise preparing for the night. There are anxious watchers for the absent wagon, for there are many matrons who may be afflicted like its inmate before the journey is over; and they fear the strange and startling practice of this Oregon doctor will be dangerous. But as the sun goes down, the absent wagon rolls into camp, the bright, speaking face and cheery look of the doctor, who rides in advance, declare without words that all is well, and both mother and child are comfortable. I would fain now and here pay a passing tribute to that noble and devoted man, Dr. Whitman. I will obtrude no other name upon the reader, nor would I his, were he of our party or even living, but his stay with us was transient, though the good he did us permanent, and he has long since died at his post.

From the time he joined us on the Platte until he left us at Fort Hall, his great experience and indomitable energy were of priceless value to the migrating column. His constant advice, which we knew was based upon a knowledge of the road before us, was—"travel, *travel*, TRAVEL—nothing else will take you to

the end of your journey ; nothing is wise that does not help you along, nothing is good for you that causes a moment's delay." His great authority as a physician and complete success in the case above referred to, saved us many prolonged and perhaps ruinous delays from similar causes, and it is no disparagement to others to say, that to no other individual are the emigrants of 1843 so much indebted for the successful conclusion of their journey, as to Dr. Marcus Whitman.

All able to bear arms in the party have been formed into three companies, and each of these into four watches; every third night it is the duty of one of these companies to keep watch and ward over the camp, and it is so arranged that each watch takes its turn of guard duty through the different watches of the night. Those forming the first watch to-night will be second on duty, then third and fourth, which brings them through all the watches of the night. They begin at eight o'clock, P. M., and end at four o'clock, A. M.

It is not yet eight o'clock when the first watch is to be set; the evening meal is just over, and the corral now free from the intrusion of cattle or horses, groups of children are scattered over it. The larger are taking a game of romps; "the wee toddling things" are being taught that great achievement that distinguishes man from the lower animals. Before a tent near the river a violin makes lively music, and some youths and maidens have improvised a dance upon the green; in another quarter a flute gives its mellow and melancholy notes to the still night air, which as they float away over the quiet river, seem a lament for the past rather than a hope for the future. It has been a prosperous day; more than twenty miles have been accomplished of the great journey. The encampment is a good one; one of the causes that threatened much future delay has just been removed by the skill and energy of "that good angel" of the emigrants, Dr. Whitman, and it has lifted a load from the hearts of the elders. Many of these are assembled around the good Doctor at the tent of the pilot, (which is his home for the time being) and are giving grave attention to his wise and energetic counsel. The care-worn pilot sits aloof, quietly smoking his pipe, for he knows the brave Doctor is "strengthening his hands."

But time passes; the watch is set for the night, the council of old men has broken up, and each has returned to his own quarter. The flute has whispered its last lament to the deepning night. The violin is silent, and the dancers have dispersed. Enamored youth have whispered a tender "good night" in the ear of blushing maidens, or stolen a kiss from the lips of some future bride—for Cupid here as elsewhere has been busy bringing together congenial hearts, and among these simple people he alone is consulted in forming the marriage tie. Even the Doctor and the pilot have finished their confidential interview and

have separated for the night. All is hushed and repose from the fatigues of the day, save the vigilant guard, and the wakeful leader who still has cares upon his mind that forbid sleep.

He hears the ten o'clock relief taking post and the "all well" report of the returned guard; the night deepens, yet he seeks not the needed repose. At length a sentinel hurries to him with the welcome report that a party is approaching—as yet too far away for its character to be determined, and he instantly hurries out in the direction seen. This he does both from inclination and duty, for in times past the camp had been unnecessarily alarmed by timid or inexperienced sentinels, causing much confusion and fright amongst women and children, and it had been made a rule, that all extraordinary incidents of the night should be reported directly to the pilot, who alone had the authority to call out the military strength of the column, or so much of it as was in his judgment necessary to prevent a stampede or repel an enemy.

To-night he is at no loss to determine that the approaching party are our missing hunters, and that they have met with success, and he only waits until by some further signal he can know that no ill has happened to them. This is not long wanting. He does not even await their arrival, but the last care of the day being removed, and the last duty performed, he too seeks the rest that will enable him to go through the same routine to-morrow. But here I leave him, for my task is also done, and unlike his, it is to be repeated no more.

HON. JOSEPH C. AVERY.

BORN 1817. DIED 1876.

Hon. Joseph C. Avery was born in Lucerne county, Pennsylvania, June 9th, 1817, was educated at Wilkesbarre, the county seat of his county. Came west, and settled in Illinois in 1839; was married in 1841; crossed the plains in 1845, arriving in Oregon late in the fall, and spent the winter at Oregon City. In the spring of 1846 settled in Benton county, taking up a claim at the junction of Willamette and Mary's rivers. In the winter of 1850 he laid out a town site upon his land, which was called Marysville, and afterwards changed to Corvallis. He engaged in the mercantile business in 1849 and continued the same for 23 years. Was a member of the first Territorial Legislature for Oregon and served for two or three terms. Was Postal Agent under Buchanan's administration, and has figured prominently in the politics of the country for over a quarter of a century.

Noble and generous, though slightly impetuous, he had warm and true friends, and bitter enemies. His deeds of charity and acts of kindness and hospitality towards suffering emigrants, in early days, will ever be remembered. At the age of 16 he united with the Baptist church, and professed religion. After his arrival in Oregon he never renewed his church relations, but always felt that his early vows were upon him. He died after a lingering illness of several months, on June 16, 1876, surrounded by the members of his family, and was buried by the Masonic fraternity of which he was a member.

JOSEPH COX.

BORN, 1811. DIED, 1876.

Joseph Cox was born in Ohio, in 1811, and at the age of 5 years his parents moved to Indiana. In 1832, he was married, and two years afterwards he went to Illinois, and settled at Wilmington, Will county; but desiring to better his condition, in 1841, he moved and settled near St. Joseph, Missouri, where he remained until 1847, when he immigrated to Oregon and settled and lived the remainder of his life. Mr. Cox was elected a member of the convention that met at Salem, the Territorial Capital, to frame the present Constitution of Oregon. He did not take an active part as a speaker, but wielded considerable influence as a man of sound and reliable judgment. His vote was always acknowledged on the several subjects as evincing a keen insight into the wants of the young and rising State they wished to establish.

In all matters of politics he wielded a quiet but wide influence; as a citizen, was well respected, and his death made a void that will be long felt and difficult to fill; as an advisor to the young he was a living model of truthfulness and honesty, showing by quiet and unostentatious acts that he practiced as well as gave verbal admonitions. In religion, he was of liberal tendencies, never intruding his peculiar beliefs unasked, but when interrogated, he had no hesitancy in giving the information. A good man in any community; and Oregon was the gainer by him becoming a citizen, and always had the interest of her welfare at heart.

GOV. GEORGE ABERNETHY.

BORN, 1807. DIED, 1877.

George Abernethy was born in New York city in 1807; he resided there until 1839, when he started for Oregon, arriving in May, 1840. During his long residence in Oregon he followed mercantile pursuits almost steadily. For many years he resided on the Willamette just below Oregon City, and whoever in passing sees the old residence instantly remembers him who was so long its occupant. Among the first of our Pioneers he was active and conspicuous in laying the foundations of a great commonwealth. On the organization of the provincial government, in 1845, he was chosen Governor. Until the Territorial government was established by the Act of Congress, passed in 1848, he held the position of Governor with honor to himself and with advantage to the country. At different times he was engaged in various extensive business enterprises, notably in the large mills at the Willamette falls opposite Oregon City. By the great flood of 1861 he was involved in heavy pecuniary losses. Shortly afterward he moved to Portland, where he has since resided, and been engaged in business.

Mr. Abernethy's death was sudden and entirely unexpected, caused by heart disease; although nearly seventy years of age, he was quite active, and took a deep interest in the progress of the country—especially in moral and religious matters—as he was a member of the Methodist church a great many years.

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

FIFTH ANNUAL RE-UNION

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association ;

FOR

1877 ;

AND THE

ANNUAL ADDRESS DELIVERED BY HON. ELWOOD EVANS,

TOGETHER WITH

A POEM BY FRANCIS HENRY, ESQ., THE OCCASIONAL ADDRESS BY HON.
STEPHEN STAATS, A POEM BY SAM'L L. SIMPSON, ESQ., OBITUARY
NOTICES OF MEMBERS WHO HAVE DIED THE PAST YEAR,

AND THE

NAMES OF MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.



SALEM, OREGON :

E. M. WAITE, STEAM PRINTER AND BOOKBINDER.

1878.

FIFTH ANNUAL RE-UNION.

STATE FAIR GROUNDS,
SALEM, June 16, 1876. }

The fifth Annual Re-Union of the Oregon Pioneer Association was held on the State Agricultural Fair Grounds near Salem, and continued two days, and was held under favorable auspices; a very large number of members and their friends were present to participate in the exercises and festivities.

The assembly was called to order promptly at 10.30 o'clock by the President, Hon. John Minto, who announced that the Chaplain, Rev. L. H. Judson, would invoke Divine blessing, which was immediately followed by the Opening Address delivered as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MEMBERS AND FRIENDS OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION:—We have here assembled to exchange the kindly greeting, becoming a social re-union of those who have labored in a common cause, and whose exertions have secured a common good.

The 15th day of June has been adopted by you, as an Association, as the day of all the year, whereon it is fitting you should annually meet together to renew old associations; look back with thankful pleasure at the days of hardship and danger you passed in order to fix your homes in this goodly land; and congratulate each other in the great and growing good to the human family, resulting from your labors in opening the extensive country you first knew as Oregon, for the occupation and use of civilized man.

Since we last met, the number of Oregon Pioneers has been diminished by death, and Joseph Cox, J. C. Avery, Ralph Wilcox and George Abernethy will never re-appear at our Annual Re-Unions again. These were all men of mark in the ranks of Oregon Pioneers. The first, and last though one, was born on the eastern, and the other on the western edge of the United States were of

remarkable similarity of general character; lovers of liberty, friends of humanity, quiet, grave, teaching the principles of self government by example, and firm in their loyalty to the government that to them represents those principles. The last mentioned, was the first man chosen to the highest position among those who planted the flag of Republican law and order on this coast. He was worthy of the trust*. While we may mourn the decrease of the numbers of the Association by the operation of natural laws, we have great reason for joy and gladness in view of the general good health and abundance our country and its seasons secure to us. For we know by more than one-third of a centuries' experience, that though other lands are visited by drouth and other causes of scarcity, "seed time and harvest" has never been known to fail in Oregon.

In view, then, of the almost boundless wealth of field, forest and mines, to which your early enterprise has led mankind, it is fitting you should give at least one summers' day annually from the shady side of your lives, and from the checkered coolness of this grove, cast your memories back to the weary march across the sun scorched plains, and see yourselves as you once were, toil worn, dust covered, weary, yet hopeful leaders in the advance of human interests. It is no shame to you, ladies and gentlemen, if, as pioneers you builded better than you knew, and that the results are greater than the conception, is the clearest evidence that God worked with you.

As the Oregon to which we as pioneers led the way, is much more extensive than the political division to which the name attaches, your Directors have deemed it fitting to invite to address you on this' occasion, the Hon. Elwood Evans, of Washington Territory, whom I now introduce to you.

Hon. Elwood Evans began his in a clear, distinctly audible tone of voice, and for one hour and twenty minutes held the large audience spell-bound by his matchless eloquence. The words that fell from his lips thrilled his hearers with delightful emotions, and bore the stamp of untiring energy and patience in their selection, so choice, so pure, so peculiarly fitted were they.

*It is one of the strange facts of history, that in the year 1845, which is the special theme of this Re-Union, the great and eloquent Daniel Webster, speaking to a Boston audience, and hoping to be heard by both nations interested, could so far loose faith in the expanding power of the flag, his own words had brightened and lifted up in the estimation of mankind, as to predict the rise of an independent republic in Oregon! While George Abernethy, the poor Steward of a small band of poor Missionaries whose watchword was for Christ and humanity, quietly took the position of *Provisional Governor of Oregon*, and with steadfast loyalty to the United States, waited until its chosen officers should extend the protection of its flag over himself and fellow citizens.

The accuracy of chronological and historical events, showed elaborate research and great study in the preparation of his allotted task. He dwelt at length in a eulogy on the lamented Abernethy, the Provisional Governor, claiming him to be a man of wisdom, honesty of purpose and fearless in the performance of his duties. He thought the Cayuse war of 1847 was probably the most important feature of Oregon's history. His peroration was simply grand, containing incomparable language and evincing the indisputable evidence of a master mind. He was earnest in his appeals to the Pioneers of Oregon to perpetuate her early history, by the continuation of her annual gatherings.

At the conclusion of Mr. Evans's address, Hon. Rufus Mallory read a poem wrote by Mr. Frank Henry, of Olympia, W. T., entitled "The Oregon Pioneer," which was rendered as admirably as it was beautiful.

After the reading of the poem, the audience was dismissed and a general pic-nic lunch enjoyed.

At 3 o'clock the procession was formed under the direction of the Chief Marshal, Hon. R. C. Geer, assisted by James Elkins, Esq. Headed by the fife and drums the divisions, thirteen in number, all bearing banners indicating the year of their arrival, marched to the speakers' stand, where they all were seated, Hon. Stephen Staats, of Polk county, was introduced and proceeded to deliver the Occasional Address, and for a full hour interested the audience by the happy strain for which he is noted. His address was replete with historical data, and sparkled with bright humor throughout, eliciting many happy remarks from the audience as well as convulsing them in laughter.

Upon the closing of Mr. Staats' remarks the President suggested that some of the Pioneer ladies be called upon to make some remarks, whereupon Mrs. A. J. Duniway, editress of the *New Northwest*, was called and responded in a happy manner, relat-

ing her experiences of 1845, which proved to be very interesting to the audience. Mrs. John Minto was next called, and responded with some diffidence, but her effort was a complete success, and decidedly entertaining.

In the evening, the Association gave a grand ball, which was well attended, and dancing kept up until near day-light, in which the youth and beauty Oregon, enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent, while near by in the oak grove the older portion of the Association, were recounting their experiences of time long gone by. Among the speakers was Dr. Wm. McKay, who spoke of early times in Oregon, of things that transpired between 1820 and 1830. In 1828 the Willamette Valley was full of Indians. On the Willamette and on the Columbia, their canoes numbered thousands. In 1830, a disease killed off the bulk of the population. The Doctor stated that since he became acquainted with medicine he thinks that the contagion was scarlet fever. On Sauvie's Island about one mile from its head, on a place owned by the Howell Bros., stood an Indian village of 500 souls. For some days no one from this village had been seen at Vancouver, and a messenger was sent down who found every inhabitant dead except two infants and one of these was found at the breast of its dead mother. Thus did the simple savages perish. It is said, however, that old Indian John gives it as his firm belief the Hudson Bay authorities poisoned this community for the purpose of getting undisputed possession of the Island for dairy farm. Certain it is that such use was soon made of the rich bottom land. Several others spoke and the meeting did not break up until a late hour.

SECOND DAY.

Punctually at 9 o'clock, A. M., the meeting was called to order by the President, when he stated that the first business was the report of officers, whereupon the Recording Secretary submitted the following report:

Mr. President and Members of the Oregon Pioneer Association:

I would respectfully beg leave to submit this my second annual report of the year's operations of the Association.

There has been quite a number of names added to our list, and strenuous efforts have been made to enroll all persons who came prior to first of January, 1853.

DEATHS.

There are quite a large number of the early settlers of Oregon who have passed away, and some of them were men who have contributed greatly towards establishing civil government, education and religion in this fair portion of our common country. Their names are permanently engraved in their country's roll, and have occupied responsible political positions, and acquitted themselves with credit, and a grateful people will treasure their memory and good deeds. During the last year, ex-Governor George Abernethy, has joined the silent majority. He was a Christian gentleman, and all who were so fortunate as to become acquainted with him were benefitted thereby. A short biographical sketch was published in the last Annual Transactions.

Dr. Ralph Wilcox, was another of Oregon's historical names. The melancholy circumstances which surround his death detract nothing from his good name. Possessing talent of superior quality, aided by thorough and refined education in his youth, thus enabling him to commence life's battles with superior advantages for usefulness to State and people, and they were always used in that direction. A biographical sketch had been prepared for publication, but was inadvertently omitted.

Hon. Joseph C. Avery died on June 16, 1876, at the time of our last Re-Union. Joseph Cox, of Marion county, died Ooctober, 1876, and short biographical sketches of them will be found in our Transactions. Hon. A. A. Skinner who died while on a visit to California. Mr. Hugh Harrison, who came to this country in 1847, died May 26, 1877, having resided nearly thirty years in Oregon, and was well respected by all who knew him. James Welch, C. E. Calef, S. N. Arrigoni and James Davidson, have all passed away, and were old settlers.

Undoubtedly there are many more deaths that should be mentioned, but they are unknown to your Secretary.

PIONEER PAPER.

Mr. Alex. P. Murgotten has started *The Pioneer*, in San Jose, California, exclusively in the interest of the different Pioneer Associations, and has been endorsed by the Pioneer Society of California; Society of the State of Nevada; Society of Mexican Veterans, and a large number of other societies whose ob-

ject is the perpetuation of the early history of local situations. The editor has generously sent a number of copies to be distributed for your examination. I have read the paper and have found it to be what it proclaimed to be, "devoted to the interest of the Pioneers" of this coast, and I think it worthy of support; and has published many thrilling biographical sketches, scraps of history, etc., that would undoubtedly have been lost. It is published weekly, and of good size, and the editor wishes this Association to endorse the paper as an organ.

EXPENSES.

The expenses of the Association for the last year have not been as great as the year before, and it is to be hoped that the Association may be cleared of the debt that has almost paralyzed its objects and endeavors.

In conclusion, allow me to thank you for the many acts of kindness received.

Respectfully submitted,

J. HENRY BROWN,

Recording Secretary.

The Treasurer submitted the following report, which, on motion was adopted:

TREASURER'S REPORT.

To the Officers and Members of the O. P. A.:

GENTLEMEN: I submit the following report as Treasurer of your Association for the year past:

1876. RECEIPTS.

To amount on hand as per report.....	\$ 15 75
" received from ball.....	256 00
" " " J. Henry Brown, Sec'y.....	166 00
" " " " " ".....	7 09
" " " J. Minto, to credited on account*.....	2 00
" " " S. F. Chadwick, " ".....	2 00
" " " W. H. Rees " ".....	2 00
" " " J. M. Bacon " ".....	2 00
" " " F. X. Mathieu " ".....	2 00

*After the last meeting of the Association, it was found that the hotel bill for the band was yet due, and it became necessary to obtain the amount by contribution, therefore the following members paid each \$2.00: John Minto, S. F. Chadwick, W. H. Rees, J. M. Bacon, F. X. Mathieu and Wm. J. Herren, with the understanding that the same be placed to their credit on the Secretary's books.

TREASURER'S REPORT. 9

To amount received from W. J. Herren, credited on ac't.....	\$2 00
“ “ “ R. P. Boise, dues	1 00
“ “ “ Wm. Bagley, membership fee.....	1 00
“ “ “ R. L. Morris, dues	1 00
“ “ “ J. H. McMullen, dues.....	2 00

————\$461 75

EXPENDITURE.

By amount paid warrant No. 9 W. J. Herren.....	\$ 15 00
“ “ “ “ 12 W. Graves.....	8 00
“ “ “ “ 13 A. Henline.....	22 00
“ “ “ “ 14 Band.....	160 00
“ “ “ “ 15 “	33 00
“ “ “ “ 16 P. Emerson.....	9 00
“ “ “ “ 17 W. Wallace.....	18 00
“ “ “ “ 18 C. A. Reed.....	50 00
“ “ “ “ 19 E. M. Waite.....	100 00
“ “ “ “ 20 Strong & Bain.....	3 38
“ “ “ “ 21 S. H. & D. Co.....	10 00
“ “ “ “ 22 Committee	5 50
“ “ “ “ 25 Mrs. Johnson.....	5 00
“ “ “ “ 26 Geo. Williams.....	7 50
“ “ “ “ 30 Band.....	21 00
“ amount on hand.....	4 37

————\$461 75

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. BACON, *Treasurer.*

The following were elected by acclamation:

President, Wm. J. Herren.

Vice President, Gen. Joel Palmer.

Recording Secretary, J. Henry Brown.

Corresponding Secretary, Willard H. Reese.

Treasurer, John M. Bacon.

Three Directors, Joseph Watt, Ralph C. Geer and Thomas Monteith.

A resolution was passed, asking Dr. Wm. McKay to prepare an article on the early history of Oregon.

On motion, the *West Shore* was designated as the organ of the Association.

On motion the Association adjourned.

The audience then resolved to enjoy themselves, and called upon Gen. Palmer, Dr. Rowland, Rev. J. L. Parrish, and others who responded, and entertained them for sometime by extemporaneous speeches.

JOHN MINTO, *President*.

J. HENRY BROWN, *Recording Secretary*.

MEETING OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

SALEM, Nov. 8, 1877.

The Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met in the parlor of the Chemeketa Hotel, and was called to order by the President, W. J. Herren.

On motion, all the persons present were invited to participate.

On motion, Judge William Strong, of Portland, was unanimously chosen to deliver the Annual Address at the Re-Union on the 15th of June, 1878.

On motion, Gen. Joel Palmer, was chosen alternate to Judge Strong.

On motion, the President was empowered to select a suitable person to deliver the Occasional Address for 1878.

Rev. R. C. Hill, of Albany, was chosen Chaplain for the next Re-Union.

Hon. Medorum Crawford, of Dayton, Yamhill county, was chosen Chief Marshal.

Mr. W. H. Rees resigned from the Printing Committee, and Hon. R. P. Boise was elected to fill the vacancy. The Committee re-elected consists of E. N. Cooke, S. F. Chadwick, John Minto, R. P. Boise and J. Henry Brown.

Mr. Rees moved that the names of the members be published in Annual Transactions.

The Secretary introduced the following which was adopted:

Resolved, That the Secretary of State is earnestly requested to assign a room in the State House for the use of the Oregon Pioneer Association, for the purposes

of transacting business, safe keeping of the archives, books and other valuables that they now have or may become possessed of.

On motion, a vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. S. F. Mathews, the genial landlord of Chemeketa Hotel, for his kindness in furnishing a room for our meeting.

On motion, the Board adjourned until the last Thursday in March, 1878.

WM. J. HERREN, *President.*

J. HENRY BROWN, *Recording Secretary.*

THE ANNUAL ADDRESS.

BY HON. ELWOOD EVANS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION:

Less than a generation ago, the national character of this land, which, with so much satisfaction we call *home*, was in dispute,—I will not say *doubt*, because my faith was the same as that of the Pioneers prior to 1846, and it remains unchanged—that the United States was the rightful owner of Oregon, and that its northern boundary was the historic $54^{\circ} 40'$. Still that claim was challenged and with measurable success by the *then* most powerful nation of the earth. Great Britain within its limits had for many years been represented by the presence of an European trading company whose purpose and policy were as much the *Anglicising* of the region as the pursuit of wealth. The native population had become dependants of that mammoth political corporation, the Hudson's Bay Company, were the willing servants at its establishments, voyageurs, hunters and trappers, to secure and bring in the produce of the country,—and available as troops were such services required. With this ever-present twofold cause of anxious solicitude, requiring constant circumspection and courage, the little hand-full of American men, women and children, essayed their first foothold in Oregon. Poor in this world's goods, few in numbers and widely scattered, still were they *one* in purpose and feeling. All were animated with the hope, inspired with the confidence and devoted the idea that their native land, rightful owner of these beautiful regions, would maintain its supremacy and soon become the sole and undisputed possessor. To them it was not the State of Oregon as now bounded. "No pent-up Utica" contracted their patriotic pride. It was the "Oregon of History," the country westward of the Rocky Mountains, lying between Mexico and Alaska. Each returning anniversary of the day which marks the American christening of Oregon must vividly recall that picture of the memorable past. When I review the history of that decade which preceded June 15th, 1846, the date of the recognition of United States sovereignty, and then continued on to August 14, 1848, when the Federal Government at last acknowledged its parental duty to protect its children, and placed

Oregon upon the same footing as other Territories, I loose all confidence in my ability to do justice to that period, to those men and to the history that they made.

The honor of appearing before this multitude to bear testimony why this Re-Union should take place upon this particular day of each succeeding year, is too deeply appreciated to permit a belief that such misgivings arise from any personal feelings. My good friends in Oregon, always more kind than I deserve, have heralded my expected performance in such laudatory phase, that unwittingly they have increased my difficulty, for I confess to an ambition which stimulates the effort to justify that encomium. Although you have been promised more than you will realize, I indulge the hope that you may not go away entirely disappointed.

The eloquence you will hear, is embodied in the recital of the acts of the Fathers of the American Oregon and their claims to posterity's undying regard—labors which narrated plainly and without color are all-sufficient to elicit your heartiest satisfaction. We are here to-day to exhibit our gratitude for their works,—to manifest our pride in their patriotic devotion and sturdy Americanism, to attest our warmest approval of their successful establishment of free institutions. At the expense of repetition of what has been said by distinguished predecessors, it shall be my sole aim to renew, strengthen and perpetuate the regard, veneration and love, so eminently due those to whom the nation is indebted for hastening and assuring the *reclamation* of Oregon and the assertion within it of Federal jurisdiction.

The United States Government had not only studiously neglected its citizens who had carried westward to the shores of the Pacific the emblem of our nationality, and had there planted the seeds of Republican institutions, but it persisted in utterly disregarding the representations of those settlers as to the vast natural resources of the country. The wealth to-day of the State of Oregon is the glorious vindication of the first American settlers in the assurances they made to their fellow-citizens and to the National Government. It teaches also the nation what was lost by the failure of duty to itself and to its children. Unmindful of the testimony and remonstrances of the Pioneers, the Government, by the "Treaty of Limits," signed June 15, 1846, *temporized* a protracted controversy by the surrender of nearly half the region. Recurring to that *indifference* of the nation, a something akin to humiliation is too likely to arise,—but proportionately as that blunder provokes chagrin, at once such feeling is effaced by veneration and affection kindling to enthusiastic pride in the devotion and self-sacrifice of our Pioneers. Their history is our boast—each passing event, each occurrence of that period excites our deepest attention. With what unspeak-

able interest, we linger upon their hardships and vicissitudes as they accomplish the American settlement of Oregon,—their “holding the Fort,” till the United States became ready to do its duty. Never did that little band falter in their *faith* that their “land of promise” was and would forever remain a part of their and our country. To abridge the area of the Oregon as they knew it and occupied it, was foreign to their every thought. We dwell upon each incident of the journey hither, whether it be the long voyage around Cape Horn, or the *then* more dangerous and tedious crossing of the broad continent. They came to Oregon to establish American States, to prepare it for the homes of civilization. A wilderness whose solitude was here and there disturbed by scattered Posts which denoted claim adverse to their mission, and *really* asserted the intended supremacy of a foreign rival nation. Here were the haunts of a native race jealous of the advent of Americans, and unfriendly, not to say hostile, to their presence and purpose. Such was the prospect which presented itself to the early immigrants upon their arrival after they had almost worn themselves out in reaching the scene of their future labors. The “Oregon of 1877” is the triumphant sequel of that injection of the leaven of healthy Americanism into the country west of the Rocky mountains before the United States had made any effort as a nation to hold the country. From the miraculous exhibit of progress this day before and around, you can acquire no idea of the Oregon which the fathers vitalized into an American commonwealth. That marked contrast, that unparalleled advancement, speaks unmistakably the foresighted sagacity of its founders. A generation not yet completed, and behold the change! I am insensibly drawn to the inimitable language of the polished and peerless Everett in justly glorifying the primitive settlement of New England, so slightly modified to be entirely applicable to the Americanization of Oregon. It falls short in being descriptive of Oregon progress, and were he here to-day performing the duty assigned to me, even he would be at a loss to adequately portray our growth from quite as small beginnings, and under quite as adverse circumstances.

Says he, “Were it only as an act of rare adventure, were it a trait in foreign or ancient history, we should live upon the achievements of our fathers as one of the noblest deeds in the annals of the world. Were we attracted to it by no other principle than that sympathy we feel in all the fortunes of our race, it could lose nothing, it must gain, in the contrast, with whatever history or tradition has preserved to us of the wanderings and settlements of the tribes of man. A continent, for the first time, effectually explored; a vast ocean, traversed by men, women and children, voluntarily exiling themselves from the fairest portions of the Old World; and a great nation grown up, in the space of two centuries, on the foundations so perilously laid by this feeble band,—point me to the record or to the tradition of any thing that can enter into competition

with it! It is the language, not of exaggeration, but of truth and soberness, to say that there is nothing in the accounts of Phœnician, or Grecian, or of Roman colonization that can stand in the comparison."

"What new importance, then, does not the achievement acquire for us, when we consider that it was the deed of our fathers; that this grand undertaking was accomplished on the spot where we dwell; that the mighty region then explored is our native land; that the unravelled enterprise they displayed is not merely a fact proposed to our admiration, but is the source of our being; that their cruel hardships are the spring of our prosperity; that their weary banishment gave us a home; that to their separation from everything which is dear and pleasant in life we owe all the comforts, the blessings, the privileges, which make our lot the envy of mankind! These are the well known titles of our [Pioneers] to our gratitude and veneration."

From that little beginning, in the face of discouragement from parental government, surrounded with unfriendly and jealous rivals, our fathers achieved success. The State of Oregon already a leading member in the Union of States, three prosperous growing Territories ready and willing to assume the mantel of of Statehood, are but the offspring and successors in interest of the Oregon of June 15th, 1846, all laying claim to the privilege of commemorating these events, all with equal right asserting this to be their common history. And why should we not celebrate the anniversary of the day which marks the baptism with American nationality of so vast, so important a region? Indeed, this Oregon anniversary of yours and ours, clusters with glorious reminiscences of an eventful past. Nations have their festivities based upon an important event or crisis in their history. Gratitude for, or pride in the service of an eminent warrior, statesman, philanthropist or reformer causes the birth-day of the great, the good, the patriotic, to be set apart and observed with appropriate ceremony, to the end that an illustrious and well-spent life may continue green in the memory of posterity. But *Oregon-day* to the Pioneers and their descendants is justly before other days. As patriots the glow of pride rushes to their cheeks as they call to mind that it marks the peaceful recognition of the United States sovereignty in its *their* only territory west of the Rocky mountains. No longer were these patriotic Pioneers expatriated. Again they stood upon their native land.

"They love that land because it is their own,
And scorn to give aught other reason why."

On that day, although their ideal Oregon was shorn of its fair proportions, yet, in what was *saved*, the *incubus* of foreign claim was lifted, and the stars

and stripes went aloft in triumph, the harbinger that the United States of America had extended its empire to the broad Pacific.

While we really commemorate the birth-day of our country's supremacy on the Pacific-side of the continent, still the antecedent labors of our Pioneers are so interwoven with this great political fact, this pivotal point marking the "new departure" in political relations of the occupants of the Territory, that it is eminently fitting, indeed essential upon each returning anniversary to lift the flag which that day enveloped the region in its ample folds, and anticipate that act of tardy performed duty on the part of the nation. Penetrating the veil and looking behind, what do we realize? Our fellow countrymen and women few in numbers, but steadfast in purpose, who had been forgotten by their government, yet neglect could not weaken their loyalty and love. Submitting patiently to that injustice, always true to birth-right and origin, they carried with them love of Republican institutions, had established, and upon that very day were successfully administering a government of the people, by the people and for the people. Oregon already contained within it an infant Republic. Here was a thriving, loyal American commonwealth, started by children of the great republican household, who though for the time discarded, had ever been animated with unabated zeal for the glory and grandeur of their parent government.

When I contemplate this history, this undying devotion to *Fatherland*, this patriotic love of their native institutions, I know not which most to commend—their implicit confidence in the title of their country to Oregon which they never failed to assert on every proper occasion, and so sure were they that it would be maintained, their patriotic avowal was that the government they constituted, their trusteeship of the Territory should only continue "until such time as the United States shall extend jurisdiction;"—their signal and undying love for Republican institutions, breathing through every line of the fundamental code of the government they founded; or their eminent conservative wisdom as displayed in that system, the laws enacted and their administration. How truly

"Each man made his own stature, built himself :
Virtue alone outbids the pyramids,
Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall."

Such are the associations which belong to the day we celebrate,—the history it commemorates. Distinguished citizens of your State, themselves identified with those times and acts, who helped to make that history, have on previous occasions with superior eloquence portrayed the claims to the kind remembrance of Oregonians of this day, its antecedents, its glorious results. But we cannot too often repeat these things, which should be as dear to us as "household words." These heroes who laid so wisely the foundation of States are passing

away, but the fruit of their work is lasting as time. Their story will go down from generation to generation and be the theme of deserved commendation upon each return of Oregon-day. Truth changes not as time advances, and justice to these States-builders warrants the recalling of these reminiscences of by-gone days as long as the State itself shall endure.

It is a privilege to be with you to-day;—to meet face to face the survivors of that heroic band, the old patriarchs, the brave women who traversed oceans or the vast American desert plains, who crossed huge mountain barriers to plant upon this Western slope the seeds of our American civilization; who made the path easy for us, their followers, to find our new home;—who accepted exile from home and kindred to devote themselves to the task of perpetuating free government and popular liberty;—who braved the barbarisms of a hostile native race; who entered the lists with a wealthy foreign organization to defeat it, wresting from their country this goodly portion of our national heritage; who petitioned, implored and after the long continued hope-deferred succeeded in stimulating their government to be true to itself and hold its own, and to stand by and protect its loving children; who, while that parent government refused to govern its own territory assumed without usurping that function, stamped the virgin soil of the vast region with the impress of man's right to self-government and dedicated as the home of free-speech, free-thought and free-men; who adopted the principles of the Federal Constitution as the true test of the soundness of all their legal enactments, and caused their government to be administered in harmony with its spirit. Surely these children of the great Republic, though at the time rejected by their country and sometimes derided for their singleness of purpose in Americanizing this region, have earned and secured a lasting, living, brilliant page in history :

“Upbearing, like the ark of God
The Bible in their van,—
They went to test the truth of God
Against the fraud of man.
They trod the prairie as of old
Their father's sailed the sea,
And made the West, as they the East
The homestead of the Free.”

Is there a doubt that the American occupancy of Oregon and its dedication to settlement, was in its every feature as vast an undertaking for each individual participant, as that attending the colonization of any Province, State or Nationality of which a record is preserved? Carry your minds back to that period. Imagine the then seemingly insuperable remoteness of the country from the extreme limits of our then American civilization. A broad continent isolated it

from the States from which it must receive its accession of population. Vast deserts and mountain chains till then believed impassable, laid between the goal of their desire and the home they were to abandon; or oceans had to be traversed requiring weary months and untold risks to be encountered. The policy of the National Government could only be accounted for on the supposition that this country was regarded valueless and impracticable for American settlement. Statesmen and publicists had been wont to speak derisively of the idea that American civilization would press westward, cross the Rocky mountains and secure a foothold on the shores of the Pacific. In that pre-historic period the gloom of desolation hung like a pall over the whole North-west coast. All we then knew was embraced in the not encouraging picture,

" That the breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast."

The published voyages to North-west America ascribing names to certain portions of the coast, perpetuating the remembrance of the perfidy and cruelty of the natives to our race, Jewett's narrative of the loss of the ship *Boston*, the sad fate of the *Tonquin*, the failure of Astor's scheme, had stripped this whole region of a single inviting feature. The immortal Bryant in his matchless and majestic "Vision of Death" dedicated as its fit abiding-place those

" Continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save its own dashings."

The dread solitude of his own creation, is thus broken, for "the dead are there." In those days the education of an American youth was deemed incomplete, if he could not recite those verses, and even yet no orator alludes to Oregon without citing those lines. When you hear them do you not even now feel the awe of that inspiration? Think of it! A high northern latitude with a *supposed* correspondingly frigid climate,—a desolate, ocean-washed, rock-ribbed shore line, backed by chains of mighty mountains, cutting in twain the continent, and "piercing to the sky with their eternal cones of ice," those dreary "continuous woods," distance from you, wide as "West from East,"—aggregate all these with the ghastly reminder, "yet the dead are there." Much as I love that poetry, greatly as I venerate the ancient bard who has given such prestige to the literature of native land; yet how cruel was he to paint such a picture of the surroundings of a region, in which we have made such happy homes. That word-painting of unsurpassed beauty is still inseparately associated with the mighty Columbia and the vast area of country, which it drains. The poet sought a solitude so profound that might prove exempt from the visitation of death—he carries us to what he treats as the uttermost end of earth to

find the most solitary spot because of remoteness. Here he loses us in *woods* of boundless extent and almost impenetrable density. Amid loneliness so profound, a silence as dismal would prevail, but for the never-ceasing quiet monotony and monotonous continuance of running-waters plashing the banks as they dashed along to lose identity in the vastness of ocean. They are passing away;—even they cannot abide in this solitary place. Every word carries the gloom and loneliness of the grave, reminds us we are passing on to sink our identity among “the countless millions who slumber in earth’s bosom.” Not content with such creation, he personifies death as reigning—makes more desolate the desolation by that finishing-stroke, “the *dead* reign here alone.”

Oregon with “her peopled fields, her hills with culture carried to their tops; her broad deep bays; her wide transparent lakes, long-winding rivers, and populous water falls; her delightful villages, flourishing towns, and wealthy cities,” has not yet outlived those repulsive associations which that grandest of poems stamped upon its forests, aye, even upon the waters of the mighty river of the west as they pass out to the sea. Unwittingly he contributed to the continuance of the theory that the Northwest, and the Oregon river were the most inhospitable of earth, for it cannot be denied that thought, or rather characteristic expression embodying it, not infrequently gives color to passing events.

Back in those early days it required no little courage to efface this almost indelible mantel of dreary distance and inhospitable wilderness and *resolve* to go to Oregon. To *reach* there was yet another matter. That was the *hard work* continuing through as many weary *months* as *days of pleasure* are now afforded by the pic-nic excursion to early homes and kindred. The achievement of that journey at that time was a genuine heroism in which we may take much pride. Well, may we love those Pioneers “for the dangers they had passed” in reaching this land, so accessible now, so inviting, so abundantly blessed with everything required to secure human happiness.

The Oregonians of that early time will remember Lieut. Howison of the U. S. Navy, commander of the ill-fated *Shark*, lost on the bar of the Columbia, September 10, 1846, in attempting to go to sea. He visited Oregon officially, and made a very valuable report, to which reference will again be made. Of that memorable advent of those early immigrants, he says, “they brave dangers and accomplish Herculean labors on the journey across the mountains. For six months consecutively they have the sky for a pea-jacket and the wild buffalo for company, and during the time are reminded of no law but expediency.”

That “crossing the plains” has been immortalized in verse. Here is a daily *Oregonian* issued upon Oregon-day of Columbia’s first centennial. It is “The Oregon Pioneer,” from the graceful poem of my valued and admired friend,

Francis Henry, Esq., of Olympia, scholar, humorist, wit. This idyl proves also that he can revel in the field of poesy and with rare fidelity cull its brightest flowers to weave into a chaplet of never fading beauty. He thus depicts that overland voyage, its hardships and vicissitudes—then reproduces Oregon as it was, the trials of those days, and introduces the ancient cabin, the big fire-place and the historic rifle hanging near, “faithful in times gone by to feed him or to defend.”

His hopeful flock all gathered round, the sage
Now opening up the retrospective view,
Instructs them in the history of that age
When he was young and Oregon was new.
His mem'ry freshening as his words pursue,
The theme's as coming as the winter's rain;
And if the stories that he tells be true,
That gun—reeking with hecatombs of slain—
An equal never had, nor such will be again.

Nor since the tribal heads of all the Jews
Went first through Canaan's dubious land, to see
What it was, whether fat or lean, and whose,
Were ever founders of a colony
Tried like those pioneers of “*forty-three*,”
Who, moved by that fierce spirit of unrest
Which scorns to dwell in dull security,
Turned from a land with smiling plenty blest,
To face the unknown dangers of the howling West.

Full well he dwells upon that pilgrimage
Through deserts scarcely known to man before;
Tells how they marched o'er wastes of sand and sage,
With cracking lips, and blistered feet and sore;
And of thirst and hunger which they bore;
Nor doth suppress nor gloss those numberless
Heart-burning jealousies, which ate the core
From out the romance of the wilderness;
Where souls of men were tried like vintage by the press.

Nor found he at his tedious journey's end
Rest from his toils, or surcease of his woes.
No brother met to welcome and befriend;
No latch-string hung inviting to repose.
On every side primeval nature rose
As it was formed. And he like Adam stood—
That time he saw the gates of Eden close—
The monarch of a bristling solitude,
As poor in worldly goods, and very near as nude.

The list'ning flock with growing wonder hear
How the great founders of their “institutes”
Made clothing from the skins of elk and deer,
And lived upon jerked game and *camas* roots,

"Which," said the sage, "were first-rate substitutes
 For farmers' truck, and all that commerce brings "
 "Drat them!" the wife exclaims, "the skins of brutes
 Wer'nt made for human wear; they are *sich* things
 To bind when dry; and when they're wet they're stretchy strings."

With all due cour'sy to his honored wife,
 The patriarch no word of her's gainsays,
 But still exalts that rugged frontier life
 Above the customs of these later days.
 Though rough they fared and straightened were their ways,
 Like brother's dwelt those hardy men of yore,
 Nor knew those vain distinctions pride will raise
 Where commerce heaps up the superfluous store,
 'Till envy makes what erst were wealth seem mean and poor.

Nor glitt'ring coin or graven rags were there,
 For men to wrangle o'er like dogs at meat.
 None sought to grasp his weaker brother's share,
 Or sighed for wealth he could not wear or eat.
 Then dues were paid in honest pelts and wheat.
 Nor courts and jails, nor bolts and bars were seen,
 There were no rogues to steal, and lie and cheat;
 Nor strifes arose, nor angry feuds between
 Those men of old, to mar their happiness serene.

I could not more profitably and pleasantly detain you than in reading through this glorious production. I trust that some reader who will do ample justice to its literary merit, its pure pathos, its hidden humor, its admirable descriptive vein will during these festivities read it,—to the end that it may be incorporated among these proceedings and placed in such form that every lover of Oregon may be able to preserve it. Mr. President, accept from me this well-thumbed copy presented to me by the author. Let me deposit it in the archives of your society as the tribute of an "old settler" to the Pioneers of Oregon, those men and women to whom the world owes so much for the Oregon of 1877.

Let me now refer to the statement of the late Dr. Robert Newell, Speaker of the House of Representative of Oregon, in 1846, a name familiar and held in high remembrance by ancient Oregonians. It is interesting for its history, and in the present connection illustrates the difficulty at that time of getting into Oregon. It details the bringing of the first wagon to Fort Walla Walla, Oregon, in 1840, the Wallula of Washington Territory. The party consisted of Dr. Newell and family, Col. Joseph L. Meek and family, Caleb Wilkins of Tualitan Plains and Frederic Ermatinger, a Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company. It had been regarded as the height of folly to attempt to bring wagons west of Fort Hall. The Doctor suggested the experiment, Wilkins approved it and Ermatinger yielded. The Revs. Harvey Clark, A. B. Smith and P. B. Little-

John, missionaries, had accompanied the American Fur Company's expedition as far as Green river, where they employed Dr. Newell to pilot them to Fort Hall. On arriving there, they found their animals so reduced that they concluded to abandon their two wagons, and Dr. Newell accepted them for his services as guide. In a letter from the Dr., he says: "At the time I took the wagons, I had no idea of undertaking to bring them into this country. I exchanged fat horses to these missionaries for their animals, and after they had been gone a month or more for Wallamet, and the American Fur Company had abandoned the country for good, I concluded to hitch up and try the much dreaded job of bringing a wagon to Oregon. I sold one of those wagons to Mr. Ermatinger, at Fort Hall. Mr. Caleb Wilkins had a small wagon which Joel Walker had left at Fort Hall. On the 5th of August, 1840, we put out with three wagons. Joseph L. Meek drove my wagon. In a few days we began to realize the difficult task before us, and found that the continual crashing of the sage under our wagons, which was in many places higher than the mules' backs, was no joke. Seeing our animals begin to fail, we began to light up, finally threw away our wagon-beds and were quite sorry we had undertaken the job. All the consolation we had was that we broke the first sage on that road, and were too proud to eat anything but dried salmon skins after our provisions had become exhausted. In a rather rough and reduced state we arrived at Dr. Whitman's mission station in the Walla Walla valley, where we were met by that hospitable man and kindly made welcome and feasted accordingly. On hearing me regret that I had undertaken to bring wagons, the Doctor said, "O you will never regret it. You have broken the ice, and when others see that wagons have passed they too will pass, and in a few years the valley will be full of our people." The Doctor shook me heartily by the hand; Mrs. Whitman, too, welcomed us, and the Indians walked around the wagons or what they called "horse canoes" and seemed to give it up. We spent a day or so with the Doctor and then went to Fort Walla Walla, where we were kindly received by Mr. P. C. Pembram, Chief Trader of Hudson's Bay Co., Superintendent of that post. On the 1st of October, we took leave of those kind people, *leaving our wagons* and taking the river trail—but we proceeded slowly. Our party consisted of Joseph L. Meek and myself, also our families, and a Snake Indian whom I brought to Oregon where he died a year after our arrival. The party did not arrive at the Wallamet Falls till December, subsisting for weeks upon dried salmon, and upon several occasions compelled to swim their stock across the Columbia and Wallamet."

The very intelligent naval officer before quoted, thus graphically portrays the difficulties, discouragements and trials of the American settlers:

"The privations and sufferings of the first overland emigrants to this country,

are almost incredible, composed as they were of persons who, with families of women and children, had gathered together their all, and appropriated it to the purchase of means to accomplish this protracted journey. They would arrive upon the waters of the Columbia after six months' hard labor and exposure to innumerable dangers which none but the most determined spirits could have surmounted, in a state of absolute want. Their provisions expended and clothes worn out, the winter beginning to descend upon their naked heads, while no house had yet been built to afford them shelter; bartering away their wagons and horses for a few salmon, dried by the Indians, or bushels of grain in the hands of rapacious speculators who placed themselves on the road to profit by their necessities, famine was staved off while they labored in the woods to make rafts, and thus float down stream to the Hudson's Bay Company's establishment at Vancouver."

"Here shelter and food were invariably offered them, without which their sufferings must soon have terminated in death. Such was the wretched plight in which I may say thousands found themselves upon reaching this new country."

"Throughout the winter these enterprising people were, with few exceptions, dependent on the Hudson's Bay Company for the bread and meat which they ate, and the clothes which they wore; stern necessity, and the clamors of suffering children, forced them to supplicate credit and assistance, which to the honor of the Company, be it said, was never refused. Fearful, however, of demanding too much, many families told me that they lived during the winter on nothing more than boiled wheat and salted salmon; and that the head of the family had prepared the land for his first crop, without shoes on his feet or a hat on his head. These excessive hardships have been of course hourly ameliorating. The emigrant of 1843 has prepared a house and surplus food for his countrymen of the next year; and two roads being opened directly into the Wallamet Valley, rendering a resort to the Columbia unnecessary, has enabled the emigrants to bring in their wagons, horses and cattle, and find houses among their countrymen."

From documents emanating from the citizens, knowledge of the internal condition of Oregon at that period may be acquired. The *animus* of the settler is exhibited, the Government is advised of the value of the country,—the danger surrounding is indicated, and the evidence is irresistible that these settlers were only safe by constant circumspection. Dr. Louis F. Linn the most zealous and indefatigable champion of the American settlers in Oregon and of the United States claim to the Territory, on the 28th January, 1839, presented in the United States Senate, the petition of J. S. Whitcomb, and 35 others, dated March 16, 1838. The settlers thus plead with the nation's representatives:

"We are anxious when we imagine what will be, what must be, the condition of so mixed a community, free from all legal restraint and superior to that moral influence which has hitherto been the pledge of our safety. We flatter ourselves *that we are the germ of a great State* and are anxious to give an early tone to the moral and intellectual character of our citizens—the destinies of our posterity will be intimately affected by the character of those who immigrate. The territory must populate,—the Congress of the United States must say by whom. The natural resources of the country with a well-judged civil code will invite a good community, but a good community will hardly emigrate to a country which promises no protection for life or property. * * * * Well are we assured that it will cost the Government of the United States more to reduce elements so discordant to social order than to promote our permanent peace and prosperity by a timely action of Congress."

The petition concludes urging the necessity of the United States assuming jurisdiction of the territory, "of energetic measures to secure the execution of all laws affecting Indian trade and the intercourse of white men and Indians; * * * That the security of our persons and our property, the hopes and destinies of our children are involved in the objects of our petition."

In 1840, the American residents of Oregon again petitioned Congress to extend Federal jurisdiction over the Territory. Father Leslie, a name synonymous with truth, the utterance of which recalls

"A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man"—

Was the author of that eloquent wail from the land itself, praying to be taken under the broad folds of our nation's flag. How feelingly is set forth the isolation and the dangers so imminent. That emphatic declaration of intention to make Oregon American—thus premises:

"They have settled themselves in said Territory *under the belief that it was a portion of the public domain of said States, and that they might rely upon the government thereof for the blessings of free institutions and the protection of its arms.* But they are uninformed of any acts of said government by which its institutions and protection are extended to them; in consequence whereof, themselves and families are exposed to be destroyed by the savages around them, and others who would do them harm."

"That they have no means of protecting their own and the lives of their families, other than self-constituted tribunals, originating and sustained by the power of an ill-instructed public opinion, and the resort to force and arms."

"That these means of safety are an insufficient safeguard of life and property—that they are unable to arrest the progress of crime without the aid of law and tribunals to administer it."

Then these vigilant sentinels of the out-posts, warned their government that the country is too valuable to be lost, that attempts are being made by the rival nation to reduce it to possession, and that appearances indicate British intent to hold exclusively the territory north of the Columbia. Then modestly invoking the attention of Congress to the region because of its wealthy national resources and advantages, they conclude with this patriotic prayer:

"Your petitioners would beg leave especially to call the attention of Congress to their own condition as an infant colony, without military force or civil institutions to protect their lives and property and children, sanctuaries and tombs, from the bands of uncivilized and merciless savages around them.

We respectfully ask for the civil institutions of the American Republic—we pray for the high privileges of American citizenship; the peaceful enjoyment of life;—the right of acquiring, possessing and using property, and the unrestrained pursuit of rational happiness."

In 1843, another petition went forth reiterating the above representations and setting out in detail the particular grievances to which the American settlers were subjected.

The Howison report gives an excellent idea of the internal condition of Oregon and Pioneer-life which I am forbidden to quote, because those details so fascinating to me, would tempt extending this address to unpardonable length.

A few statistics will aptly illustrate the development of the American element:

At the closing of 1841, the number of Americans might possibly reach..	400
British subjects of all classes between	1,200 and 1,300
The immigration of 1842, numbered.....	137
“ “ 1843, “	875
“ “ 1844, “	475
“ “ 1845, “	3,000
“ “ 1846, “	1,350

From this it will be seen that the total population of Oregon at the close of 1846, excluding Indians, was little less than 8,000.

These figures exhibiting the relative strength of the American and British elements, should be steadily kept in view in tracing the history of the Pioneer American settlement of Oregon.

On the 14th of August, 1848, the United States formally asserted jurisdic-

tion by the passage of the Organic Act, erecting Oregon as a Territory of the United States, although the Pioneers continued to administer the Provisional Government until March 3, 1849, when Gen. Joseph Lane, who had been appointed by the President of the United States, Governor of the organized Territory of Oregon, arrived at Oregon City and succeeded George Abernethy, the people's Governor of the people's government, whose authority had been recognized up to the classic $54^{\circ} 40'$.

Let us not forget that the Oregon which has this day claimed our attention, was the Territory west of the Rocky mountains known as Oregon before June 15, 1846, and after that date, as it was left by the Treaty of Limits, now bounded north by latitude 49° ;—that the Pioneers whose acts we are commemorating were that devoted band, who, in small settlements, few and far between, held the country in trust for the United States, denied the protection of their Home Government, prepared it for American commonwealth, and when their Government was ready, surrendered their stewardship, returned the territory with a people loyal to the flag, thoroughly educated in free institutions, who having proved themselves capable of governing, in turn became the best of citizens. Men and women who relied upon themselves, whose rude life was Herbert's quaint proverb, "Help thyself and God will help thee." While they were disappointed in the relinquishment of so much territory, still proudly and joyfully they welcomed the "new departure;" henceforth they were to be in full communion with their fellow countrymen, admitted again to the protection and sharing in the blessings as part and parcel of the Union they loved so well.

The loss of the U. S. schooner Shark in the fall of 1846, has been mentioned. From the wreck was saved her stand of colors. Her gallant commander was delayed for months of that eventful year, dwelling among the Pioneers. He learned to know and appreciate them. He was necessarily thrown in contact with the wise and good Governor, George Abernethy, to whose many merits Lieut. Howison's report bears witness in the expressive summing up, "a whole-souled American gentleman." On the eve of his departure, December, 1846, Lieut. Howison sent that "stand of colors" a present to the truly loyal people of Oregon, who had made so many sacrifices to preserve the integrity of the United States Territory, who had exhibited such devotion to their country and its cause. In his letter of presentation to the Governor, he says:

"One of the few articles preserved from the ship-wreck of the late United States schooner Shark, was her stand of colors. To display the national emblem, and cheer our citizens in this distant territory by its presence, was a principal object of the Shark's visit to the Columbia; and it appears to me, therefore, highly proper that it should henceforth remain with you, as a memento of pa-

rental regard from the General Government. With the fullest confidence that it will be received and duly appreciated as such by our countrymen here, I do myself the honor of transmitting the flags (an Ensign and Union Jack) to your address; nor can I omit the occasion to express my gratification and pride that this relic of my late command should be emphatically the first *United States* flag to wave over the undisputed and purely American territory of Oregon."

The patriotic Abernethy for and on behalf of the Pioneers, whose mission to make Oregon purely American, had in measure triumphed, responded in fitting terms; gracefully and gratefully he uttered his own as also the heart-throbbings of his fellow patriots:

"Accept my thanks and the thanks of the community for the (to us) very valuable present. We will fling it to the breeze on every suitable occasion, and rejoice under the emblem of our country's glory. Sincerely hoping that the 'Star spangled banner' many ever wave over this portion of the United States."

Those flags belong to the Pioneers. They were received by the good Abernethy with the pledge that they would be "flung to the breeze on every suitable occasion." That good old man has gone to his great reward after a long life spent in usefulness to his fellow creatures. No better way of keeping green the memory of his exalted patriotism, his wisdom, his spotless purity of character, his exalted service in those dark days of doubt and discouragement, than upon each returning Oregon-day "fling to the breeze those emblems of our country's glory." Though Oregon-day be the Re-Union of the living, let us also observe all proper ceremonies of regard to the memory of those who shall have gone before. It should be a part of our observance of this day that the *pledge of the Pioneers* made by their Governor, should be faithfully performed. Let us return from this digression to which I was involuntarily led by the wish to recall and thus illustrate the patriotism of one of the "best of earth" whose recent death we so sincerely mourn, and to exhibit as well the testimony of an impartial visitor, of the patriotism of his Pioneer cotemporaries.

A parallel has been attempted between the first colonization of New England and the American settlement of Oregon. There is still another striking analogy furnishing the evidence that *Pioneers* in all ages are animated by a common object,—attain their purpose by a similar method, are actuated by the same high and exalted love for humanity. Both were founders of commonwealths,—both political agitators,—both recognized the necessity of law and order to secure the well-being of community. Before the Puritan fathers left the cabin of the *Mayflower*, they had signed their compact of government and selected their magistrates. Hardly had our Pioneers erected a shelter from the inclem-

ency of the season, when true to their American instincts, they missed and at once desired to supply the protection afforded by civil institutions. Not ready, or too weak for self-government, naturally they turned to the United States Congress to supply their *first* necessity. That petition of 1838 is an admirable argument, that good order can only be insured by a "well-judged civil code." Wisely they urge "a good community will hardly emigrate to a country which promises no protection for life and property." Spurned and neglected by their government, they turned to themselves, to each other, and at once agitated the question of establishing a temporary government.

This conduct of the Pioneers should commend itself to our heartiest approval. It has been condemned as exhibiting an intent to establish an independent government; it has been derided as emanating from a feeling of ambition for political preferment. But this is unjust. It is too well established to meet with cavil, that some system of government is the very first requirement of a new settlement. Before other interests can be properly regarded, there must be a power to make and administer law, to govern with recognized authority. This essentially American axiom, found no exception in the Pioneer settlement of Oregon; to secure order and peace, was foremost among the duties of the citizens. Other interests were secondary and could wait till stern necessity invoked attention, but life itself was unsafe, property was insecure without government and law. Those obtained, social institutions could then be fostered. While the first efforts of our Pioneers were in the main, necessarily political, still they did not neglect the recognition of those agencies which ameliorate man's condition. Hand in hand with the agitation for government, we find them establishing schools, and among the very earliest of enacted laws was the incorporation of an institution of learning, the Oregon Institute, and the establishment of a common school system. Thus were the fathers of the American Oregon animated in their first law-enacting, by the principle "To exalt a free people, teach their children." In all history, where do you find such an instance of those laying the foundations of a State, carrying along co-extensively the establishment of colleges and public schools? I refer to those antecedents of our history with unmingled satisfaction—they display that the "purpose" of the Fathers in forming a government was "to promote the general welfare, as well as provide for the general defence."

My venerable friend, Jesse Applegate, an oracle of the history of that period, on the 14th of August, 1845, on the identical day of the year which three years later, marks the passage of the Act of Congress, organizing the Territory of Oregon, caused to be placed upon record the thorough vindication of the founders of the Provisional Government, in resolutions drafted in his characteristic terse-

ness of expression and wholesome vigor of style, unanimously adopted by the Oregon House of Representatives. That declaration, alike creditable to its distinguished author and the House, brimming over with patriotic loyalty to Home Government, reflects the true sentiment of the Pioneer American settlers of Oregon. It is as follows:

“The adoption of the Organic law by the people of Oregon *was an act of necessity rather than choice*, and was intended to give to the people the protection which, of right, should be extended to them by their government, and not as an act of defiance or disregard of the authority or laws of the United States. That, in the opinion of this House, the Congress of the United States, in establishing a territorial government, should legalize the acts of the people in this country, so far as they are in accordance with the Constitution of the United States.”

The petition to Congress of the people in 1838, 1840, and 1843 heretofore referred to, fully substantiate this claim of disinterested patriotism in these efforts of the Pioneers in self government. The memorial of June 28th, 1844, reported by a committee consisting of Wm. H. Gray, Jesse Applegate, H. A. G. Lee, John McClure and David Hill, in an eminent degree corroborated these views. I cannot forbear citing the opinion of Thomas H. Benton expressed in the Senate of the United States, December 8, 1845, on introducing this memorial:

“For the preservation of order, the petitioners, had among themselves, established a provisional and temporary government, subject to the ratification of the United States government. The petition sets forth in strong and respectful language, arguments why the citizens residing in that section of country should be protected for the purpose of preserving their rights, and also as a means of preserving order. The memorial was drawn up in a manner creditable to the body by which it was presented, to the talents by which it was dictated, and to the patriotic sentiments which pervaded it; and the application was worthy of a favorable consideration for its moderation, reasonableness and justice. As the best means of spreading the contents of this petition before the country, and doing honor to the ability and enterprise of those who had presented it, he moved that it be read at the bar of the Senate.”

That memorial is replete with information. It is really a pen photograph of the Oregon of 1844-5. It graphically exhibits the value of the country, its resources, its internal condition, its surroundings; how forcibly it contrasts the systemized power and effectiveness of the Hudson's Bay Company's occupancy, with the poverty and weakness of American settlement,—how withering that rebuke when it brings up in review the dependence of the citizens of the United

States upon that foreign company whose presence was adverse assertion of claim against their country—whose policy was inimical to American settlement. It is a noble document, full of patriotism, and in celebrations of this day's doings, its reading would be as appropriate as is the Declaration of Independence on our Nation's birthday. Thus upon each of these returning Anniversary-days, our people would be reminded of Pioneer life and its surroundings. Nothing further need be said to vindicate the *motive* of the founders of the Provisional government, to display their true intention, and to illustrate that the act was invoked by a stern necessity.

The student as he investigates this subject will be struck with the persistent and oft-repeated efforts of the American Pioneers to respect that fundamental republican maxim, "that governments derive all their just powers from the consent of the governed." In 1838, the Americans prayed for civil institutions. In 1840, they eloquently lamented that they were without protection which law secured. In 1841, they invited their fellow residents of foreign birth (British subjects), to join them in forming a system of government. They were ready and willing to submit to rules and regulations *prescribed by the people*, though vastly in the minority. In 1842, the agitation steadily continued. In 1843, although they had increased in numbers, and the time was approaching when they must outnumber their opponents, yet again they invited the co-operation of their foreign born fellow citizens. Again were they met with the persistent refusal. At that time, March 4, 1843, a meeting of all, regardless of nativity, had been convened under a pretext of organizing for the destruction of predatory animals. But when our Pioneers essayed to consult on the adoption of laws for the government of the settlements, their foreign fellow settlers withdrew in a body.

It may be well at this time to remark that there were really three distinct, at first seemingly incongruous elements of American settlement. The part played by each in Oregon's Americanization, want of time and the fact that the subject as we are treating it, does not require it, prevent fully considering. Again, it should also be remembered that our predecessors, like ourselves, were men. They had their little jealousies and bickerings. It had required time, association and a feeling grown into mutual dependance to unificate the constituents of a scattered and diverse population. But they were terribly in earnest on the 2d of May, 1843. Let me again quote from Howison as to the difficulty they met at every stage:

"The subject of forming this Provisional Government had been several years under discussion, and may be considered the first political question canvassed within the Territory. It was opposed by the influence of the Hudson's Bay

Company and the British subjects generally, although the Chief Factor of that company was ready to enter into a compact or domestic treaty for the regulation and adjustment of all points of dispute or difference which might spring up among the residents; indeed they admitted that it was time to establish some rules, based upon public opinion decidedly expressed, for the maintenance of good order and individual rights; but they felt apprehensive for themselves and their interests in placing extensive law-making power in the hands of a legislative body, composed of men on whose judgement they could not implicitly rely, and whose prejudices they had reason to believe were daily increasing against them. Their opposition was, however, unavailing."

Dr. John McLaughlin, a Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, then in charge of their interests west of the Rocky mountains says, "In spring (1841), the Americans invited the Canadians to unite with them and organize a temporary government, but the Canadians apprehensive it might interfere with their allegiance, declined, and the project failed. * * * * In 1843, the Americans again proposed to the Canadians to join and form a temporary government, but the Canadians declined for the same reason. The Americans applied this year (1844) again to the Canadians in the Wallamet (who were about settlers) to join them and form a temporary government to which they acceded, as they saw from the influx of immigrants it was absolutely necessary to do so to maintain peace and order in the country." In 1845, Governors McLaughlin and Douglas carried with them into the organization, all the Hudson's Bay Company employees and influence, and yielded a hearty support to the Provisional Government as it was re-constructed, July 5, 1845. The reasons for such action on their part are stated at length in the remonstrance of the noble and charitable Doctor McLaughlin, addressed to the Board of Managers of the Hudson's Bay Company in London, against the gross injustice with which he was cast off in his old age, after a long life of loyal service to the Company and his country.

From this testimony, I am more than justified in pronouncing the Provisional Government of Oregon, the crowning glory of the Oregon Pioneers—a striking exhibit of patient submissiveness when the American settlers were in the minority—of the magnanimity and conservatism when in the majority. We witness the difficulty and jealousy that thwarted their plans, and how they overcame them. We must commend pluck, endurance, tact,—their sturdy republicanism displayed in their persistent effort to secure "the consent of the governed," and their ever-displayed accompanying wish that their country should assert its authority, and again claim them as its citizens; nor must we withhold our meed of praise for that scrupulous regard for the national prejudice of the British sub-

ject, who was their fellow citizen, so strikingly evinced in that oath of office, which saves allegiance to King or Country :

"I do solemnly swear that I will support the Organic Laws of the Provisional Government of Oregon, so far as the said Organic Laws are consistent with my duties as a citizen of the United States, or a subject of Great Britain."

To form such government was the labor of years. The Fathers persevered till every vestige of hostility was removed. By wise and prudent conservatism, by a large and consistent democratic recognition of manhood regardless of nativity, all the settlers in Oregon, whether American citizen or British subject accorded hearty support.

We had historically approached to the meeting from which the British element withdrew in a body, when our Pioneers played politician and sprung the government project, on the 2d May, 1843. After that exciting scene, the American settlers continued their session, selecting certain necessary officers and appointing a Legislative Committee of nine to report a code of laws to a meeting to be held on the 5th July, 1843. That first Legislature or Constitutional Convention duly performed the work assigned, and Articles of Compact and a Code of Laws, were ratified by the people in convention assembled, July 5, 1843. The preamble to that Organic Law is as follows:

"We, the people of Oregon Territory, for the purpose of mutual protection, and to secure peace and prosperity among ourselves, agree to adopt the following laws and regulations, until such time as the United States of America extend their jurisdiction over us."

The Bill of Rights guaranteed all the great safeguards of individual personal liberty, freedom of conscience, the habeas corpus, trial by jury. The duty of encouraging morality, religion and knowledge by the support of schools was recognized. Good faith to the Indians was to be observed, and the Territory was forever dedicated to freedom by the adoption of the Ordinance of 1787. The Executive power was reposed in an Executive Committee of three, two of whom were a quorum. The law making power was continued in the Legislative Committee of nine, and a Judiciary constituted, consisting of a Supreme Court, Probate Court and Justices of the Peace.

With steamboat velocity, a whole system of laws were adopted in a most original manner. Certain laws and parts of laws of Iowa, were declared to be the Statute law of Oregon by the mere recital of the Act by title, or the section of the act, giving the page from whence quoted. A Land system, Militia law and other necessary measures were duly adopted. The finances of the Government were provided by the unique and very original plan of private subscription:

"We, the subscribers, hereby pledge ourselves, to pay annually to the Treasurer of Oregon Territory, the sum affixed to our respective names, for the purpose of defraying the expenses of Government; *Provided*, that in all cases each individual may at any time withdraw his name from said subscription upon paying up all arrearages and notifying the Treasurer of such desire to withdraw."

Not only did the Pioneers deem the consent of the governed an essential, but each citizen enjoyed the privilege of saying how much he would contribute, how much restraint he would tolerate by becoming a part of the government. With the accession of population in 1843, it became apparent that the Organic Law required amendment. A stronger government was needed. At the session of Legislative Committee, June, 1844, several modifications were made, a special election to vote on three amendments was ordered, and they were ratified by a large majority, to take effect after first Tuesday in June, 1845.

The amended Organic Law created the office of Governor in lieu of Executive Committee, conferring upon the office veto power, instead of submitting laws to popular vote. A House of Representatives took the place of the Legislative Committee, and the oath of office before quoted was adopted.

That government in its every official act avoided with scrupulous care, invading the rights, or offending the prejudices of British subjects. In the language of the memorial of June 28, 1844, "by treaty stipulations, this Territory has become a kind of neutral ground in the occupancy of which the citizens of the United States and the subjects of Great Britain have equal rights, and, as your memorialists humbly conceive, ought to have equal protection." Based upon such principles, the rights of all duly regarded, their prejudices respected, that government could not be a failure. It was a grand success.

In peace, it commanded the support of all citizens without distinction of nationality. Under wise and judicious administration, good order and prosperity were the fruits. In the din of battle it also stood the test. It declared and successfully waged war to redress the unprovoked wrongs its citizens had suffered; from its own resources, without extraneous aid, it levied the necessary troops; in the hour of danger, its citizens responded to the call of their constituted authority. The Cayuse war of 1847-8 was probably the most important historic feature of the Pioneer period. By it was fully demonstrated, not only the inherent strength of the Provisional government, the unity of feeling it had engendered, its entire capability to meet the requirements of the people, but the inciting cause of that war illustrates the imminent danger which had been the constant surrounding of the American Pioneers. The massacre at Waiilatpu on the 29th November, 1847, was cold-blooded and perfidious murder without the slightest justifying cause. Yet such an act was just as likely to have occurred at any

time previous and at any other place, and upon another pretext, just as trivial. It might have happened at any time where and when the Indian realized his advantage, or where the Americans, completely disarmed, had become so confiding as to trust the Indian race or believe them grateful. I shall not allude to the incidents immediately preceding that dreadful massacre. Suffice it to say, that the peculiar condition of the country is to me a sufficient explanation why it may have occurred without seeking any other directly inciting cause. We should be thankful to our Heavenly Father that our Pioneers had so long escaped similar adversities. To depict the internal condition of the country at that time and exhibit the relations each to the others of such diverse elements of population, I have upon previous occasions compared the country itself to a tinder-box,—the two white *quasi* hostile races may represent the flint and steel, the native race the *tinder*. As long as no collision between the whites occurred, the Indians might continue quiet. But any excitement indicating hostility between British and Americans, the tinder was in danger of ignition. We can avoid the belief that one of our race counseled or encouraged the commission of that awful crime. The Indian was ignorant, jealous and perfidious to his enemies, real or supposed. The American settler came to Oregon to stay and appropriate the country to his use, and this of itself were all-sufficient to provoke Indian enmity. It is equally true that there existed an educated bias which had already made the Indian the dependent of the foreign element—there was also an educated prejudice which fostered hostility to the American settler.

Constituted as the Indian is, his method of winning favorable regard by those whose friendship he covets, is to treat as enemies their enemies. He had readily and too aptly learned that King George's, as he called the British, had no real desire for the presence of the "Boston's" in the country. For him, that was enough. He not only thought he was doing service for the King George's by such hostility, but that they would protect him. Such was the race among whom Dr. Marcus Whitman and his heroic wife labored, at a station hundreds of miles distant from the settlements, its inmates numbering some twelve or more, men, women and children.

An Oregon audience need no assurance that Dr. Whitman and his devoted companion, were among the very best of their race, that their hospitality and kindness had been of the utmost service to the weary immigrant *en route* to the Wallamet. Pages could be devoted to the praise of their many good works. They were philanthropists, practical, devoted Christians, who literally obeyed the divine injunction, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." All wearing the image of their Maker, shared their sympathies. They

labored with a devotion unceasing and a zeal most disinterested to christianize the Indian, to confer upon him the habits of civilization. He was equally the dispenser of charity and benefits to his own race. The Indian never had a more sincere and earnest friend since good William Penn founded my native city and gave the world that glorious illustration of "unbroken faith by deeds of peace." The martyr Whitman acted with equal good faith to the perfidious Cayuses. Years before they had abandoned the comforts of home, the pleasures of society and accepted the solitude of early Oregon life and braved its dangers that they might spread gospel tidings to a benighted race. There at the Mission had been aggregated all those appliances of civilization, church, school house, work shop, &c., by which the Indians were made the recipients of the advantages of civilized life. All these were laid waste, and those eminent benefactors of the Indian, together with every American inmate of the mission, were brutally sacrificed. The Cayuse war was the necessary sequel. The government of our Pioneers, without aid from the United States, sent a force against the enemy—quickly and efficiently they avenged the murder of those who lost their lives, because they were American settlers in Oregon. The ring-leaders who survived the battles were captured, brought to the settlements, tried, convicted and executed.

I would dispel the gloom of that last drama in our Pioneer history, by recalling some darling names of the Oregonians of other days, that you might to-day award the merited honors. But I am admonished that I am trespassing upon your kind attention, and besides, it is unnecessary. Such is one of the duties of your Association. Its object, to embalm those names, to preserve that record, cannot be too highly commended.

As time becomes buried in the infinite past, and these heroic Pioneers shall have been gathered to their final rest, the enconium so richly earned, but so feebly accorded to them to-day, will not seem extravagant. The events commemorated, which even now provoke in us such enthusiasm will then have assumed a greater importance. They will grow in magnitude with the growth and advancement of the States into which *their Oregon* will have expanded.

Our Pioneers—Apostles of human liberty, avant-couriers bearing aloft the star of empire and civilization in the westward march of our country to be hemmed in by old ocean. Forerunners of the telegraph and railroad whose worked necessarily invoked the utilization of a broad continent, openers of communication, binding together two great oceans. Pioneers of the track over which you have caused to be borne the best fruits of American civilization, strewing the road with the homes of men, in a tier of States spanning the continent. You, who transplanted the tree of American liberty to these fertile western shores, where it has taken new root and spread with unparalleled vigor.

Other peoples will yet acknowledge you as leaders in the great march of human progress. We are content that many of you are here with us to-day, affording us the opportunity to render to you our tribute of fraternal and filial gratitude.

We, the old settlers, your immediate followers who profiting by your labor in paving the way found an easy approach to our new homes, ready for our enjoyment, thank you for your inestimable service. We, the sons and daughters of those Pioneer native Oregonians, give glory to God, that you formed and labored so successfully to secure for us so good a heritage. We who succeeded you, coming here to realize everything essential to human comfort, appreciate most deeply the toils and sacrifices you underwent, accept the fruits of those hardships with undying gratefulness, to those of you who yet are in the land your labors have blest so much, and to us sad but pleasant is the duty to shed tears of affectionate remembrance on the tombs of those who are your pioneers to that bourne whither we are all hastening. I know I speak the unmistakable voice of this multitude, when I say, it is a source of unalloyed delight and gratulation, that many of you have been spared to witness the grand results of your labors, that you have been permitted to enjoy and share in those blessings your self sacrifice insured to us, your successors and your posterity. Would that our Oregon farms and homes had then been here to have sheltered you from the inclemency of the season, that you might also have been exempt from the humiliation of dependence upon those who were inimical to your presence and purpose, to which you had been compelled by the neglect of the government of your country. In this our day of glorious prosperity, we come to perpetuate the remembrance of your trials,—and here in this lovely valley where Oregon began to be Americanised, and from whence is destined to spring glorious future commonwealths, we come to commend to the people, and to future posterity, your brilliant example, and to profit by the lesson, that virtue, patience, fortitude and devotion to country and to race, are the sure precursors to human grandeur and success.

THE OREGON PIONEER.

AN IDYL—BY FRANK HENRY, ESQ.

I.

Lo! 'tis November now in Oregon;
The wat'ry wind springs from the south again;
The serried clouds come marching darkly on,
Investing mountain range and spreading plain;
And gently, softly, ceaseless falls the rain.
For six months more the heavens are upset,
And all the throughout the evergreen domain
The earth, the air, are soaking, dripping wet,
From stern Alaska's rocks to fertile Willamette.

II.

The man of recent date from Eastern clime,
Who is so wed to mammon's sordid ways,
That he doth value money more than time,
And fain would drudge for lucre all his days,
Sees little in the country now to praise.
His loud complaint, his weak unmanly sigh,
A mind at war with Providence betrays,
And e'en at times, with rash profanity,
He may be heard to greet these blessings from the skies.

III.

But oh! how different these days appear
Unto that benefactor of his kind,—
The patriarch and early Pioneer,
Who, looking up with contemplative mind,
"Sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind."
No vain regret he on the past bestows,
But to the ways of Providence resigned,
Brings all his labors to a speedy close,
And gives himself to sweet reflection and repose.

IV.

Now housed beneath the cover of his roof
 Split from a cedar thirty years ago,
 And still so sound 'tis almost water proof,
 He piles the hearth until the rafters glow.
 The rain may fall, the fretful wind may blow,
 'Till yielding to the wat'ry element,
 The melting hills into the valleys flow;
 Unheeding wind or rain he sits content,
 Where he has seen the storms of thrice ten winters spent.

V.

His faithful spouse and numerous progeny
 Are gathered with him in his winter's nest.
 (From James K. Polk—their first, full six feet high,
 The line, by twelve descending steps depressed,
 Ends with Jo. Lane—an infant at the breast.)
 His spurs and leggings from their peg depend.
 "Sweet Milk and Peaches" sleeps upon her rest—
 By that pet name he fondly calls the friend,
 Faithful, in times gone by, to feed him or defend.

VI.

But now no more in her he puts his trust ;
 That well-tried piece has seen her useful day.
 The hostile race has vanished into dust ;
 The deer and elk, like it, have passed away ;
 And through their haunts his flocks unnumbered stray.
 No foe to fear, no farther use for game,
 Consigned to eating rust and slow decay,
 "Sweet Milk and Peaches,"—such is earthly fame—
 Sheds glory o'er the past, but on the present shame.

VII.

His hopeful flock all gathered round, the sage
 Now opening up the retrospective view,
 Instructs them in the hist'ry of that age
 When he was young and Oregon was new.
 His mem'ry freshening as his words pursue,

The theme's as coming as the winter's rain;
And if the stories that he tells be true,
That gun—reeking with hecatombs of slain—
An equal never had, nor such will be again.

VIII.

Nor since the tribal heads of all the Jews
Went first through Canaan's dubious land, to see
What it was, whether fat or lean, and whose,
Were ever founders of a colony
Tried like those pioneers of "*forty-three*,"
Who, moved by that fierce spirit of unrest
Which scorns to dwell in dull security,
Turned from a land with smiling plenty blest,
To face the unknown dangers of the howling West.

IX.

Full long he dwells upon that pilgrimage
Through deserts scarcely known to man before;
Tells how they marched o'er wastes of sand and sage,
With cracking lips, and blistered feet and sore;
And of the thirst and hunger which they bore;
Nor doth suppress nor gloss those numberless
Heart-burning jealousies, which ate the core
From out the romance of the wilderness;
Where souls of men were tried like vintage by the press.

X.

Nor found he at his tedious journey's end
Rest from his toils, or surcease of his woes.
No brother met to welcome and befriend;
No latch-string hung inviting to repose.
On every side primeval nature rose
As it was formed. And he like Adam stood—
That time he saw the gates of Eden close—
The monarch of a bristling solitude,
As poor in worldly goods, and very near as nude.

XI.

The list'ning flock with growing wonder hear
How the great founders of their "institutes"
Made clothing from the skins of elk and deer,
And lived upon jerked game and *camas* roots,
"Which" said the sage, "were first-rate substitutes
For farmers' truck, and all that commerce brings."
"Drat them!" the wife exclaims, "the skins of brutes
Wer'nt made for human wear; they are *sech* things
To bind when dry; and when they're wet they're stretchy strings."

XII.

With all due court'sy to his honored wife,
The patriarch no word of her's gainsays,
But still exalts that rugged frontier life
Above the customs of these later days.
Though rough they fared and straightened were their ways,
Like brothers dwelt those hardy men of yore,
Nor knew those vain distinctions pride will raise
Where commerce heaps up the superfluous store,
'Till envy make what erst were wealth seem mean and poor.

XIII.

Nor glitt'ing coin or graven rags were there,
For men to wrangle o'er like dogs at meat.
None sought to grasp his weaker brother's share,
Or sighed for wealth he could not wear or eat,
Then dues were paid in honest pelts and wheat.
Nor courts and jails, nor bolts and bars were seen,
There were no rogues to steal, and lie and cheat;
Nor strifes arose, nor angry feuds between
Those men of old, to mar their happiness serene.

XIV.

Thus each event is told in order due,
The place, the date, the actors all assigned;
Who started out; who made the journey through;
Who fell upon they way, and who resigned;
Who came the foremost in, and who behind;

Whose camp sent up the first immortal smoke;
Who the first dwelling built,—its size and kind;
Whose axe delivered the assaulting stroke;
Whose pond'rous wooden plow the inverting furrow broke.

XV.

Oft does he pause to draw comparison
Between those days and these;—as often sighs
To mark how things have changed in Oregon;
How selfishness prevails,—how honor dies.
Then forward looks and fondly prophesies,
That her fair bosom shall in future nurse
A giant race of men, and here shall rise
The proudest empire of Time's vanished course,
Shaming these modern days and worthy of their source.

XVI.

But who hath seen a present like the past?
As when the sun fades o'er the western line,
And shadows round us fall, we see him last
Upon the far-off eastward mountains shine,
Unfolding glories more and more divine.
As evening shades invest the scene below;—
Thus when we touch life's noon and thence decline,
As one by one its fond delusions go,
The past in mem'ry looms like mountains all aglow.

XVII.

What though he dwells upon the year he came
To Oregon, and stickles for a date?
Time's so important in the race for fame
That those may lose who are an instant late,
Whether they fight, seek office, or migrate.
The love of fame inspires all,—as well
Whose hearts are set on little things as great;
And 'tis for this men struggle to excell.
Not only by their deeds, but in the tales they tell.

XVIII.

Wealth has allurements which are manifold,
 And human moths will worship at its blaze;
 But soul-polluting is the love of gold,
 And whom it dazzles, like the lamp, it slays.
 Man's noblest aspiration is for praise,
 It is for this the weary bear their loads;
 It is this the fallen strive to rise;
 And mean his heart and kindred to the clods,
 Who does not thirst to drink this nectar of the gods.

XIX.

And theirs the brows that win immortal bays,
 Who go before through life's dark wilderness;
 Lop off its thorns, smooth down its rugged ways,
 Mark out the paths which make its hardships less,
 Or find new fields for human happiness;
 Such are the great to whom the good accord
 The meed of fame, and e'en the wicked bless;
 And such the captains chosen by the Lord,
 To lead his hoast with axe, or spade, or pen, or sword.

XX.

Adam and Eve,—creation's pioneers,
 And first to walk o'er paths where since have gone
 The countless millions of Time's vanished years,
 But lived and toiled and died as those have done.
 And even He, the most illustrious Son,
 Whose praises through eternity shall rise,
 So humbly walked through life that every one
 May find the path by which He went,—who tries,
 And follow Him up to the glories of the skies.

XXI.

When from Shinar, six thousand years ago,
 The march of human progress was begun,*
 Japhet inscribed his banner "Westward, ho!"

*See Numbers, Chap. XIII.

And turned his face towards the setting sun.
Age after Age still bore the standard on;
Nor deserts changed its course, nor plague, nor war;
Races were vanquished, and new empires won;
Still Westward, ho! man's aspirations bore,
And still like fairy land the West went on before.

XXII.

Old Egypt's darkness now that banner hides;
Now with Phœnician commerce forth it steers;
Now on the fiery wings of war it rides;
Now Greece,—now Rome th' advancing standard bears.
And now the "Scourge of God"† its pathway clears;
Rome sinks beneath the waves of Goth and Hun;
And nations wrecked along the rolling years,
Mark where for sixty centuries have run
The tidal waves of men towards the setting sun.

XXIII.

'Twas Westward, ho! Columbus boldy steered,
Out from the shadows of impending night;
And when the new world in the West appeared
Towards its shores Religion plumed its flight,—
A cloud by day, at eve a burning light,
Which o'er the waves rejoicing thousands led,
From rule of bigotry and tyrant might;
And for three hundred years whose suns have fled,
Still Westward, ho! freedom's triumphant banner sped.

XXIV.

The wild reclaimed along its pathway bloomed;
Proud cities rose, and golden harvests gleamed;
State after State, bright stars of freedom, loomed
In lands but yesterday the West had deemed.
Though Nature for him smiled, and plenty teemed,
Not these could fill man's ever craving breast.
Still Westward, ho! of brighter lands he dreamed,

†Attila, King of the Huns, was so called.

Until, in "forty-three," the van possessed
Themselves of Oregon, and bottled up the West.

XXV.

The march is ended and the banner furled
Their tents are pitched upon earth's final shore,
Whose sun in glory walks the western world;
Nor from it sinks until his beams restore
Morn to those scenes from whence old Japhet bore.
The mystic land of hope and dreams is gone.
The wistful eye turns to the West no more;
Its charm is dead,—its mystery undone;
And there abideth "no new thing under the sun."

THE OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

BY HON. STEPHEN STAATS.

FELLOW PIONEERS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

Another year has passed since the Pioneers of Oregon gathered themselves together, to have cheerful converse one with another, to discourse upon events connected with their early history, and to renew an acquaintanceship formed under circumstances peculiar in their nature, calculated to insure a friendship permanent in its character, and abounding in incidents of so much interest that the bare contemplation of them forms a bond of mutual respect and esteem between the old Pioneers that time with all its changes and vicissitudes can never obliterate.

I am one of those old Pioneers, having come to Oregon in 1845, and I have been selected by the Board of Directors of the Pioneer Association to deliver the address descriptive of the emigration of 1845, and this is the occasion upon which it is to be delivered; and I would shrink from the task assigned me did I not feel well assured that your knowledge of my abilities will not warrant you in anticipating a great display of oratory in my effort upon this occasion. Born upon the shores of the Atlantic, leaving the home of my childhood in early youth, and traveling westward until I reached the shores of the Pacific, and not having had the advantages of education that the youth of Oregon enjoy to-day, it is a source of much embarrassment to me to prepare an address, which, according to the rules of the Association, must be prepared in manuscript, placed in the printer's hands, and form part of the record of its transactions, and ever be a memento of my success or failure upon this to be memorable occasion. What I present to you to-day in relation to the emigration of 1845 is almost entirely from memory, and therefore it cannot be as correct and perfect a narrative as one could give had he preserved a journal of minutes, and events as they occurred at the time. Then let me commence by saying that all through the month of April the hardy Pioneers, those in search of the promised land, beautiful Oregon, were making their way to the rendezvous, on the western bank of the Missouri river, just opposite the now populous city of St. Joseph. That was to be the starting point for all Missourians, they being a large major-

ity of the emigrants of that year. My mind has often reverted to that period, when about three hundred persons encamped on the bank of the Missouri, their hearts beating joyously in anticipation of the bright and prosperous future before them, should they ever reach the Mecca of their hopes, bright Oregon, as pictured to them by friends who had preceded them and declared they had reached the paradise of earth. The sight of that camp ground, with a hundred blazing fires, around which might be seen the fond mother, the true-hearted wife preparing the frugal meal, the joyous little ones dancing with delight, and the young man and maiden billing and cooing like two turtle doves. It was a sight a king might envy. And yet, with all their mirth and joyousness, moments would come when buisiness thought scanned the future, and led them to ponder upon the dangers of the wilderness they were about to traverse, and the journey before them were well worth serious contemplation. To travel two thousand miles with all the appliances and conveniences of modern times is but a matter of a few hours or days at most; but to pursue the same distance through an almost trackless desert, with oxen and wagons, requires an undaunted courage deserving of success; and fellow Pioneers, have you met with success? Have you been amply repaid for all your toil and labor in reaching this beautiful valley? Would you again undertake the journey to secure what you have secured towards the enjoyment of life? Methinks I hear from every old Pioneer's heart the answer, I would. The possession of health, of ease and contentment in this blessed land of ours is satisfaction an hundred fold for all the dangers and toil of the past.

The first day of May, 1845, was the appointed time when we were to break camp and begin our perilous journey. Every one was active in making preparations for that eventful period; some were breaking oxen, some were making yokes, some making tents, and some preparing for matrimony, unconcerned about the future. Some days before starting, preparations were made to withstand the assaults of the wiley savage, should such assaults be made. We formed a regular military company, elected Col. T'Vault Captain, John Waymire, now a resident of Dallas, Lieutenant, James Allen, Seargant, and others to fill the various minor offices; had a time each day to go through all the evolutions and drill of a military company, and all seemed to vie with each other in the performance of the duty assigned them. On the day appointed we made a start, Capt. T'Vault leading the company with all the majesty of a crowned emperor, seconded by his Lieutenant John Waymire, who bestrode his steed as stately as Don Quixote in attacking the windmill. Noble-hearted old John! Methinks I hear him to-day, in his old accustomed stentorian tones, shout "close up, close up; why the devil don't you keep close together; the Indians could kill all in the forward wagons before you'd know it, and then come back

and scalp the last one of you fellows here behind!" We traveled on for a few days—(I will here mention that our company consisted of 61 wagons and about three hundred souls all told. Capt. Solomon Tetherous' company consisted of 66 wagons and about the like number of persons. There were also other companies, which I may refer to hereafter). As I stated, we traveled on for a few days without any incident worth mentioning until the night before we reached the Platte river; we had traveled all day until late in the evening, and then had to camp without water for ourselves or cattle. Those who had brought along a sufficient quantity of water hastily prepared a cup of tea before retiring for the night, while those who were not so fortunate lay down to rest and dream of times to come when they would suffer no more the deprivation of that soothing beverage. Early in the morning we started for the river, and when reached, great was our rejoicing, and many a parched tongue was refreshed in the limpid stream. Traveling along up the Platte, one night there were mysterious movements in and about the camp. Cupid, always on the alert to pierce the unsuspecting victim, had sped his dart with such unerring certainty that the pierced victims could find no salve to their bleeding hearts but in the solemnization of the marriage ceremony; so Capt. T'Vault was engaged as "master of ceremonies" to unite in holy wedlock these two pierced victims, and thus enable them to rejoice that though Cupid may wound the heart, a marriage certificate can ease the pain.

We now began to look out for buffalo, and some herds had been seen in the distance. One morning, four others and myself left the train and started for the hills to see what we could do in the way of getting buffalo meat. After about six or eight miles travel, we came to a narrow valley, and looking up it we discovered something that looked like what we were in search of; we made chase and soon came up to a large buffalo, roaming solitary and alone as "monarch of all he surveyed." But his monarchy lasted for but a brief period, as he was soon laid low with the earth, pierced with a ball from the unerring aim of Ralph Wilcox. Yes, my true hearted friend, Ralph Wilcox, was my traveling companion across the plains, and never can I forget his kind and genial ways—his generous disposition, manifested on all occasions when generosity was required at his hands. But where is Ralph Wilcox to-day? Is he in our midst rejoicing at the renewal of acquaintanceship with his old companions of 1845? Alas, no. His earthly pilgrimage is ended; he is gone to that "bourne from whence no traveler returns," and many of us who now survive him, will be missing at our next annual gathering, and it will be the sad lot of some other pen to announce their death and departure from the fast thinning ranks of the Pioneers of 1845. Ralph and I were born in the same State, New York, and in adjoining counties. We both made our starting point for Oregon from Platte

county, Missouri, and having been intimate friends for over thirty-five years, I can truly say of Ralph Wilcox, he was one of the noblest works of God,—an honest man. Then in memory of our departed friend, let me present the following deserved tribute from the hands of another Pioneer, Judge Deady, of Portland:

“Dr. Ralph Wilcox has long been a prominent and respectable figure in the affairs and society of Oregon. At last he has succumbed to his only enemy and gone to the undiscovered country from whose ‘bourne no traveler returns.’—Distinguished through life for integrity and impartiality, in the dread hour and article of death, he had the courage to be honest with himself and his Maker, as he had ever been with his fellow man. Years ago we met him in the halls of the Territorial Legislature, at Oregon City; and there laid the foundation of that friendship and esteem which withstood the strain of time and circumstance for more than a quarter of a century.”

“As I once said of him, ‘with ability and popularity, he only lacked audacity or industry, or both, to have been one of the foremost men in Oregon. But if he never reached the topmost rounds of the ladder of fame and power, at least his three score years on earth have been marked by no wrong or injustice to others. Kind, genial and unselfish to all with whom he came in contact, he leaves behind him neither hatred nor bitterness, but only pitying and mourning friends. In his death, I feel that one of the ties that bind me to earth has given way, and that I am so much the more willing to obey the ever nearing summons to depart and be at rest forever.”

Fellow Pioneers, let us drop a tear to his memory, and ever strive to emulate his virtues.

But again to my narrative; we continued our journey up Platte until we reached Fort Laramie without any remarkable event occurring; but at the Fort a circumstance occurred which would startle the belles of Salem, and cause their cheeks to pale with horror. An emigrant by the name of Bailey had a beautiful daughter, whom a Sioux brave most ardently desired to adorn his wigwam and bead his moccasins; about noon one day, this daughter went pail in hand to the river for water, the dusky brave at the same time was laying in ambush to capture this piece of feminine beauty, and when he made a spring to clutch the prize, she was like the Irishman's flea, she “wasn't there,” but was outstripping the wind in the direction of camp, and distanced the wiley savage so much that he became more enamoured of her than ever, and he had to be shown some trusty rifles before he would desist from his ardent courtship. The course of true love not running very smooth with this noble brave in that case, he entered into negotiations with one of our female emigrants for the purchase of *her*

daughter, and the handsome price of twenty horses being offered for her, I became extremely fearful, lest the mother would accept the offered price, and thus deprive me of a much coveted prize. Now if that bargain had been consummated it is a very doubtful question whether he, who now addresses you, would have been present on this happy occasion, but the bargain was not made, I am here to-day, and you can guess whether or not I came off victorious: whether or no I secured the much coveted prize.

After leaving Fort Laramie, we pursued the even tenor of our way without any extraordinary events happening. Before reached Fort Boise, some of the company had exhausted their supply of flour, and they had to depend upon what short allowances they might receive from their fellow travelers, and what scanty food they could procure from straggling bands of Indians they met with. Some of the families subsisted for weeks on dried salmon procured from the Indians, so much so, that they cannot even bear the sight of one of those scaly denizens of the deep even to this day.

When nearing Fort Boise, much discussion was had relative to the route to be followed after leaving that point. Stephen Meek had met the emigrants and proposed to pilot them over a new route by which to bring them into the valley, asserting that it was much shorter and better than the route to The Dalles. I recollect one old gentleman, John M. Forrest by name, who when the subject was warmly discussed, declared he would follow the old route, even if he had to travel alone—says he, “when I left the States, after reading the letters of Burnett and others from Oregon, I determined I would not be led off on any new route claimed to have been discovered by any adventurer, but would travel where others had traveled, and thus be sure of arriving at the desired point to which we are all looking.” But now the time had come for action. One morning, after a night spent in spirited discussion, Mr. Forrest broke camp and started on the old trail, others with much warmth attempted to restrain him, but he persisted and about twenty-five other wagons followed his; others under the leadership of Meek, struck off on the route declared by him the best and shortest; but well would it have been for all those so doing, had they persevered in following the old route, for experience proved to them, that had they so done, much suffering, in almost every conceivable form would have been avoided, and that they would have arrived at their destination much sooner and their condition more hopeful as to future resources to provide for their wants during the approaching winter.

It was but a few days after Meek left Fort Boise, that he became hopelessly lost, and had it not been for the good judgment and determined energy of some of the emigrants, and their hiring an Indian to pilot them through to The Dalles,

many would have perished and suffered a most torturing death, that now survive and to-day can recount the many sad incidents and afflictive events of their wearisome travel to that point. It has been positively asserted that while Meek was thus lost, that he suffered to such an extent for the want of water to satisfy his thirst, that he opened a vein in the neck of his mule, and thus in all probability secured his own life by quaffing the life's blood of that most noble and docile quadruped. But be that as it may, whether true or not, there were moments, when the sufferings of husband, wife and children, became so unbearable, and so intensely torturing to the mental vision of those having others depending upon them for support and protection, that had he who counseled them to take an unknown and trackless route when almost out of provisions, and energies already nearly exhausted, made his appearance among them, he might have been made a sacrifice to appease the angry passions' with which they were inflamed.

Those who took the old route, arrived at The Dalles in good season without incurring any other trials than would naturally result from their mode of travel. To the best of my recollection, Capt. Barlow's company was the first to arrive at The Dalles, others following in quick succession. Here was a stopping place for the rolling of the wagon wheel, and it became necessary to provide some mode of conveyance by which the families and wagons could be transported to the long looked for end of their travels. Barlow with great energy and undaunted courage urged the idea of crossing the Cascades with our wagons by cutting our way through, but those living at The Dalles and having a thorough knowledge of the difficulties, and making them known to the emigrants, they discarded the idea and proceeded to make rafts to convey their families and wagons down the river to Vancouver, whilst others prepared to drive stock over the mountains by an old Indian trail to the Willamette valley. I was with those driving the stock, and a trying time we had of it. I recollect one instance in particular: We had about one hundred and fifty head of cattle, and in crossing one of the main spurs of the mountain leading from Mt. Hood's snowy peak, there came on a heavy snow storm, with a wind blinding to the sight; so much so, that we lost all trail of the cattle, and struck for a camping place, regardless of distance or direction, and fortunately we had to travel but a short distance till we found one, with a fine supply of grass for our almost famished horses, and a plentiful supply of material with which to make a fire, and restore a degree of warmth to our chilled bodies.

There was one, and only one female with us at the time, and she suffered intensely from the cold; she was illy prepared to withstand the chilling storm, being scantily clothed; but her husband, true to the instincts of a noble man-

hood, divested himself of his own well worn blanket, and helped to shield her shivering frame from the inclement storm. Tears were shed that day by men unused to weeping, at witnessing the sufferings of that lone female without the power for the time being to give relief. That lady was Mrs. Waldrom, daughter of Mr. Lemmons, long a resident of Marion county, but now deceased. I said we lost all our cattle on that day, but there was one exception; "old Uncle Davy Carson" an old mountaineer and a fellow traveler with us from Missouri, with more than ordinary courage and endurance, had a favorite cow which he singled out and determined to drive with him to camp wherever that might be, and he succeeded, and long after his arrival in Oregon, enjoyed the benefits to be derived from such a precious milker. Now as to the other lost cattle, early in the morning after the storm, Uncle Davy Carson, with a few trusty and dauntless spirits took the back trail in search of them, and after a toilsome and tedious ascent, found them huddled together, high up between two ridges running down from old Mt. Hood, with his covering of perpetual snow; and so completely bewildered, that it was almost impossible to start them from their sheltered nook; but Uncle Davy with true grit and unabated energy determined that to camp they must go; and go they did, but not until Uncle Davy became so wearied with excessive exertion that he must resort to some means to refresh himself, so after casting about for a time, a bright idea struck him, (though he was always in the habit of being similarly stricken), espied a bell suspended from the neck of a poverty stricken cow, and immediately made for it; it was soon stripped from the cow and in a few minutes the lacteal fluid from the gentle beast had filled it to the brim, and soon Uncle Davy was himself again. The refreshing beverage restored him to new life and animation, and he shortly came shouting into camp with not a hoof missing.

But Uncle Davy is gone, peace to his ashes; a kind thought to his memory, and may some abler pen than mine, at some future time recount the nobleness of his actions in all his intercourse with his fellow man.

We reached Oregon City in thirteen days from The Dalles, (two of which we were without food), and on our arrival, those of us in advance were kindly and hospitably received by old Dr. McLaughlin. He immediately furnished us with provisions without money and without price, and extended to us favors which we were ever ready to reciprocate. I am not one of those who wish to cast reflections on the character of Dr. McLaughlin or wish to impute to him anything wanting in the kindest feelings towards the emigrants of 1845. For well do I know, that but for him, many would have been more embarrassed in making provision for the coming winter's necessities than they were, and I have yet to see the emigrant of 1845, who when speaking of the "old man Doctor," does not

speaking in high commendation of his actions towards the emigrants of that year.

The companies that followed the "Meek cut-off," were much longer in reaching The Dalles, and the emigrants endured all the suffering both mentally and physically, that human nature was capable of enduring. And had it not been for a few courageous spirits, they would have been hopelessly lost, and suffered an excruciating torture and death, where no human aid could have brought them relief, and where hearts recently beating with high hopes of future happiness and prosperity, sank down almost to despair and breathing condemnation upon the author of all their calamities. But thank God, most of them arrived in safety, and some of them are here to-day, enjoying the fruits of their labor, their countenances beaming with smiles of pleasure and ever ready to recount to surrounding friends the recollections of that eventful period to which their minds now revert, with malice toward none, and with thankfulness for deliverance from the perils in which they were involved.

I now wish to revert to an individual (formerly a citizen of Salem, now deceased), of whom no person has referred to in their addresses before this Pioneer Association. I refer to Captain Charles Bennett, an emigrant of 1844; I first became acquainted with him in 1835, forty-two years ago. He was then a subordinate officer of Company "A." U. S. Dragoons, stationed at Fort Leavenworth. In the spring of 1847, I made a trip to California; Bennett was with us and assisted in camp duties; he was a very active and energetic man, always on the lookout for something ahead; upon our arrival in California, after a short time he left us for Sutter's Fort. After being there a short period, he and a man by the name of Marshal, (he of gold mine fame) entered into a contract with Sutter to erect a saw mill, and while engaged in its erection, the first discovery of gold was made. Now Marshal has always been credited with being the first discoverer, but had it not been for Bennett, in all probability that auriferous region would never have yielded up its golden revenues to the enterprising Yankees. Bennett's searching eye was the first to behold the sparkling "dust" glistening in the mother earth, where it had been embedded for centuries. He it was who first exhibited the first ounce of gold dust to the wondering gaze of the Californians. Well do I remember, when with sparkling eyes and enthusiastic hopes he brought that first specimen of gold, and recounted to us the manner of its discovery, and the extent of its deposits, saying at the same time, "if it really is gold, we can get all we want and become as rich as Croesus." I claim for Bennett the credit of being the first discoverer of gold in California. He made our house his home when not employed, and I received from his own lips an account of the manner of its discovery in 1848. But Bennett is now gone; he met his death with that true bravery for which he was noted, while fighting to protect the settlers on our frontiers.

But again, the emigration of the year 1845 consisted of between five and six hundred wagons, and about twenty-five hundred souls. Some were well provided with the requisites for a successful trip, and suffered but little serious inconveniences, whilst others illy prepared for such a journey, had many apprehensions concerning their safe arrival at their journey's end. We were from five to six months making the trip from the Missouri river to The Dalles, and if any pen could recount the incidents connected with that journey, it would form a volume of great interest, and of many events that would thrill the heart with emotions, both of a sad and a cheerful character.

I will here refer to another individual connected with the early history of Oregon, one through whose exertions we are indebted in a great measure, to the many benefits we have received, and to the possession of the broad and fertile acres in this blessed land of ours. I refer to the Hon. Samuel R. Thurston, now deceased, he who was the first elected Delegate from Oregon to the Congress of the United States. It was through his energy and devotion to the interests of the people of Oregon, that the Donation Bill granting land to the early settlers became a law. He left here in 1849 to take his seat as Delegate, and no one I presume at this day will fail to accord to him an untiring energy to promote the interests of the settlers in this his adopted country. His name should be held in grateful remembrance, and more especially by the women of this beautiful valley, for by the passage of the Donation Bill, the wife was secured in the possession of 320 acres of land, and well worthy was she entitled to the benefits of that law, for she breasted the hardships and dangers of that tedious journey across the plains, to settle in a Territory where she must necessarily be deprived of many if not all of the conveniences and luxuries of life, and at the same time too, when uncertainties stared her in the face from every point to which she turned her eyes, or fixed her attention upon.

I was but a youth when I crossed the plains in 1845, and therefore was free from the great responsibilities resting upon the shoulders of those of maturer years and having wives and children dependant upon them for support and protection; but now, having assumed the same responsibilities, having my thoughts, my energies, my attention, all directed towards contributing to the domestic happiness of those composing the family circle, I have often been led to conjecture, what must have been the emotions swelling the breast of the true hearted man, when leaving the abodes of civilization in search of a new home he cast his eyes about him, and reflected for a moment upon the toil and dangers to which he was about to expose those dearest to him upon earth; what must have been the feelings of the fond hearted mother, when gazing upon her loved offspring, she contemplated for a moment the dread consequences that might ensue,

before she should find a place she could again call "Home." Yet, with all her anxiety of mind, with all her fearful apprehensions, she exhibited a courageous disposition well calculated to nerve the manly heart and cause it to thrill with a grateful remembrance for her noble devotion to him who risked all for the future prosperity of all concerned, for those composing the entire family circle. But at that time, I was a little more conversant with the thoughts of those of my own age, free from care, with no apprehensions for the future, our only object was present pleasure, and I can truly say, the youth of that emigration had many periods of enjoyment while crossing the plains. I see around me to-day, some faces, then rosy with youth, that participated in making joyous the dreary desert by the ringing laughter of some beautiful maiden at the mishaps of some luckless wight during the day's travel. I see before me him who, violin in hand, discoursed most beautiful music, whilst others danced by the light of the moon till the old violin squeaked the hour for rest. There is to be a dance here to-night, and I hope my friend Simeon Smith will bring out that old violin and give us that good old tune, "Pretty Betty Martin," which he played all the way across the plains, and then perhaps even I might be tempted to trip the light fantastic toe with some of those who thirty odd years ago danced upon the velvety plains of Platte, and the sandy valleys of the Columbia, and who are present with us to-day, and perhaps are thinking now of that old violin.

I must not forget to mention my friend General Joel Palmer, who was first chosen to deliver the Occasional Address at this time, but owing to impaired health, he was compelled to decline the invitation tendered him by the Directors of the Pioneers' Society, and you have missed a great intellectual treat by his non appearance before you to-day. He was an emigrant of 1845, and being a man of varied experience, and of an observant character, I deeply regret that circumstances prevented him from presenting to us to-day such an array of facts and incidents connected with the emigration of 1845, which he certainly could have given, had time and circumstances been propitious for the preparation of an address bearing upon events connected with that year's travel. Palmer was Captain of a company, that made its starting point from Independence, Missouri, and was composed of about forty wagons. He was also one of those who first made the attempt to cut his way through the Cascade mountains to the Willamette valley. Just before reaching The Dalles, he with a few others of his company, went in advance of the wagons to spy out the land, and view out a shorter route to reach the trail where it entered the mountains. They were successful; they then returned to their teams, drove forward in the direction they had viewed out and camped on a creek bottom, the waters of which flowed from Mount Hood's snowy peak, and where they found grass for their horses and

cattle, and then went to work to cut a road across a mountain that never had had the imprint of wagon wheel since the first dawn of creation. Others of the company took the road by the way of The Dalles, and those dauntless spirits hewing their way through a heavily timbered mountain, sent word by them to the settlers in the valley concerning the work they were engaged in, and that they desired assistance, both in the way of provisions and labor. They prosecuted their labors in cutting their way through until it became too late in the season to accomplish their object, and so had to abandon the work and return to the camp previously made, where they proceeded to build a cabin for the preservation of their wagons and baggage through the winter, and until they could return for the same next season. Three young men, whose names I do now recollect, were left in charge of the camp, and they were furnished with supplies for their winter's use by persons in the Willamette valley, who had received word of the efforts of these energetic men to cross the mountains and the scarcity of provisions with which they were supplied.

In the spring of 1846, Palmer was one of six who started and traveled across the plains to their homes in the Eastern States, and he returned with his family again in 1847, since which time he has been a true resident Oregonian. You see the General has made three trips across the plains, and what has passed before his vision—naturally and mentally—could it be related to this audience, I think they could then say they had been agreeably entertained. But the idea of giving a description of the emigration of 1845, is a little preposterous, when limited to the brief space of one hour. Every individual emigrant has had his own experience and knowledge of events as they have transpired, and the longest day that Oregon ever witnessed, would scarcely be sufficient time in which to recount the many circumstances, and events of an interesting character that transpired during that weary tramp across the plains.

It has been the duty of him who delivered the Occasional Address to call the roll of the persons composing the emigration of which he was a party. I asserted in advance the impossibility of my complying with that part of the programme, owing to the lapse of time, and to my utter inability to prepare a roll that would do justice to the persons composing the emigration of 1845; and had it been possible, the calling the names of two thousand individuals would prove monotonous, and well calculated to exhaust the patience of the people assembled here. And yet, I do not deem it out of place to refer to some few individuals who crossed the plains in 1845; you have some of them in your midst who have been residents of Salem and vicinity for many years. Where is Wm. J. Herren? He is amongst us to-day, enjoying in retrospect the pleasing associations of the past, when, ox goad in hand during the day, he antici-

pated a joyous occasion when assembled around the camp-fire at night. He has been a prominent member of society, been elevated to many positions of trust and responsibility by the free choice of the people, and to-day occupies a position to which his devotion to the interests of the agricultural classes justly entitles him. There is John Durbin, Sen., who in 1845 was as robust and hearty as any amongst us to-day, but who now, in the decline of life, can look back to those days when all his energies were called into full play to preserve that large band of cattle from the thieving clutches of the red man, and I think I can safely say that those little reminiscences of the past are not altogether of a saddening character. And you have Rufus A Riggs among you, who has the record of the journeyings of a principal part of the emigration of 1845 in his possession, and had I obtained possession of that record a few days sooner, I might then have prepared for you a feast that would have been more decidedly interesting than this desultory address with which you are now afflicted. James B. Riggs, the father of Rufus, who also was an emigrant of 1845, has gone the way of all the earth, after traversing the plains and living and enjoying all of life's comforts in this delightful clime; he died highly respected and honored by all with whom he was acquainted. Marion county was and is the home of many of the emigrants of '45. Where are your Smiths, your Taylors, your Williams, your Simmons, your Halls, your Englishes, and others I might mention? Some of them are yet actively engaged in the performance of life's duties, whilst others have ceased from their labors, and laid them down to rest, free from the cares and turmoils of life, and deeply regretted by friends who survive them. Capt. English, whom you all knew, and who struggled under as severe and trying circumstances as any of the emigration of that year to reach this coast, after a long, arduous and eventful life, has departed from our midst and left behind him a name the synonym of hospitality and honesty.

I noticed in the *Statesman* a day or two ago the inquiry, Where are the Pioneer printers? In answer, I will say that one of them has gone to the spirit land, there to enjoy the reward of a well spent life. I allude to Mr. John Fleming, a pioneer of 1845. I had the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance with him during the journey across the plains, and can recall to mind many acts of kindness which he did to myself and others during that trip. He was a resident of Oregon City, and his hands were amongst the first to set type in the publication of a paper in Oregon. Although conversing frequently with him on the subject of setting type and printing in general, I then little dreamed of the manifold duties of the printer. It is a busy life of condensing and rearranging, tearing down and building up, transforming badly spelled and poorly punctuated and miserably written manuscript; yet he loves it, and Fleming was equal with any other in his attachment to the art preservative. I hope if this

manuscript comes into the printer's hands he will treat it tenderly, if for no other reason than out of respect for my departed friend Fleming, who could always appreciate the intention of the writer, and at the same time denounce the writing. Peace to his ashes, and may his name retain an abiding place in the memory of Oregon typos.

I cannot conclude this address without mentioning another Pioneer of '45. I will say that the name of J. C. Avery has long been favorably known throughout the length and breadth of the valley. On his arrival in Oregon, he settled on the Willamette, near the mouth of Mary's river, and continued to reside there up to the day of his death. He was founder and proprietor of the city of Corvallis, and lived to see it one of the most thriving towns in the valley. He occupied many prominent positions in public affairs, and was always esteemed for his indomitable energy and perseverance in everything having a tendency to advance the interests of his adopted State. He now sleeps the sleep that knows no waking, and his friends will ever hold in remembrance the kindly associations connected with his eventful life. And Fredrick Waymire, he who was Polk county's truest friend in all that appertained to her best interests, where is he to-day? Numbered with the dead. Could he be here present with us to-day to discourse upon events connected with the emigration of 1845, your ears would be saluted with an interesting theme that few but him could present to you. He was a member of the convention that framed our State Constitution, was at different times a member of the State Legislature, all of which positions he filled with honor to himself, and with a cheerful acknowledgment by his constituents that he was a true and devoted public servant.

"Dear friend, farewell, your flight you've taken,
Yet memory will kind thoughts awaken."

Now I believe I see before me, my friend Rees, who although he was here prior to 1845, yet, he is indebted to the emigration of that year for all the domestic bliss he has enjoyed for these many years. He became enamored with the charms of one of the fair maidens who crossed the plains that year, and had it not been for her affectionate disposition, he might still be an old bachelor, whang in hand, mending his old buckskin unmentionables. I hope Rees now does and ever will bless the emigration of 1845, for bringing to his arms the lovely maiden who has shared his toils, wept when he has wept, rejoiced when he rejoiced for more than a quarter of a century. Long life to Rees; may he live to enjoy many such occasions as the present one. Yes, friend Rees, you helped to organize this Association, you have contributed all in your power to make it a success, and to-day you can foresee for it a prosperous future.

This is a day to which many of us have looked in anticipation of pleasure

and enjoyment of a social character. It is a day which brings together persons, who in the distant past have shared the same toil and danger, have been bound by a mutual interest in each others care and protection, and who after passing through difficulties apparently insurmountable, have at last reached the acme of their cherished hopes, fair Oregon, whose fertile soil and salubrious climate gives competency and health to the industrious dweller within her borders. Fellow Pioneers, let not this Association fail through indifference or a want of interest to render it perpetual. Old Pioneers are fast passing away, but a few more years, and those of 1845 will have rendered up their account, and now is the time to prepare for a future generation, some means by which they can gain a knowledge of the early settlement of the country and its progress from a wilderness in 1840 to its present high state of civilization.

Oregon's present career, is a promising morning,
 Her future, a noontide of lustre shall be;
 Art, science and commerce, her handmaids adorning,
 My beautiful Oregon, that sits by the sea.

THE OREGON PIONEER.

BY SAMUEL L. SIMPSON, ESQ.

I.

In the dusk of forgotten years,
And the rain of their drifting woe,
Where the city of Priam rears
Dim walls by Scammander's flow
Lies the harp old Homer strung
On the fabled and fading shore,
When the story of Troy was young,
And Calv'ry was far before.

II.

In the silence of old, and the dew
Of the sorrowful mists of time,
As the ages go on and renew
The chalice of life sublime,
His harp lies at rest, though his song
Is echoing onward still,
Detaining the beautiful throng
Of the gods on the classic hill.

III.

But the heroes of war remain,
And, alert at the call of fate,
They return to the stormy plain
From the ships and the Scæan gate;
And the groups of the glorious gods,
In the court of the thunderer, Jove,
Lean over, and note where nods
Each plume that they hate or love.

IV.

Bold hearts that have gained the west!
Nor Hector nor Peleus' son
In their knightliest deeds and best
Have rivaled what you have done!
For spirit of valor doth yet
In the bosom of manhood burn,
Though the genius of Homer has set
And the gods nevermore return.

V.

In the faces that circle here
Are the signets of toil and care,
But the light of a purpose clear
Yet lingers, like sunset, there;
And I read, on your brows of calm,
The record of many a fray,
In the scars that have won the palm,
And the lines that have come to stay.

VI.

For I read of the toiling train,
And the trail of its dust afar,
And the Crows and the Sioux, again
Are a hovering cloud of war.—
Of the graves that you have left, with tears,
In the deserts of sand and sage,
And the sorrows that seams and sears,
With a heavier hand than age.

VII.

And I read of the sweet desires
That you wreathed on the sunset's bars
As ever your red camp-fires
Were traveling on with the stars—
Till the goal of your hearts was won
In the mists of Pacific's spray,
In the purple tents of the sun,
And the camp of the weary day.

VIII.

Where the forest o'ershadowed, and where
 The fountains of crystal are born,
 And the mystical voice of the fir
 Is singing at eve and at morn,
 Your cabin is built in a day,
 And the wife is enthroned, to her joy,
 And you look and rejoice and you say,
 "She is fairer than Helen of Troy!"

IX.

And the rifle, the axe, and the plow
 Are the texts that you preach to the wild,
 And the crests of the forests bow,
 And the wastes, by your toil beguiled,
 Move back with a wider sweep
 From orchards and fields of grain,
 And you sow, though you may not reap,
 In the shadowy days of pain.

X.

For the tocsin of war may call
 The toiler from fence or field,
 And you go where so many fall,
 And you fight till the foemen yield!—
 It was thus, in the bronze of toil,
 And the blood of the patriot's fate,
 And deep in the rocks and soil
 Your grounded the pillars of State.

XI.

On his throne of the wild Cascades
 Sits the glittering monarch, Hood,
 As the days with their wheeling shades,
 Pass on in a solemn mood;
 And away to the east and the west,
 In the seas of the golden air,
 He may see that his wilds are dressed
 With a glory of harvests rare.

XII.

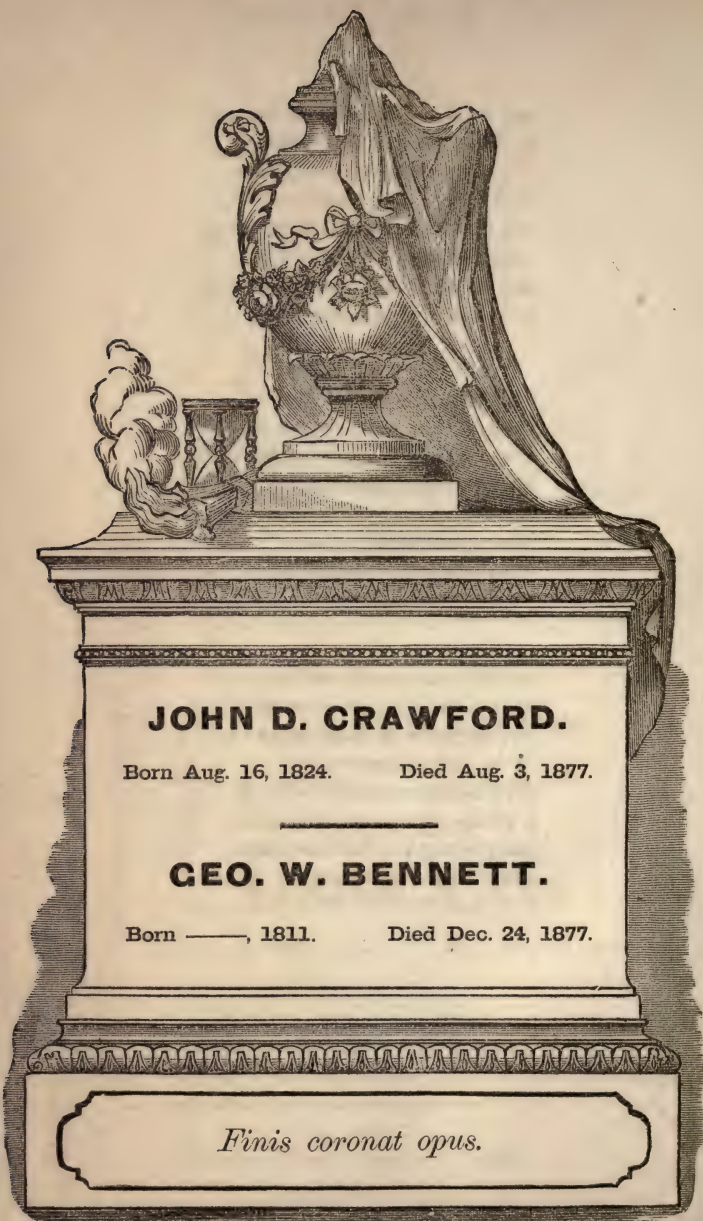
And the rivers are tracked with foam,
As the steamers go up and down,
And the glittering spire and dome
Mark many a busy town;
And from myriad homes there springs
A murmur of sweet content,
And 'tis there, though no Homer sings,
True souls, you have monument!

XIII.

But by many a mansion fair,
In the shade of the dreaming firs,
Where the spider is weaving her snare
To the music of dropping burs,
Is the cabin you built in the days
That tested the fibre of men,
And the softest of sunlight plays
On the roof that you loved so then.

XIV.

So rude, and unlovely and old,
By the side of your mansion fair,
It is clasped in the richest gold
Of the odorous summer air;
But a mansion not made by hands,
Is gilding their dreams as it nears,
And the Angel of Welcome stands
At the door of the Pioneers!



JOHN D. CRAWFORD.

Born Aug. 16, 1824.

Died Aug. 3, 1877.

GEO. W. BENNETT.

Born ———, 1811.

Died Dec. 24, 1877.

Finis coronat opus.



WILLIAM P. PUCH,

Born March 9, 1818.

Died Feb. 27, 1878.

REV. E. WALKER,

Born Aug. 7, 1805.

Died Nov. 21, 1877.

Finis coronat opus.

HON. JOHN D. CRAWFORD.

BY WILLIARD H. REES.

John Davis Crawford was born in Onondaga county, New York, August 16, 1824. After leaving the schools he entered a printing office in the town of Havana, where he remained until he became master of the art. Soon after gaining a practical knowledge of printing he changed his mind as to his future vocation. Bidding adieu to his old home, he turned his face toward the tempting allurements of the far famed West. On reaching Milan, Ohio, he at once decided to make that thrifty young town his future home. Here he entered a law office and for some time devoted himself to the study of the profession. He finally yielded to the repeated and earnest solicitations of his elder brother, Captain Medorum Crawford, who had made the overland journey to Oregon in 1842, to join him at Oregon City, with which request he complied, reaching Oregon with the immigration of 1847.

The Whitman massacre, which occurred November 29th, of that year, young Crawford received an appointment in the Commissary Department, serving under Gen. Palmer during the campaign against the Cayuse Indians.

In the early part of 1848, Geo. L. Curry, who had but recently retired from the editorial chair of the pioneer paper, the *Oregon Spectator*, established at Oregon City a second paper called the *Free Press*, upon which Mr. Crawford was for a time employed.

During the early excitement which followed the discovery of gold on the American river, California, by James Marshall, an Oregon immigrant of 1844, Mr. Crawford, like a large majority of Oregonians, made the journey to that distant Eldorado.

In 1851, he became half owner of the *Hoosier*, the first steamboat that ever turned a wheel on the Willamette river. She plied for a short time between Vancouver, Portland and Oregon City; was subsequently transferred to the upper river and placed in the Yamhill trade, where she met with a lucrative business.

In 1852, Mr. Crawford entered into partnership with the late Dr. Newell in the mercantile business at Champoeg, which at that day commanded quite an extensive trade. Here he continued to reside until the first week in December, 1861, when that historic village was completely swept away by the great flood of that year. He was a member of the State Legislature from Clackamas county in 1872, became a member of the Pioneer Association in 1873; was a member of Butteville Grange, serving as its Secretary from the organization to the 1st of January last.

At the cemetery, the Masonic fraternity took charge of the interment, and during the performance of their beautiful burial service, the remains of Mr. Crawford were shut from mortal sight forever. Slowly and sorrowfully the large concourse of old friends and neighbors departed from the sad scene, and soon the cemetery contained none but the silent dead.

REV. ELKINAH WALKER.

BY REV. G. H. ATKINSON.

Rev. Elkinah Walker, who died at Forest Grove, Oregon, Nov. 21, 1877, was born Aug. 7, 1805, in North Yarmouth, near Portland, Maine. The son of a farmer in that seaport town, the path of life opened naturally to him and his brothers there, either on the farm or in the ship yard, or upon the sea. The sons of Maine have made a record in all these callings alike honorable to themselves and to their State.

But during that series of revivals following the labors of Mills and Nettleton and their compeers through New England and the middle States, the interest in missions was invigorated and widely extended. Men and women gave up home and country and went abroad East, West, North and South, knowing little that should befall them, only that Christ bade them "go and teach all nations, and promised to be with them to the end of the world."

Such was the air in which Mr. Walker began to live and move after his conversion in 1831. Shortly after this he was led by a favorite instructor, Rev. Mr. Newell, to enter the Kimball Union Academy at Meriden, New Hampshire, and prepare for college.

But in 1834, instead of following his classmates to Dartmouth or Bowdoin, he took the "short course" into the ministry, much to his regret afterwards, and entered the Bangor Theological Seminary that fall, and remained three years under the instruction of Drs. Pond and Shepherd and other teachers.

The calls for missionary labor abroad enlisted him, as it did his loved classmate, Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D. D., now so eminent for his efforts in founding churches and schools and colleges in and around Constantinople.

Mr. Walker and Mr. Eells, his co-worker, from Massachusetts, were soon in 1837 booked for Zulu Land, South Africa. A few months passed in initial preparations, when a tribal war, fierce and bloody and merciless began between the border chieftains there, Dingaan and Moselkatze.

Meanwhile a strange voice had been heard from beyond the Rocky mountains. Four Flathead Indians, so styled, but true Nez Percés, had come that long journey to St. Louis in 1832-3, inquiring for the "white man's God." It seemed like a call of God. The Methodist church responded instantly, and sent Rev. Jason Lee with the first company of missionaries to Oregon in 1834.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions sent Messrs. Parker and Whitman to explore, in 1835. In 1836 Messrs. Whitman and Spaulding and their wives—the first white women that ever crossed the Rocky mountains—and Mr. Wm. H. Gray, began their mission work in the basin of the Columbia.

Favorable reports of the journey and their welcome among the Indians, and the need of more laborers for new fields, easily, (on request of the Board), led Messrs. Walker and Eells, then waiting to sail for Africa, to listen and follow this providential call to Oregon. Not many weeks were given to preparation and farewells,—for very early, March 6th, 1838, on the next day after marriage, Mr. Walker and wife, started on their *bridal* trip en route for Boston, New York, St. Louis and the wide plains, roamed by the buffalo, the Indian and the trapper. The enterprise, though tested by the first company of pioneer families, demanded courage, and to it he and his wife, and Mr. Eells and his wife, and William H. Gray,—who had returned,—and his wife, gave a heroism born of faith and nursed in prayer.

Four thousand miles from their home on the Atlantic, they built their log house among the Spokanes, expecting seldom or never to see the faces of friends again, or hardly of white people.

Their mission was to unfold the gospel of Christ to these dark-minded men and women and children, first chiefly by the example of their own Christian home. A Christian family is the best witness for God. It ranks higher than the school. It photographs the divine word. Imagine those two godly families, living among the huts of the savages, daily making known the simple stories of the Bible, and that for ten years, with no reward but the food and clothing for themselves and families, and you have a picture of mission life. Such was Mr. Walker's work while and after learning the language. Little was done or could be done to reduce it to written forms or to print it. One small primer, prepared and printed by his own hand on the mission press at Lapwai, in 1841, was the only book in that language.

Incidental lessons were in the garden and on the farm, with hoe and plow and sickle and axe, with all the conveniences that they could make for the comfort of domestic life. These latter are supposed to be *prime* in the steps of civiliza-

tion. The fact is they are its fruits. Ideas are the roots of things. Out of germ thoughts come the higher forms and amenities of home life and social relations. Plant truths first and gather fruits afterwards. To that line of action, Mr. Walker and his co-laborers gave a steadfast mind and patient effort, both witnesses of intelligent faith in and true devotion to the *Great Teacher* and His methods. Accustomed so long to address Indians only in a conversational way, it was hard for Mr. Walker, in later life, to be free from a tremor, or seeming timidity before a common Sabbath audience, but in prayer he was happy in speech and most tender in appeal. The Indians learned to respect him as a man of true courage, a quality which they always test, and to esteem him as a friend, and to trust him as an honest man. One of them, a young man, who lived with him a year, made such progress in new thoughts that an old chief, jealous of his influence with the tribe, persuaded him away, and by a kind of plagiarism obtained his new views and gave them to the tribe as his own, and thus retained his own influence over them. That young man became a Christian and a chief, and did much by his counsels to allay the war fever that was rising so high among them last summer, and to keep his part of the tribe true to the whites, as Rev. Mr. Eells testifies, who was among them at the time.

When the terrible news came by a rumor to the Spokanes in November, 1847, that the Cayuses had killed Dr. Whitman and family, and that a band would soon come and cut off the mission families, a Spokane chief at once told Messrs. Walker and Eells, and said, "Do not fear; we will defend you." On some signs of danger, he collected his armed and mounted warriors, rode to their station, surrounded their dwellings, and thus always ready, became a bodyguard to them and their households during the long winter, until a company of Oregon Volunteer Cavalry, under Major Magone, came to rescue and escort them to the Willamette valley in the early summer of 1848.

Witnesses of the honesty and faithfulness of those Indians and of their desire to improve themselves and their children come from many and various sources. The Christian integrity of those of them now in Rev. Mr. Cowley's church is attested by him, and the loyalty of that portion of the tribe to the American people and government has been steadfast for nearly forty years.

Rev. Mr. Walker came to the Willamette valley almost thirty years ago, from the threatening dangers in the upper country. His desire was to preach the Gospel here also, but the needs of a large family called him to toil early and late for their support and education. He was a member of the Oregon Congregational Association of Ministers and Delegates of the churches, who, in September, 1848, by vote, approved and accepted the plan suggested by Rev. Theron Baldwin, Secretary of the American College Society, to start an academy that

should grow into a college in Oregon. He voted for the first Board of Trustees, with the recommendations to adopt the proposed plan and become incorporated. He would no doubt have been chosen one of the Board then if his relation to the A. B. C. F. M., had been dissolved. The idea of this academy and college helped in his decision to abide in Oregon and here educate his children.

Soon after, in 1848, the Trustees chose the site of what is now Forest Grove—then mostly an open plain, with here and there a log house—as the location of the academy and college. Mr. Walker also chose it for his abode and moved thither in 1850, having bought the claim on which part of the village has grown up. For the school he prayed and labored, and to it he gave \$1,000 worth of property.

When he became a Trustee his counsel and zeal for it were more efficient. Into its original purpose of a school for Christ and his church he entered with all the spirit of its early friends, Baldwin, Clarke, Naylor and those saintly women who have gone before to the heavenly rest.

For about fifteen years he acted as pastor or joint pastor of the Congregational church at Forest Grove. Though for the most part self-supporting, he was glad to drop all business and prepare for the pulpit and the prayer meeting. He was ever ready to visit the sick and of quick sympathy for mourners. At communion seasons, where he had the joy to welcome a majority of the church to membership, at these seasons in the general association, he was very happy and tender in remark and prayer.

He educated and joyfully gave one son to Christ for China. All were equally consecrated and freely given to whatever post the Master shall assign them. He was glad that one son had freely done missionary work for several years on a reservation, and now that another has promptly taken his place, made vacant by sickness. He gave \$1,000 to build and complete the house of worship at Forest Grove.

As a citizen he was deeply interested in the growth and welfare of our State. Its progress in industrial and business enterprises, in schools and churches, in general intelligence and good society, so surpassed all his early expectations that it became a constant surprise and gladness.

An ever devoted wife and seven children, six sons and a daughter, and fourteen grand children, survive this patriarch missionary to bear up his name and exemplify his virtues.

It was a joy to him seven years ago, with his wife, to return to Maine to mingle for a few weeks again with brothers and sisters and friends after 33 years of sep-

aration, and to attend an anniversary of the A. B. C. F. M., which sent them forth, and there in person, and before the churches, give tidings from his field.

It was a greater joy, as the first rays of morning entered his window, to hear and quietly obey the Master's summons to leave all and ascend to the promised "Mansions," to join the company of Newell and Carruthers, Mills and Nettleton, Green and Treat, Baldwin and Finney, and hosts of others before and after them who have been redeemed, and there before the Throne to give an account of his stewardship.

A large audience of citizens, with Trustees, the Faculty and students of Pacific University, attended his funeral on the 23d of November, 1877.

WILLIAM P. PUGH.

The subject of this notice was born in Sullivan county, Indiana, on the 9th day of March, in the year 1818, and consequently was nearly 60 years of age at the time of his death. Mr. Pugh was one of our early Pioneers, who braved the toil and dangers of crossing the plains in the spring of 1845, in company with his parents, brother and sister, and arrived here in the days of the trail and foot-log, and when Oregon was a howling wilderness. He has resided in Marion county ever since that time, and was one of her honored and respected citizens. About a year ago his left hand became paralyzed and rendered perfectly useless, and on Feb. 21st, he received another stroke, and his entire body became paralyzed, and after suffering a few hours he passed away and joined the great silent majority. Mr. Pugh leaves an aged wife and a large family of children, three brothers and a sister to mourn his loss.

Thus another one of the early Pioneers and one of the old land marks has been removed. May his grave be ever kept green.

GEORGE WILLIAM BURNETT.*

The subject of this sketch was born in the city of Nashville, Tennessee, on the 18th day of October, 1811. When he was six years of age, his parents removed to the State of Missouri, where he remained until 1846.

On the 18th day of November, 1831, he was married to Sidney A. Younger, who survived him. In 1846, he removed with his family to this State, and in fall of 1847, took up a donation land claim in Yamhill county. He resided in that county continuously until he died.

In 1868, he was elected as a Republican to the office of Representative from Yamhill in the Legislature of that year.

Although a strictly religious man, he was not at the time of his death, nor for some time prior thereto, connected with any church. He had in former times been a member of the Christian church, and also of the Baptist church. He gave directions that there should be no religious ceremonies in connection with his funeral as he believed such matters were for the living and not for the dead.

He was universally esteemed among his neighbors as a man of strict honesty and integrity. He was a man of strong convictions both in religion and politics, but withal, was possessed of an exceedingly kind heart. He was well beloved and his death was mourned by a very large circle of friends.

*The name was printed Geo. W. Bennett, in the memorial page.

REGISTER OF MEMBERS OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

REGISTER OF MEMBERS.

75

NAMES OF MEMBERS.	Arri- ved.	Where From.	Place Nativ'y	Year of bi'th	Post Office.	Remarks.
Armstrong, Mrs. Jane	1842	Illinois..	New York	1842	Corvallis	Died June 16, 1876.
Avery, J. C.	1845	Michigan	Pennsylvania	1817	Portland	
Anderson, Levy	1846	Virginia	New York	1832	Salem	
Ankney, Henry E.	1850	Missouri	Pennsylvania	1812	Portland	
Ankney, Alex. P.	1849	Missouri	Ohio	1840	Portland	
Allen, R. S.	1847	Ohio..	Ohio	1822	Jefferson.	
Ainsworth, J. C.	1850	Michigan	New York	1832	Jefferson.	
Anderson, James	1847	Illinois.	Illinois.	1840		
Anderson, Mrs. Lucy	1846	Ohio..	Indiana.	1825		
Albright, Franklin	1852	Missouri	Missouri.	1844	Salem.	
Ashcraft, John	1851	Missouri	Kentucky	1834	Oregon City	
Allen, T. B.	1847	Missouri	Missouri.	1808		
Apperson, John T.	1847	Missouri	New York	1805	Salem.	
Apperson, Mrs. Mary Ann	1845	Missouri	East Tenn'see	1805	Salem.	
Albright, John B.	1846	Missouri	W. Tenn'see	1811	Salem.	
Allen, Samuel	1847	Missouri	Oregon.	1850		Died May 12, 1876.
Allen, Mrs. Sarah	1850	Born in Or'g'n				
Adams, O. P.	1847	Illinois.	Ohio	1823	Corvallis	
Avery, Mrs. J. C.	1852	Missouri	Missouri.	1833	Albany.	
Allison, Mrs. L. J.	1846	Illinois.	Illinois.	1825	Eola.	
Allen, J. C.	1853	Illinois.	Illinois.	1845	Eola.	
Allen, Mrs. M.	1852	Illinois.	Illinois.	1823	Halsey	
Allen, B. H.	1847	Missouri	Missouri.	1830	Amity	
Allen, J. W.	1847	Missouri	Vermont	1818	Oregon City.	
Athey, James	1843	Missouri	Missouri.	1832	Oregon City.	
Athey, Mrs. Mary P.	1843	Missouri	Missouri.	1832	Oregon City.	
Abernethy, Frank	1853	Born in Or'g'n	Oregon.	1853	Oak Point.	

REGISTER OF MEMBERS OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

NAMES OF MEMBERS.	Admitted.	Where From.	Place Nativ'y	Year of bi'th	Post Office.	Remarks.
Abernethy, Alex. S.	1850	Missouri.	N. Brunswick	1813	Oak Point.
Black, Henry	1840	Kentucky	1809
Barnier, Franklin.	1841	Missouri.	Canada.	1806
Black, Mrs. M. A. E.	1843	Missouri.	Arkansas	1824
Bargerin, Louis.	1843	Missouri.	Canada	1812
Baker, A. J.	1843	Missouri.	N. Carolina.	1822
Boyer, Thomas.	1843	Ohio.	1834
Baker, J. G.	1843	Missouri.	Kentucky	1818
Burton, James.	1844	England	1817
Brown, Thomas.	1844	Australia	1836
Barlow, William.	1845	Illinois.	Indiana	1822	Oregon City.
Boon, Henry D.	1845	Ohio.	Iowa	1839	Salem.
Bridges, J. H.	1846	Virginia.	Virginia.	1820	Salem.
Bridges, Mrs. M. A.	1846	Missouri.	Missouri.	1833	Salem.
Buckingham, Homan C.	1846	Illinois	New York.	1812	Monroe
Byrd, L. A.	1846	Arkansas.	Arkansas.	1822
Brown, Alvin C	1846	Missouri.	Missouri.	1829
Burnett, George W.	1846	Missouri.	Tennessee.	1811	Lafayette..	Died December 24, 1877.
Brooks, S. L.	1850	Illinois	Ohio.	The Dalles.
Brooks, E. S.	1850	Illinois	Illinois.	Brooks
Brooks, Linus	1850	Ohio.	Illinois.	1805	Brooks.
Brooks, Mrs. Eliza M.	1850	Connecticut.	Illinois.	1804	Brooks.
Brooks, H. J.	1850	Illinois	Illinois.	Brooks.
Bacon, John M.	1845	New York.	New York.	1822	Oregon City.
Baker, J. A.	1847	Iowa.	Illinois.	1839	Salem.
Burkhardt, L. C.	1847	Iowa.	E. Tennessee	1823	Albany
Burkhardt, Mrs. A. M.	1847	Illinois.	Illinois.	1834	Albany

Brisby, John.....	1847	Iowa.....	Pennsylvania.....	1822
Brown, J. Henry.....	1847	Illinois.....	Illinois.....	1838	Salem.....
Brady, J. C.....	1847	Missouri.....	Missouri.....	1834
Bewley, J. F.....	1847	Virginia.....	E. Tennessee.....	1828
Burkhardt, C. D.....	1847	Iowa.....	Tennessee.....	1821	Albany.....
Brown, Mrs. Sarah A.....	1847	Iowa.....	Iowa.....	1832	Albany.....
Baner, Andrew.....	1848	Indiana.....	Bavaria.....	1810
Basket, G. J.....	1848	Kentucky.....	1817	Dixie.....
Branson, B. B.....	1848	Illinois.....	Illinois.....	1830	Sheridan.....
Bristow, E. L.....	1848	Illinois.....	Illinois.....	1832	Salem.....
Buckingham, Mrs. M. J.....	1848	Iowa.....	Ohio.....	1833
Bacon, Mrs. Rachel W.....	1845	Iowa.....	Indiana.....	1834	Oregon City.....
Black, George.....	1843	Ohio.....	Ohio.....	1814	Gaston.....
Biles, John D.....	1849	Pennsylvania.....	Pennsylvania.....	1830	Portland.....
Barlow, Mrs. M. A.....	1850	Missouri.....	Virginia.....	1831
Boise, Ruben P.....	1850	Massach'setts.....	Massach'setts.....	1819	Salem.....
Bills, Lemuel.....	1850	Indiana.....	Vermont.....	1802
Bowger, N. A.....	1850	Illinois.....	Illinois.....	1820
Baum, L.....	1850	Connecticut.....	Bavaria.....	1820
Bacon, C. P.....	1850	New York.....	1833	Portland.....
Bell, John C.....	1850	Missouri.....	Kentucky.....	1814	Portland.....
Breyman, Werner.....	1850	Wisconsin.....	Germany.....	1830	Salem.....
Burkart, C. P.....	1851	Iowa.....	Tennessee.....	1819	Albany.....
Baker, W. H.....	1851	Indiana.....	Indiana.....	1812	Salem.....
Baker, Mrs. Elizabeth.....	1851	Indiana.....	New York.....	1824
Bruce, James.....	1851	Illinois.....	Indiana.....	1830
Baker, Mrs. Mary A.....	1852	Missouri.....	Missouri.....	1833
Buchtel, Joseph.....	1852	Ohio.....	1836	Portland.....
Burton, E. M.....	1852	New York.....
Bristow, Mrs. Hattie E.....	1852	Missouri.....	Missouri.....	1848	Salem.....
Brey, Andrew C.....	1852	Born in Or'g'n.....	Oregon.....	1852	Salem.....
Biddle, Benj. R.....	1852	Illinois.....	Virginia.....	1808	Corvallis.....
Biddle, Mrs. Maria.....	1852	Illinois.....	Tennessee.....	1814	Corvallis.....
Burford, H.....	1852	Illinois.....	Indiana.....	1811

REGISTER OF MEMBERS OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

NAMES OF MEMBERS.	Admitted.	Where From.	Place Nativ'y	Year of birth	Post Office.	Remarks.
Burford, Mrs. Levina.	1852	Illinois.	Kentucky.	1814
Burnsides, D. W.	1852	California.	Vermont	1826
Bowlby, Wilson.	1852	New Jersey.	1818
Brown, J. J.	1852	Tennessee	1826
Brown, Mrs. Sarah E.	1852	Illinois.	Illinois.	1832
Borston, Joseph.	1851	Massachusetts	Massachusetts	1826
Buxton, Henry.	1841	Montana	Montana	1829	Forest Grove.
Buxton, Mrs. Roseann.	1845	Ohio.	Ohio.	1832	Forest Grove.
Belcher, J. M.	1850	Missouri.	Virginia.	1823	Lafayette.
Bird, John.	1847	Illinois.	Kentucky	1810	Lafayette.
Beaty, B. L.	1851	Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	1828	Salem.
Brooks, Mrs. A. P.	1850	England	England.	1842	The Dalles.
Boyd, L. T.	1843	Ohio.	Ohio.	1832	Amity
Burch, C. H.	1844	Missouri.	Missouri.	1828	Amity
Buffam, W. G.	1845	Missouri.	Vermont	1804	Amity
Brainard, Wm. E.	E. Portland.
Bagby, Wm.	1852	New York.	New York	1831	Siletz.
Baldwin, A. J.	1852	Illinois.	Ohio.	1832	Olympia, W.T.
Beane, Jos. H.	1850	Indiana.	Ohio.	1831	Myrtle Creek
Borges, G. H.	1850	Ohio.	Ohio.	1833
Boynton, C. C.	1850	Illinois.	New York	1822	Needy
Boynton, M. A.	1850	Illinois.	Ohio.	1824	Needy
Blanchard, Joshua R.	1851	Illinois.	Vermont	1820	Oregon City.
Blanchard, Robt. J.	1851	Illinois.	Ohio.	1828	Oregon City.
Billings, Wm.	1849	Virginia.	Virginia.	Olympia, W.T.
Barton, B. R.	1853	Iowa.	N. Carolina.	1826	Tangent.
Barton, Rebecca J.	1853	Iowa.	Ohio.	1833	Tangent.

Blevans, A. J.	1850	Missouri.	Kentucky.	1835	Tangent.	1835	Tangent.
Buffnor, W. G.	1845	Missouri.	Vermont.	1804	Amity.	1804	Amity.
Burch, B. F.	1845	Missouri.	Missouri.	1825	Salem.	1825	Salem.
Burch, S. T.	1847	Missouri.	Missouri.	1831	Dixie.	1831	Dixie.
Ball, Isaac.	1848	Missouri.	England.	1812	Perrydale.	1812	Perrydale.
Crawford, Medorum	1842	New York.	New York.	1819	Portland.	1819	Portland.
Crawford, Mrs. Adeline.	1842	Missouri.	Missouri.	1821	Portland.	1821	Portland.
Clark, Daniel.	1844	Canada.	Ireland.	1828	Salem.	1828	Salem.
Case, Wm. M.	1844	Indiana.	Indiana.	1820	Silverton.	1820	Silverton.
Cooley, Eli C.	1845	Missouri.	Missouri.	1821	Silverton.	1821	Silverton.
Caplinger, J. C.	1845	Illinois.	Virginia.	1815	Salem.	1815	Salem.
Cornelius, T. R.	1845	Missouri.	Missouri.	1827	Hillsboro.	1827	Hillsboro.
Chambers, Mrs. Eliza J.	1845	Iowa.	Illinois.	1832	Salem.	1832	Salem.
Cone, A. S.	1846	Iowa.	Indiana.	1827	Butteville.	1827	Butteville.
Curry, Geo. Law.	1846	Missouri.	Pennsylvania.	1820	Portland.	1820	Portland.
Church, J. S.	1846	Illinois.	Virginia.	1832		1832	
Chambers, John W.	1846	Illinois.	New York.	1821	Salem.	1821	Salem.
Currier, J. M.	1846	Missouri.	Vermont.	1827		1827	
Clarke, Samuel A.	1852	Ohio.	Cuba.	1827	Salem.	1827	Salem.
Coffin, S. C.	1850	Massach'setts.	Massach'setts.	1825	The Dalles.	1825	The Dalles.
Cone, G. A. Jr.	1847	Indiana.	Indiana.	1824	Butteville.	1824	Butteville.
Childers, H. C.	1850	Iowa.	Indiana.	1834		1834	
Coleman, James.	1847	Iowa.	Ohio.	1821		1821	
Conser, Jacob.	1848	Illinois.	Pennsylvania.	1818	Jefferson.	1818	Jefferson.
Crawford, John D.	1847	New York.	New York.	1824	Butteville.	1824	Butteville.
Cone, G. A. Sr.	1851	Iowa.	Vermont.	1798	Butteville.	1798	Butteville.
Chadwick, Stephen A.	1851	New York.	Connecticut.	1825	Salem.	1825	Salem.
Cartwright, C. M.	1852	Michigan.	Michigan.				
Cone, O. H.	1847	Iowa.	Indiana.	1831	Butteville.	1831	Butteville.
Cone, Mrs. Margaret.	1852	Illinois.	Illinois.	1839	Butteville.	1839	Butteville.
Cooke, E. N.	1851	Ohio.	New York.	1810	Salem.	1810	Salem.
Cranston, Warren.	1851	Ohio.	Ohio.	1826	Salem.	1826	Salem.
Cosgrove, Hugh.	1847	Illinois.	Indiana.	1811		1811	
Crosby, C. B.	1847	New York.	New York.	1829		1829	

Died August 3d, 1877.

REGISTER OF MEMBERS OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

NAMES OF MEMBERS.	Admitted.	Where From.	Place Nativ'y	Year of bi'th	Post Office.	Remarks.
Crosby, Mrs. Virginia	1850	Missouri.	Virginia.	1834		
Cleason, M. J.	1850	Iowa.	Ireland.	1844		
Casey, James	1851	Illinois.	Ireland.	1830		
Casey, Mrs. Ellen	1852	Ireland.	Ireland.	1832		
Castleman, P. F.	1851	California.	Kentucky	1827	Butteville	
Castleman, Mrs. Ianthea J.	1847	Iowa.	Ohio.	1835	Butteville	
Clark, W. J.	1852	New York.	New York.	1836		
Colby, E. F.	1850	Ohio.	N Hampshire	1811	Silverton	
Cary, G. W.	1847	Illinois.	Illinois.	1845	Portland	
Comeys, George.	1850	Missouri.	Missouri.	1838		
Cox, Joseph.	1847	Missouri.	Ohio.	1811	Salem.	Died October 1876.
Carlile, Daniel.	1851	Ohio.	Ohio.	1833		
Cress, Jeremiah	1851	Illinois.	Indiana.	1803		
Chenoweth, Mrs. Elizabeth A.	1847	Illinois.	Illinois.	1831	Corvallis	
Chenoweth, F. A.	1849	Iowa.	Ohio.	1819	Corvallis.	
Churchill, Clark N.	1847	Illinois.	Illinois.	1845	Salem.	
Caywood, James C.	1852	Illinois.	E. Tennessee	1817	Turner.	
Caywood, Mrs. Francis.	1847	Missouri.	Virginia.	1812	Turner.	
Coffin, Stephen.	1847	Indiana.	Maine.	1807	Portland	
Coffin, Mrs. Lucinda.	1847	Indiana.	N Hampshire	1819	Portland	
Condon, Rev. Thomas	1852	New York.	Ireland.	1822	Eugene City.	
Condon, Mrs. Cornelia J.	1852	New York.	New York	1832	Eugene City.	
Corbett, H. W.	1851	Massach'setts	Massach'setts	1827	Portland	
Carter, C. M.	1847	Ohio.	Ohio.	1828	Portland	
Cooley, Jackson	1845	Missouri.	Missouri.	1816	Salem.	
Cornelius, Benjamin	1845	Missouri.	Missouri.	1832	Forest Grove.	
Cornelius, Mrs. R.	1845	Iowa.	Indiana.	1833	Forest Grove.	

Claggett, Charles.	1852	Missouri.	Kentucky.	1813	Salem.
Carter, Wm. B.	1852	Illinois.	Illinois.	1831	Corvallis
Crawford, T. H.	1852	Indiana.	Indiana.	1840	Salem.
Crawford, Emily B.	1852	Wisconsin.	Wisconsin.	1846	Salem.
Clark, Marion W.	1852	Oregon.	Born in Or'g'n	1852	Salem.
Carwood, F.	1847	Missouri.	Virginia.	1812	Turner.
Cartwright, Mary.	1845	Missouri.	Missouri.	1843	The Dalles.
Collins, Wm.	1851	N Hampshire	Ireland.	1813	
Collins, Mrs. Mary	1851	Mass.	Mass.	1814	
Caldwell, Wm. S.	1850	Massach'setts	Mass.	1824	Portland
Crump, Wm. R.	1846	Missouri.	Missouri.	1837	Salem.
Clozpoore, J. H.	1846	Indiana.	Indiana.	1838	Albany.
Chapman, Wm.	1847	New York.	New York.	1826	Sheridan
Caplinger, H. C.	1845	Illinois.	Illinois.	1843	Salem.
Cole, W. D.	1845	Missouri.	Ohio.	1823	Monmouth.
Casey, Mrs. C. B.	1843	Missouri.	Virginia.	1815	Lafayette.
Cox, G. S.	1846	Missouri.	Kentucky.	1806	Silverton.
Cooper, Frank.	1849	Virginia.	Indiana.	1829	Salem.
Delaney, Wm.	1843	Missouri.	E. Tennessee	1824	Salem.
Davidson, A. F.	1845	Iowa.	Kentucky.	1820	Salem.
Durbin, Sol.	1845	Missouri.	Ohio.	1830	Salem.
Daley, David R. S.	1845	Indiana.	Indiana.	1817	Salem.
Delaney, David.	1845	Missouri.	E. Tennessee	1828	Salem.
Davidson, T. L.	1847	Iowa.	Kentucky.	1830	Salem.
Durham, John N.	1846	Missouri.	Kentucky.	1820	
Duval, Mrs. L.	1847	Illinois.	Illinois.	1844	
Downing, John	1847	Iowa.	Pennsylvania	1827	Sublimity
Denny, Mrs. Gertrude.	1847	W. Virginia.		1838	Portland
Dimick, Geo. W.	1847	Illinois.	Illinois.	1837	Hubbard
Deady, Mrs. Lucy A.	1846	Missouri.	Missouri.	1837	
Dotson, Z. S.	1851	W. Virginia.	W. Virginia.	1820	
Dimick, Mrs. Minna A.	1851	Indiana	Indiana.	1840	Hubbard
Drake, B. F.	1851	Massach'setts	Mass.	1825	Salem.
Davenport, T. W.	1851	Ohio.	New York.	1826	Silverton

REGISTER OF MEMBERS OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

NAMES OF MEMBERS.	Admitted.	Where From.	Place Nativ'y	Year of bi'th.	Post Office.	Remarks.
Davenport, J. A.	1851	England	1814
Davis, T. A.	1850	Indiana	1834
Drekey, Thomas J.	1832	Tennessee	Tennessee	1830
Denny, O. N.	1852	Ohio	Michigan	1838	Portland
Delaney, Mrs. O.	1832	Missouri	Kentucky
Delwitt, P.	1850	California	New York	1822
Duval, G. R.	1853	New York	New York	1834
Dickens, John	1848	Missouri	Tennessee	1826
Deady, Mathew P.	1849	Ohio	Maryland	1824	Portland
Durham, John N.	1846	Missouri	Kentucky	1820	Dayton, W. T.
Davis, Ruben	1845	Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	1829	Marion
Davidson, J. E.	1847	Illinois	Kentucky	1823	Indepe'dence
Davidson, Mrs. M. M.	1848	Illinois	Illinois	1836	Indepe'dence
Ekin, R. H.	1842	Sandwich I'd	England	1817	Salem
English, L. N.	1845	Iowa	Maryland	1792	Salem	Died March 6, 1875.
Earnest, Mrs. Mary	1852	Missouri	Kentucky	1813
Earnest, Wm. B.	1852	Missouri	Kentucky	1813
England, Wm.	1852	Illinois	Illinois	1831	Salem
Elliott, Wm.	1846	Missouri	Indiana	1815	Oregon City
Elliott, Mrs. Nancy	1846	Missouri	Kentucky	1815	Oregon City
Engle, Joseph	1851	Illinois	Virginia	1816	Hubbard
Eastham, Wm. F.	1848	Illinois	Missouri	1823
English, Mrs. Mary	1850	Missouri	Missouri	1828
Ebbert, George Wood	1839	Kentucky	Kentucky	1810	Hillsboro
Elkins, James	1852	Ohio	Ohio	1831	Albany
Eastham, E. L.	1849	Oregon	Oregon	1849	Oregon City
Everhart, B. G.	1852	Michigan	Pennsylvania	1807	New Mexico

Emmet, J. H.	1852	Missouri.	Iowa.	1842	Salem.
Eoff, J. L.	1847	Iowa.	Kentucky	1812	Salem.
Eoff, George.	1847	Iowa.	Kentucky.	1807	Salem.
Eoff, G. W.	1847	Oregon.	Oregon	1847	Salem.
Eberhard, Mrs. E.	1853	Michigan.	Pennsylvania	1812	Champoeg.
Everhard, H. L.	1853	Michigan	Michigan	1847	Champoeg.
Foster John	1845	Missouri	Ohio.	1822	
Friedley, Mrs. Amanda.	1845	Illinois.	Iowa.	1836	
Foss, George W.	1845	Iowa.	Iowa.	1842	Salem.
Forsythe, J. B.	1852	Indiana.	Ohio.	1826	Salem.
Foss, Joseph H.	1845	Indiana.	Missouri.	1809	Salem.
Foss, Mrs. Malinda	1845	Indiana.	Kentucky.	1812	Salem.
Florence, A. B.	1850	Missouri.	Virginia.	1811	
Franklin, S. B.	1850	Kentucky.	Kentucky.	1825	
Fullerton, L. B.	1851	Missouri.	Missouri.	1832	
Francis, A. L.	1852	Vermont	Vermont	1845	San Francisco
Ferris, A. J.	1851	Illinois.	New York	1817	
Friedley, James R.	1847	Illinois.	Pennsylvania	1822	
Foster, J. H.	1850	Minnesota.	E. Tennessee	1824	
Florence, Mrs. Catherine S.	1850	Missouri.	Virginia.	1815	
Flanders, George H.	1849	Massach'setts	Massach'setts	1821	Portland
Failing, Henry	1851	Massach'setts	New York	1834	Portland
Fendall, C. E.	1843	Missouri.	Maryland	1821	Sheridan
Geiger, Wm.	1839	New York.	New York	1816	
Gray, Wm. Henry.	1836	New York.	New York	1810	Astoria.
Gray, Mrs. Mary A. Dix.	1838	New York.	New York	1810	Astoria.
Gay, George	1835	California	England	1810	
Goodwin, Wm. H.	1844		Connecticut.	1813	
Gilbert, I. N.	1844	Missouri.	New York	1818	Salem.
Gesner, R. A.	1845	Illinois.	New York	1815	Salem.
Gesner, Alonzo.	1845	Illinois.	Illinois.	1842	Salem.
Goodell, Mrs. H.	1843		Kentucky	1822	
Geary, E. R.	1851	Maryland	Maryland	1811	Eugene City.
Grim, John W.	1847	Illinois.	Ohio	1820	Aurora.

Author of Gray's History of Oregon.

REGISTER OF MEMBERS OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

NAMES OF MEMBERS.	Admitted.	Where From.	Place Nativ'y	Year of birth	Post Office.	Remarks.
Grim, Mrs. Florence	1847	Illinois	Ohio	1821	Aurora	
Geer, Joseph Cary, Sr.	1847	Illinois	Connecticut	1795	Butteville	
Gilfray, Henry H.	1844	Illinois	Illinois	1843	Salem	
Geer, Cal.	1847	Illinois	Ohio	1837	Silverton	
Gilbert, I. N.	1844	Illinois	New York	1818	Salem	
Gilbert, Mrs. I. N.	1847	Indiana	Indiana	1835	Salem	
Geer, R. C.	1847	Illinois	Connecticut	1816	Silverton	
Gibson, D.	1849	Illinois	Missouri	1812	Salem	
Ganter, John	1852	Arkansas	Germany	1819		
Giesy, Martin (honorary)		Missouri	Pennsylvania	1835	Aurora	
Giesy, Mrs. Martha		Missouri	Ohio	1843	Aurora	
Graves, Wesley	1852	Missouri	Ohio	1817	Salem	
Garrison, John M.	1846	Missouri	Missouri	1845	Salem	
Garrison, Rev. A. E.	1846	Missouri			Salem	
Greenwood, Mrs. Mary E.	1851	Illinois	Illinois	1836	Salem	Died August 7th, 1875.
Greenwood, John W.	1848	Iowa	Iowa	1838		
Guthrie, David M.	1846	Missouri	Missouri	1824		
Green, John	1852	California	New York	1821		
Goodell, W. N.	1848		Massach'setts	1809		
Goodell, Mrs. Harriet	1843		Kentucky	1822		
Grazer, J.	1845		Prussia	1825		
Gibbs, A. C.	1850	New York	New York	1825	Portland	
Gurney, R. M.	1852	Iowa	Ohio	1814	Ten Mile	Died March 15, 1878.
Galloway, Stephen H.	1852	England	England	1827	Portland	
Galloway, Annie E.		England	England		Portland	
Griffin, John S.	1839	Connecticut	Vermont	1807	Hillsboro	
Glenn, G. G.	1852	Ohio	Ohio	1828	Salem	

Grubbe, B. J.	1850	Missouri.	Virginia.	1815	Wilbur
Graves, G. W.	1847	Missouri.	Missouri.	1833	Sheridan
Gilmore, S. M.	1843	Missouri.	Tennessee.	1815	The Dalles.
Gilmore, Mrs. M. A.	1843	Missouri.	Kentucky.	1818	The Dalles.
Geer, E. S.	1852	Missouri.	Missouri.	1842	Silverton
Holman, Joseph.	1840	Illinois.	England	1815	Salem.
Hewett, Mrs. Elizabeth.	1843	Missouri.	Illinois.	1823	Salem.
Hewett, Henry.	1843	Missouri.	Penn.	1822	Salem.
Holman, D. S.	1843	Missouri.	E. Tennessee	1824
Hembree, W. C.	1843	Missouri.	E. Tennessee	1829
Hill, Almaron.	1843	Missouri.	Missouri.	1822
Hill, Mrs. Sarah J.	1843	Missouri.	Indiana	1823
Hoover, Jacob.	1844	Missouri.	Kentucky.	1814
Hinman, A.	1844	New York.	1822	Astoria.
Herren, Wm. J.	1845	Missouri.	Kentucky.	1824	Salem.
Hall, Mrs. Cynthia A.	1845	Missouri.	Kentucky.	1804
Henderson, Alvin H.	1845	Missouri.	Missouri.	1845
Holman, George.	1842	Born in Or'g'n	Oregon.	1842	Salem.
Higgins, S.	1851	Massachusetts	Connecticut.	1818
Haley, S. D.	1851	Missouri.	Virginia.	1805	Halsey.
Hale, B. F.	1845	Missouri.	Missouri.	1820
Holsclaw, B. F.	1849	Kentucky	Kentucky.	1832	Kerbyville.
Hanna, S.	1848	Illinois.	Penn.	1798
Hubbard, C. S.	1850	Illinois.	Missouri.	1832
Hovenden, Alfred.	1849	Illinois.	England	1824
Hovenden, Amos.	1852	Missouri.	England	1831
Hug, John.	1852	Illinois.	Switzerland.	1827
Hoefel, John.	1852	Illinois.	Germany	1826
Hughes, John J.	1852	Iowa.	Ohio.	1830
Hunsaker, J. T.	1846	Illinois.	Illinois.	1818	Marion
Hattan, Mark.	1846	Illinois.	Virginia.	1821
Harty, Franklin.	1848	Born in Or'g'n	Oregon.	1848
Handley, T. B.	1850	V. Demon's L.	1841
Hunsaker, T. H.	1847	Illinois.	Illinois.	1824	Marion

REGISTER OF MEMBERS OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

NAMES OF MEMBERS.	Arrived.	Where From.	Place Nativ'y	Year of bi'th	Post Office.	Remarks.
Hill, Rev. R. C.	1851	Missouri.	Tennessee	1840	Albany.	
Henderson, Alvin H.	1851	Connecticut.	Germany	1824	Salem.	
Hirsch, Leopole.	1851	Pennsylvania	Ohio.	1823		
Hanna, J. A.	1852	Pennsylvania	Ohio.	1823		
Hanna, Mrs. E. Belle.	1852	Pennsylvania	New York	1829		
Hill, Henry	1847	Illinois.	Kentucky	1834		
Hill, Mrs. Martha Ann.	1847	Missouri.	Indiana	1833	Salem.	
Herren, N.	1845	Missouri.	Tennessee	1830	Salem.	
Hall, Z.	1853	Missouri.	Ohio.	1816	Monroe.	
Hammer, Jacob	1844	Missouri.	Maine.	1810		
Hatch, Peter H.	1843	S. I.	Kentucky	1816	Albany.	
Hughes, G. H.	1847	Illinois.	Kentucky	1818	Albany.	
Hughes, Sarah A.	1847	Illinois.	Illinois.	1837	Silverton	
Hibbard, K. L.	1847	Illinois.	Tennessee	1824	Wilbur	
Hill, F. R.	1844	Missouri.	Iowa.	1842	Oregon City	
Henley, Mary Ann.	1845	Iowa.	Pennsylvania	1818	Dayton	
Hadaway, E. C.	1852	Indiana	Canada	1835	Bethel	
Hawley, J. H.	1844	Missouri.	England	1828	Astoria	
Hobson, Richard.	1843	Missouri.	Tennessee	1831		
Holt, S. D.	1852	Missouri.	Illinois.	1840	Albany	
Hughes, J. T.	1847	Illinois.	Maryland	1822	Corvallis	
Haskins, J. J.	1850	Missouri.	Tennessee	1832	Corvallis	
Haskins, Mrs. I. J.	1850	Missouri.	Oregon.	1850	Dayton, W. T.	
Hendershott, Mrs. E. H.	1850	Born in Or'g'n	Indiana	1831	Sublimity	
Hunt, G. W.	1847	Indiana	Kentucky	1835	Salem.	
Hall, Dr. C. H.	1853	Indiana.	N. Brunswick	1822	Portland	
Hardenburgh, P. D. W.	1850	N. Brunswick				

Irvin, Richard.....	1850	Iowa.....	Ireland.....	1814
Irvin, Mrs. Louisa.....	1850	Missouri.....	Germany.....	1832
Judson, Leonard B.....	1840	New York.....	New York.....	1832	Salem.....
Jeffries, E.....	1844	England.....	England.....	1819
Jenkins, Wm.....	1844	Missouri.....	Missouri.....	1833
Jeffries, S. M.....	1845	Missouri.....	Missouri.....	1836
Jackson, J. B.....	1849	New York.....	New York.....	1823
James, Martin.....	1852	Kentucky.....	Kentucky.....	1818
Jones, S. L.....	1852	Iowa.....	Kentucky.....	1811
Judson, Mrs. Margaret.....	1852	Missouri.....	Missouri.....	1837	Salem.....
Jones, Geo. H.....	1852	Ohio.....	New York.....	1822	Salem.....
Jefferson, Delos.....	1850	Ohio.....	New York.....	1824
Johnston, A. H.....	1852	Ohio.....	England.....	1830	Salem.....
Jory, H. S.....	1847	New York.....	N. Brunswick.....	1836	Salem.....
Johnson, Hiram A.....	1847	Illinois.....	New York.....	1819	Salem.....
Johnson, Joseph D.....	1850	Missouri.....	Missouri.....	1843
Johnson, Archibald.....	1852	Missouri.....	Indiana.....	1833
Johnson, Mrs. Cynthia E.....	1847	Iowa.....	Ohio.....	1823
Jennings, B.....	1847	Kentucky.....	1807	Oregon City.....
Jackson, Geo. W.....	1845	Illinois.....	Pennsylvania.....	1825	Glad Tidings.....
Johnson, A. L.....	1847	Iowa.....	Tennessee.....	1838	Forest Grove.....
Jenkins, H. C.....	1844	Missouri.....	Kentucky.....	1836	Dallas.....
Johnson, W. Carey.....	1845	Iowa.....	Ohio.....	1833	Oregon City.....
Jack, R. A.....	1847	Missouri.....	Tennessee.....	1822	Butte Creek.....
Johnson, D.....	1844	Indiana.....	Massach'setts.....	1812	Lafayette.....
Johnson, Mrs. E.....	1844	Indiana.....	New York.....	1828	Lafayette.....
Kaizer, P. C.....	1843	Arkansas.....	Tennessee.....	1825	Salem.....
King, Solomon.....	1843	Iowa.....	Iowa.....	Astoria.....	Died 1876.....
King, Mrs. Ann M.....	1845	Missouri.....	Massah'setts.....	1823
Knaggs, George H.....	1852	Michigan.....	1830	The Dalles.....
Kinney, R. C.....	1847	Illinois.....	Illinois.....	1813	Salem.....	Died 1875.....
Kinney, Samuel.....	1847	Illinois.....	Illinois.....	1811
Kendall, Jehial S.....	1847	Missouri.....	Vermont.....	1817
Kendall, Mrs M. A.....	1847	Missouri.....	Missouri.....	1822

REGISTER OF MEMBERS OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

NAMES OF MEMBERS.	Arri- ved.	Where From.	Place Nativ'y	Year of bi'th	Post Office.	Remarks.
Kinder, Franklin P.	1847	Missouri.	Virginia.	1828
Kinder, Mrs. R. I.	1852	Missouri.	Missouri.	1835
Kinney, Albert W.	1847	Iowa.	Iowa.	1843	Salem.
Kinney, Mrs. Virginia.	Born in Or'g'n	Oregon.	1848
Kendall, Wm. O.	1852	Illinois.	Illinois.	1832
Kinsey, Eason.	1847	Missouri.	Missouri.	1826
Kinsey, Mrs. M. J.	1852	Missouri.	Missouri.	1835
King, W.	1846	Tennessee.	N. Carolina.	1822	Silverton
Kelley, I. W.	1847	Missouri.	Kentucky.	1837	Portland
Key, E. C.	1850	Ohio.	New York	1826	Perrydale.
Looney, Jesse.	1845	Kentucky	Kentucky	1808	Jefferson.	Died 1860.
Looney, Mrs. Ruby	1845	Kentucky	Kentucky	1810	Jefferson.
Lee, Ruben.	1850	Missouri.	Illinois.	1828	Aumsville
Lovejoy, A. L.	1842	Massachusetts	Massachusetts	1811	Oregon City
Lovejoy, Mrs. Elizabeth.	1843	Kentucky.	Kentucky
Laughlin, Wm.
Leonard, B. A.	1851	Missouri.	Pennsylvania	1819
Lewis, W. M'D.	1847	Missouri.	Missouri.	1837
Larocque, Geo.	1847	Missouri.	Canada	1820
Lane, Nat. H.	1849	Indiana.	Indiana	E. Portland.
Lane, Mrs. Jane.	1852	Virginia.	Virginia.	E. Portland.
Leslie, Geo.	1852	Indiana.	Ohio.	1825	Salem.
Layton, John.	1847	Ohio.	Ohio.	1823	Philomath
Looney, David H.	1849	Born in Or'g'n	Oregon	1849	Jefferson.
Livingston, Elijah.	1851	Missouri.	Missouri.	1840
Looney, Miss Pauline.	1847	Born in Or'g'n	Oregon	1847	Jefferson.
Laughlin, R. R.	1847	Missouri.	Missouri.	1828

Laughlin, John.....	1850	Missouri.....	Missouri.....	1822
Laughlin, Mrs. Susan.....	1850	Missouri.....	Missouri.....	1825
Laughlin, Wm.....	1847	Missouri.....	Missouri.....	1830
Laughlin, Mrs. P.....	1848	Indiana.....	Indiana.....	1839
Lancefield, R. J.....	1846	England.....	England.....	1817
Lyman, Horace.....	1848	New York.....	Massah'setts.....	1815
Lewis, C. H.....	1851	New Jersey.....	1824
Leabo, Jacob.....	1847	Tennessee.....	1795
Lawson, G. W.....	1852	California.....	New York.....	1817	Salem.....
Lewis, Ruben.....	1842	Iowa.....	New York.....	1814	Aumsville.....
Lambert, J. H.....	1850	Iowa.....	Iowa.....	1825	Milwaukee.....
Lehnua, C.....	1851	Illinois.....	Switzerland.....	1816	Myrtle Point.....
Loson, Andrew.....	1846	Missouri.....	Indiana.....	1825	Aumsville.....
Manson, Donald.....	1826	Scotland.....	North Britain.....	1799	Champoeg.....
Meek, Joseph L.....	1829	Missouri.....	Virginia.....	1810	Hillsboro.....
McClain, Mrs Helen.....	1840	New York.....	New York.....	1834	Salem.....
Mathieu, F. X.....	1842	Missouri.....	Canada.....	1817	Butteville.....
Moss, Sidney, W.....	1842	Arkansas.....	Kentucky.....	1810	Oregon City.....
Martin, Norman.....	1842	Scotland.....	Scotland.....	1817
Moss, Mrs. Darcus M.....	1843	Missouri.....	Kentucky.....
McClain, John B.....	1843	Pennsylvania.....	Pennsylvania.....	1820	Salem.....
McDaniel, Wm.....	1843	Missouri.....	Tennessee.....	1820	Independence.....
Mack, N. P.....	1843	S. Islands.....	Massach'setts.....	1813	Salem.....
Minto, John.....	1844	Pennsylvania.....	England.....	1822	Salem.....
Minto, Mrs. Martha.....	1844	Missouri.....	Missouri.....	1833	Salem.....
Markham, Alfred.....	1845	Missouri.....	Maryland.....	1818
McMullen, J. H.....	1845	Illinois.....	New York.....	1823
McNary, A. W.....	1845	Illinois.....	Illinois.....	1836	Eola.....
Mulkey, C. J.....	1851	Born in Or'g'n.....	Oregon.....	1851
Moore, John H.....	1852	Illinois.....	Alabama.....	1821	Salem.....
Miller, Wm.....	1846	Illinois.....	Scotland.....	1817	Salem.....
Morris, W. C.....	1850	Iowa.....	N. Carolina.....	1829
McElroy, T. F.....	1849	Illinois.....	Ohio.....	1826
McKay, Wm.....	1826	Born in Or'g'n.....	Oregon.....	1826	The Dalles.....

Died June 21, 1875.

REGISTER OF MEMBERS OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

NAMES OF MEMBERS.	Arri- ved.	Where From.	Place Nativ'y	Year of bi'th.	Post Office.	Remarks.
McKay, James.	1847	Illinois.	Ireland.	1819		
Majors, W. B.	1852	Ohio.	W. Virginia	1819	Gervais	
Minto, John W.	1848	Oregon.	Oregon.	1848	Salem.	
Markham, Alfred.	1845	Missouri.	Maryland	1818		
McMullen, Mrs. Tizgah B.	1851	Indiana	Ohio.	1832		
Miller, John F.	1851	Missouri.	Kentucky	1824	Salem.	
Miller, Mrs. J. F.	1851	Missouri.	Missouri.	1828	Salem.	
Moor, J. M.	1847	Illinois.	Pennsylvania	1809		
Moore, Isaac R.	1852	Illinois.	Illinois.	1831	Salem.	
McAllister, Harden	1848	Illinois.	Illinois.	1827	Howell Prie.	
McClain, Geo. F.	1850	Oregon.	Oregon.	1850	Salem.	
McCraken, John	1850	Iowa.	England	1826	Portland	
McCulley, A. A.	1852	Iowa.	N. Brunswick	1818	Salem.	
McCulley, David.	1852	Iowa.	N. Brunswick	1825	Salem.	
Morgan, Wm.	1852	Iowa.	Ohio	1831	Salem.	
McCulley, J. D.	1852	Missouri.	Kentucky	1820	Salem.	
Munkers, W. R.	1846	Missouri.	Missouri.	1819	Salem.	
Munkers, Mrs. Mehala.	1846	Missouri.	Missouri.	1818	Salem.	
McCulley, J. W.	1851	Iowa.	N. Brunswick	1820	Salem.	
Morris, A. B.	1850	Illinois.	Illinois.	1832		
Magers, John E.	1852	Ohio	Ohio.	1847		
Magers, Mrs. Mary J.	1852	Ohio	Ohio.	1828		
McCain, Parris.	1847	Missouri.	Ohio.	1824		
McLinch, B. F.	1852	Illinois.	Maine.	1835		
McNary, Mrs Ellen.	1852		Iowa.			
McKinney, Wm	1847	Missouri.	Missouri.	1821		
McKinney, Mrs. Matilda	1847	Missouri.	Kentucky	1832		

McKinney, Edwin E.	1847	Born in Or'g'n	Oregon.	1847
Moore, John W.	1850	Missouri.	Tennessee.	1828
Moore, Mrs. Rachel A.	1852	Missouri.	Missouri.	1832
Mulkey, Mrs. Susan	1847	Missouri.	Virginia.	1809
Martin, Jacob	1847	Iowa.	Pennsylvania	1810
Miller, Rev. J. W.	1850	Ohio.	Pennsylvania	1823
Miller, Chris.	1848	Indiana	Indiana.	1830	Jefferson.
Meek, C. W.	1840	Born in Or'g'n	Oregon	1840	Hillsboro.
Moor, M. T.	1847	Illinois.	Ohio.	1832	Albany.
Meldrum, John W.	1845	Iowa.	Iowa.	1837	Oregon City.
Morris, Robert L.	1852	Indiana.	New Jersey.	1835	Oregon City.
Morrison, A.	1853	Wisconsin.	Vermont	1820	La Grande.
Martin, M. P.	1850	Missouri.	Kentucky.	1819	Cottage Grove.
Moreland, Julius C.	1852	Illinois.	Tennessee.	1846	Portland
Mathoit, P. E.	1853	Ohio	France.	1839	Woodburn.
Montieth, Thomas	1847	Illinois.	New York.	1824	Albany
Martin, F.	1846	Missouri.	Missouri.	1824	Lafayette.
McDowell, S. W.	1853	Ohio.	Pennsylvania	1830	Salem.
Nesmith, James W.	1843	Missouri.	Tennessee.	1820	Dixie.
Noble, Henry	1845	Missouri.	Tennessee.	1805
Neal, Calvin.	1844	Missouri.	Tennessee.	1823	Aumsville.
Nesmith, Mrs. Pauline	1844	Missouri.	Missouri.	1831	Dixie.
Newsom, David	1851	Illinois.	Virginia.	1805
Nelson, J. C.	1844	Missouri.	Missouri.	1827	Lafayette.
Nesbitt, Wm.	1852	Iowa.	New York.	1815	Salem.
Nicklin, A. I.	1850	Iowa.	Virginia.	1828	Eugene City.
Nicklin, John I. O.	1850	Iowa.	Virginia.	1835	Dallas
Newby, W. T.	1843	Missouri.	Tennessee.	1821	McMinnville.
Nelson, C. S.	1844	Missouri.	Tennessee.	1801	W. Chehalem.
Oakly, S. J.	1851	New York	Tennessee.	1810
Olds, R.	1844	Indiana	New York.	1810
Parrish, Rev. Josiah L.	1840	New York	New York.	1812	Lafayette.
Phillips, John	1845	Missouri.	New York.	1806
Phillips, Mrs. Elizabeth	1845	Missouri.	England	1814
	1845	Missouri.	England	1819

REGISTER OF MEMBERS OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

NAMES OF MEMBERS.	Admitted.	Where From.	Place Nativity	Year of birth	Post Office.	Remarks.
Pugh, John M.	1845	Indiana.	Indiana.	1820		
Pugh, Mrs. F. D.	1845	Missouri.	Missouri.	1832		
Piper, E. H.	1852	Indiana.	Illinois.	1830		
Pentland, Robert.	1845	England	England	1822	Dallas.	
Palmer, Joel.	1845	Indiana.	New York.	1818	Dayton	
Piette, John B. P.	1850	Missouri.	Canada	1830		
Pettyjohn, Lewis.	1847	Missouri.	Missouri.	1820	Salem.	
Pugh, Wm. Porter.	1845	Indiana.	Pennsylvania	1818	Salem.	Died Feb. 2, 1878.
Pugh, Mrs. Florence	1845	Missouri.	Missouri.	1832	Salem	
Painter, Wm. C.	1850	Missouri.	Missouri.	1830		
Phillips, A. G.	1851		Ohio	1822		
Palmer, P. D.	1851	Illinois.	Pennsylvania	1823	Salem.	
Poujade, L. H.	1847	Ohio.	Ohio.	1828		
Pearce, Asby.	1852	Indiana.	Indiana.	1821		
Phillips, Phile.	1852	Illinois.	Germany	1825		
Pitman, William M.	1851	Ohio.	Ohio.	1827		
Porter, William G.	1848	Missouri.	Virginia.	1820	Aumsville	
Porter, Mrs. Elizabeth.	1848	Missouri.	Alabama	1826	Aumsville	
Pugh, Mrs. Sallie M	1852		Missouri.	1828		
Potter, Robert.	1852		New York.	1816		
Payne, Martin.	1843	Arkansas.	Arkansas.	1838	Bellview.	
Phillips, R. W.	1853	Louisiana.	Alabama.	1832	Amity	
Perkins, John.	1844	Indiana.	New York	1811	N. Yamhill.	
Pope, W. H.	1851	New York.	New York	1840	Oregon City.	
Pope, C. W.	1851	New York.	New York	1833	Oregon City.	
Paquet, Peter.	1852	Missouri.	Missouri.	1839	Oregon City.	
Porter, Stephen.	1848	Illinois.	Missouri.	1819	Silverton	

Porter, L. C.	1852	Indiana	New York	1831	Salem.
Parker, A.	1852	Iowa	Ohio	1828	Albany
Peebles, J. C.	1850	Indiana	Penn.	1826	Salem.
Rees, Willard H.	1844	Illinois	Delaware	1818	Butteville
Rowland, Levi Lindsey.	1844	Missouri	Tennessee	1831
Reed, Thomas M.	1845	Iowa	N. Hampshire	1812
Reed, Mrs. Nancy	1845	Iowa	Illinois	1815
Raymond, P. H.	1852
Ruge, Thomas.	1845	Missouri	Germany	1801
Randolph, Mrs. Pire	1847	Illinois	New York	1825
Rees, Mrs. Amanda M.	1845	Missouri	Missouri	1828	Butteville
Rees, Mrs. America F.	1845	Missouri	Missouri	1841
Richies, George	1847	Illinois	England	1821
Reed, S. G.	1852	Massachuset's	1830	Portland
Rolan, Mrs. Rachel.	1847	Illinois	Canada	1809
Roberts, A.	1852	Scotland	1826
Reed, Cyrus A.
Risley, O.	1845	Ohio	New York	1804
Raddick, S.	1852	Bavaria	1834
Rainwater, A. M.	1847	Missouri	N. Carolina	1820	Albany
Rainwater, Mrs. S. E.	1852	Penn.	Tennessee	1833
Robinson, I. C.	1850	Iowa	Ohio	1827	Amity
Roberts, Rev. William	1847	New Jersey	New Jersey	1812	Portland
Reams, T. G.
Rinearson, Peter M.	1845	Iowa	Ohio	1819	Oregon City
Riggs, R. A.	1845	Missouri	Illinois	1827	Salem.
Stewart, P. G.	1843	Missouri	New York	1809
Stoughton, John A.	1843	Massach'setts	1830
Snowdon, S. D.	1844	Missouri	England	1818
Smith, Simeon	1844	Missouri	Ohio	1823	Salem.
Shaw, Thos. C.	1844	Missouri	Missouri	1823	Silverton
Savage, Wm.	1845	Missouri	New York	1826
Scott, Price.	1845	Missouri	Indiana	1825
Smith, Green B.	1845	Missouri	Virginia	1820	Corvallis

REGISTER OF MEMBERS OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

NAMES OF MEMBERS.	Admitted.	Where From.	Place Nativity	Year of birth	Post Office.	Remarks.
Staats, Stephen.	1845	Missouri.	New York.	1821	Monmouth	
Scroggins, S.	1845	Missouri.	Missouri.	1832		
Smith, Geo. D.	1845	Missouri.	Ohio.	1824		
Smith, Alvin T.	1849		Connecticut.	1808		
Straight, Hiram A.	1843	Illinois.	New York.	1814		
Stover, D. J.	1852	Arkansas.	Arkansas.	1838		
Sanburn, J. R.	1852	Illinois.	Illinois.	1835		
Shirley, James.	1847	Tennessee.	Tennessee.	1817		
Sparks, R.	1850	Tennessee.	N. Carolina.	1823		
Shannon, Davis	1845	Illinois.	Indiana.		Silverton	
Savage, M. R.	1846	Michigan.	Michigan.	1838		
Straight, Mrs. Susan.	1843	Illinois.	New York.	1817		
Story, George S.	1851	Maryland	Maryland	1833	Portland	
Simpson, Benjamin.	1849	Tennessee	Missouri.	1812	Portland	
Simpson, Mrs. Nancy.	1849	Missouri.	Missouri.	1813	Portland	
Smith, Mrs. Molly	1842	N. Hampshire	N Hampshire	1799	Dayton.	
Smith, Joseph.	1847	Ohio.	Ohio.	1827		
Short, R. V.	1847	Ohio.				
Smith, Mrs. V. E.	1846	Missouri.	Missouri.	1828		
Smith, F. R.	1846	New York.	New York.	1819	Salem.	
Shrum, John W.	1846	New York.	Missouri.	1822	Salem.	
Shrum, Mrs. J. W.	1847	New York.	Missouri.	1830	Salem.	
Starkey, Mrs. J. L.	1852	Iowa.	Ohio.	1823	Salem.	Died January, 1878.
Smith, J. B. V.	1852	Wisconsin	Wisconsin	1850	Salem.	
Savage, John.	1846	Michigan.	Ohio	1826	Salem.	
Sawyer, Joseph.	1850	Missouri.	Vermont	1818		
Starr, Milton L.	1848	Missouri.	Indiana.	1833		

Stephens, A.	1849	Missouri.	Kentucky.	1819
Shedd, Mrs. P.	1848	Iowa.	Ohio.	1832
Scriber, C. W.	1850	S. America.	New York	1822
Scriber, Mrs. M. J.	1850	Missouri.	Missouri.	1830	Salem.
Smith, Henry.	1846	Missouri.	Tennessee	1818	Aumsville
Smith, Mrs. Susan T.	1846	Missouri.	Kentucky	1820
Shell, G. W.	1852	Ohio.	Virginia.	1820
Savner, T. A.	1850	California	Vermont	1823
Scott, Harvey W.	1852	Illinois.	Illinois.	1838	Portland
Scott, Mrs. Elizabeth A. N.	1850	Virginia.	Died in 1874.
Scott, John T.	1852	Kentucky	1809
Skidmore, S. G.	1850	Illinois.	Illinois.	1838	Portland
Stoughton, Mrs. F. E.	1846	Georgia	1833
Slater, James H.	1850	Illinois.	Illinois.	1827	Union
Shriver, G. W.	1853	Missouri.	Indiana	1833	Salem.
Shrum, N.	1846	Missouri.	Missouri.	1836	Salem.
Spong, Wm.	1851	Iowa.	Iowa.	1845	Lincoln.
Sitton, M. K.	1843	Missouri.	Missouri.	1825	McMinnville.
Sheffield, James F.	1852	Ohio.	Ohio.	1825	Roseburg.
Shelton, L. T.	1848	Born in Or'g'n	Oregon	1848	Oakland, W T
Strong, Dr. C. C.	1850	Ohio.	Ohio.	1845	Portland
Straight, Jr., Hiram	1848	Born in Or'g'n	Oregon	1848	Oregon City.
Shipley, Adam Randolph.	1852	Ohio.	Pennsylvania	1828	Oregon City.
Stanley, James	1846	Missouri.	Ohio.	1836	Salem.
Shannon, Milton.	1851	Illinois.	Indiana.	1825	Monroe.
Sargent, L. C.	1851	Born in Or'g'n	Oregon.	Perrydale.
Stouffer, Johnson.	1851	Indiana	Pennsylvania	1825	Perrydale.
Shelton, Mrs. L.	1846	Missouri.	Missouri.	1808	Salem.
Sanford, R.	1850	Illinois.	England	1831	Silverton
Tharp, E. A.	1844	Missouri.	Missouri.	1820
Taylor, Chris	1847	Indiana	Indiana	1822	Dayton.
Thompson, R. R.	1846	Pennsylvania	1820	Portland.
Thornton, J. Quinn	1846	Illinois.	Virginia	1810	Salem.
Thompson, Wm.	1852	Missouri.	Missouri.	1847

REGISTER OF MEMBERS OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

NAMES OF MEMBERS.	Arri- ved.	Where From.	Place Nativ'y	Year of bi'th.	Post Office.	Remarks.
Townsend, Thomas.....	1846	Georgia.....	Massach'setts.....	1835	Salem.....
Townsend, Ira S.....	1847	Missouri.....	Missouri.....	1829
Teal, Joseph.....	1852	Prussia.....	1827
Trollinger, Mrs. Hannah.....	1852	Indiana.....	1836
Taylor, W. H.....	1852	Iowa.....
Trollinger, J. C.....	1848	Mass'achusets.....	1809
Taylor, M. C.....	1852	Missouri.....	Missouri.....	1846	Turner.....
Tupper, R. S.....	1847	Illinois.....	N. Brunswick.....	1822	Salem.....
Tupper, Mrs. M.....	1847	Missouri.....	Indiana.....	1836
Terrel, E. R.....	1849	Illinois.....	Ohio.....	1822	Woodburn.....
Tompkins, David D.....	1847	Ohio.....	New York.....	1802	Oregon City.....
Tompkins, Elizabeth.....	1847	Ohio.....	New York.....	1812	Oregon City.....	Deceased.
Tarbox, S.....	1843	Missouri.....	Maine.....	1812	Monroe.....
Thomas, L. L.....	1847	Illinois.....	New York.....	1817	Butte Creek.....
Taylor, William.....	1845	Missouri.....	Vermont.....	1819	Salem.....
Townsend, J. W.....	1847	Missouri.....	Missouri.....	1832	Perrydale.....
Umphlet, Stanley.....	1845	S. Carolina.....	S. Carolina.....	1808
Vanbibber, Lazarus.....	1846	Illinois.....	Tennessee.....	1806
Vanbibber, Mrs. Martha.....	1846	Illinois.....	Tennessee.....	1806
Vanderwalker, William.....	1847	Illinois.....	New York.....	1819
Vaughn, J. S.....	1852	Ohio.....	Ohio.....	1829
Voss, J. H.....	1845	Iowa.....	1809
Walker, Rev. Elkinah.....	1838	Maine.....	Maine.....	1805	Died Nov. 21, 1877.
Walker, Mrs. Mary E.....	1838	Maine.....	Maine.....	Forest Grove.....
Waldo, William.....	1843	Missouri.....	Missouri.....	1832	Salem.....
Whitley, Mrs. S.....	1843	Missouri.....	Kentucky.....	1829
Watt, Joseph.....	1844	Missouri.....	Ohio.....	1817

Williams, Charles Austin	1845	Illinois	Massach'setts	1808
Walley, A. W.	1845	Missouri	Virginia	1821
Walling, Jr., Albert W.	1847	Iowa	Iowa	1847
Walker, W. M.	1848	Missouri	Virginia	1814
Williams, John J.	1845	Tennessee	Tennessee	1830
Walker, C. C.	1845	Missouri	Virginia	1819
Wilson, Bush W.	1850	Maine	Maine	1824	Corvallis
Wilson, Mrs. Elizabeth M.	1851	New York	New York	1830	Dallas
Whitney, James	1847	Indiana	Indiana	1838
Whitney, Robert	1847	Indiana	Indiana	1834
Walton, James	1851
Whitney, William	1847	Indiana	England	1808
Whitney, Mrs. Elizabeth	1847	Indiana	England	1808
Watson, Mrs. Elizabeth	1851	N. Zealand	England	1818
Williams, J. L.	1845	Missouri	Tennessee	1826	Salem
Weatherford, J. W.	1852	Iowa	Iowa	1842	Salem
Woodworth, C. S.	1851	California	Vermont	1819	Salem
Walling, G. W.	1847	Iowa	Ohio	1818
Walling, Mrs. G. W.	1847	Iowa	Ohio	1810
Warren, Henry	1847	Missouri	N. Scotia	1817
White, W. L.	1850	Missouri	Virginia	1819	Oregon City
White, Mrs. Mary E.	1850	Missouri	Virginia	1823	Oregon City
Westcott, Louis	1851	Mexico	England	1820	Salem
Walling, Sr., A. G.	1849	Illinois	1828	Portland
Whitaker, Anthony	1846	Missouri	Ireland	1809
Williams, George	1851	Ohio	Ohio	1839	Salem
Williams, Mrs. Emma Adams	1852	Born in Or'g'n	Oregon	1852	Salem
Watson, S.	1849	Illinois	Illinois	1845
Waters, A. W.	1852	Iowa	Ohio	1833
Waite, Edward M.	1852	Massachusetts	Massach'setts	1830	Salem
Watt, Alexander	1852	California	Ohio	1834
Wheeler, Jason	1847	Iowa	Tennessee	1821
Wilson, Gustaf	1852	California	Russia
Wagnon, George B.	1853	Indiana	Kentucky	1800	Salem

REGISTER OF MEMBERS OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

NAMES OF MEMBERS.	Arri- ved.	Where From.	Place Nativ'y	Year of bi'th	Post Office.	Remarks.
Walker, C. H	1838	Born in Or'g'n	Oregon	1838	Forest Grove.	First white born in Oregon now living.
Watt, Ahio S.	1848	Missouri.	Ohio.	1824	Forest Grove.	
Whitlock, Wm. T.	1850	Victoria.	Victoria	1848	Oregon City.	
Wallace, James	1854	Born in Or'g'n	Oregon	1851	Freeport, W. T.	
Wheeler, Jason.	1817	Michigan	New York	1823	Albany	
Walker, Robert.	1844	Missouri.	Missouri	1825	Greenville	
Wait, G. T.	1852	Illinois	Kentucky	1833	Zena.	
Wright, W. T.	1852	Illinois	Illinois	1845	Union.	
Wilson, G. W.	1851	Vermont	Vermont	1824	Dayton	
Vocum, Franklin.	1851	Illinois	Kentucky	1820	Salem.	
Vocum, Mrs. Nancy J.	1851	Illinois	Kentucky	1821	Salem.	
Young, Andrew J.	1852	Missouri.	Missouri	1835		
Young, Mrs. Huldah S.	1851	Missouri.	Missouri	1835		
Zieber, Albert	1851	Illinois	Maryland	1830	Portland	
OMITTED.						
Ford, Nehemiah.	1843	N. Carolina.	N. Carolina.	1815	Walla Walla.	

RECAPITULATION.

Total number on roll	730
“ lady members	131
“ deaths	17
Total number of contributing members	582

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

SIXTH ANNUAL RE-UNION

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association;

FOR

1878;

AND THE

ANNUAL ADDRESS DELIVERED BY HON. WM. STRONG,

TOGETHER WITH

THE OCCASIONAL ADDRESS BY HON. J. QUINN THORNTON, AND
OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST.



SALEM, OREGON:

E. M. WAITE, STEAM PRINTER AND BOOKBINDER.

1879.

SMITHSONIAN

1847

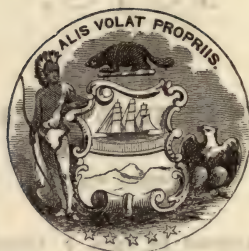
THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES

1847

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES

1847

1847



THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES

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THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES



THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES

1847

SIXTH ANNUAL RE-UNION.

STATE FAIR GROUNDS, }
SALEM, June 14, 1878. }

The morning of June 14, 1878 was ushered in with a bright sunshine and a pleasant day. At an early hour many teams containing pioneer families and friends hastening to participate in the festivities of the occasion, on the State Agricultural Fair Grounds, that had been generously thrown open for the occasion. Trains from the north and south swelled the throng from each end of the valley, all anticipating a day of recreation and renewal of old acquaintances.

At 10½ o'clock, Wm. J. Herren, Esq., President of the Association, called the audience to order, when a devout prayer was offered by Rev. R. C. Hill, of Albany; after which the President introduced Judge Wm. Strong, the Orator of the Day, who delivered an address of one and a half hours, replete with historical information and eloquent passages, reflecting great credit upon the speaker.

At the close of the Annual Address, the audience was dismissed to partake of an old fashioned pic-nic dinner, and the scene was very picturesque as they were scattered in groups through the beautiful oak grove, partaking of the good things that the Pioneer ladies had prepared, and it can be said without any fear of contradiction, that all are adepts in culinary art, as the specimens amply verified. Groups visited each other without reserve, old friends met again who had not seen each other for years; inquiries were made of absent ones, and incidents recalled that had

not been brought to memory for years. Good feeling prevailed among all.

At 3 o'clock P. M., the President called the audience to order, and Judge J. Quinn Thornton was introduced, who delivered an interesting historical address on the emigration of 1846, confined mostly to that portion who came into the Willamette valley by the Southern route, he being one of the number.

After the close of the Occasional Address by Judge Thornton, Gen. Joel Palmer was called upon to address the audience, which he complied with in a very acceptable manner, although he was quite feeble from a late severe sickness.

CAMP FIRE.

In the evening the Camp Fire was lighted and different persons were called upon to narrate their experiences.

The first called upon was Mr. Wm. Barlow of Clackamas county, who gave an interesting account of his youthful experience when Oregon was new, and grew quite eloquent over the grand old days when we lived under the Provisional government.

Mr. W. C. Myers of Jackson county, also entertained the audience with a few well chosen remarks, especially that portion referring to the early settlement of that county.

Joseph Watt who came to Oregon in 1843, said that amid all the vicissitudes and hardships encountered, the mind of the Pioneer never faltered, never gave up, nor was there a time when the camp was not livened with humor, while the same could be said of the days when the early homes were made.

Captain William Shaw, who is better known as "Uncle Billy Shaw," who was in his 84th year was loudly called, and he somewhat surprised the audience with his remarkable strength for a man of his years. He was Captain of one of the earliest wagon trains across the plains, and gave an interesting account of the trip, its cares and responsibilities that he was compelled to assume

on account of the position imposed upon him. He was a Pioneer from boyhood, as he was born on the ocean shores of North Carolina, constantly beating west, until now he resided in the far sun-down State of the Union whose shores were washed by the great Pacific, actually going from ocean to ocean. He stated that he was induced to emigrate hither at that time to save this fair land to our common country and partly through the representations held out by Senator Linn's bill in regard to donations.

Mrs. Mary Minto also responded in a happy style, giving incidents of the hardships that a girl of thirteen, who grew to womanhood in the then wilds of Oregon. The way that she obtained her first pair of shoes, was that when going to a neighbor's through the mud, she met a young man who was a shoemaker, and who found and measured her track, surprising her a few days afterwards by presenting her with a pair.

Hon. J. W. Nesmith was loudly called and responded in his usual happy style, giving many laughable incidents that transpired while upon the plains. He also paid a glowing tribute to those who braved all dangers to reach this country and force the United States Government to accept the gift and incorporate it in the possessions of the Union.

Mr. Wm. J. Herren give a thrilling account of a night adventure when he found a mother and two daughters lost in the mountains by their cries of distress, and took them to his camp and made them as comfortable as possible until morning when he had the pleasure of restoring them to their husband and father.

Mr. James Morris made a good speech of old times, glorifying that he had helped to accomplish. He told a good story of how envious his neighbors became, when his wife succeeded in dyeing his buckskin pants black.

Geo. B. Jackson sung several songs that he had sang upon the plains and in Oregon, over a third of a century before, also one that he sang of Yankee valor at an entertainment on board of the

British ship *Modeste* lying in the Columbia river at that time, his temerity astonishing our British cousins considerably.

After remarks by various persons the meeting adjourned to meet again at the same place at the Annual Re-Union; the Camp Fire had gradually gone down, and the congregation disappeared in the surrounding darkness as in the days they retired for the night in crossing the plains. But not all will meet again, for some who were there have fulfilled their mission on earth and passed away.

PIONEER BALL.

At the time of the Camp Fire meeting, the Pioneer Ball was going on in the pavilion, which was well attended, and at times there were twenty sets upon the floor at once; all entering heartily into the enjoyment of the occasion. Dancing was kept up until 5 o'clock the next morning.

SECOND DAY.

At 10½ o'clock, A. M., the members met in the oak grove and and was called to order by the President, Wm. J. Herren, for the purpose of hearing the reports of the officers and holding the annual election.

The Recording Secretary submitted the following report:

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

Mr. President and Members of the Oregon Pioneer Association:

The operations of the office and affairs of the Association have not been very extensive, but the influence of the organization is gradually and surely spreading, and it is to be hoped that all the Pioneers of Oregon will become members.

There has been but few deaths, Rev. E. Walker, who came to Oregon in 1838, and Mrs. J. L. Starkey, who came in 1852, were reported to the Secretary during the year.

INDIAN ANTIQUITIES.

I would recommend that a committee be elected for the purpose of collect-

TREASURER'S REPORT.

7

ing relics of the Indian tribes of Oregon, that they may be preserved in the Association's museum; such as bows and arrows, quivers, horse trappings, and other articles that went to make up an Indian's out-fit in the early days of Oregon's history.

PIONEER ROOMS.

Governor S. F. Chadwick has generously assigned a room in the State Capitol building for the use of this Association, for the purpose of the safe-keeping of our property, books, papers, etc., which was granted upon application by a resolution passed by the Board of Directors.

EXTENSION OF TIME.

I would suggest that the limit of membership be extended to the year 1854, so as to allow many who came to this country then to join us. It seems to me, that any person who has resided in Oregon from that date should be considered a Pioneer.

MEMBERSHIP DUES.

There are 582 contributing members upon our rolls, and if all would pay the amount of dues that they are expected, the affairs of the Association would be in a much more prosperous condition, and some means should be devised to collect up the amount.

GATE FEES.

The subject of collecting a small gate fee, say twenty-five cents, is one that should be considered; the amount is small, but would aggregate a sum sufficiently large to relieve us considerably. The officers serve the Association without any compensation whatever and the members certainly should pay up their dues which is only one dollar per year.

Respectfully submitted,

J. HENRY BROWN,
Recording Secretary.

Mr. John M. Bacon submitted the following as the

TREASURER'S REPORT.

To the Officers and Members of the Oregon Pioneer Association:

OREGON CITY, June 14, 1878.

GENTLEMEN: I have the pleasure of again presenting this my third annual report of the transactions of the Treasurer's office for the year past.

1877. RECEIPTS.

June 15,	To amount on hand as per report.....	\$ 4 37
"	Received from J. Henry Brown.....	472 83
"	" " E. M. Waite.....	27 00
16,	" " Ball.....	330 00
"	" " E. M. Waite.....	5 00
"	" " J. M. Bacon, loan.....	10 00
"	" " W. H. Reese ".....	10 00
"	" " John Minto, ".....	10 00
"	" " Jos. Watt, ".....	10 00
"	" " J. H. Brown, ".....	2 50
"	" " Chris. Taylor, ".....	10 00
"	" " E. M. Waite, ".....	12 50
"	" " L. Savage.....	2 50
"	" " J. F. Miller.....	9 75
"	" " To balance.....	51
		—————\$916 96

EXPENDITURES.

June 16,	By warrant No. 23, E. M. Waite.....	\$202 00
"	" " 24, Bean & Davidson.....	8 00
"	" " 27, Adams & Chamberlain.....	13 25
"	" " 29, Lumbering Co.....	65 89
"	" " 30, L. S. Bates.....	4 50
"	" " 31, Himes.....	17 00
"	" " 32, W. J. Herren.....	84 70
"	" " 33, John Hughes.....	27 88
"	" " 35, Breyman Bros.....	5 25
"	" " 37, Geo. Foss.....	2 50
"	" " 38, J. D. Belt.....	2 00
"	" " 39, J. G. Wright.....	15 37
"	" " 40, A. G. Walling.....	7 50
"	" " 42, W. Graves.....	3 50
"	" " 43, J. G. Wright.....	2 38
"	" " 44, ".....	88
"	" " 45, L. Mauzey.....	6 50
"	" " 46, E. M. Waite.....	197 11
"	" " 47, J. Minto.....	25 00
"	" " 48, J. H. Haas.....	100 00
"	" " 49, E. K. Miller.....	6 00
"	" " 50, W. H. Brown.....	5 75

June 16, By warrant No. 51, D. H. Pugh.....	\$ 17 50
“ “ “ 52, Chemeketa Hotel.....	9 00
“ “ “ 53, Geo. Williams.....	7 50
“ “ “ 55, Mrs. Titus.....	5 00
“ “ “ 54, J. Henry Brown.....	20 00
“ “ “ 56, J. M. Bacon.....	5 00
“ “ “ 57, C. A. Reed.....	50 00
	—————\$916 96

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. BACON,

Treasurer.

On motion, the Treasurer's report was adopted.

The following officers were elected by acclamation to serve for the ensuing year.

President, M. Crawford, Dayton.

Vice President, W. L. White, Oregon City.

Recording Secretary, J. Henry Brown, Salem.

Corresponding Secretary, Willard H. Reese, Butteville.

Treasurer, John M. Bacon, Oregon City.

DIRECTORS.

William Barlow, Canby.

F. X. Mathiew, Butteville.

Thomas Montieth, Albany.

On motion the Association adjourned.

WM. J. HERREN, *President.*

J. HENRY BROWN, *Recording Secretary.*

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

SALEM, Feb. 6, 1879.

The Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met in the Recording Secretary's office, pursuant to previous call of the President.

Present, M. Crawford, President; W.L. White, Vice President; J. Henry Brown, Recording Secretary; John M. Bacon, Treasurer; F. X. Mathieu and Wm. Barlow, of the Board of Directors, and several members of the Association.

Absent, Thomas Monteith, member of Board:

On suggestion of the President, J. M. Bacon and the Secretary, were appointed a committee to arrange an Order of Business, and the following was submitted:

1. Selecting the place of holding the Annual Re-Union.
2. Order of Exercises.
3. Appointing Committee on Printing.
4. Appointing Committee on Ball.
5. Election of Chief Marshal.
6. Election of Chaplain.
7. Miscellaneous Business.

On motion, the Order of Business was adopted.

The subject of selecting the place of holding the Annual Re-Union, elicited considerable discussion, and on motion, was laid on the table until 7 o'clock, P. M.

The following were appointed as Committee on Printing: J. Henry Brown, F. X. Mathieu and Wm. Barlow.

On motion, 1,000 copies of Transactions were ordered printed.

James Elkins of Albany, was elected Chief Marshal.

Rev. J. S. Griffin, was elected Chaplain.

The following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association, invite the Granges of this State to participate in the celebration of the Annual Re-Union of this Association, in June, 1879.

The selection of Willard H. Reese to deliver the Annual Address, and Ralph C. Geer, to deliver the Occasional Address, pertaining to the immigration of 1847, was confirmed.

On motion, the price of the ball tickets was placed at \$2.

On motion, a committee was appointed to solicit subscriptions for the music at our next Re-Union. W. J. Herren and E. M. Waite, were appointed, and they to select the third member.

On motion, the Secretary was authorized to send out invitations and solicit renewal of membership, also photographs, with date of arrival in Oregon, age, etc.

On motion, adjourned until 7 o'clock, P. M.

EVENING SESSION.

Board met pursuant to adjournment.

On motion, it was decided to employ a brass band at the celebration.

On motion, the Secretary was authorized to correspond with the different brass bands throughout the State, and employ according to his judgment that would give the most general satisfaction.

On motion, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, Samuel C. Upham, of Philadelphia, has presented to the Oregon Pioneer Association, his valuable book on early days of California, entitled "El Dorado, or Days of '49 and '50, in California." therefore,

Resolved, By the Board of Directors, that the thanks of the Association are

hereby tendered Mr. S. C. Upham for his kindness and hope that his book may meet with the sale it deserves.

Resolved, That the thanks of the Oregon Pioneer Association are hereby tendered to the Sacramento Pioneers of California for the magnificent collection of photographs of 109 members of their Society, and that we hope to be able to reciprocate the favor in kind.

Resolved, That the thanks of the Oregon Pioneer Association is hereby tendered the Territorial Pioneers of California for the present of one of their magnificent membership certificates.

On motion, John W. Minto was authorized to organize the Committee of Arrangements for the annual ball.

The Secretary was authorized to correspond with the various transportation companies in reference to the fare of members and friends to and from the Re-Union.

On motion, the following Committee of Arrangements was appointed: John W. Minto, Mrs. S. A. Clarke, Mrs. Werner Breyman, Mrs. Jos. Holman, J. A. Baker and Lewis Savage.

On motion, it was decided to hold at the next Re-Union at the Fair Grounds near Salem.

The Secretary was authorized to print badges of the Association to be worn by the members in attendance.

On motion, the Oregon Pioneer Historical Society was invited to attend the Re-Union, also the Southern Oregon Re-Union Society.

On motion, the Board adjourned *sine die*.

M. CRAWFORD, *President*.

J. HENRY BROWN, *Recording Secretary*.

THE ANNUAL ADDRESS.

BY HON. WILLIAM STRONG.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

The Oregon Pioneer Association meets to-day, here in the beautiful capital of our young State, for the sixth Annual Re-Union of its members; that we may spend a short time in social intercourse, greet old companions and friends, and by mutual converse refresh the memory, each of the other, in the incidents attending the settlement of Oregon.

Many who first planted the seeds of civilization in this portion of our country, are here present, living witnesses of all that has been done in the redemption of this land from the wilderness of nature, and its transformation into a beautiful abode and home for civilization. They were the actors, and they can look around with pride upon the great changes which have taken place since they first set foot in Oregon, and congratulate themselves that this is their work. Long may they live to enjoy the fruit of their labors.

An important object of this Association, and of the Annual Re-Union is to redeem from oblivion and place upon enduring record among its archives, such important or interesting incidents in the history of the early settlement of Oregon, as rest in tradition, in the memory of living actors, or have place only in newspapers and other ephemeral publications.

Much that is valuable has already been saved from loss, and may be found recorded among the Transactions of this Association.

It is not my intention to devote much time to what transpired prior to the year 1840. All the pioneer work has been done since that date, and although a few missionaries then had established missions in what is now Oregon, yet these looked only to the conversion of Indians and not to the general settlement of the country. A few white men had come to Oregon before that date, principally traders with the Indians, and now and then, a straggler had made his home in Oregon, for the reason probably, that in his aimless wanderings, he had struck the Pacific ocean, which rendered his further progress west by land impossible.

At the close of the year 1840, there were about two hundred persons in Oregon, exclusive of the Hudson's Bay Company and its employees, and of the native Indians.

Some few Americans citizens had come to Oregon prior to 1840 left over or strayed from various vessels and trading expeditions and a few persons not connected with the missionaries or with any organized party, came during the year 1840. Quite a number of mountain men who had been cut loose by the breaking up of the independent free trading companies, also came to Oregon in 1840, bringing with them their native wives and the children that had been born to them during their nomad life. All these numbered about 37. The Protestant missionaries, counting ministers, lay members, and women and children, were about 100, and the French Canadians old employees of the Hudson's Bay Company, but at this time settled in the Willamette valley numbered about 63; these were principally Catholics, and among these were three Catholic priests.

The title to the entire country from the Rocky mountains on the east to the ocean on the west, and from the Russian possessions on the north, to Mexico on the south, was in dispute between the kingdom of Great Britain and the United States, but was then open for commercial pursuits under the treaty of joint occupation.

Great Britain was represented by the Hudson's Bay Company, a powerful corporation, which for many years had had possession of the entire Indian trade and had trading posts among the Indians all over Oregon. Its influence with the Indians was immense, and until the boundary treaty of 1846, it controlled the Canadian settlers.

The United States was represented by the missionaries and the few Americans I have before spoken of.

The outlook for an American State at this time was not very promising. The settled portions of the States were two thousand miles distant. No emigration had yet crossed the plains. The practicability of taking wagons any further than Fort Hall had not been demonstrated.

An emigration of 44 families containing 111 persons succeeded in reaching the Willamette valley in the fall of 1842. They however left their wagons at Fort Hall, but brought considerable stock with them.

In the fall of 1843, a large emigration of from 900 to 1,000 persons arrived, bringing with them a large number of cattle and horses, and also their wagons.

In both these emigrations were quite a number of able and educated men who have since held positions of trust in the Territory and State, with honor to themselves and profit to the public.

The arrival of the emigration of 1843, may be considered the turning point in the history of Oregon. It gave to the American population of the Territory, control of its civil affairs; attracted the attention and excited the interest of the citizens and public authorities of the United States to this then almost unknown land, and thus contributed materially to the determination of the boundary question.

It made Oregon of too great importance to permit diplomacy to trifle it away. It brought to the valley a large band of improved horses and cattle to take the place of the Indian pony and the long horned, light bodied and half wild Spanish cattle, which had been imported from California by the Willamette Cattle Company in 1837. It afforded the settlers means of making themselves at home in the country, and filled their hearts with hopes at being again surrounded by American citizens.

Other large emigrations of men from the western States bringing their wives and little ones, their flocks and herds, and all their household goods with them, followed in 1844, 1845, 1846, and the succeeding years, until by their labors, the wilds of Oregon were turned into cultivated fields, and her territory made the home of a numerous and happy people.

The overland emigration by team and wagon from the borders of the western States east of the Rocky mountains to Oregon has not yet ceased its flow. No inconsiderable number, coming in that manner arrived last summer and fall, [1877], in Eastern Oregon and Washington Territory.

August 5th, 1846, the treaty of the 15th of June, 1846, settling the boundary line west of the Rocky mountains between Great Britain and the United States, was proclaimed. This treaty gave Oregon to the United States, much to the satisfaction of its Pioneer settlers.

On the 29th day of November, 1847, Dr. Marcus Whitman, his wife, and nine other American citizens, connected with the Whitman mission at Wailatpu, were murdered by the Cayuse Indians, among whom the Doctor had carried on a mission for some eight years. Doctor Whitman was a man much loved and respected, not only in Oregon but at the East for high Christian character and devoted to his missionary enterprise, and his massacre by the Indians filled the community with horror, and inspired in the public mind a determination that that his murderers should be punished.

The causes that led to this massacre are briefly these: The Doctor, who was an educated physician, had been in the habit of administering medicine to the sick applying at the mission. There was at this time an epidemic prevailing among the Indians and many had applied for and received treatment and medicine. Many of them died—some thirty or more, who had taken medicine from

the Doctor, and in their ignorance and superstition, the survivors attributed the mortality to the treatment they had received, and killed the medicine-man in revenge for the death of his patients.

Such has been the almost universal custom among Indians. The man who practices medicine among them, be he a white or an Indian doctor, takes his life in his hand; if the patient dies, he must pay the penalty of his own life or satisfy the friends of the deceased by presents.

A war between the citizens of the Territory and the Indians ensued, known as "The Cayuse War;" which, after some fighting, resulted primarily in driving the tribe out of the reach of their foes, and ultimately in the surrender of the active participators, and their trial and execution at Oregon City in the year 1850.

Time will not permit me to give a detailed account of this war; suffice it for the present to say that in their conduct of the war, the citizens and officers of the Provisional Government, exhibited in a high degree the fortitude, courage and energy naturally to be expected of those who had first planted and maintained American institutions on this coast.

On the 14th of August, 1848, the Act of Congress of the United States, organizing the Territory of Oregon, was approved by James K. Polk, the President of the United States. As this act recognized the lawful existence of the Provisional Government, and ratified its laws, acts and proceedings, (with some special exceptions), Oregon may be considered to have been an organized Territory from the 5th day of July, 1843;—that being the date of its ratification by the people, at a meeting of the citizens held at Champoege in the county of Marion. It continued in existence until the 4th of March, 1849, when it was superceded by the Territorial Government under the Act of Congress of the 14th August, 1848. On that day, Gen. Joseph Lane, the Governor appointed by President Polk arrived at Oregon City and assumed the discharge of the duties of that office. He superceded George Abernethy, who had been Governor under the Provisional Government since June, 1845, at which date he had been elected by the people. Gov. Abernethy had exhibited great prudence in the administration of his office, and retired with the respect of all who knew him. He passed the last years of his life in the city of Portland, where he died during the year 1877.

In the spring of 1849, Wm. P. Bryant appointed Chief Justice, and O. C. Pratt, Associate Justice, arrived in Oregon and entered upon the discharge of their duties. Peter G. Burnett, who had been appointed one of the Associate Justices, had removed to California and declined the office, and the speaker was on the 17th day of September, 1849, appointed his successor. At about the same time General E. Hamilton was appointed Secretary.

The office of Governor, in place of General Lane, was tendered Abraham

Lincoln, and he was asked by telegram whether he would accept. His answer was characteristic, "No Sir-ee." He little knew then the destiny to which he reserved himself. Then known to few by name even, now his life's history and melancholy death, at a time when his fame and future were or seemed to be at the zenith, are inseparably connected with the most eventful period of our country's history, and are known at home and abroad throughout the civilized world.

Major John P. Gaines, who had gained distinction in the Mexican war, was then appointed Governor and accepted the appointment. At that time the California gold excitement was at its height, and thousands of American citizens were rushing in every possible way in search of fortunes, to the new El Dorado. There were three ways of getting to Oregon: First, across the plains; second, by ship around Cape Horn; and third, by steamer to Aspinwall, then by land and river travel in all conceivable ways across the isthmus to Panama, then by vessel or steamer, (if the line on this coast was then established of which I am not sure,) to San Francisco.

The first route was tedious, and owing to the immense rush across the plains, the traveler was exposed to great privation and hardship. The second by sea around Cape Horn, was a long way round and took more time, but then it could be made comfortable, and household goods and supplies could be better conveyed to this distant shore than by either routes. The route by the isthmus was the shortest, but much suffering and sickness prevailed between Aspinwall and Panama.

The United States store ship Supply was, when we were appointed, fitted out at the Brooklyn navy yard for a voyage to San Francisco with stores for the Pacific squadron and our party was tendered a passage on her, but required to find our own supplies.

The Supply was a fine ship of 750 tons burden, famous as the one which conveyed the exploring party of Commodore Lynch to Palestine, where he had discovered (as reported), on the shores of the Dead sea, Lot's wife in a pillar of salt, into which she had been transformed for turning her face to catch a last lingering look of Sodom, as Lot's family were fleeing from that devoted city, and there she has remained forever.

We accepted the offer and on the 3d day of January, 1850, our party consisting of Gov. Gaines and family, Gen. Hamilton and family, and myself and family. set sail from New York city for Oregon. A sea voyage is necessarily monotonous, and I will not weary your patience or consume the time by describing the incidents of the trip. A long trip by sea upon a sailing vessel is unspeakably tedious, especially to persons who have no duties to perform on board the

ship. I am not sure but it is more trying to the temper and disposition than a trip "the plains across," though I cannot say that any one of our party lost their religion upon the voyage—an accident which it is said has not unfrequently happened to travelers on the plains, but according to my recollection our patience was often sorely tried.

At Rio Janeiro where we first stopped, we met the wife of Mr. Morehead, late U. S. Consul at Valparaiso on her way home, a passenger in the U. S. frigate *Saratoga*. We learned from the officers of the vessel, that Mr. Morehead had rented all the flouring mills in Chile and was sure of making a half million of dollars by the monopoly of flour in San Francisco market. When we arrived at Valparaiso we were informed that on account of large supplies shipped from the Eastern States, the speculation would prove ruinous. On our arrival at San Francisco, however, we learned that the party had cleared a million and a half dollars. This incident is mentioned to show the vicissitudes of trade in those days. How much truth there was in the statement, I never fully learned. The speculation I believe, turned out very remunerative.

As San Francisco was the end of the voyage of the *Supply*, we exchanged vessels there and came to Oregon on the sloop-of-war *Falamouth*, Commander Pettigru, arriving at Astoria on the 14th day of August, 1850. Our voyage consumed 7 months and 11 days—224 days in all. As we stopped 9 days at Rio Janeiro, 21 at St. Catherines, 10 at Valparaiso and 10 at San Francisco, in all 50 days, our sailing time was 174 days. Our ship was a fine sailer and might have made the voyage in much shorter time, but government vessels are not pressed on as are merchant ships; they take their time and exercise unusual prudence in making and shortening sail.

There was nothing of particular interest in the voyage to the public. Except for the great length of time consumed, it was more comfortable and pleasant than either of the other modes of moving a family to Oregon could have been. Our stoppage at St. Catherines, a port 300 miles south of Rio, was rendered necessary on account of the yellow fever, which we took aboard at Rio. Some of our party and a large part of the officers and crew, were taken down with it. At one time it seemed as if the ship would be entirely disabled before we could reach a port. It proved fatal, however, in only four cases. Our eldest son four-and-a-half years of age, was the first victim, and was buried at sea, in the Atlantic whose waves washed the distant shores of his native land. A young seaman, in whom we all took great interest, next died; and Governor Gaines lost two daughters, interesting and accomplished young ladies, who had been the life of our party.

It was a bright and beautiful morning when we entered the Columbia. The

air was delightful, the scenery grand; the shores were covered with a dense green foliage, the hills crowned with magnificent evergreens. On our voyage up the western coast of South America, we had seen little except brown and hazy sun-burnt mountains—nothing green was visible. Around the bay of San Francisco, everything at that season of the year looked dry and barren. The hills having recently been burned over, consuming the crop of wild oats with which they had been luxuriantly covered, presented a black and desolate appearance. The great contrast which the shores of the Columbia presented, was cheering to the heart. The first impressions of our new home were delightful.

When Astoria was pointed out as we rounded the point below, I confess to a feeling of disappointment. Astoria, the oldest and most famous town in Oregon. We had expected to find a larger place. We saw before us a straggling hamlet consisting of a dozen or so small houses, irregularly planted along the river bank, shut in by the dense forest. We became reconciled and indeed, somewhat elevated in our feelings when we visited the shore, and by it enterprising proprietors were shown the beauties of the place. There were avenues and streets, squares and public parks, wharves and warehouses, churches, schools and theaters, and an immense population—all upon the map. Those proprietors were men of large ideas, large hopes. They assured us that in no short time Astoria was to become the commercial metropolis of the Pacific coast. Some of those proprietors have passed away and gone where they are beyond the reach of hope or fear. Some remain, and though their eyes sparkle and brighten when they talk of the future grandeur of Astoria, they manifest a slight feeling of sadness and drop the subject with the remark: This may not be in our day, but it will surely come. You and I may not see it, but our children will.

Astoria at that time was a small place, or rather, two places—the upper and lower town between which there was great rivalry. They were about a mile apart, with no road connecting them except by water and along the beach. The upper town was known to the people of lower Astoria as “Adairville.” The lower town was designated by its rival as “old Fort George,” or “McClure’s Astoria.” A road between the two places would have weakened the differences of both, isolation being the protection of either. In the upper town was the custom house, in the lower two companies of the First U. S. Engineers under command of Major J. S. Hathaway. There were not, excepting the military and those attached to them and the custom house officials, to the best of my recollection, to exceed 25 men in both towns.

At the time of our arrival in the country, there was considerable commerce carried on, principally in sailing vessels between the Columbia river and San Francisco. The exports were chiefly lumber; the imports general merchandise.

The Pacific Mail steamer *Caroline* had made a trip in the month of May or June, 1850, bringing up furniture for the Grand Hotel at Pacific City, and as passengers Dr. Elijah White, Judge Alonzo Skinner, J. D. Holman, and others who were the founders and proprietors of the city. Some of the proprietors still live, but the city has been long since buried and the place where it stood has returned to the primeval forest from which it was taken. The Mail Company's steamers *Oregon* and *Panama* had each made one trip to the river that summer, but regular mail service by steamer from San Francisco, was not established until the arrival of the steamer *Columbia* in the winter or spring of 1850-51. The usual length of time of receiving letters from the States was from six weeks to two months. It took however three months to send and get an answer from an interior State, and postage on a single letter was 40 cents. After the arrival of the *Columbia*, they came with great regularity once a month, and a year or two afterwards semi-monthly.

In 1852 the railroad across the Isthmus was completed thus greatly improving that route. A route had been established across Nicaragua which for a time was quite popular, but was finally abandoned on account of internal disturbances in the country in part, and in part on account of competition and increased facilities upon the Isthmus route. The date when the Nicaragua route commenced to be used and was discontinued, I am not able at this time to give. The price of passage by the Isthmus route before their opposition, was from \$200 to \$250, which included only a limited amount of baggage. Freights were extraordinarily high, amounting to a prohibition upon all excepting merchandise.

In 1857, the Overland Stage Company was organized and commenced carrying the letter mail between St. Joe, Missouri, and Placerville, California, under a contract with the Postmaster General, under an act of Congress, approved March 3d, 1857. The Act authorized a semi-monthly, weekly, or semi-weekly service, at a cost per annum not exceeding \$300,000 for semi-monthly; \$450,000 for weekly, and \$600,000 for semi-weekly service; the mail to be carried in good four-horse coaches or spring wagons, suitable for passengers, through in 25 days. The original contract was for six years, but was extended and the line run until the railroad was completed in 1869. After the route was opened, 22 days was the schedule time. The stages run full both ways, fare \$250. The starting and arrival of the stages were great events at both ends of the line. A pony express from San Francisco to St. Joe was started in 1859, and run about a year and a half. It made the trip in ten days.

The first river steamboat in Oregon was the *Columbia*, built by Gen. Adair, Capt. Dan Frost and others, at Upper Astoria in 1850. She was a side wheel boat 90 feet in length, of about 75 tons burthen, capable of accommodating not

to exceed 20 passengers, though I have known of her carrying on one trip over 100. Though small, her cost exceeded \$25,000. Mechanics engaged in her construction were paid at the rate of \$16 per day, and other laborers \$5 to \$8 gold. She made her first trip in June, 1850, under the command of Capt. Frost, McDermott, engineer. It generally took about 24 hours to make the trip. She tied up nights and in foggy weather. Fare was \$25 each way. She was an independent little craft and not remarkably accommodating, utterly ignoring lower Astoria. All freight and passengers must come on board at the upper town. She ran for a year or two, when her machinery was taken out and put into the Fashion. Her hull afterwards floated out to sea.

The Lot Whitcomb, also a side wheeler was the next. She was built at Milwaukie, then one of the most lively and promising towns in Oregon, by Lot Whitcomb, Col. Jennings, S. S. White and others, and launched on Christmas day, 1850. That was a great day in Oregon; hundreds from all parts of the Territory, came to witness the launch. The festivities were kept up for three days and nights. There was music instrumental,—at least I heard several fiddles—and vocal, dancing and feasting. The whole city was full of good cheer; every house was open and all was free of charge—no one would receive pay. Sleeping accommodations were rather scarce, but there was plenty to keep one awake.

The Lot Whitcomb had a fine model, a powerful engine and was staunch and fast. Her keel was 12x14 inches, 160 feet long, a solid stick of Oregon fir. Her burden was 600 tons, had a 17 inch cylinder, 7 feet stroke and cost about \$80,000. She proved a safe and comfortable boat. Fare upon her was reduced to \$15 between Portland and Astoria. She ran upon Oregon waters until the latter part of 1853, when she was taken to San Francisco, and ran for some years on the Sacramento. Capt. John C. Ainsworth took command. This was his first steamboating in Oregon; Jacob Kamm was her engineer. Capt. Ainsworth was from Iowa, where he had been engaged in steamboating on the Mississippi between St. Louis and Galena, about five years. He was a young man about 28 years of age when he commenced in Oregon and had nothing to begin with but the ordinary capital of an Oregon pioneer—a sound head, brave heart, willing hands, energy and fidelity to trust. I have known him through his whole career in Oregon. The fortune and position he has acquired are not the result of accident or chance, but have been secured by industry, integrity, ability, hard labor and prudence. Such fortune and such position come to all who work as hard, as long and well as Captain Ainsworth.

Jacob Kamm the engineer, was the right man in the right place on such a boat, under such a Captain. He proved himself skillful and prudent; no acci-

dent ever occurred through his want of skill and care during the long period in which he ran engineer on Oregon steamboats. The fortune he has acquired has been built up by hard labor, increased and preserved by skill and prudence.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company, a New York corporation which had the mail contract between Panama and Oregon, brought out a large iron steamer called Willamette. She was built for the company at Wilmington, Delaware, and brought around Cape Horn under sail as a three masted schooner, arriving in the fall 1851. She was soon fitted up and commenced running under Capt. Durbrow, between Portland and Astoria in connection with the Company's sea steamer. She was an elegant boat in all her appointments; had fine accommodation for passengers, and great freight capacity. In fact, she was altogether too large for the trade, and in August, 1852, her owners took her to California, and run her on the Sacramento. One good thing she did, she put fare down to \$10. Fare on this route went down slowly; first \$26, then \$15, then \$10, then \$8, then \$5; it is now \$2. It is only within a few years that the passenger trade on the lower Columbia has been of any considerable value, or would support a single weekly steamboat. It has now become of more importance.

Time will only permit me to touch upon the important events which make eras in the commerce of Oregon.

Navigation upon the Willamette above the falls at Oregon City by steamboats was opened by the Hoosier, built at Oregon City below the falls, and taken up early in 1851. She ran between Canemah and Dayton on the Yamhill.

Early in 1851, Abernethy & Co's. barque, the Success from New York, arrived at Oregon City with a general cargo of merchandise and three steamboats two of them were small iron propellers and the third, the Multnomah was a side wheel boat built of wood. The Eagle was very little larger than an ordinary ships yawl-boat. She was owned and run between Portland and Oregon City, by Captains Wm. Wells and Richard Williams. When Wells was Captain, Williams was mate, fireman and all hands; when Capt. Dick took the wheel, Wells became the crew. She carried freight for \$15 per ton, passengers \$5 each. Pretty good pay for a 12 mile route. She made more money according to her size than any boat in Oregon. Out of her earnings the owners built the iron steamboat the Belle, and made themselves principal owners in the Senorita. Two for that day first class steam boats. The Washington was somewhat larger, owned by Alexander S. Murry who commanded her. He took the boat up above the falls in June, 1851 run her there until the fall or winter 1851-2, when he brought her down and run her between Portland and Oregon City until the spring of 1853, when she was again taken above the falls where she ran until July of the same year, when her owners there, Allan McKinlay & Co., brought

her below and sent her under steam around to the Umpqua river. She arrived there in safety, crossing the bars of both rivers, and ended her days there in the service of her owners. She was known after her sea voyage as the "Bully Washington." The only money ever made out of her, was made by her first owner, Capt. Murray. He was a sharp Scotchman, came from Australia here and returned there when he left Oregon. He is said to be the father of internal navigation in Australia. He made money, and when I last heard of him, was engaged in the navigation of Murray's river, which empties into the ocean at Adelaide.

The next and most famous of the steamers that were brought out on the Success, was the Multnomah. She came in sections, and was set up at Canemah by two or three army or naval officers of the United States, who had brought her out, Doctors Gray and Maxwell and Captain Bingle; was built of oak staves two inches in thickness and of the width and length of ordinary boat plank, bound with hoops made of bar iron, keyed up on the gunnels; was 100 feet in length, with good machinery and like her principal owner, Dr. Gray, fastidiously nice in all her appointments. She had no timbers except her deck beams and the frame upon which her engine and machinery rested, and was as staunch as oak and iron could make her. It was as difficult to knock her to pieces from the outside as it is for a boy to kick in a well hooped barrel. She commenced running above the falls shortly after the Washington, and run there—her highest point being Corvallis, then Marysville—until May, 1852, when she was brought below on ways in a cradle, and thereafter run on the lower Willamette and Columbia, part of the time making three trips a week to Oregon City and three trips to the Cascades. She brought down many of the emigrants of 1852. She fell into the hands of Abernethy & Co., and in the winter and spring of 1853, ran between Portland and Oregon City in connection with the Lot Whitcomb. On the failure of Abernethy & Co., she fell into the hands of their creditors and had different Captains every few trips for a year or two. She was then purchased by Captain Richard Hoyt, and run on the lower Columbia route until his death in the winter or spring of 1861-2. She finally came into the hands of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, and after much more useful service laid her bones in the bone-yard below Portland.

About the same time, 1851, a small wooden boat, a propeller, called the Black Hawk, ran between Portland and Oregon City. She made money very rapidly for her owners.

The other boats built for or run above the falls of the Willamette were the Portland, built opposite Portland, in 1853, by A. S. Murrey, John Torrance and James Clinton. She was afterwards taken above the falls where she ran for

some time. On the 17th of March, 1857, she was carried over the falls in high water, leaving hardly a vestige of the boat, and drowning her Captain, Arthur Jaimison, and one deck hand.

There were seven brothers, Jaimeson, young Scotchmen, came to this coast, all energetic and reliable men, of whom six lost their lives by accidents on the water—two killed by a boiler explosion on Frazier river, two drowned in the waters of British Columbia, the other lost on the Portland, as I have just related.

There was the Canemah, side wheels, built in 1851 by A. F. Hedges, Charles Bennett, afterwards killed by the Indians in Col. Kelly's fight on the Touchet in 1856; Alanson Beers and Hamilton Campbell. She run between Canemah and Corvallis. The heaviest load she ever carried was thirty-five tons. Passage on her was \$5 to Salem. She made little or no money for her owners though she had a mail contract.

The Oregon, built and owned by Ben Simpson & Co., in 1852, was a side wheel boat of good size, but proved very poor property.

The Shoalwater, built by the owners of the Canemah in 1852-3 as a low-water boat, commanded by Capt. Lem White, the pioneer captain upon the upper Columbia, proved to be a failure. She changed her name several times, was the Fenix, Franklin and Minnie Holmes. Her bad luck followed her under every alias. In the spring of 1854, she collapsed a flue near Rock Island while stopping at a landing. None were killed, but several were more or less seriously injured and all badly scared. H. N. V. Holmes, a prominent resident of Polk county, was badly injured, but jumped overboard and swam across the river to the eastern shore before he knew that he was hurt.

Next was the Wallamette, also built by the owners of the Canemah, in 1853. She was a large and expensive boat of the Mississippi style. Run above the falls until July, 1854, when she was taken below, and in the fall of the same year was sold and taken to California. She proved a failure everywhere and came near breaking her owners. The current seemed to be against her whether she ran up or down stream.

In the summer of 1853, a company of California capitalists bought the land and built a basin and warehouse on the west side of the Willamette at the falls, near where the canal and locks now are. Their first boat was burned on the stocks Oct. 6, 1853. The second was the ill-fated Gazelle, a large and beautiful side wheel steamer. She made her first trip on the 18th of March, 1854. On the 5th of April, 1854, when lying at Canemah, her boiler exploded causing great loss of lives. Over twenty persons were killed outright, and as many wounded, three or four of whom died shortly afterwards. The Rev. J. P. Miller, a Presbyterian minister of Albany, in this State, the father of Mrs. Judge Wilson,

now a widow and Postmaster at The Dalles, (Postmistress is not known under the postoffice laws). Mrs. Kelley, wife of Col. Kelly, late U. S. Senator from this State, now resident of Portland, and Mrs. Grover, the wife of Gen. Cuvier Grover. Many other valuable citizens of Oregon were among the killed. The wreck was bought by Captains R. Hoyt, William Wells and A. S. Murry, taken down over the falls on the 11th day of August, 1855, and converted into the *Senorita* of which I have before spoken. The Warehouse Company afterward built the *Oregon*, which was sunk and prove a total loss. The property passed into other hands; the buildings were afterwards burned and all was swept away in the flood of December, 1861.

The first stern-wheeler upon the upper Willamette, was the *Enterprise*, built in the fall of 1855, by Archibald Jamison, (a brother of the one lost on the Portland when she went over the falls in March, 1854), Capt. A. S. Murry, Amory Holbrook, John Torrance, and others. She was 115 feet in length, 15 feet in width and had neat cabin appointments. She run on the upper river under Capt. Jamison—the first really successful boat on that part of the river—and after some years' service was sold to Capt. Tom Wright, son of Commodore, better known as Bully Wright of San Francisco, who took her to Frazier river on the breaking out of the mines there, where she finished her course; as I now recollect, she was blown up.

In 1856, Captains Cochrane, Gibson, Cassidy and others, built the *James Clinton*; afterwards called the *Surprise*. She was in her day the largest and best stern-wheeler upon the Willamette.

The *Success* built at a later period by Captain Baughman, belied her name and had a short and unprofitable career.

There were other steamboats during this time and afterwards upon that portion of the river which time forbids me to name. What I have already stated is sufficient to give a general idea of the growth of navigation up to the time when corporations commenced their operation. These boats that I have named, and others built and owned by private individuals, held the field until 1862–3 when the People's Transportation Company, a corporation under the general incorporation law of Oregon, entered upon its career. They built the canal, basin and warehouse on the east side of the river, and carried on a profitable trade between Portland and the various points up the river, finally selling out to Ben Holladay, who, with his railroad and river steamboats then held command of the trade of the entire Willamette valley.

An account of the internal commerce of Oregon, would be incomplete without a history of the origin and growth of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company. I shall speak of it historically only, how it originated and what it has ac-

complished. Whether its influence has been good or bad, whether on the whole, it has been or is likely to be detrimental to the true interests of our people are questions that are not to be discussed here. Time will only permit me to give a brief sketch of the prominent points in its history. It is an Oregon institution, established by Oregon men who made their start in Oregon. Its beginnings were small, but it has grown to great importance under the control of the men who originated it.

In April, 1859, the owners of the steamboats *Carrie Ladd*, *Senorita*, and *Belle*, which had been plying between Portland and Cascades, represented by Captain J. C. Ainsworth, agent, the *Mountain Buck*, by Col. J. S. Ruckel, its agent, the Bradford horse railroad between the middle and upper Cascades, by its owners, Bradford & Co., who also had a small steamboat plying between the Cascades and The Dalles, entered into a mutual arrangement to form a transportation line between The Dalles and Portland, under the name and style of Union Transportation Company. There were some other boats running on that route, the *Independence* and *Wasco*, in the control of Alexander Ankney and George W. Vaughn; also the *Flint and Fashion* owned by Capt. J. O. Van Bergen. As soon as practicable, these interests were harmonized or purchased.

At this time, freights were not large between Portland and the upper Columbia, and the charges were high. There was no uniform rule; the practice was to charge according to the exigency of the case. Freights had been carried in sail boats from Portland to the Cascades at \$20 per ton. I have before me an advertisement in an early number of the *Weekly Oregonian*, that the schooner *Henry*, owned by F. A. Chenoweth, now a practicing lawyer at Corvallis, and Geo. L. Johnson, would carry at that rate.

On the 19th day of December, 1860,—there being then no law under which a corporation could be established in Oregon—the proprietors of the Union Transportation Line, procured from the Washington Territory Legislature, an act incorporating J. C. Ainsworth, G. F. Bradford, J. S. Ruckel, R. R. Thompson, and their associates under the name and style of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company. R. R. Thompson and Lawrence Coe, who then first became interested with the other parties, had built a small steamboat called the *Col. Wright*, above The Dalles, which went into the line and made up their shares of the capital stock. This was the second boat they had built at that point. The first when partially completed, was carried over the falls and down the river in high water. There the hull was sold, fitted up and taken to Frazer river on the breaking out of the gold mine excitement on British Columbia, and much to the credit of its builders, made the highest point ever reached by a steamboat on that river.

The Oregon Steam Navigation Company, or O. S. N. Co., as it has been more generally called and known since organized under the act, J. C. Ainsworth was the first President, and with the exception of a single year, when J. S. Ruckel held the position, has been its President ever since. Its principal office was located at Vancouver, and its property formed no inconsiderable addition to the taxable property of Washington Territory. It might have remained there until this time, had it received fair treatment. But the citizens thought they had the goose that laid the golden egg, and they killed it. By unfriendly legislation and unjust taxation, the company was driven from the Territory, and in October, 1862; it incorporated under the general act of Oregon, where it has ever since existed an Oregon corporation, in fact, as it has always been in ownership and name. Its railroads, steamboats, warehouses, wharf-boats and wharves, have all been built and established by the company, without public aid except the patronage by the public after they were completed.

All its founders started poor. They have accomplished nothing that has not been equally within the power of others by the exercise of equal foresight, labor and perseverance. They had no exclusive rights. The rivers are wide enough for all the steamers which can be built, and the passes at the Cascades and the Dalles are broad enough for all the railroads that may be found desirable. They are still unoccupied and open to all.

The O. S. N. Co. have diminished the price of carrying freight and passengers wherever it has established lines of the great cost of transportation of the early times, fares have come down to \$5 between Portland and the Dalles; \$12 to Wallula; \$20 to Lewiston; \$2 to Astoria, and freights have been correspondingly reduced. Wheat and flour were last season brought down from Lewiston for \$8, and from Wallula for \$6 per ton, including handling over the boat lines and two railroads.

Of one thing the citizens of Oregon may well boast. Taking into consideration what has been done by private enterprise alone, there is no young State in the Union where so much in the way of internal improvements has been accomplished in so short a time.

The canal and locks in the Willamette at Oregon City, in the main constructed by private means, have worked wonders for the commerce on that river. There original cost was near half a million dollars. Soon we may hope to see a canal and locks at the Cascades, constructed by the United States, which will be of equal value to the commerce upon the Columbia river.

The pioneers of Oregon were brave and sturdy men. The more I study the history of their acts, the greater my admiration. The Provisional Government

they established is a monument to their wisdom. It shows that they had a just appreciation of the true principles of republican government. They carried on that government for thirteen years, under great difficulty, with great prudence and success—acting in all emergencies with such consummate prudence and foresight, that events have pointed out no better course which they could have pursued.

The Pioneers were young then; we are getting along in years now. Yet as we set around the camp fire and talk over the days of our youth, we feel young again. We tell the friend that we now see for the first time since we traveled in Oregon, that we feel as young as we ever did. We see, as the fire brightens, that he has grown old. His grey hairs, his wrinkled brow and feeble steps excite our sympathy. We attempt to rise to assist him; our stiffened limbs fail to respond to the will, and we find, alas! that age has also fallen upon us.

My friends, we shall soon pass away. Year by year these Re-Unions of the old Pioneers will grow smaller and smaller. I trust we shall continue to our latest breath to feel a deep interest in the welfare of each other and in the State where we have so long lived, and which we have contributed so much to create and build up. Let us not forget to act well our part to the end. Let us see to it, that we impress upon the minds of our children and those who are to come after us, those lessons of patriotism which were handed down to us by our fathers. Let us do all that we can to impress upon them, that free government consists in equal rights, regulated and controlled by wise and just laws, which punish and restrain the guilty, that the innocent may be protected. True liberty is only to be found in a government where the laws are just and faithfully administered.

Oregon owes by far the most of its prosperity and rapid progress to the early formation of the Provisional Government, the wise laws which were enacted, and the inflexible justice with which they were administered.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

HON. J. QUINN THORNTON, A. M., D. C. L., L. L. D.

CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE; FORMERLY JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF OREGON; AUTHOR OF THE HISTORY OF THAT GOVERNMENT; AND AUTHOR OF "OREGON AND CALIFORNIA IN 1848."

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW CITIZENS OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION:

This Annual Re-Union has devolved upon me the duty of presenting for your consideration in this "Occasional Address," the leading historical facts of the emigration of 1846.

And first permit me to express the obligation I feel for the compliment conveyed in the confidence implied, by my having been thus placed in a position which presupposes, at least, a willingness on my part to contribute something toward the facts and reliable history of the early settlement of Oregon, for such I understand to be the object of our organization.

You will next permit me to call your attention to the simply wonderful difference between our condition, when weary, wayworn, and exhausted in all our resources, save that spirit of self-reliance which "*Alis volat propriis*," so aptly expresses, we first entered the Willamette valley, when contrasted with the circumstances which now surround us, as on this interesting gala day, we come up to the capitol from all parts of the State with hearts glowing with gratitude to Almighty God, while cheerfulness beaming from every countenance expresses our social affections and our appreciation of the blessings of that Providence, which led us all the way through a dreadful wilderness, to this goodly land, where the soil has never been known to withhold a large reward to the skillful hand of consenting toil.

To open a communication between the valley of the Mississippi and the Pacific ocean, became the a prime object with prominent statesmen. This induced Mr. Jefferson to send Lewis and Clark in 1804, to explore the line of the Mis-

souri and Columbia rivers, as a means of communication with India and the nations occupying the eastern coast of Asia. It was believed that two circumstances would facilitate the introduction of East India goods upon the route of the Columbia and Missouri rivers. First, the goods to be introduced were of little weight, small bulk and great value; secondly, the river to be ascended was short, the one to be descended was long, and it was believed that the American trade to China and to India, might result in pouring a flood of commerce upon our western coast which would flow eastward by the channels I have named. It was known that this commerce had enriched the world, and that through thousands of years; all the great nations of the earth have enjoyed the riches of the East, and have sought in turn to control the commerce of these countries which enabled Solomon to adorn the temple of Jerusalem with jewels and gold; which built up Tyre and Sidon; which found its way to Egypt, and at and at last to Rome, to France, Portugal, Spain, Holland, England; and finally to this great republic. It was seen that this vast and almost incomprehensibly rich commerce had never ceased from the highest point of Jewish splendor to supply the civilized world with all that man can desire for his ease, comfort or enjoyment.

Moreover it was believed that upon the people of Eastern Asia, the establishment of a civilized power upon the opposite coast of America, could not fail to produce great and wonderful benefits. Science, liberal principles in government, and true religion, might cast their lights across the intervening ocean. The valley of the Columbia might become the granary of China and Japan, and an outlet to their imprisoned and exuberant population. The oldest and newest nations on the globe, the most despotic and freest government, would become the neighbors, and peradventure the friends of each other, standing together upon a sense of common interests and mutual respect and confidence.

At length the subject began to be very fully discussed in Congress, and the establishment of military posts at the mouth of the Columbia, insisted upon as a means of settlement looking to the East India and China trade, the control of which had in all the world's history given supremacy and naval strength to the nation possessing it.

The attention of the great mass of the people was thus attracted, and when the dispute between the government of the United States and that of Great Britain, as to the title to the country, came up, it was seen by American statesmen, that actual settlement was necessary to give strength to our claim if regard was had to the laws of nations. The American heart became fired, and public men encouraged emigrants to go and build houses and make farms in the country of which Mr. Barbour of Virginia, said in Congress, Feb. 26, 1825: "Oregon

can never be one of the United States. * * * * Would to heaven there was a perpetual decree, that should forever secure to the aboriginies of that soil, the quiet possession of the country they now enjoy." But then it was not so decreed. And whatsoever is not "decreed" does not "come to pass" according to my theology. It certainly did "come to pass" that the emigrants began to come to Oregon, and very soon thereafter rendered it very clear to the dullest apprehension that there was not "a perpetual decree, that should forever secure to the aborigines of that soil, the quiet possession of the country they do not now enjoy."

The public feeling soon manifested itself in the fact that considerable numbers commenced to emigrate to Oregon.

The town of Independence, Missouri, was the place of rendezvous where they were accustomed to come together for the purpose of completing their purchases as the necessary outfit for the contemplated journey, and for making other final preparations.

Most of the emigrants had as early as the 18th of April, 1846, already departed. Some were assembled at Indian Creek; a few were still at Independence, not yet quite prepared to leave.

In the countenances of the emigrants thus assembled at this place, there was a peculiar blending of sunshine and shadow, such as I had never before seen. And yet, it was not difficult to perceive that their hopes and fears had alternately been greatly excited during several preceding weeks, while preparing for their long and arduous journey, and in bringing themselves to submit to the severance of those endearing ties that bound them to the place and to the people of their former homes. They seemed to have even a painful sense of the fact that they, too, were about to enter upon scenes in which they were to endure great mental and physical suffering, and that to nerve them for the trials before them, it was necessary to lay under contribution all the resources which God and nature had made available, to prepare the mind and heart and body to successfully encounter the difficulties and dangers of the long, exhausting and dusty road, which stretched away, away, away in weary miles of multiplied hundreds, over scorching deserts of sand and sage brush toward the ever receding west.

The town Independence was at this time a Babel on the border of "that great and dreadful wilderness," which extended thence to the Pacific ocean. There was seen the slave of African descent having a shining black face, driving his master's six horse team of red bays, and swinging from side to side as he sat upon the saddle horse and listened with pride and ever increasing pleasure to

the incessant tinkling of the bells. In one street, just driving out of town, was an emigrant, who, having completed all his preparations, was moving forward to an advance place of rendezvous in the great prairie wilderness. He whistled as though his mouth had been made for nothing else, and he seemed to be as happy as a robin in June sitting upon the topmost bough of a tree, from which with the melody of song, he cheers his silent and incubating mate.

Here, too was seen the indolent dark skinned Spaniard, smoking a cigar as he leaned against the sunny side of a house. He wore a sharp conical felt hat with a red band around it; a blue roundabout, with little brass buttons, duck pantaloons open at the side as high as the knee, exhibiting his white cotton drawers between his knee and the top of his low half boots, completed his apparel and made him feel as happy as—but on second thought, I think I had better not say what.

Santa Fe wagons were coming in, having attached to them eight and ten, and even twelve mules, some of them being driven by persons of Spanish descent, some by Americans resembling Indians, some by negroes, and others by persons of all possible crosses between these various races; each showing in his dress, as well as in his face, some distinctive characteristic of his blood and race, the dirty poncho always marking those of Spanish or Mexican descent. Traders had been out to Santa Fe, and having exchanged their goods for gold dust, dollars and mules, were then daily coming in from the plains; the dilapidated and muddy condition of their wagons and wagon sheets, and the sore backs of their mules, all giving evidence of the length and toil of the journey they had performed and were now about to terminate.

Merchants were doing all in their power to effect the sale of supplies to emigrants, some of whom were hurrying to and fro, looking care-worn, and many of them sad, as though the cloud of sorrow had not yet quite passed away, that had come over their spirit, and as they painfully and with regret tore themselves from friends and scenes around which had clustered the memories of the heart. One was seen just starting out, and calling to his oxen, cracking his whip in a manner evinsive of a high sense of pleasure and of the individuality of one who regarded himself as being capable of subduing a continent of forest; and although he probably knew nothing of Latin, he was certainly the very personification of the spirit of self reliance, which "*Alis volat propriis*," so aptly expresses. Although some four or five children in the wagon were crying in all possible and even impossible keys, he drove on utterly oblivious to the music, and looking as undisturbed as though he was quite accustomed to that sort of din, and withal looking as cheerful and happy as if he was perfectly sure that he was going to a country where the valleys flowed with milk and honey and the hill sides

abounded with deer and elk. Behind the wagon, with her nose almost over the end board, an old mare slowly and patiently stepped along, evincing as much care, as though she knew that she was carrying "mother and the baby," (may God bless them), and therefore must not stumble on any account.

Having on the 12th of May, completed all the arrangements that were deemed necessary, previous to leaving the settlements, a large company bade farewell to the sublimely muddy Missouri, with a feeling which might well have taken form and expression in the language of Scotia's favorite bard:

"Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie."

During the day, many immense wagons were passed carrying from 60 to 70 cwt. of goods for the Santa Fe market. Many wagons were also met returning empty to Independence; the proprietors having sold their merchandise were on their way in to the settlements with gold dust, Mexican dollars and mules. The drivers of the teams and loose mules presented that peculiar appearance I have already remarked upon; of mongrels, puppies, whelps and hounds, and curs of low degree.

The weather was clear, warm and dry; the bees were out in search of flowers, and the large gray flies were blowing their mellow little horns. The daisies, first born daughters of spring, were lifting their little faces to be kissed by their father the sun. The birds were rapidly passing from one twig to another, twittering as though their hearts were brim full of happiness. At one time they were seen darting into one thicket, and then into another to find a suitable place for rearing their little families. Some were building their nests; others poured their love songs into the ears of their mates; and one might almost have fancied that the eye could be seen to sparkle and the heart to heave as with stooping wing, the too happy bird received a promise that she would indeed be his. Nature here, and all in nature, appeared to be too happy to leave behind. The emigrants also appeared to know now no sadness or pangs, occasioned by the recent sundering of old ties; and they were now as happy as the birds, and with them drank in the general joy.

A little before noon of the 13th, the emigrants passed the last fixed abode of a white man—the last cabin—and immediately afterward they entered the territory of the Shawnees. During the day, wagons were continued to be met returning from Santa Fe. Thirty Indians were also met. In the afternoon, the company came up with ex-Gov. Boggs and other emigrants.

On the 15th, a company of 63 wagons were overtaken under Col. Russel, who were considered as being still in some sense at the place of rendezvous, having moved forward a little, but having halted again for persons they expected to

join them. We were immediately invited to attach ourselves to their party, and to remain with them until those of us who intended to go to Oregon, should find ourselves in sufficient numbers by new accessions, to form a company of our own sufficiently strong to repel an attack of Indians.

We all crossed the Wokaruska creek, and encamped for the night in a most beautiful piece of woods, which skirted both sides of the stream. The impression made upon the mind by the neighing of horses, the braying of the mules, the groups of men, the little knots of women, the loud merry laugh of some of the children, the crying of others, the mingling of voices, the sound of footsteps of persons passing to and fro, the ascending smoke in front of the clean white tents scattered among the trees and shrubbery, was very agreeably novel.

In the evening, an inquiry was instituted for the purpose of ascertaining the sufficiency of the wagons, teams and provisions; the number and sort of arms; the amount of powder and lead; the number of persons capable of bearing arms, and the number and sex of all other persons:

Wagons,	72
Men capable of bearing arms,	130
Women,	65
Children,	125
Breadstuff, pounds,	69,420
Bacon, pounds,	40,200
Powder, pounds,	1,100
Lead, pounds,	1,672
Guns, mostly rifles,	155
Pistols,	104
Cattle and horses,	710

The wagons were generally new, strong and well painted. They were all covered with either linen or cotton drilling; some of them being either painted or thoroughly saturated with boiled linseed oil, so as more effectually to exclude the rain. Some of the wagons had "California," painted on the cover; some of them displayed "Oregon" in letters so large, that "even he who ran might read;" some added in yet larger letters, "The whole or none," others same "54° 40', or fight;" while many were not distinguished at all. The work cattle were fat and strong; the tents new and clean; and the food was of a good quality and abundant. Many of the emigrants were almost boisterous in their mirth. Nearly all were strangers to each other, and there was a manifest effort on the part of each, to make the most favorable impression he could upon every other. All were obliging and kind, and there was even an extraordinary absence of selfishness. Suffering, want and privation; mental anxiety, hardship and exhausting

labor; and a continued sense of a present but concealed danger, demanding an unceasing watchfulness, which, at length, terribly wears upon the nervous system, had not yet blunted the moral perceptions of any, or excited their cupidity and selfishness, nor dried up the fountains of the heart's best and purest affections.

Everything seemed calculated to put all persons in a good humor with each other. The green coated frogs were heard in great numbers among the plashy ponds and along the reedy margin of the stream; and the sound was far from being disagreeable. Indeed, there was a music in it appropriate to the place, the scene and the circumstance; and it had a soothing and quieting affect upon the excited, nervous system. The birds poured forth their most joyous notes. The water was gushing through a thousand veins of the earth, although it had until very recently, been congealed by the frost of winter. The sap was coursing its way through the plants, and the vital fluid moved through human veins with increased velocity and a new thrill of delight. A narrow strip of the richest and most beautiful forest trees, about half a mile in width, skirted each side of the Wokarusha, from which spread out as far as the eye could reach, a plain, broken into gentle swells, and covered with a heavy coat of grass, while a green carpet spotted with flowers covered the hills and the little intervening valleys; and a robe of as deep a green, variegated with beautiful blossoms, hung upon the thickets. Flies and insects emerged from their hiding places and were humming drowsily. The shrill chirping of birds, the plaintive cooing of the turtle dove, as he sat alone among the shady boughs, all told that the beautiful spring had returned to gladden every heart. The children were wandering in the woods, making them echo with their merry shouts. They appeared to have been let loose to play and to gather leaf buds, dandelions, butter-cups, daisies, and a thousand flowers of every hue, that lift their soft, mild eyes to heaven in thankfulness for the sun's warmth and light.

It was indeed with emotions of the purest delight, that from this emigrant camp on the Wokarusha, I looked upon jubilant nature, dressed in her most beautiful holiday attire; and I could not but think that these grateful and inspiring influences would find a ready response in every heart.

Up to this point, we seemed not to have fairly and fully set out upon our journey. This was not exactly the place of rendezvous, but rather the end of rendezvous—the last place of waiting for emigrants to come up. Our arrangements were therefore made for a final departure. The tents were all accordingly hastily taken up, and the cooking utensils packed. The men hurried to and fro, collecting their oxen and yoking them to the wagons. The sound of the ox-rings working in the steples, the jinkling of the chains, and the confused voices, sometimes raised into a key denoting a little impatience, made up a

scene which was both novel and agreeable. The women put on their bonnets, and the children were hastily lifted into the wagons. In a short time, the teams began to move on, and soon there was a long line and slowly moving white covered wagons, drawn by large fat oxen, driven by men who walked by the side of their teams and ever and anon, cracked their whips and then their jokes in most blissful ignorance of the dangers and hardships which awaited them.

All were filled with high hopes and expectations for the future, and all were animated and sprightly. The most of the emigrants were even polite in their manners and deportment, and they were certainly obliging in their conduct and intercourse with each other. Many who had large families of children (for these seemed to be as numerous here as the birds among the bushes), were removing to Oregon with the hope of finding a more salubrious climate than the one they had left, and of obtaining from the government of the United States a grant of of land which would enable them to maintain their families in an honorable independence. Some had become involved in pecuniary embarrassments, and having sold their property to pay their creditors, could not consent to remain where they must necessarily see their former pleasant homes in other hands, and they had resolved upon making an effort to retrieve their fallen fortunes in Oregon, where they flattered themselves that if they accomplish no more, they would at least avoid a position in which the wealth and showy equipages of others, would upbraid them for their poverty. Others had during a long time, their yearly acquisitions taken from them by eager creditors who had thus crippled their resources, depressed their energies, and deprived them of all hope of either paying their debts or of being able to educate their children. They hoped that by emigrating to Oregon they would during a few years at least escape the harrassing observation of their creditors, and be thus enabled to accumulate the means of meeting all of their engagements. Many were in pursuit of health. Some were actuated by mere love of change; many more by a spirit of enterprise and adventure; and a few, I believe, knew not exactly why they were thus upon the road. With these reasons, were more or less mixed up as a very important element,—a desire to occupy the country as a basis of title in the dispute between the government of the United States and that of Great Britain.

The motives which thus brought this multitude together, were in fact, almost as various as their features. They agreed in one general object—that of bettering their condition, but the particular means by which each proposed to attain this end, were as various as can well be imagined.

Nor were the people less different in their general appearance, manners, education, and principles. There were representatives from nearly all of the States from Maine in the east, to Missouri in the west; and from the great lakes in the

north to the greater gulf in the south. The majority, however, were plain, honest, substantial, intelligent, enterprising and of good principles. They were indeed, very much superior to those who usually settled a new country; and they were for the most part persons, the loss of whom was felt and regretted by those they left behind.

During the day, a man belonging to one of the advance companies, overtook us, bringing with him a *Missouri Republican*, containing an account of the defeat and capture of Capt. Thornton and his command by the Mexicans.

On the 17th the emigrants crossed the Kansas by a very tedious and laborious process, and camped on a small tributary of that stream, having traveled only eight miles during the day. Mr. Webb, editor of the *Independence Expositor*, and a Mr. Hay, arrived in camp a little after dark, having come direct from the settlements, to communicate to us last reliable intelligence received before arriving at the Pacific. From letters and papers thus received, information was obtained of the commencement of regular hostilities, and that the gallant Taylor was in perilous condition.

At 10 o'clock in the night of the 18th, Mrs. Hall, now of Buena Vista, became the happy mother of twin boys.

A number of changes having taken place in the company, a new census was taken on the 19th, which resulted in showing that there were:

Fighting men,.....	98
Women,.....	50
Wagons,.....	46
Cattle,.....	350

On the 21st. we witnessed a peculiar and very violent storm. The early part of the day had been clear and warm, but about 12 o'clock the clouds began to mass themselves in the west. In a short time, peals of thunder were heard in the distance, the intervals gradually diminishing and the sound as gradually becoming louder. The clouds continued to roll up toward the zenith with green edges, but very dark and murky in the main body, and to sweep upward like a vast body of smoke ascending from a partially smouldering volcano. In a brief period, the sun was obscured. A green haziness began to fill the atmosphere and the whole space between the moving clouds and the earth, and to throw a sort of dull green disastrous twilight upon all below. The lightning followed quickly by sharp peals of thunder was observed at length to leap from cloud to cloud. A murmuring sound of a somewhat extraordinary nature was heard in the west, which became each moment more distinct. In a few minutes a blinding flash of lightning followed quickly by an almost deafening crash of

thunder, seemed to give the sign for a general and most terrible elemental strife. The wind instantly laid the weeds and grass prostrate to the earth, and the air became at the same time filled with leaves and twigs swept before the violence of the tempest. The winds passed on and heaven's artillery seemed at once to open from every cloud, and immediately the earth was deluged with rain as I had never seen it before. Flash followed flash in rapid succession, casting a lurid glare upon every object; and thunder seemed to war upon thunder in a manner that subdued every faculty of the mind and hushed every emotion but that of the sublime. The clouds rolled forward their dark green masses, and at length passed far away to the east—the thunder becoming less and less distinct, until they were heard in only low rumbling sounding sounds, although the lightning at intervals, was seen running along the clouds. The declining sun at length appeared, and hung out a most beautiful rainbrow as a token that the elemental strife was no more, and that nature was again at peace. The landscape resumed its wonted appearance of tranquility, in no respect changed, except that it looked more fresh and beautiful. Green hills stretched away in the distance, some of them being covered with forests of primeval vastness and magnificence, while others were clothed in velvet of green made more fresh by the recent rain. The little groves of timber scattered over the plain, were not wholly unlike clusters of islands that dot a waveless sea. The green hills of the Kansas, too, lifted up their heads in vernal freshness; and the view more beautiful for being seen far away stealthily flowed along at their base in its smooth and unresisted course, irrigating and fertilizing the grassy and luxuriant meadows below. There appeared indeed, to be over and about the whole scenery, as it then presented itself to my view, most wonderful show in every external object whilst every element between the verdant earth below and the blue sky above, ministered delight to some one of the senses. Columns of mist began to ascend from the earth, like the incense of the grateful heart going up to heaven for God's providential care and goodness. The sun then sank to rest, and night with her curtain adorned with gems shut out the day, and the weary emigrant, and his not less weary work cattle, sought a much needed repose.

Mr. Alphonso Boone, a grandson of the celebrated Daniel Boone, and a brother-in-law of Ex-Governor Boggs, came up with the company.

On the morning of the 22d May, thirteen wagons, near half of which belonged to Mr. Gordon from Jackson county, Missouri, separated from our party, assigning as a reason for so doing, that the company was too large to move with the necessary celerity. A restlessness of disposition, and often dissatisfaction, produced by trifling causes, as also a wish to rule rather than to be ruled; to lead, rather than to be led; began even in this, the early part of our journey, to be

the causes of those divisions and sub-divisions of companies, which at length became so frequent and often reduced us to such a degree of weakness as to invite attack from the savages.

When we came to a careful analysis of the causes of the divisions of which I have spoken, and thus trace them to their primary elements, we will find selfishness to have been the impelling force. And whoever rightly considers the subject will, I believe, come to regard selfishness as the source of all the moral evils with which humanity afflicts itself. As little doubt can be entertained, that the present peace and future happiness of man is increased in proportion to the extent to which he becomes unselfish, by means of the power of the Christian religion, chastening and subduing this natural propensity. The unselfish man considered only as an inhabitant of this world, and not as a probationer for another, greatly adds, by means of his noble, generous, self-sacrificing, self-denying spirit, to the sum of his own enjoyments. Reason having moderated his wishes, and expectation doubled every present good, his heart is neither gangrened with envy nor corroded by care. The elements all minister to his happiness; and those blessings which are usually regarded as coming round in the regular operation of the laws of nature, are to him new and valued acquisitions, for which his heart devoutly glows with gratitude, love and thankfulness to the Supreme Giver of every perfect gift. The blessings of Providence and the blessings of grace are regarded by him as descending from the same source, and he would as soon think of drawing to himself, the sum of the one as that of the other.

On the evening of the 30th, Ex-Gov. Boggs, Mr. J. F. Reed, Mr. Geo. Donner, and some others, including myself, convened in a large tent, according to an appointment made at a general meeting of the emigrants, for the purpose of preparing a system of laws to govern the company. We prepared a few laws, without however, believing that they would possess much authority. But among these, I remember that we made provision for the appointment of a court of arbitrators, to hear and decide disputes, and to try offenders against the peace and good order of the company.

At this time, we were encamped on the left bank of the Great Blue Earth river where we arrived at 2 o'clock, P. M., only a few hours before the meeting of "Legislative Committee." We found the stream greatly swollen by the rain of the previous afternoon, so that we were likely to be detained several days by high water and drift wood.

On the night of the 26th, we had another of those tremendous storms of rain, thunder and lightning, such as I had never witnessed before commencing this journey, and have not since, except along the Platte river. But to sketch an accurate picture of the storm is as impossible as to paint the rainbow, or to

throw upon canvass the inimicable hues of a magnificent and gorgeous sunset. But the morning of the 27th, dawned clear, cloudless and peaceful, and the returning light showed no traces of the previous nights' tempest, except that nature seemed to have put on a robe more fresh and green, and to have assumed an aspect more smiling and lovely than before, as she turned aside the curtains of darkness, and showed her pleasant face, covered with new charms and glowing with radiant beauties.

The gladdening rays of the sun soon dissipated the little vapor that in a few places slowly and dreamily floated along the surface of the ground, as the bright orb of day fully appeared above the line of hills and the tops of the trees. A genial warmth filled the atmosphere, and the vernal breeze burdened and almost oppressed with the scent of flowers, slightly stirred the boughs and foliage where sat a mocking bird and his mate. He appeared to imitate every other bird of the wood with a brilliancy of execution the most surprising, since it not only equalled but even excelled the notes of many rivals, carolling their own several proper notes. Rich and mellow songs were poured forth from the little throat of the happy bird, with a wonderful and unequalled compass and modulation that seemed to express and ever increasing sense of pleasurable existence, and I could almost have persuaded myself that I saw his heart swelling with bird-spring-time delight, and his eyes sparkling with pleasure, as he sang with all his might:

"Brignel banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green."

A meeting was held about 9 o'clock in the evening of the 27th, to hear and decide upon the report of the Legislative Committee of which I have spoken. A man named E., made use of violent language against the leader Col. Russell, and the sub-Captain, Mr. Jacobs, a modest and aimiable young man. E. had been disappointed in not being elected to the office held by Mr. Jacobs. He finally moved the appointment of a committee to try the officers, when charged with neglect of duty, or improper treatment of any party. There was nothing improper in the measure itself, but the *animus* was so apparent that upon the motion prevailing, the officers all resigned. A few moment's reflection served to bring clearly into view the very grave consequences of permitting E. to control the company in any degree. The consequence was, that the resolution was rescinded by a large majority, and the former officers were re-elected by acclamation.

Mr. Grayson and others having gone out in the morning to search for bee trees, came back with several buckets full of honey. The game hunters and fishermen returned less successful.

On the 29th of May, Mrs. Keyes, the mother of Mrs. J. F. Reed, died. John

Denton, an Englishman, from Sheffield, busied himself in preparing a decent head stone, with a suitable inscription to mark the last resting place of the aged Christian woman. A humble grave was dug under the spreading boughs of a venerable oak, and there her remains were followed by a silent, thoughtful and solemn company of emigrants, thus so forcibly reminded that they too were travellers to a land "from whose bourne there is no return." Rev. J. A. Cornwell, improved the occasion to deliver to us an impressive sermon as we sat around that new made grave in the wilderness, so well calculated to impress upon the mind the incalculable importance of seeking another and better country, where there is no sickness and no death.

I had often witnessed the approach of death; sometimes, marking his progress by the insidious work of consumption; and, at others, assailing his victim in a less doubtful manner. I had seen the guileless infant, with the light of love and innocence upon its face, gradually fade away, like a beautiful cloud upon the sky melting into the dues of heaven, until it disappeared in the blue ethereal. I had beheld the strong man, who had made this world all his trust, struggling violently with death, and had heard him exclaim in agony, "*I will not die.*" And yet death relinquished not his tenacious grasp upon his victim. The sound of the hammer and the plane have ceased for a brief space; the ploughman has paused in the furrow, and even the school boy with his books and satchel has stood still, and the very atmosphere has seemed to assume a sort of meloncholy tinge, as the tones of the tolling bell have come slowly, solemnly, and at measured intervals upon the moveless air, and hushing the mind to breathless thoughts that fain would know the whither of the departed. But death in the wilderness—in the solitude of nature, and far from the fixed abodes of busy men, seemed to have in it solemnity that very far surpassed all this.

On the 31st we completed the crossing of the Great Blue Earth river by means of two large canoes made for the purpose, and so lashed together that the wagons were one after another, let down into them after the removal of the team, and then pulled over by means of ropes. A chilling wind commenced very soon after crossing, and many of the men who had been constrained to be in the water much of the day, came up shivering violently into our place of encampment one mile from the stream. The perpetual vexations and continued hard labor of the day, had kept the nerves of most of the men in a state of great irritability. Two drivers fought with fists at first, but with knives at last. They were however, separated without serious injury to either.

On the 2d day of June, 20 wagons including mine, separated from the main body, proceeded on in advance.

On the 6th, we saw some of our former travelling companions, among whom were West, Russell, and Kirquendall.

On the 7th, we saw the Pawnee face for the first time. As the sun was about to set behind the hills, twenty-three warriors, mounted on horseback, and armed with bows and arrows, appeared upon the top of a distant eminence, between us and the declining sun. After reconnoitering our position during a few minutes, headed by their Chief, they came sweeping down the long and gentle slope at a double quick charge. There was something in their appearance not exactly warlike, but as having rather the insolent bearing of confident robbers, whose eyes brightened with the sight of the spoil they already regarded as wrested from the hands of weak and defenseless emigrants. We immediately went out to meet them with our rifles. The wary Chief of these roving robbers, comprehending in a very brief space of time, that we were likely to give them a reception very different from the one they had looked for, changed his whole demeanor and aspect, from that of a cruel and plundering savage to the bland and pleasant aspect of a friend, who comes to courteously solicit a favor. He made signs for our "big man," and upon our pointing to Rice Dunbar as "Captain" or "Chief," they were immediately in each other's arms, locked in a most fraternal embrace, and apparently as happy as two pups rollicking in door-yard grass. A half-breed, wearing a new hat and a clean check shirt, at length came forward, and in imperfect English, informed us that they were a buffalo hunting party, and that they had been unsuccessful. They appeared much better than either the Kansas or the Shawnee Indians; but they were very troublesome, insolent and pertinacious in their alternate, absolute demands for food, and begging solicitations for it.

Much has been said upon the subject of the character of the Indians of North America, which I believe to be far from a correct representation of their real character. And in nothing touching them, are there such erroneous views very generally entertained, as those which relate to their heroism. The Indian will indeed, smoke his pipe, sing his song, boast of his victories, or taunt and insult his tormentors, while burning in a slow fire; and he will perhaps, seek to provoke his foes, by telling them that they are novices, and inexperienced in the work of death; and that he has often tormented their warriors with far more ingenuity. When the war-club is raised above the head of a tortured captive, to inflict a fatal blow, his firm and unflinching look evinces the same spirit which would enable him to smoke the pipe, if devouring flames were seizing upon his vitals. This, however, is not that Spartan courage for which they have received so much unmerited praise from a class of writers who are much inclined to soar away on the wings of their imagination into the higher realms of fancy, leaving far below them the sober world of fact and reality. Even the suggestion of the thought that three hundred such savages, could under any possible combination of circumstances, be induced to make a stand against myriads at another Ther-

mopylæ, is simply ludicrous. Theirs is a harsh and stoical insensibility, unworthy of being ranked among the virtues of civilization, and to confound this brutal insensibility, with patriotic courage and true heroism, would be to obliterate the lines of distinction between virtue and vice, and to confound right and wrong, the noble and ignoble, in chaotic confusion. No man in his senses, ever thought of dignifying with the name of heroism the conduct of the Spartan boy, who, having stolen the fox, and concealed it under his clothing, permitted it to eat into his bowels, rather than to betray the theft. And yet, the conduct of the Indian at the stake, and that of the boy with the fox, are actions resulting from the same sort of training, every part and every step of which tends to inspire shame and contempt for the slightest exhibition of a sense of pain and suffering, under such circumstances. The Spartans' training proceeded farther and enabled him to go to the straits of Thermopylæ, and to place his body as a bulwark between his country and the enemies that were about to overwhelm it. An Indian would have considered this an egregious piece of folly. He would have fought without doubt, had he been associated with the millions, and would have scalped and mangled the dead, or tortured the wounded and captive, had there been any such. But, to say that for the sake of his country, a North American Indian would have embarked his destiny with the three hundred Spartans, is what no writer will assert, who prefers fact to fiction; and what no one certainly will believe, who is not very credulous. The fact is, that Indians are generally cowards; and they will seldom fight without a decided advantage in numbers, weapons and position. In short, the virtues usually attributed to them, are pigments of the brain, having not even a remote resemblance to the facts which constitute the real Indian character. Indeed virtue is a plant which does not grow in the coldness and darkness of barbarism, but in the genial warmth and benignant light of civilization and christianity.

On the 13th, we came up with thirty wagons and a great number of cattle, from that portion of Missouri known as "The Platte country." They were a part of a company consisting of sixty wagons that had been ahead of us, the proprietors of which, not being able to agree, had finally consented to disagree, and to separate in peace. We found among them Mr. J. Baker, and David Butterfield with their families who had been requested by the emigrants to leave their company at Wokaruska. The reason assigned for this inhospitable and selfish proceeding was that these persons having about 140 head of cattle, in addition to six ox teams, each consisting of from six to eight steers, would necessarily be a burthen to the company. Probably the true cause, was in the fact that Messrs. Baker and Butterfield would not kill their calves and sell the veal. On this day, four wagons left us in consequence of something to which they seriously objected. Two of these were Mr. Crump's, one of a Mr. Clark's and one

of a German, who had a name which your speaker can neither spell nor pronounce. My German fellow traveller attached himself to the company of Messrs. Baker and Butterfield. The other two proceeded forward and joined a company of seven wagons that had separated from a much larger company in the rear.

Messrs. Van Bebber and Lard not having returned from their bison hunt of the 12th, it was feared that they had fallen into the hands of savages with which the country was infested.

Three companies encamped near each other, June 14th, which was Sabbath, and as if by previous arrangement, determined to spend the day in resting.

All of one of these companies had without much ceremony, been invited to attend a wedding at the tent of Mr. Lard in the evening. Rev. J. A. Cornwell acted as the officiating minister, who proceeded at once to unite Miss Lard and a Mr. Mootry in the bonds of wedlock. The bride was arrayed very decently but somewhat gaily. The groom had on his best. Some of the young women present were dressed with tolerable degree of taste, and with even some degree of elegance. Among the men there were no long beards, dirty hands, begrimed faces, soiled linen or torn garments. Indeed, at that time and place, there were four others who expected to be married in a few days. I cannot say I approved of this marrying on the road. It looked to me very much as though the women at least was making a sort of a hop, skip and jump, into matrimony, without knowing what her feet will come down upon, or whether they may not be wounded or bruised.

During the afternoon, a boy's leg was amputated by one not a surgeon, the instruments employed being a butcher knife and an old dull hand saw. He bore his sufferings with the most wonderful fortitude and heroism. He seemed scarcely to move a muscle. A deathlike paleness, would sometimes cover his face, but instead of groaning, he would use some word of encouragement to the almost shrinking operator, or some expression of comfort to his afflicted friends. The limb was at length severed, the arteries were secured, and the flap brought down in one hour and forty-five minutes from the time of making the first incision. An emigrant who had been frequently compelled to retire from the afflicting spectacle, but who at the time the operation was completed, held the boy's hands in his, observing that he seemed much exhausted, tenderly inquired if he suffered much pain. The boy withdrew his hands, clasped them together and partially raising them, exclaimed, "O! yes I am suffering! I am suffering so much!" His hand fell upon the breast, his white lips quivered a few moments; his eye balls rolled back, and his spirit went to God. He was buried in the night; and the silent and sad procession strangely contrasted with the wedding festivities at a neighboring tent, by the light of torches to the lonely grave

so hastily dug in the solitude and almost unbroken silence of that far away wilderness.

Strange as it may seem, that same evening another interesting event transpired, the birth of a child on the same plain; so that the three great epochs of life a marriage, a birth, and a death, were there all represented at nearly the same time and place.

On the 16th a company of men were met on mules from Oregon City, which place they had left March 1st, for Independence, Missouri. Some of them had suffered in their faces from the effect of frost, in crossing the mountains. One of them brought an evil report of the country, saying that in Oregon, it rained so much and so continuously that a goose could not get to grass. Most of them however, gave a favorable report of the country. They stated likewise, that they had met 750 wagons, the greater number of which were going to Oregon, but that some were going to California. The company encamped at the first ford of the South fork of the Nebraska, where was found one company consisting of 29 wagons, and another of eight, which by being there before us acquired the right of first passing over. During the day vast herds of bison were seen. These animals constitute the poetry of these vast prairies, and the Indians their romance—or it may be the tragedy.

On the evening of the 18th, Rev. J. A. Cornwall performed the marriage ceremony, by which Miss Dunbar became the wife of Morgan Savage, and Miss Mary Hall became the wife of Henry Croysnt.

On the 19th, the wagon beds had blocks placed under them so as to raise them about ten inches, for the purpose of getting them above the water of the South Fork of the Nebraska, which was here a mile and half wide and having a quicksand bottom, which made the fording very dangerous. All were finally gotten over without any material accident.

On the 19th, we traveled over the most desolate country we had seen. The hot sands were blown about in a manner the most distressing to the mouth, nostrils, eyes and ears. Towards the close of the afternoon, nature wore a more pleasing aspect. The day had been clear and hot, and although the winds were high, yet they seemed to have become greatly heated by passing over a sandy region of great extent. At sunset they died away, and not even a zephyr ruffled the surface of the North branch of the Nebraska. Before nightfall, a bank of dark clouds were seen to be heaped up in the west. In about two hours they gradually rose, the front leading the way towards the east, until the heaviest and darkest masses appeared to be overhead; when the most tremendous winds burst in a moment, and with a roaring sound upon the stillness, followed almost immediately by flashes of lightning, that for a brief time, blasted the sight; crashes

of thunder that deafened the ears, and torrents of rain that deluged the hills with a flood descending in foaming torrents, that threatened to submerge all the plain. During the space of half an hour the clouds hurled their thunderbolts along the sky, and so thickly through the atmosphere overhead, that it presented a glare of lured light, which gave a fierce and appalling aspect to the descending waters. The thunder bursts became at length more distant and less violent, until they passed far away to the east in low and almost inaudible mutterings. At length the stars appeared in all their accustomed brilliancy, and the scene, from being one of awful and terrible sublimity, became indescribably beautiful.

On the following night we encountered another storm. The day had been clear and warm; but toward evening clouds presented themselves in a variety of forms. Sometimes they appeared in detached masses, at others, they rolled up from behind the western horizon, black and portentous. At length, clouds having thin, feathery edges, thickening fast as they extended back, and presenting a black mass of an angry appearance, formed suddenly, and extended rapidly, and then passed off to the south-east, where only a few low thunder mutterings gave any tokens of elemental disturbance.

These clouds were soon succeeded by other clouds in the same quarter of the heavens from which the first came, more threatening, ponderous and black; having immense thunder heads, and huge ærial forms, piled upon and writhing around each other. But these, too, passed off to the south-east, with menacing rumbling sounds; while the forked lightning gleamed in the main body of the threatening mass. The shades of evening at length closed in, and there seemed to be a probability that we would have a pleasant night. About 11 o'clock, however, a cloud appeared in the north-west, which hung upon the horizon for some time, black, heavy and ominous. It finally began to move, grew larger rapidly, increased in velocity, as it hung out heavy folds, and thus continuing to ascend, it soon reached the zenith, where cloud warred upon cloud; the live thunder leaping from one side of the heavens to the other, with rapidity and crashing that seemed to rend heaven and earth, while fountains of living fire descended and ran like shining serpents along the ground.

On the 24th, we witnessed a natural phenomena known as the *mirage* by which travellers across extensive deserts, who long for water "as the heart panteth for the thirsty water-brook," have so often been cheated into a delusive hope, by being caused to imagine they perceived before them, lakes reflecting from their clear and smooth surfaces, trees, plants, rocks and hills. What we saw, was in short a phenomena depending upon the same general principles as those which produced the "Spector of the Brocken," which for so many years was the terror of the superstitious and the wonder of the scientific.

During the day we passed Chimney Rock, which is one of the many curious and interesting objects which the action of the wind and rain operating during thousands of years upon the soft marly foundation of the country, has wrought into curious objects, which seen in the distance, are remarkable imitations of magnificent works of art, partially in ruins. One of these called the Court House, was in full view during the afternoon of the 22d. It had the appearance of a vast edifice, with its roof fallen in; the great door ways partially obstructed, some of the window spaces filled with rubbish, and many of the arches broken and fallen, while others seemed to remain as perfect and massive as if they had really been built thousands of years ago by a people, who had gone down in the vortex of revolutions, or been swept away by the resistless current of mighty events, leaving not a page of their history nor a trace of their existence, save these remains of architectural grandeur and magnificence, now lifting up their forms amid surrounding desolation, befitting monuments of man's passing glory and of the vanity of his hopes.

Far off to the left of the plains between Chimney Rock and Scott's Bluff, were many views of remarkable and picturesque beauty, owing their origin to the action of the winds and rains upon the same peculiar formation. The bluffs presented the appearance of a vast ancient city. In one locality there could be no difficulty in recognizing a royal bath. In the immediate vicinity, there was a vast amphitheater, having on one side what appeared to be an immense niche, with a platform before it supported by pillars. Here it might well have been imagined that a monarch had sat, surrounded by obsequious and servile courtiers, while the life blood of men even better than himself, was being shed to make him a holiday especially distinguished by a spectacle of rich and rare interest. Not far away was seen a splendid mausoleum, a fitting receptacle of the ashes of a royal ancestry extending back into a pre-historic period. Towering above all, was the temple of Belus, with its stairs ascending around a gradually diminishing surface. Here was the Old Palace—there the new one. In front of one of them stood the towers on either side of the entrance to the tunnel under the river connecting the two. Near at hand were the celebrated hanging gardens considerable portions of them remaining in such a state as to indicate that such they had really been, and showing in many places hardy shrubs, that having sent down their long roots into the partial openings supporting arches, still smiled in beautiful and refreshing green, amid general desolation. Numerous streets having on either side what were once magnificent buildings and lofty domes, sublime in their dimensions and proportions, and graceful in the outline and detail of their architecture, extended far away, so that their remote ends were lost in the distance. A fortification, large enough to contain the army with which Napoleon invaded Russia, showed enormous bastions, frowning in massive

strength, while the workmanship of its parapets, covered ways, glacis and towers presented a very remarkable fulness of detail. Away the west, stood a long line of the city wall with its yet remaining battlements and loupholes for out-look and other military purposes. Midway was the vast arch beneath which flowed the river through the midst of the city, until turned by Cyrus the Great into a new channel, where it still flows at the further side of the plain, spread out in broad shallow and turbid streams that sluggishly creep among the sand-bars of what was the Euphrates once, but which is the Nebraska now.

Upon approaching still nearer, the mind was fillen with strange images and impressions. The silence of death reigned over a once populous city, which had been a nursery of the arts and sciences, and the seat of a great inland commerce. It was a Tadmer of the Desert, in ruins. No signs of life were visible, a whole people were extinct. The imagination wandered back. The city had fallen into the hands of a beleaguering and sanguinary foe. No quarter had been given. All had fallen without distinction of age, sex or condition, victims to a spirit of revenge and retaliation, and to the worst passions of the human heart, intensified by a thirst for gold and a sense of the utter helplessness to which the conquered had been reduced after a long and obstinate resistance. The evening succeeding this day of undistinguishing slaughter, was one which the ascending fires had made terribly sublime. The flames had spread, and in a few brief but dreadful hours, wrapped temple and dome, the palaces of the royal, the mansions and pavilions of the rich, and the cottages and hovels of the poor, in one vast sheet of consuming fire, that licked up the very dust of her thousand streets and blackened many of the yet stony walls which the rains of thousands of years had not yet whitened. Many vast multitudes of the inhabitants in attempting to escape from the doomed city, had been slain by the relentless foe, who had heaped up the bodies of the dead in promiscuous masses about the gates; and under these very walls which had withstood the power of time through a long and unknown series of ages. In one day, the anxious crowds of citizens, and the thousands of contending soldiers, were swept away by a slaughtering foe, who had left none to bewail the dead, or to gather from beneath the ruins the bones of those who had perished.

My imagination being thus excited by the remarkable and picturesque views, in shapes which the action of the winds and rains had wrought in the soft marly formation of the country, I permitted it to wander at will, and to fill the mind with images and scenes such as I have described.

On the 27th, we met at a point ten miles east of Fort Laramie, a company of packers, consisting of persons of both sexes, some of whom were from Oregon, and some from California, returning to the States, and taking back with them an evil report of the Pacific coast.

We arrived at Fort Laramie the afternoon of June 28th, where we had intended to remain encamped until the 30th. But some Sioux Indian chiefs advised us through Mr. Bodeau who had charge of the fort, to proceed immediately on our way, and to join ourselves to larger parties of emigrants in advance, their people being in great force among the hills some miles distant, preparing to send out a large war party to fight the Crows, and their allies, the Snakes, through whose country we had to pass. That several hundred lodges would be gathered on the following morning; and as they were not pleased with the whites, they might greatly annoy us by at least begging and stealing, if not open robbery.

On the next morning, being again admonished to hasten forward, so as to unite with others for defence, we broke camp at an early hour.

On the 30th, a great confusion prevailed in camp, in consequence of some of Californians whom we had overtaken in the morning and some of our party desiring to remain in camp while others wished to proceed. Finally, the Californians all determined to go forward. Messrs. Crump, Luce, and Van Bebber, who had left us on the 28th, continuing with them.

On the 2d of July, Rev. Mr. Cornwall left our company and joined himself to the Californians.

On the morning of the 4th, having the last guard, I fired my rifle and revolving pistol, at the dawn of day, as a salute in honor of the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. The Californians remained in camp. We resumed our journey at an early hour on the morning of the 4th.

On the 5th, we passed two companies of Oregon emigrants, the one being led by Mr. Crabtree, and the other by Jimmy Campbell, a better man than whom never came to Oregon.

The 7th was the warmest day we had experienced, and sand and dust filled the lungs, mouth, nose, ears and hair. We continued to travel over a barren and desolate country until 10 o'clock at night, when we camped at a place of beautiful springs, although there was no fuel, and grass was scant. Here we found four companies as tired as we were. It was a very hard day for our cattle. One of Rice Dunbar's sank down at sunset and was left.

Many circumstances transpired from time to time, which were very painfully calculated to impress the mind of even only a tolerably careful observer, that we were beyond the pale of statute law, and that in the wilderness, too many were inclined to act upon the license which it was regarded as giving. The first very marked practical effect of this spirit manifested on the 8th, when G. came with D. to the wagon of one whom we will call Belzebub for short and for convenience as well, when G. coolly informed Beelzebub, that it was his intention

to take from him two ox-yokes and their chains. He might have added and two yoke of oxen, for the effect of the intended robbery, would have been to deprive the last named personage of that number of oxen and left him and his wife a helpless prey to the savages. One yoke and chain were taken ere Beelzebub could believe his sense.

It was now seen that the spirit that had long been observed, must be met and promptly subdued, if the intended victim of this proposed lawlessness had not brought his mind to accept for himself and Mrs. Beelzebub a very romantic death in the wilderness, and thus became the hero and heroine of a lachrymose story. Beelzebub thought he wouldn't, and with some emphasis, he said she shouldn't. So when G. returned and took up the second yoke and loaded himself with it and the chain, Beelzebub took up a musket, which although not loaded, had a bayonet upon it, and immediately came down upon G. in a solid body with fixed bayonet, charging with undaunted spirit, deploying, extending his flanks, and executing with great skill and precision, a number of most masterly military manœuvres, always keeping in view Napoleon's grand idea of charging on the center to insure a victory. The enemy soon commenced retreating, panic stricken and in great precipitation, disorder and confusion, throwing aside as he fled the yoke and chain. But G. was not to be thus let off, for Beelzebub going back to his wagon, got a revolver and returning to G. compelled him to carry back both yokes and their chains. This having been done with great docility, Beelzebub presented the cocked pistol within three feet of G's mouth, then said a good many things in a very eloquent and impressive manner but not classical after the Greek style.

I will now say, probably once for all, that a journey such as we were making tries the temper and disposition, no less than it does the bodily frame and the strength of moral principle. And in this same connection I wish to observe that when G. came to Oregon, he married respectably, raised a family, and after living the life a law abiding man, made his last remove to a land from which he will never return. Peace to his ashes.

D. also raised a respectable and useful family; became, as I have reason to believe, an earnest Christian man and died a good man's death, and is now I am sure where the weary are at rest and the wicked cease from troubling.

On the 18th, we crossed through the South Pass of the Rocky mountains, where we found that the face of nature had changed; that the grass had entirely passed away, leaving nothing but everlasting grey rocks that lifted up their heads in naked sterility, or were imperfectly covered with *artemisia tridentata*. Everything seemed to have undergone a change. There was a gloomy vastness in the distant prospect, and an awful solitude in the immediately surrounding scene;

a sense of which, when associated with the conviction that we were about to drink of the waters that flowed into the great Pacific, made the day one of great sadness as we journeyed through the pass, realizing as all seemed to do, that the temperature, the atmosphere, the face of the heavens, the appearance of the earth had changed and with these the whole future of each human being then upon the road.

We passed during the afternoon, several work oxen who having become wholly unequal to the toils and hardships of the journey had sunk down in the team, been hastily relieved from the yoke and left by the way-side to die. The future possibilities of the journey which the pitiable sight of these faithful worn out servants suggested were by no means pleasant to contemplate. On that night we encamped at the Pacific Springs.

On Sabbath, the 19th of July, we traveled over a desolate, undulating, and sandy country, the air being filled with the scent of *artemissa tridentata*, and loaded with clouds of drifting sand and flying dust, making the day one of such toil and discomfort, that when near its close, we encamped on Little Sandy, we felt that the small stream of clear, cold water had a blessing in each drop of it.

Here we found a large number of Oregon and California emigrants, among whom I may mention Messrs. West, Crabtree, Campbell, Boggs, Dunbar, and George and Jacob Donner. I had at one time or another become acquainted with all of these persons in these companies, and had traveled with them from the Wakarusa, and until the subsequent divisions and subdivisions had separated us, after which we had often passed and repassed each other, and frequently encamped together by the same water and grass. In fact, the particular history of the Oregon emigration of 1846, is the general history of the California emigration of the same year. The two histories stand so nearly related, that they seem to illustrate each other and to be parts of one history. This fact is mentioned now, because I may furnish a paper to this Association having "The History of the Donner Party," for its subject. I shall, therefore, dismiss that subject here, with the remark that the greater number of the Californians, and especially the companies in which George Donner, Jacob Donner, James F. Reed and Wm. H. Eddy, and their families traveled, here turned to the left, for the purpose of going by the way of Fort Bridger, to meet Lansford W. Hastings, who had informed them by letter, that he had found a much nearer and better route than the old one leading by the way of Fort Hall and the headwaters of Humboldt river.

The Californians were generally much elated with the prospect of a nearer and much better road, to the country of their destination. Mrs. George Donner was, however, an exception, being gloomy, sad and dissipated, because of

the fact that her husband and others could think for a moment, of leaving the old road and confide in the statements of a man of whom they knew next to nothing, and of whose motives they knew still less.

On the 21st, we remained in camp for the purpose of recruiting our cattle, previous to entering upon a forty mile dry drive, known as Greenwood's cut-off.

On the 22d, having filled all our kegs with water, we set off very early in the morning. At 3 o'clock, P. M., on the second day, we arrived at Green river, and after having crossed, encamped on its banks some distance below, where we found several other companies, where Gov. Boggs, Wm. Boggs, Mr. Turner Crump and myself, united ourselves to a company led by Wm. Kirquendall. We encamped on the evening of Saturday, July 25, about three miles below our encampment, where we first came to Green river, on a beautiful tributary of that stream. Our traveling companions, Messrs. Boone, Norris, Van Bebber and Luce remained behind.

One of the sorest evils of the road the emigrants encountered during about one month preceding this time, was the flying dust and drifting sand. Eastern Oregon up to this point, exceeded in dreariness and sterility anything we had seen.

About noon on the 28th, we came up to where a small company of emigrants were about to bury the dead wife of Jimmy Campbell, she having died that morning at sunrise. Our company halted, and as many as could leave the teams, joined in the solemn procession, sympathizing travellers, though covered with the dust of a toilsome way, mingled their tears with those of the bereaved husband. Her body was committed to the keeping of that lone grave, more than a thousand miles from the abode of civilized persons; and I fancied, as I saw the stricken survivor turn away from the lowly resting place of that dear, dead wife, to resume the toil of his yet long, arduous and perilous journey, that he seemed bowed down and almost broken hearted. Every lineament of his countenance seemed to express how deeply sensible he was, that the living eye which had often brightened at his approach, even in her last painful and protracted illness, would beam on him no more; that he would never again on earth hear the sweet music of her voice; never more would she inquire into his cares and toils; or whisper an encouraging word or affectionate approval of his efforts, and a desire to share his toils with him. His hand ever ready to anticipate and minister to her wants, would never again press with tender care that poor aching head, which would no more feel exhaustion, pain and disease. Her calm and peaceful spirit was gone, and there remained nothing to him to fill the painful void as to assuage the deep sorrow of his almost bursting heart, but the pleasant remembrance of her gentle purity, sweet humility, winning man-

ners, generous and devoted affection, and her more than womanly wisdom; her pleasant expression of face, which was wont to diffuse sunshine and smiles all about her, and the heavenly radiance of her lovely and beautiful character, were to beam on him no more.

Slowly and in silence, we resumed our journey, as we turned away from that far off grave, much sadder than when we came, and, as I hope, better for the reflections suggested by the scene.

After travelling twelve miles on the next day, we encamped at 4 o'clock, upon Bear river, in a lovely and interesting valley, where our cattle were turned loose to feed upon the dry grass, our white tents pitched, and the smoke began to ascend lazily from our camp-fires, around which our wives were busy in preparing the evening meal, the whole presented a pleasant picture of great pastoral beauty. The atmosphere was smoky in consequence of the Indians having fired the grass in the valleys and upon the hills. The day was pleasant and there was much in it that was well calculated to remind one of that delightful season known as the Indian summer. It was indeed, no more than the 29th of July, but the grass was dry and crisp, the atmosphere smoky, and even where there was no smoke apparent, it had a peculiarly yellowish hue. The sun seemed to shine with a light more than half subdued and softened, and every object presented the appearance of the early advance of autumn. The heat of summer had passed away in fading green. Lights and sounds, the most beautiful and attractive had come, with the agreeable coolness which in the evening succeeded the pleasant warmth of the day. The winds as they stole among the boughs of a neighboring grove of quaking asps, that stood clothed in partially faded and changing green, scarcely disturbed by their low rustling, the silence of the delicious shades below. The waters of Bear river, moved sluggishly along, reflecting in a very striking manner, the rays of the declining sun. The mountain trout were ever and anon springing out of the clear water, at insects in the air, or were seizing those that floated on the smooth surface. The sun at length sunk behind the mountains, amid a rich and gorgeous blending of light and shadow, and colors, such as no painter's skill could imitate, and none but the Great Artist can repeat. Soon a peculiarly soft and transparent twilight settled over the scene. The stars came out and twinkled upon the canopy of heaven, in a manner that suggested the idea that they were the abodes of the sinless and blessed, for here majestic nature though in solitary grandeur, might well swell the heart with grateful emotions of religious enthusiasm.

The shades of night having spread over hill and valley in one direction and the boundless landscape in another, so as to render indistinct such objects as were a little remote, yet not so as wholly to conceal the general scene, the pa-

arie was lighted up into a supernatural brilliancy by the distant glare of spreading fires, where all was silent but the crackling of the flames, and beyond which all was black as the darkness of death. The blazes extended across the valley, and having soon reached the long line of high hills upon the opposite side of Bear river, crept along the top, their dark and heavy outlines gleaming brighter and brighter, until a fiery redness filled the large ascending volumes of convolved and curling smoke, that now rolled on eddying winds and towered to the clouds. The fire spread and widened and ran along down on the opposite side of the high hills, and then back, until it appeared shooting up its flames into the air, first in one place, and then in another along the outline of the hills that stood up boldly against the horizon, until there rolled along their whole length covered with tall grass and *artimisia tridentata* a sea of angry billows of smoke and flame, and crackling fire, and burning spray.

On the 4th of August, the cattle of the emigrants having wandered very much it became difficult to collect them again, and as a consequence the company was late in breaking up camp. Gov. Boggs remained behind to assist Mr. T. Crump to hunt his cattle; but the two came up with the main body near dark.

On the 7th, we arrived at Fort Hall where we purchased a few articles of supply, flour at the rate of \$40 per barrel, and coarse brown sugar at 50 cents per pound. About 1 o'clock, we resumed our journey, and after traveling eight miles, encamped on an open grassy plain.

On the morning of the 20th of June, 1846, Capt Jesse Applegate had organized a company on the banks of the La Creole, at a place near where Dallas now stands, for the purpose of exploring a new route by which the emigrants to Oregon might reach the settlements. This company consisted of Jesse Applegate, Lindsay Applegate, Levi Scott, John Scott, Henry Bogus, Benjamin Burch, John Owens, John Jones, Robert Smith, Samuel Goodhue, Moses Harris, David Goff, Bennet Osborn, William Sportsman, and William Parker. Each man having a packhorse in addition to the horse he rode.

June 21st, the company moved up the Willamette valley and proceeding by the way of the Umpqua and Rogue river valleys, Black Rock, Rabbitt Hole Spring and Humboldt river and valley, had at length met us in our encampment on August 8th, west of Fort Hall. Here Captain Applegate sought to turn us from the old way over which we knew that emigrants had passed in safety, and that they had arrived in good season, although we knew that the old traveled route was not free from great hardship and some danger. Such representations were made to us as were deemed likely to turn us on the new route. Some of the emigrants hesitated, because they professed to suspect that Mr. Applegate was influenced by some motive purely selfish. Others, (and many

of them,) expressed the opinion that there could not in the nature of things be any sinister motive operating on his mind to mislead, and that it was more reasonable to believe that his object was to take the companies over a route nearer, and one better supplied with water, grass and fuel, than the old one was known to be. And Gov. Boggs was one whose judgment was greatly relied upon; and he having expressed himself as unhesitatingly, and to the fullest extent confiding in Capt. Applegate's statements, the most of our party yielded their objections and determined to take the new route, respecting which six things were affirmed: 1st. That the distance by the way of The Dalles to the settlements, was from 800 to 850 miles. 2nd. That the distance over the new route was at least 200 miles nearer. 3d. That the party that had with him explored the new way, estimated it at even 300 miles nearer. 4th. That the whole distance was better supplied with water and grass, than the old road. 5th. That it was not more than 190 or 200 miles from our camp of the 8th, to the point at which his cut-off left the Humboldt river. 6th. That the road was generally smooth, and, with the exception of a dry drive of thirty miles, well supplied with an abundance of good water, grass, and fuel. To what extent subsequent developments verified the correctness of these representations of the character of the proposed new route, we shall hereafter see.

On Sabbath morning, August 9th, we resumed our journey, the most of our party being much elated with the prospect of good roads, abundant grass, healthful water, necessary fuel, and a saving of at least 200 miles of travel.

On the 10th, we traveled very rapidly all day over very bad roads and near night encamped.

August 11th was another day of weary travel over a country so barren that nothing but sand crickets and lizzards could live in it.

Late in the afternoon of the 12th, we found good water and grass, and encamped.

Mr. Rupert died on the morning of the 13th, in a company led by Mr. Dickinson. He had lingered long with the consumption, and his parents residing at Independence, had concurred with him in the opinion that a residence on this coast, might restore him to health. His brother, a physician, had accompanied him some distance into the great prairie wilderness for the purpose of observing whether he would probably endure the fatigues and hardships incident to the journey. At the time the two brothers separated, the deceased seemed to be unusually well and cheerful. But this favorable change was but temporary. The emigrants had done all they could to alleviate his sufferings and to beguile the tedium of the slowly and heavily passing hours of his illness. But at length death came; and the body of the dead being decently prepared for the grave,

with measured tread and solemn aspect the emigrants bore their dead to burial, committing it to its final resting place, while a solemn stillness pervaded the camp.

William Kirquendall and Charles Putnam left our company on the morning of this day, to go forward with others led by Capt. Applegate, to mark and open the new road.

On the 15th, Messrs. Neally, Burns, Perkins, and the younger Kirquendall, left in the morning joining themselves to another company. We passed over a portion of road so rocky and rough that it seemed to be almost impossible to get wagons over them. The toils and difficulties of the journey appeared to increase in number and magnitude as we advanced.

On the 16th, we encamped on Goose creek, where we had an abundance of water and grass, and plenty of dry willows for fuel.

On the 17th, traveled through a canyon, where the wagons were in great danger of being overturned, camped on Goose creek.

On the 18th, passed through another very dangerous and difficult canyon. Encamped at the head of Goose creek.

On the 19th, traveled 17 miles over a moderately good road—or rather not a very bad road, and encamped 30 miles from Humboldt river, having good grass and excellent water, but no fuel.

On the 20th, encamped on a fertile valley.

At noon of the 21st, passed the grave of Mr. Burns, who died at 3 o'clock, A. M., and was buried at 10. He left a widow and three children. Leaving the grave of our departed fellow traveler, we resumed our journey, and at 2 o'clock encamped in the Hot Spring valley at a place where we had good grass and bad water. We believed that our encampment of the 21st, was within a few miles of the head of the Humboldt river.

The Indians along the whole length of this river, were usually very troublesome, stealing cattle, and concealing themselves behind the rocks and bushes, from which they assailed the emigrants and their stock with their poisoned arrows. One of them was shot in the emigrant camp at one of the halts, by Mr. Lovelin, with his rifle; and with a shot gun, by Jesse Boone, a great grandson of the celebrated Indian fighter, Daniel Boone, of Kentucky. It was at all times necessary to guard the cattle while feeding. One of the forward companies had rather a serious battle with these robbers of the desert. Many of the Indians were slain among the willows, where they first lay in ambush. Some were slain in a natural fortress to which they had fled, upon being driven out of the willows. Some of the whites were severely wounded, and among them a

Mr. Sallie and Whitley the latter the same one who was killed at Dallas about three years ago. Mr. Sallie died from the effect of the wound, which though slight in itself, yet being inflicted with a poisoned arrow, continued to inflame, and infuse the fatal virus through the body, until death ensued.

The emigrants continued their journey down the Humboldt until they became very thoroughly convinced that they had traveled very much more than 190 or 200 miles, at which distance from the first camp west of Fort Hall, they had been informed by Capt. Applegate, that they would arrive at the point where his cut-off leaves Humboldt river. The emigrants at first feared that they had passed it unobserved; and it was seriously debated, whether they should not halt and send back to hunt for the place, at which it was supposed that they had passed the road. They continued on, however, from day to day, until all were of opinion that they had passed it long before and that they were very much nearer to San Francisco, than they were to Oregon City, then the central point of arrival and departure in Oregon. At length, the emigrants were surprised to meet David Goff at the forks of the road. He at once proposed to pilot them over Capt. Applegate's cut-off.

The distance of this point from Fort Hall, as it is directly on the traveled way, from that place to the bay of San Francisco, is important. There are a number of facts which will conduct the mind approximately to it.

Capt. Applegate met the emigrants at their encampment of August 8th, eight miles west of Fort Hall. On the following morning, the emigrants resumed their journey, and continued traveling until the evening of the 21st, when they believed were near the head-waters of Humboldt river. Allowing no more than 12 miles for each day they must have traveled up to that time, 156 miles. Ex-Governor Boggs, (who took this cut-off—so called—for the purpose of coming to Oregon,) in a letter dated "Sonoma, Upper California, April 20, 1847," speaking of the time when the company met David Goff at the forks of the road, where emigrants were led by the way of the Rabbit Hole Spring and Black Rock, says: "I do not recollect the day of the month we separated at the forks of the road, but to the best of my recollection, it was after the middle of September, or about the middle." This would give at least 25 days from the encampment of the 21st of the preceding month when the emigrants supposed that they were near the head of Humboldt river. From this camp then, to the place where Capt. Applegate's cut-off leaves the river, is 300 miles, allowing 12 miles for each day's travel. This added to the 156 miles the emigrants had traveled up to the camp of the 21st August, would give 456 miles as the distance back to the camp of the 8th August. That this distance is not too great, is shown by another extract from the letter of Ex-Gov. Boggs who therein says: From the forks

of the Oregon Road to Johnson's house on Bear river is about 270 or 280 miles." It will be thus seen that the emigrants had up to this time, been traveling away from Oregon, instead of toward it. That they had been traveling south instead of west, and that at the time they met Goff, they were within 270 miles of the settlements of California.

Ex-Gov. Boggs perceiving that the emigrants had been misinformed as to the distance, thought it unadvisable to rely any longer on Capt. Applegate's estimate of distances. He says: "From the best of my judgment, we must have travelled 400 miles on Ogden's (now Humboldt) river. I know that I was so much disheartened with the length of the road on Ogden's river before we reached the forks, that I lost all confidence in Applegate's judgment of distances; and concluded, if he had made as great an error of judgment in the residue of the route, that we should not be able to reach the settlements before winter set in, and that we should in all probability perish. These considerations determined me to take the route to California."

From Fort Hall to Oregon City, by way of The Dalles, is 800 miles. The emigrants had been informed that the Applegate cut-off was 200 miles nearer. But at the time Goff was met the emigrants had yet 830 miles between them and Oregon City, and only 270 or 280 between them and the settlements in California.

The place at which Capt. Applegate's road leaves Humboldt river, is I believe now known as St. Mary's. He had informed the emigrants that they would have but one dry drive; and that it was one of thirty miles, commencing at this place and terminating at Black Rock. But the experience of the company since the time of their breaking up camp on the 8th of August, had destroyed all their confidence in the soundness of Capt. Applegate's judgment as to distances and in the accuracy and reliability of his memory as to the topography and character of the country to be passed over. It might therefore be expected that after filling their kegs with water, they entered this desert, with heavy and desponding hearts, having no longer any assurance as to the real character of the road or of the distance between one watering place and another. The company continued to travel very rapidly all day over a desert that appeared to be boundless, having nothing growing upon it but a few scattering bushes of *artemesia tridentata* at long intervals. The earth appeared to be as destitute of moisture, as it would be if a drop of rain or dew had never fallen upon it from the heavens of brass above. The company encamped for the night upon the east side of Antelope mountain at a little spring to which has since been given the name of Antelope Spring. One of the company had gone forward in the morning, and finding far up the mountain a small vein of water, that moistened the ground a

few yards around, he removed a considerable quantity of earth, so as to make a little reservoir. Into this, water very slowly collected until enough was obtained for tea; and from it, a few of the cattle received perhaps half a pint each. He divided among the poor fellows of his team a keg of water he had brought from Humboldt river. There being no grass, and no water but this, for the poor, toil worn, and now almost famishing cattle, they were carefully guarded through the night, and while the weary emigrants rested in their tents, one of the number took his now empty keg up the side of the mountain to the spring, where, by remaining until 2 o'clock in the morning, he succeeded in obtaining enough of the precious fluid to fill his keg.

The emigrants resumed their journey very early in the following morning, and traveled with great rapidity over a rolling, arid and barren country, until about half an hour before sunset, when they halted at the Rabbit Hole Spring to rest their cattle a little, and to take some food. Here the water supply was not enough to give any to the greatly suffering work cattle, which were supposed to have traveled forty-five miles without water, and yet the distance to water and grass was not known. The country over which the company had passed was dreary beyond description. There were in it no diversities of color or form to relieve the mind by their variety. The earth was hot iron, and the heavens hotter brass. Everything in sight was parched and arid; and all those sources of beauty, which, from there being so generally diffused throughout nature, are usually regarded as things of course, were here dried up by the hot sun beaming down upon sand and rocks, and panting lizzards. Here was none of the living luster of a gay and beautiful spring, dressed in robes of green, smiling upon wooded hills and grain-covered valleys, or laughing and dancing along, the brooks and rivers. Here none of the rich glories of autumn laden with delicious fruits. There were neither sounds of melody to charm the ear, nor sights of beauty or grandeur to please the eye and delight the heart.

Just as the sun was sinking we resumed our journey, and after descending a little hill, we entered a country even more forbidding, repulsive, than even that I have just described. There was occasionally seen a stray and solitary bush. But this was a country which had nothing of a redeeming character. The very sand crickets and lizzards refused to inhabit it. Nothing presented itself to the eye, but a broad expanse of a uniform dead level plain, which conveyed to the mind the idea that it had been the muddy and sandy bottom of a former lake; and, that after the water had suddenly sunk through the fissures, leaving the bottom in a state of muddy fusion, streams of imprisoned gas had broken out in ten thousand places, and had thrown up sand and mud, so as to form cones, rising from a common plain, and ranging from three to twenty feet in height. It seemed to be the River of Death dried up and heaving its muddy bottom jet-

ted into cones by the force of the fires of perdition. It was enlivened by the murmur of no stream, or the bubbling of even a single fountain, but was a wide waste of desolation, the sight of which appalled the stoutest heart, and where even the winds had died. It was a wearisome, dull and melancholly scene, that had been cheered by the beauty of no verdure since the waters of the flood had subsided, and the dove left the Patriarch's window to return no more.

The poor oxen hurried forward with a rapidity, which will be considered great, if we remember that they had now been two days and one night without either water or grass on a drive which had been estimated to not exceed thirty miles. Some cattle had already perished; and we hastened forward, anxious and distressed amid the darkness and silence of the night.

A little before the dawn of day, a few wagons arrived at Black Rock, where was an immense spring of hot water which cooled after flowing off to a place where it spread out upon a plain; affording moisture to sufficient grass for our faint and suffering cattle during a short stay. Other wagons continued to come up until 10 o'clock. Mr. Crump's team was so reduced, that it became necessary to send back aid to him. Mr. David Butterfield brought him into camp about sunset. His team had been without water and grass three days and two nights, or about sixty hours on a drive, estimated by us as not less than from sixty to seventy miles.

We remained at Black Rock one day and night, for the purpose of recruiting and resting our work cattle; after which we traveled about eight miles to the Great Hot Springs, where we found a limited supply of grass around the most extraordinary locality of springs I had yet seen. From some of these vast columns of steam continually ascended. I walked abroad on the next morning to observe them as they arose in immense clouds to a vast height. The day seemed to kindle from behind the giant mountains. At length, as the sun began to be seen above them, they appeared to rise from beds of flame and put crowns of fire upon their awful heads.

Remaining here two days and nights, we resumed our journey. No longer having any confidence in Capt. Jesse Applegate's judgment of distances or in his statements respecting the character of the country to be passed over, we hurried forward, and soon entered upon as desolate and dreary a country as the sun ever shined upon. There was no sign of vegetation, but the hated and hateful *artimisia tridentata*. Desolation was stamped upon everything in sight. Scarce a vestige of vegetable life appeared upon that wide and far extended sand plain. One might almost persuade himself that a bird had never spread its wings over that hot and burning waste of sterility and dreariness. The noise of even a cricket, broke not the silence, so profound, that a foot-fall pained the

ear. A thin, but, yellow haze hung upon distant objects, while a sort of dazzling, glistening heat, seemed to surround everything near at hand. But the scene was too dismal to be described. No object presented itself to the blood-shot eye, but hot yellow sand, here and there a low rock rising above the plain over which a strange curse seemed to brood.

The company toiled on in great suffering, but instead of finding a spring as had been indicated, a desert was found as dry and blasted, as if it had just been heaved up from the bowels of some infernal volcano. The emigrants pressed forward, however, although the poor famishing cattle appeared to be almost phrenzied. The sun at length went behind the mountain with a red and angry look. But this brought with it a cool air that was refreshing, and the poor oxen hastened forward as though they were conscious that their lives depended upon the utmost expedition. At length at about 11 o'clock at night, after traveling thirty miles, we came to the water and grass, the former being bad because it was affected with the carbonate and bi-carbonte of potash, while the grass was greatly deficient in quality. At this place, the company came up with Hall, Croysnt, and Whitley. The last was suffering much from a wound received in battle on Humboldt river.

We remained in this vicinity some two or three days, only changing camps a little to get better water and grass. At length the company resumed its journey, and proceeded forward as fast as the enfeebled condition of the teams would permit, traveling over a country that was generally very barren, until Sacramento valley in California was reached, where the route was certainly as rough and rocky as any over which wagons had ever been taken. But it is impossible, within any reasonable compass of either space or time, to give to those who now hear me, anything like a further history of *daily* events. And could I do so, it would be but a repetition of the previous day's toils and dangers, somewhat varied indeed, but always pressing and gradually reducing the physical strength and material resources of the emigrants. I will therefore omit to note any further historical facts until the 29th Otober, 1846, when we were about to enter the pass of the Umpqua mountain, now known as the canyon, which Capt. Applegate, at our encampment eight miles west of Fort Hall, thus described to us as he afterwards did in the *Oregon Spectator*, (Vol. 2, No. 4.): "A pool of water about 15 feet in diameter, occupies the dividing ground between the waters of the Rogue river and the Umpqua. There is from east to west, about twenty yards of land between the mountains which rise abruptly to the height of fifteen hundred feet. The descent each way from this point is *very gentle*; that to the south is about three miles, and conducts by a *good way* to the open country; that to the north, is about twelve miles in length. For three or four miles, there is sufficient space of level ground and but *little work*

required to make it a good road; but below this, the stream increasing in size by the entrance of affluents, and the mountains closing in upon it, the road must descend in its rocky bed, made more difficult by some large stones and short falls."

On 29th of October, the emigrants were about to leave their encampment and enter a pass thus described. They had long since learned by very painful experience, that Capt. Jesse Applegate's judgment as to distances, as well as his capacity for accurately describing the line of travel, were not to be relied upon if the abundant evidence of each day's travel was capable of proving anything. Moreover, Messrs. Brown, Allen and Jones, who had pass through it had informed the emigrants that there was too much reason to fear that many cattle would perish upon this "very gentle descent," and that most of the wagons would be lost upon this road which "conducts by a good way to the open country." But the emigrants entered upon the road early in the morning, and after immense toil to man and beast, encamped on the mountain at sunset, only three miles from their last camp. The whole company were greatly exhausted as well as the cattle. Mr. Hall did not get his team in until after dark, although all had traveled over that "good way", the descent of which was represented as being "very gentle." How "good" and how "gentle," the way and the "descent" may be further inferred from the fact that Josiah Morin was compelled to leave his large wagons, and to go forward with a small two-horse wagon, having little else in it than the bed clothing of the family.

Since my own personal experience in getting through this pass will substantially correspond with that of each of my fellow travelers, I will now speak of myself primarily, and of others only incidentally.

On the morning of November 4th, my wife and I determined on making an effort to pass through. We were very weak in consequence of the want of sufficient and healthful food. The road was muddy and the rain was descending in the gorges of the mountain, where we were, while the snow was falling far above on the sides. There was a close canyon, some few miles ahead of us, down which we would have to wade three miles in cold, mountain snow-water, reaching frequently above the waist; considering Mrs. Thornton's feeble condition, it was very doubtful whether she would not perish in it. My own powers of endurance were such as those who had the good sense to keep the old traveled route, may well imagine when they call to mind the fact that our food and other supplies had been laid in with the idea that we were destined for Oregon City, and the settlements by the way of Walla Walla and The Dalles mission, and not by the way of Goose Creek, Humboldt river valley, the Antelope mountain desert, Black Rock desert, and the Sacramento valley in California, to say noth-

ing of other deserts and mountains, to be encountered before setting your faces toward Oregon.

On the morning in question, at an early hour, Mrs. Thornton, myself, and our grey hound, Prince Darco, resumed our journey, I carrying my rifle, revolver, large knife, some ammunition, and a morsel of food in my shot-pouch. We struggled forward, wading cold mountain streams, and through mud up to the knees. We passed many cattle that had perished. We also passed many wagons that had been abandoned, and among them the only one of Josiah Morin, which he had attempted to take through with bed clothing from our camp of Oct. 29th. We also passed household and kitchen furniture, beds and bedding, books, carpets, cooking utensils, broken wagons, and wagons not broken, but abandoned, because it had become impossible to take them through. In short, the whole road presented the appearance of a defeated army having retreated over it, leaving behind whatever had been found to so encumber it as to retard its flight.

Upon approaching near the entrance of the close canyon, we came to where many most miserable, forlorn, haggard and destitute looking emigrants were encamped. Some of the men looked as angry and as fierce as a tigress that had been robbed of her kittens; while others appeared to be stupified and even stunned by the blow, which their misfortunes had inflicted upon them. One of them, Mr. Smith, like most others, had lost everything, and he appeared overwhelmed with a sense of his calamity. His wife had on a coarse and tattered calico dress, and was otherwise thinly clad, while an old sun-bonnet but partially protected her head. Her child was not in a better condition, while that of the husband an father was even more pitiable. They were all so weak in consequence of a want of food, consumed upon a journey protracted long beyond what they supposed they had a right to expect, that it was believed that they would not survive their protracted toils and privations. I remonstrated with this hapless fellow traveler, persuading him that it would be better for him and his family to perish in the cold mountain water of the canyon, than to await a more miserable death by starvation at that place. He seemed to see the folly of remaining there, and brood over his calamities. He immediately took up his child and about a pound of food, and desired his afflicted and almost helpless companion to follow him.

A relative of his and having the same name, had been standing at that place a few days before, counseling with some of the party, as to the means of escaping their present danger. As he was thus anxiously deliberating, death summoned him away in a moment, leaving a poor widow with seven helpless and almost starving children. A Mr. Brisbane, grandfather of the Dunbar's, died

here as likewise a child. Upon the whole there was indeed a dark accumulation of sorrow casting its sombre shade over this memorable spot. Reluctantly leaving our unhappy fellow travelers, we proceeded on until we commenced the entrance of the canyon. In order that Mrs. Thornton might have as much warmth and strength as possible, to guard against her perishing in the canyon, I proposed with well affected cheerfulness, that she should take shelter under a large fir tree that offered a partial protection from the falling snow and rain, for the purpose of resting a little and taking some food, a small amount of which I had carried in my shot pouch. She affected to be very courageous, and with a show of cheerfulness, desired me to take out our dinner. This I did determining to avoid consuming any of it myself, in order that she might profit by my economy, and thus preserve as far as possible her remaining strength. But when the little store was taken out, she did "not want to take food"—she did "not feel well." I knew from my own sensations, that a more than half famished person would not be likely to "feel well" in such a place, with such antecedents and with such present surroundings, and I knew too that she greatly needed food. I also knew that her real motive, was one of compassionate regard for my necessities. My heart was deeply moved by her generosity and unselfishness, but gulping down my emotions as well as I could, I said with a sort of well affected cheerfulness and playfulness, which, in view of our very grave peril, may now seem to be out of place, "come, now, wife, none of your tricks upon a traveler. You know that I am a man of my own head, and that like some other people, I usually desire to have my own way. If you do not wish to take food, yet I desire you to do so, and that is about the same thing, for you and I, and especially the *I* the ego, are one you know. Besides, while in this canyon and on this cut-off, you have no rights, which a white husband is bound to respect. She then took the proffered food, but I observed in a short time, that she had contrived to avert her face, and when I managed to get a glimpse of it, I saw her tears falling like great rain drops. Upon finding that her weeping had been discovered, she laughed at the mouth, and cried at the eyes, like the sun half in view and half concealed by a rain cloud, and said "well you might take a little food, if it was even ever so little; so you might, and then I would not feel so sad."

We at length left the partial shelter of the fir tree and entered the stream. We each had along a stick to support ourselves, and to prevent the water from sweeping us into deep holes. Prince Darco swam down, contriving frequently to rest himself, and to wait for us by holding with his barefeet to the side of a rock. Mrs. Thornton, upon suddenly descending into the cold snow water above the waist, was much chilled, and I thought at first that she would perish. I chafed her temples, face, and wrists, which caused her to revive. In the first

moment of consciousness, she bade me not to be alarmed, adding that she was worth two dead women. After proceeding down about three-fourths of a mile, we halted to rest upon some rocks where the water was no more than about eighteen inches deep. Even this was a relief, in fact a positive refreshment, when compared with our condition in water up to, and often above the waist.

At length we resumed our journey, and after sometime, Mrs. Thornton began to lose all sensibility upon one side. I supported her as well as I could, but she soon complained of indistinctness of vision, and she became totally blind. I need not say what were my feelings in that moment of my heart's most bitter anguish. I could not for all the world have carried her dead body out of that canyon. The thought, therefore, of her dying in that place, and under the circumstances which then surrounded us, had in it something peculiarly horrible. Her lips were thin and compressed, and as white and bloodless as paper; her eyes were turned up in their sockets; her head fell back upon my arm, and every feature wore an aspect and fixedness of death. I rubbed her wrists violently, chafed her temples, shook her, and called aloud to her hoping to wake her to consciousness by the sound of my voice. After sometime she revived, and with returning life, sight was restored. She still complained however, of a partial paralysis of one side. But we hurried forward as well and as fast as we could; and at length in great exhaustion, and almost chilled to death, we emerged from that cold mountain stream.

A short distance from the place where we left the narrow gorge, we came to the tent of the Rev. Mr. Cornwall. He had indeed passed through the canyon, but such was the toil endured by the oxen and such was the chilling effect of the water, that nearly all died on the following night. Mr. Cornwall was in no condition to afford us any shelter under his tent. It was literally filled with others as helpless and distressed as ourselves. But the privilege of standing at his fire was in itself, of one that made us feel grateful; and its warmth when contrasted with the cold and suffering occasioned by the waters of the disastrous canyon made us for the time comparatively happy. There were several men about the fire, among whom was the Mr. Smith of whom I have spoken as having induced him to attempt the passage, and although he was almost exhausted, still he was now far more happy with his saved wife and child than persons generally are under circumstances much more favorable to physical comfort. We made a large fire and dried our garments as well as we could, by standing about in the open air, and under clouds that frequently reminded us that they had not yet parted with all their moisture.

I still had a morsel of food in my shot-pouch, and also a small quantity of the best tea. Mrs. Thornton prepared our little supper, and although it was was

neither so good as it might have been, nor yet so abundant, as was at that time very desirable, still it was something well worth thanking God for, and we did indeed feel grateful.

After all the occupants of the tent had lain down to sleep, I obtained the use of a chair and a little bench about four feet long, having a sort of a back to it. This seemed like a very rapid multiplication of comforts. I placed them before the fire, and sitting down upon the chair, I had Mrs. Thornton recline upon the bench with her head and shoulders upon my arm, and in that condition we slept until morning, when she declared she had never enjoyed a more refreshing slumber.

On Nov. 5th, we resumed our journey, and after wading Canyon creek thirty-nine times, we were enabled to avoid it by climbing along the side of the mountain. We at length emerged fully into the open plain, and about noon arrived at the place of a general encampment, on the left bank of the Umpqua river, where I believe Canyonville is now situated or probably not far from it. Here I found the wrecks of *all* the companies; and this *all* I am particular to mention that it may not be supposed that our company contained the only unwise people that were on the road that year, to turn aside from the old road on to somebody's cut-off, that leads to the settlements in the Willamette valley in Oregon, by the way of Sacramento valley in California; and over a road along which our wagons were lying in scattered fragments, upon the hill sides, upon the tops of the mountains, and along rocky glens and impassible canyons. Some of the emigrants had lost their wagons; some their teams; some half they possessed, and some everything. Here were men who had a wagon, but wanted a team, others who had a team but no wagon. Mr. Humphrey was the only man, who so far as I have since been able to learn, got to this point with a whole wagon and an unbroken team. All looked thin, lean, haggard, pale, and as though they were as hungry as the wolves. The children were crying for food; and all persons appeared distressed and broken by their calamities.

Among other articles of property lost in the passage of this canyon, was a hive of bees, which, though brought safely thus far, were drowned by the wagon being overturned in the water. This was certainly the first hive of bees west of Rocky mountains. But that around which clustered a greater historical interest than anything else lost, was a Surveyor's compass originally owned and used by the celebrated Daniel Boone during his Kentucky pioneer life. Col. Alphonso Boone, a grandson of Daniel Boone, and the father of the widow of the late Gov. George L. Curry, owned it, but unfortunately lost it with about all else he possessed.

I had sent on to this encampment, two packs of clothing, in one of which

was contained a little food. I had also sent forward a buffalo robe and two blankets. I immediately kindled a large fire at the side of a fir log containing a great deal of gum. With poles, I made a frame, upon which to stretch one of the blankets to shelter us a little from the snow and rain. The buffalo robe served for a bed, and the remaining blanket for a covering; and the soft side of a stick of oak timber made for us a very passible pillow.

We had become too weak in consequence of a want of food, to traveled further. But there was hope indulged that food would be sent to us from the settlements. Young men, who knew what were our condition, had gone forward on mules, and we hoped that these would in some manner return with the necessary supplies. In this state of uncertainty and suspense, it became necessary as a measure of prudence, to examine again into the exact state of our little store of provisions, and still further diminish our daily allowance. We had two pounds of good tea, as many of loaf sugar, one pint of rice, one pint of beans, about half a pint of dried peaches, sixty table spoonfuls of the dust of crackers, about one pint of flour and half a pound of dried beef. This scanty supply we determined so to apportion as to furnish us each with three meals a day for ten days. I do not remember our allowance of any of the articles, except the cracker dust, which was one spoonful to each, in the bottom of the cup containing the tea. I need not say, that upon this meager diet, following close upon our previous short allowance of food, we soon become so reduced in strength, that we often staggered as we walked. There yet remained a long road over which we had to pass before we could arrive at the inhabited part of Oregon. While in this condition, I became greatly discouraged as well as reduced in physical energy. I am ashamed to confess that there were short intervals when life was felt to be a burthen, and when I was ready to adopt the language of a better and far wiser man, and to say: "What is my strength that I should hope, and what is mine end, that I should prolong my life. My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, and as the streams of a brook, they pass away." I usually however was restored to a strong trust in God's providential care and goodness by texts of scripture coming up in my memory which were always familiar enough indeed, but never before making such an impression on my mind. Among these, I may mention, "He found him in a desert land, and in the waste, howling wilderness, he led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye. He made him ride on the high places of the earth, that he might eat the increase of the fields; and he made him to suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock."

At length, my wife informed me, Wednesday, Nov. 12th, as she came toward me with a few spoonful of the dust of crackers in one corner of a little bag, that on the following Friday, we would have an abundant supply of food.

With a manner having little of cheerfulness about it, I desired her to inform me when the mantle of a prophetess had fallen upon her. She replied that our food, even at our short rate of allowance, would not hold out longer than to that time, which bringing us to our extremity, relief would be sent by a God, who had promised that "His bread shall be given him, and his water shall be sure."

On the next day, Wm. Kirquindall, with others came from the settlements, with fat beeves and flour to the relief of the starving emigrants. On Friday, the animals were killed, when I bought twenty pounds of beef, one pound of tallow, and eighteen pounds of flour. This supply of food was brought at a time when there was great suffering in the camp. It was sold to heads of families in amounts having reference to the size of the families, and although the quantity thus distributed was so small that it was soon consumed, it was nevertheless of vital importance to the famishing emigrants some of whom had commenced to take from the wolves the cattle that having perished in the canyon, had not already been devoured by wild animals, and poor old man Kennedy, at least, sought to eke out his life and that of his wife, by catching the mice that burrowed under logs.

From this point, the emigrant gradually made their way into the settlements in small parties, as fast as supplies and assistance sent from the Willamete valley, enabled them to do so. The kindness and good will of the people already occupying Oregon, with rare exceptional instances, were well calculated to alleviate the misfortunes and sufferings of the emigrants. Foremost among these was the late Dr. John McLaughlin, formerly Chief Factor of the Hudson Bay Company, a nobler, better, or more benevolent and Catholic man than whom never breathed the pure air of Oregon. The Rev. George Geary, Superintendent of the Methodist Missions and George Abernethy, Governor of Oregon, in like manner, did much to cause the emigrants to feel that they were among friends. I ought to add that the emigrants who pursued the old route by Walla Walla and the Dalles mission, arrived in good season and without loss. When I have considered that the Applegate cut-off—so called—led the emigrants south as far as the head of Sacramento valley, over deserts such as I have described, and through tribes of Indians as hostile as any on the American continent, I have been constrained to believe that only the interposition of God's providence prevented all from either starving to death, or being scalped by the savages. One of the emigrants after his temper had become somewhat soured by Jesse Applegate's mistakes respecting distances, water, grass, fuel, etc., expressed the same thought by saying, in language more forcible than elegant, that we were saved by a God who always takes care of children and fools.

The Donner party from whom we separated on the 19th of July, they turning

to the left to take Hastings cut-off to California, nearly all starved to death, and were literally devoured by each other, as a consequence of representations such as came so near proving fatal to the lives of all of our party.

We cannot explore the recesses of Jesse Applegate's mind for the purpose of discovering the hidden forces, which in the end wrought such disastrous results, yet, even the thirty-two of subsequent opportunity for bringing clearly into view a motive, if such had an existence, that could have influenced him to make a wilfully false statement respecting the road, has failed to discover anything that would have been likely to induce him thus rashly to forfeit character, formed upon the model of a man of a high sense of honor. But smarting under a present sense of loss, the emigrants, in the fever and delirium of excitement, denounced him in terms, which indicated the gangrene of a resentment that was in a high degree unfavorable to a cool judgment upon acts which they saw indeed, but respecting the motive, for which they could only form an opinion. Nor was your speaker less affected by this infirmity than his fellows. But having since traveled very far toward the sunset of life, and standing now in the rapidly lengthening shadows of old age to which brings with it an ever increasing sense of life's responsibilities and of the great duty of charity to all, I look backward through the vista of thirty-two years, and see how possible it was for Jesse Applegate to have been led into erroneous estimates of distances and of the general character of the road by the overweening influence of strong desires that clouded his judgment, and thus disqualified him for correctly describing the route he persuaded us to follow.

And now my dear fellow travelers and associated pioneers, patiently bear with me a little more and I shall have done. To the young and inexperienced, the spring of the year, the season in which we hold our Re-Union, is always one of promise, most ample in its proportions, although it is often found by the too trustful heart to fail in its expected largeness. Still, in the bliss of ignorance as to the distant and glowing future, they looked forward to many coming years that shall bring only pleasure and gratified desires in the attainment of the objects of pursuit. But we are old to-day; and it is well to be reminded that in the hearts of some persons whose

——— "way of life
Is fallen into the sere and yellow leaf."

And who possess an especially thoughtful and contemplative turn of mind, that spring sometimes gives rise to a feeling which may perhaps be described as compounded of both pleasure and pain in equal degrees, and so be painfully pleasing. These are apt to reflect upon the delightful alteration of day and night, and as the charming disposition of the seasons succeeding each other in

ceaseless returns, such seeming to forget that there is yet "a better country." But if such persons do not carefully guard themselves, these thoughts may wander until the heart heaves a regretful sigh, because it is not possible to turn back the dial of time, from a period of declining years, when man only by his pains awaking, realizes that he has perhaps even long out lived the springtime of his youth and vigor, and his young life's nimble activities. And yet the mind when reverting to an early and well spent past, should experience no regrets, because for such there is in the near future,

— "A land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides
And never withering flowers,
Death like a narrow stream divides
This heavenly land from ours."

Such aged persons should moreover reflect that there still remains to them as possible, the power to suffer the inconveniences they necessarily feel because these are incident to the winter of age in which they ought to know, that they do nothing well nor wisely to stand in shivering inactivity, but that they should bestir themselves in the yet possible spheres of benevolence and general usefulness, until their hearts warm with sympathy for suffering humanity in whatever form it may present itself. They should reflect, and the good man and woman does reflect, that if old age has its attendant inconveniences as the winter of life, its springtime had no less; and mourn that the former is free from many of the responsibilities which attach to mature manhood and to middle age. He or she has too "that which should accompany old age, as honor, love, obedience, and troops of friends."

It is then, an old persons duty no less than privilege, to cultivate an easy and contented mind; to wear the insignia of old age gracefully, and to make the most of such blessings as an ever watchful Providence still permits, while waiting by the river. And indeed, as much as this inculcated by even ancient heathen writers; and Horace in one of his epistles, employs language to express himself upon this subject which has been thus rendered :

" 'Tis not the place, disgust or pleasure brings,
From our own mind, our satisfaction springs."

Let us not then fall into the too common error, of considering old age as only the season of a life either wearied with burdens long borne in the days exhausting heat, or satiated with enjoyment; but as the fall time, when the various faculties have been tried and proved, and selfishness is shown not to have preyed

upon the good feelings which all should carry with them into the business of the world. We will rather regard ourselves as having come to the calm eventide of the busy day, to gather and garner the experiences of a toilsome past, to serve us through a winter whose bright spring is yet come. Nor let us too much occupy ourselves with retrospective and say as did Fontenelle, "had I again to begin my career, I would do as I have done."

WILLIAM WHITNEY.

BY WILLARD H. REES.

William Whitney, who departed this life at Butteville, June 1, 1878, was born at Sutely, Hintindenshire, England, in 1808, having consequently reached the allotted time of three score years and ten. At the early age of 19 he married Elizabeth Taylor, of Bourn, Lincolnshire, with whom he lived for 48 years, she having preceded him to the spirit land, April 4, 1875.

Mr. Whitney being dependent upon his daily labor for the support of his family, and having neither trade nor education to assist him, seeing no prospect of acquiring a home and a reasonable independence while remaining in his native land, therefore decided to leave his wife and child with their friends, and seek for more propitious surroundings in the United States. Accordingly he embarked for New York, where he arrived early in 1830. Going thence to New Jersey, he readily found employment, and in due time sent for his family.

Mrs. Whitney rejoined her husband in 1832, but had the misfortune to lose their only child, a son, who was drowned just prior to her sailing for America. After spending several years in Pennsylvania, he migrated to the prairie region of Northern Indiana, where he purchased land, and in a few years surrounded himself with all the necessary comforts of life.

The settling of the Oregon boundary question, and the much talked of land donation to settlers, revived the spirit of emigration in the western States, giving additional inducements to settle on the distant shores of the Pacific. Mr. Whitney partaking of the prevailing excitement, sold his farm, and with his wife and six children proceeded early in 1847 to the Indiana frontier, where he joined Gen. Palmer's train of emigrants. After having endured the usual privations, dangers and hardships common to the overland emigrants of those days, he reached French Prairie late in the following fall. Here he purchased a land claim, which he improved and cultivated with more than usual success for a quarter of a century.

In the fall of 1848, in company with a small party composed of nearly all the

American settlers then living in the northern end of Champoege county, now Marion, he made the overland journey to California, in quest of gold. Notwithstanding he met with the usual success of the inexperienced miners of those early days, he remained but a short time in the mines, rather

"Preferring home, with plow in hand,
Turning o'er the fertile land."

In the spring of 1849, Mr. Whitney was one of a company of three who opened to some extent, the almost impenetrable bottom lands, erecting the first mills upon the site where Aurora now stands. In 1852, he rendered very efficient service in assisting to form the first school district organized in Marion county, and was for many years an active and liberal patron of the school.

Having endured for six months the countless hardships incident to making the journey from Indiana to Oregon in 1847 by ox train, Mr. and Mrs. Whitney, in the spring of 1870, determined to try the then novel contrast of recrossing the continent by the more swiftly gliding train drawn by the iron horse, which, to their admiration was pleasantly accomplished. After spending some time with friends in the Atlantic States, they now determined to gratify a long-cherished wish to revisit their native land. On reaching their old home in England after an absence of forty years, they found that nearly a whole generation whom they had left in the full enjoyment of middle life were now silent in death, while the remaining associates of their youthful years had grown gray in the service of the more favored few, upon whom they were generally dependent for the common comforts of life. After the enjoyment of a long visit, they bade a last farewell to the endearing scenes of early life, returning to the Great Republic better pleased in every respect with the country, than when bidding adieu to their children and adopted home in Oregon.

RICHARD H. EAKIN.

BY J. HENRY BROWN.

Richard H. Eakin, who died near Salem, Dec. 18, 1878, was born in Liverpool, England, July 3, 1817, and received a good English education, and for several years in early life was a sailor, having made two trips around the world, in connection with several other long voyages. He came to Oregon as second mate in a ship commanded by the late Captain John H. Couch, arriving at their anchorage a short distance above where Portland now stands, on March 3, 1842, for the purpose of loading the vessel with wheat for the Hudson's Bay Company. He left the ship at this point and came up the Willamette valley and settled upon the farm where he continuously lived until the time of his death. In connection with farming, he made saddle trees for several years, and at that early day, had business transactions with nearly every man in the then sparsely settled Territory, and always acquitted himself with agreeableness.

Soon after he settled upon his farm, he married an Indian woman, a native of the valley, by whom he had several children, giving to all a very fair education and preparing them to grapple with civilization and their surroundings. Mr. Eakin was very methodical in all of his habits; he kept a strict account of all his farm expenses from the first day of settlement on the farm up to the day of his death; every day's work was set down, every acre or field was charged with the amount of labor, seed, threshing, etc., and credited with the yield with as much precision as a merchant keeps his books.

In the evening he taught his children at home, having organized a regular school, and conducted it in the same manner as our public and private schools are. He was also a great reader, which covered quite an extensive field—history, poetry and romance; being a great admirer of Scott's and Dicken's works, and was able to entertain any person with his agreeable conversation. The night that he died, he conducted the family school as usual, wrote on his slate the day's work and retired to read one of Dickens' novels, which he perused for some hours, as was his habit while in bed, laid down the book, methodically

placed his spectacles on the same, turned upon his side and in almost an instant expired, supposed to be the result of an epileptic fit, as he had an attack of the same during the last summer, when he was apparently dead for a few minutes.

He leaves two elderly sisters living in England. Mr. Eakin has not been out of Oregon since he arrived in 1842, except two trips to California in the days of gold excitement. He was an energetic and observing man, who attended closely to his own affairs, and was respected by all who knew him, and considered one of the best of neighbors.

STEPHEN TARBOX.

BY HON. STEPHEN STAATS.

Stephen Tarbox who died near Monroe, Benton county, Oregon, Nov. 6th, 1878, was born in the State of Maine, in 1812. He enlisted in regular U. S. army, and on the expiration of his time, emigrated from Missouri to Oregon in 1843, in the same train with Hons. Jesse Applegate, James W. Nesmith, and Daniel Waldo. He was of Irish descent, peaceable disposition and well respected by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. He had no family.

I noticed a short article written by Mr. J. Henry Brown, announcing the death of Mr. Tarbox, thus he says, "one by one the men and women of the '40s are passing away, and the time is not far distant, when all who linked their destinies with the emigrations of the '40s will have passed from earth to swell the ranks of the 'Pioneer Dead,' who abandoned civilization in the East to rear and spread its beneficence on this western continent." And who, in the present or the future, can refuse to accord a meed of praise to these early pioneers for their heroism and undaunted perseverance in accomplishing the object for which they struggled. Those who still survive, can rejoice at the glorious results that have ensued from opening up this beautiful clime to settlement and high civilization. When he, whose death has just been recorded, first trod the soil of Oregon, a perfect wilderness met his gaze; while he who now records his death can rejoice in all the pleasures of social life, and claim as high a civilization for our beloved Oregon as exists anywhere on this western hemisphere. A kind thought to the memory of Stephen Tarbox. When, forty years ago, we first exchanged kindly greeting, which of us could have imagined that he who pens these lines, would have occasion to call to mind an incident that happened on the 4th day of July, 1836, when both of us, young in years, had no thought of the future. The sad event of that day calls to mind some of the early associations of Tarbox, when he with Capt. Charles Bennett, and Samuel Walker, now deceased, were companions in arms under the command of the gallant Stephen A. Kearney, commanding officer of the 1st Regiment of Dragoons, stationed at Fort Leaven-

worth. Bennett at the time being 1st Sergeant of Co. A., Capt. E. V. Sumner, commanding. Walker, 1st Sergeant of Co. under Capt. Ben Moore, who was killed in the Mexican war while gallantly fighting for his country, and Tarbox, a private in the same company, where he was highly esteemed by his comrades, and received the approval of his commanding officer.

Who of us, forty years hence, will recall the names, Bennett, Walker and Tarbox? Who, of the then living, will reflect upon the struggles of those early pioneers, and speak a kind word to their memory? Let the "Pioneer Association" of Oregon guard with jealous care the history of the early settlement of our State, and prepare in such form that a century hence, they who peruse it may drop a tear of gratitude to those who left friends and plenty behind them, and secured to them a home in a clime unsurpassed on earth.

GOV. GEORGE LAW CURRY.

George L. Curry was born in Philadelphia, July 2d, 1820. His father, Geo. Curry, 1st Lieutenant, commanded—the Captain being sick—the Washington Blues of Philadelphia, in the engagement with the British preceding the capture of the city of Washington in the war of 1812. His grandfather, Christopher Curry, came from England, died in Philadelphia, and was buried in Christ Church burial ground in that city.

In 1824, he went with his parents and family to South America, and resided in Carraccas, in the then Republic of Columbia. He returned with his parents and lived until the death of his father in 1829 on the family homestead near Homesburgh, Penn. With his guardian—his uncle, William Curry—he went to Boston in 1831, where he passed nine years of his boyhood. In 1838 he was elected and served two terms as President of the Mechanics' Library Association, a very flourishing educational and literary institution at that time in the city of Boston. Many of his addresses and poems delivered before that society were published, thereby making him still live upon the historical pages of that institution. A Boston newspaper has said: "While Governor Curry resided in Boston, he took an active interest in the Mechanic Apprentice's Library, which was then in the height of its prosperity, and filled the office of President for one or two terms. He was a genial companion, possessing considerable literary and poetic taste." During his sojourn in Boston, he was apprenticed to the jewelry trade, working in the same shop with Judge Kelly of Pennsylvania.

In 1843, he became a resident of St. Louis, where he became acquainted with Joseph M. Field, the actor and manager (father of Miss Kate Field), and connected himself with him in the publication of the *Reveille*, which publication also had as inaugurators at that time, Col. Charles Keemle and Mat., brother of Joseph Field ("Straws" and "Phazma" of the *N. O. Picayune*.)

In 1846, he left St. Louis for the Pacific coast by the overland emigrant route, and arrived in Oregon City, Oregon, on the 30th of August, of the same year. He immediately assumed the editorial charge of the *Oregon Spectator*, the first newspaper published on the Pacific coast. A few short months prior to his death, and when he was yet seemingly in robust health, a newspaper speaking of his

arrival in Oregon, said : " We remember reading with pleasure his instructive letter published in the *Oregon Spectator*, descriptive of his trip and his last camp in the Cascade mountains, when, as he said. he 'slept tranquilly on the snowy bosom of Mount Hood.' " The same writer also says : " Arriving at Oregon City, he found the *Spectator* peeping feebly and timidly around among the fir trees, its voice unable to rise above the roar of the falls of the Willamette, and kindly took it in charge. Under his management it became not only one of the most westernly papers in the world, but a real gem of the wilderness." Closing he says ; " The name of Geo. L. Curry is in every page of Oregon's history, from the moment of his advent down to the present time."

In March, 1848, he commenced the publication of the *Oregon Free Press*, the first *weekly* newspaper on the Pacific coast. The press was made in the country, and a portion of the type—the display letters—were wrought out of wood. An editor of a journal, referring to this paper, said : " The material of the *Free Press* was of French descent, and had inherited no 'w's.' The editor tried hard to write without 'double u's,' but the country and its inhabitants were too weird and wild and wonderful, and his own fancy too warm, and his ways too winning for him not to be willing to wield a pen as free, full and untrammelled as were his surroundings ; so he whittled two 'V's' out of some very hard fir bark and went to work. This little feature gave the columns of the paper a decidedly unique appearance, and was really one of its many attractions." This journal was discontinued towards the close of the first year, on account of the general rush of the population to the gold fields of California in the fall of that year.

And it was during this period of his life (March, 1848), that he was united in marriage with Chloe Donnelly Boone, daughter of Col. Alphonso Boone, a great grandson of Daniel Boone, who emigrated to Oregon with his family from Missouri in 1846. They were among the first who traveled and experienced the disasters of the Southern route into Oregon, which led through tribes of unfriendly Indians, almost impassible canyons and over difficult mountains. All who came that year by this route lost all their teams, wagons, stock, and other property, and barely getting into the settlements alive. Indeed some were not so fortunate, and their remains now whiten those dreadful passes through the well nigh inaccessible mountains. His union was blessed with six children, two daughters and four sons, all of whom, with the exception of a daughter, are still living.

In May, 1853, unsolicited by him, he was appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, as Secretary of the Territory of Oregon. A few days after induction into office, he became Acting Governor, in consequence of the resignation of Gen. Joseph Lane, who held that office. He discharged the du-

ties of both offices until the arrival of Gov. John W. Davis, in December of that year. Nine months afterwards, upon the resignation of Gov. Davis, he became again Acting Governor. He continued the discharge of both positions, until his appointment as Governor a few months thereafter. He held the office of Governor until the spring of 1859, when the State government was inaugurated. His friends then made him a candidate for U. S. Senator, but he withdrew his name and assisted in the election of the successful candidate.

In 1860, his friends again made him a candidate for the same position, and after protracted balloting, he came within one vote of an election; but a combination between the Republicans and a portion of the Douglas Democrats ultimately culminated in success.

The term of the official service of Governor Curry, from 1853 to 1859, was an eventful period in the history of Oregon. The character of its institutions was formed and developed with the rapid enlargement of the settlements, and the increase, progress and prosperity of its people. Indian troubles were frequent. The Rogue river Indian war occurred in the fall of 1853. In the fall of 1855, war hustled along the whole frontier, north and south. Upwards of twenty-five hundred volunteers were kept in the field for several months, besides the U. S. troops stationed in the country. This was the most formidable and bloody war in the history of the Northwest coast. In these campaigns Gov. Curry distinguished himself by his effective service in conquering peace. He received the thanks of the Legislative Assembly of both Oregon and Washington Territories, for the efficiency of his services in protecting and defending the people of both Territories against the attacks of Indians; in honor of whose services, a county in the State of Oregon now bears his name.

He was of singularly amiable disposition, honorable, and gifted with a versatility of talents of such a degree, that whatever he undertook was well performed. During his public life no one ever insinuated a dishonest act against him, though his public career embraced a time when political rancor ran to a high pitch and but few men escaped the shafts of calumny; and indeed it has been said that while he was Secretary of the Territory he credited the government with the premiums which were realized by him from drafts sent out for the Territorial expenses.

In 1866, he received the thanks of the Directory of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, for a speech before the Board of Trade of the city of Boston, and other efforts in behalf of that enterprise. As an editor in St. Louis in 1845, he wrote in favor of a railroad to the Pacific, and a year later, on the shore of the Pacific, he again wielded his pen in behalf of this great enterprise. After an active public life in the years mentioned, he retired for a while to his farm

on the Willamette river, a short distance above Oregon City, and there engaged in farming. He was appointed State Land Commissioner and a member of the State Board of Equalization.

In 1873, Gov. Curry delivered the first Annual Address before the Oregon Pioneer Association, which held its Re-Union that year at Butteville, but not published until 1876, as the copy had been overlooked by Gov. Curry.

Gov. Curry was in every sense of the term a self-made man, having never received but three months' schooling in his life. But by hard study and constant reading, he acquired much, and as a well read man, he had few equals. He devoted a great deal of his leisure to literary pursuits, and his graceful pen adorns the best publications of the State.

His death was attributed to the effects of a cold taken while writing late of evenings when the room in which he was engaged had become too cold for occupancy. His illness lasted for several months, during all of which time he was never heard to utter one word of complaint, though he knew the shadow of Death was hovering near. At last, on July 28th, 1878, as the evening Sabbath sun sent its last effulgent rays athwart the western skies, death in reality, the implacable conqueror of humanity, laid his hand on the community of Portland, and the spirit of Gov. George L. Curry winged its flight to unseen worlds above, leaving a family to mourn the loss of a husband and father, whose loving kindness is never to be forgotten, and a community to keep within the halls of memory the life of a brave and true pioneer citizen.

ISAAC N. GILBERT.

BY REV. P. S. KNIGHT.

The subject of this sketch was born near Rushville, Yates Co., New York, June 27th, 1818, and died in Salem, Oregon, March 20th, 1879.

Mr. Gilbert was one in whom the pioneering instinct was very early developed. He made his way westward to Illinois at a very early age, and in the summer of 1844, at the age of 27, in company with three adventurous companions, he crossed the plains and became one of the earliest American settlers in the Willamette valley. The farm two miles northeast of Salem, which he has left in a fine state of improvement and cultivation, was his original donation claim. He was married March 27th, 1850, to Marietta, daughter of Alfred Stanton, an immigrant of 1847. The family have been widely and favorably known, and always identified with the best interests of Salem, from the beginning of its history to the present time.

Mr. Gilbert was the first County Clerk of Marion county, filling that office acceptably for three years. He made the first plat of the city of Salem; was intimately acquainted with the late Dr. Willson, and was one of the chief witnesses whose testimony turned the recent suits with the Willson heirs in favor of the city and county, saving to the public uses to which the benevolent founder of the city devoted them, Marion Square, Willson's Avenue and the Court House block. Being a practical surveyor, he filled the office of County Surveyor one or two terms; laid out and platted the Territorial road from Salem to Foster's at the foot of the Cascade mountains, in 1846, at that time the longest public highway in the Territory.

Mr. Gilbert was a remarkably quiet and unobtrusive man, yet one of marked and positive influence. He loved the quiet life of the farm and the peaceful surroundings of home, yet was not found wanting when any public duty demanded his attention. In 1850 he rode on horseback, in company with his wife, from his farm on Salem prairie to Oregon City, a distance of 36 miles, for the purpose of uniting with the church of his choice. July 4th, 1852, he became one of the four founders of the Congregational church in Salem, having long

before selected a lot for its future building. To himself and his energetic wife that church has been largely indebted through more than a quarter of a century as its chief helpers. That the church feels its debt of gratitude to the departed, and also now the bereaved widow, was shown by the large attendance of its members at the memorial meeting, at which time appropriate preamble and resolutions were adopted, expressive of their appreciation of the character and labors of the deceased.

HON. JOHN SHUNK ZIEBER.

BY J. HENRY BROWN.

Hon. John S. Zieber was born in Pottstown, Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, May 14, 1803, where he resided with his parents until he arrived at the age of 16 years, when it became necessary for him to learn a trade, and he chose that of printing, and entered the office of John Rogers, to acquire the mysteries of the "art preservative," where he worked for three years, and then went to the city of Philadelphia and finished his trade in the book and job office of Mr. Manning, where he remained some time. From Philadelphia he went to Baltimore, Maryland, where he remained a short time, then went to Cambridge in the same State, on the eastern shore, where he was married to Miss Eliza Sloan, Feb. 1st, 1825, living a happy domestic life for 53 years, when death severed the bonds in the present year. From Cambridge, he moved to Princess Anne, Summerset county, in the same State, and started a newspaper called *The Village Herald*. April 3, 1827, which he continued to publish for eight years, and severed his connection with it in April, 1835.

From October 4, 1836, to 1839, he edited the *People's Press*, but the spirit of "going west" urged him to seek new fields, when sending his office and household goods to Illinois, followed with his wife and children; but upon arriving at St. Louis on his way, he heard of the great misfortune that the warehouse in which all of his earthly possessions were stored, had been consumed by fire. But Mr. Zieber was not the man to despair, and continuing his journey, arriving at Peoria, Ill., in December 10, 1839, where he set about purchasing another office, and on February 20, 1840, issued the first number of the *Peoria Democratic Press*, which soon took rank with the most influential papers of the State. Mr. Zieber was a terse and trenchant writer, going direct to the object desired. Having entered into politics, he was elected as a member of the Legislature in 1844-45. Although we have been informed that he was not a ready speaker, he wielded considerable influence, which quietness and a sound mind always carries with it.

In 1846, he sold his newspaper and retired from politics, but remained in business in Peoria, until April 19, 1851, when, having previously disposed of

his property he started with his family across the plains to Oregon. The trip was attended with all the hardships usually endured on that long, wearisome and exhaustive trip, and at times were almost reduced to suffering for want of food, but arrived at Oregon City, October 11, 1851, lacking only eight days of being six months in performing the journey. Mr. Zieber immediately went to work at his trade in the *Oregon Spectator* newspaper office, and afterwards in the the *Oregon Statesman*, but having a clerkship offered him by Surveyor General Preston, he accepted the position, where he remained until 1855. After leaving the Surveyor General's office he went to Salem and worked for Mr. A. Bush, who was Territorial Printer as well as publisher of the *Oregon Statesman*. The writer, who was then an apprentice, passed many happy evenings with Mr. Zieber, and, under his direction, learned to fold, gather and stitch books, which afterwards became of considerable benefit to him. In March or April, 1856, Mr. Zieber received the appointment of Surveyor General, which office had been removed to Salem by his predecessor, and induced Mr. Zieber to move his family to Salem, which was quite an accession to the society of that small city. At this place, Mr. Zieber's eldest daughter married Mr. Bush, now a banker in Salem. Through changes in the federal administration, Mr. Zieber was removed, after which he retired to his farm, four miles north of Salem, where he resided until his death, Nov. 12, 1878, carrying with him the respect of all persons of all political parties. His record in office was good, and even his most bitter opponents could find nothing at which to hurl the shafts of political spite.

Mr. Zieber was the father of six children, two sons and four daughters, the eldest being Hon. Albert Zieber, of Portland. John Zieber, who was formerly clerk in the Surveyor General's office, and afterwards Secretary of the Willamette Woolen Manufacturing Company, which position he held until a short time before his death in 1862, was a gentleman well respected by a large number of acquaintances. Mrs. Eugenia Bush, the eldest daughter, died in 1862. She was a lady of rare culture, whom to know was to respect. In 1870, Miss Zula Zieber, the youngest daughter, was removed by death just when budding into womanhood. She was kind, affable and beautiful, but "death loves a shining mark," and she was early called away to the realms above. The second daughter was married, but has been a widow for several years. There now remain at home only the lonely widow and two daughters to miss the kind voice of a venerated husband and father.

At the age of 75 years, 6 months, Mr. Zieber was stricken down with paralysis. Nov. 12, 1878, and within two short hours, passed away from all earthly care to join his children who had gone before. He was a man of strict integrity, social and humane, of varied and extensive reading, well posted in the political

history of his country, a splendid conversationalist, quiet and unassuming, possessed of sterling worth, influential and had hosts of firm friends.

Mr. Zieber had been a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows for years, and carried out the principles of that institution with scrupulous exactness. The fraternity mournfully assisted at the funeral, assuaging as far as possible, the inexpressible grief of the family and the stricken widow.

A good man has gone, and what is earth's loss is heaven's gain.

HON. EDWIN N. COOKE.

BY J. HENRY BROWN.

The subject of this sketch is a lineal descendant of the puritans, who came to America in the ship *Mayflower*, and landed at Plymouth, Massachusetts, Dec. 20, 1620. Among the number of that historical band, was Francis Cooke, and his son, John Cooke, who settled, and the families for many generations lived in that and other Colonies, up to the time of the revolutionary war.

At the commencement of the revolutionary war, Mr. Cooke's great grandfather, Asoph Cooke, lived near Boston, Massachusetts, and had four sons, who espoused the American cause and enlisted in the patriotic army, and remained there until the termination of peace, seven years afterwards, serving with distinction, afterwards marrying and rearing large families. The subject of our sketch has seen three of them when very old men, and heard them recount the the story of the struggle over and over again.

The grandfather of Mr. Cooke, after the revolution, married Thankful Parker, and settled in Granville, Washington county, New York. He reared a family of four sons and one daughter. The eldest son—Asoph—was the father of E. N. Cooke, who married Mary Stewart in 1805, and had one son and one daughter born to them, when he moved in 1808 to Jefferson county of the same State, where Edwin N. Cooke was born February 26, 1810, near where the town of Adams now stands. That portion of New York State was at that time, almost a wilderness. In 1814, the family removed to their old home, where two more sons were born.

In 1816, the family removed to Warsaw, Genessee county, New York, where they remained one year, and in 1817, emigrated to the State of Ohio, the then far west, settling with many relatives of the family name, in what is yet known as "Cooke's Corner," in Huron county of that State. Here the family endured many of the trials incident to the pioneer life of those days, suffering greatly for the want of provisions and clothing, so much so for the latter that his mother used up the sheets from the beds for shirts, spun flax and a neighbor woman wove it to make clothing; the men mostly wore buckskin pants.

The incidents of his life for several years were not varied from that of young men brought up to pioneer life. In 1826, Mr. Cooke's mother died, thus meeting with a great bereavement in early life.

After his mother's death, he went to Sandusky City, Ohio, where he could obtain better educational advantages than he had hitherto possessed. Here he remained sometime, until he deemed it necessary to do something towards his own maintenance, and although still quite young, he determined to start out upon his own responsibility. He made his way to Auburn, New York, where his mother's brother, Mr. David Stewart, resided. He was a thorough business man and a successful merchant, and to him, Mr. Cooke always felt that he was indebted for much of his business qualifications; for he kindly received him and instructed him in all the branches of his business.

His uncle soon became interested in him and much pleased with his business tact, decided to start a "branch house" at Genesee, placing him in charge as a partner. He was successful beyond his expectations, but having a love for travel and an adventurous disposition, an opportunity occurred in which his desires could be gratified. Advantageously associated with others, he started with a stock of merchandise for Texas, but while on the Gulf of Mexico, was shipwrecked. He was lashed to the rigging for days and barely escaped with his life. He however succeeded in reaching his destination, but of course met with serious losses.

His career while in Texas was full of eventful incidents, owing to the unsettled condition of the country. After remaining here for some time, he started on his return to Ohio, accompanied by his eldest brother. While proceeding up the Mississippi river, whose waters were unusually swollen and rapid, the large steamer which was freighted with much combustible material, suddenly became enveloped in flames. His brother was very ill—the night was dark and boisterous, but not a moment was to be lost. Seizing his brother by the collar, he sprang overboard, where the swift current carried him a long distance below the scene of the disaster, where many found a watery grave. Mr. Cooke, however, after almost superhuman exertions, succeeded in reaching the shore with the apparently lifeless body of his brother. After a long and vigorous effort, he at last succeeded in resuscitating him, and they were enabled to reach Cincinnati. Here he obtained employment until his brother was sufficiently recovered to proceed on the rough and perilous journey of those days to Sandusky City.

He married on September 5, 1835, at Oxford, Ohio, Miss Eliza Vandercock, with whom he lived a happy domestic life up to the time of his death of over thirty-three years. Mr. Cooke was engaged in the merchandise business with one of his uncles in Sandusky City, and continued the same for several years, until

his business house burned in the winter 1849, he then removed to Clyde and thence to Fremont.

In 1848, while living in Sandusky City, the Asiatic cholera made its appearance, and carried off more of its inhabitants according to the number of its population than any city in the State. The people became panic-stricken and fled; stores were closed and all business suspended. Mr. Cooke alone remaining at his post. So rapidly did the people die, that it was impossible to bury them singly in graves, but a long trench was dug in which the dead were hurriedly placed, and so lightly covered with earth, that a brick and cement vault was afterwards built over the trench, so as to secure the inhabitants from the effluvia of the corpses. Mr. Cooke's uncle, who was Mayor of the city, died during the epidemic, as he had been constantly engaged in relieving the distress of the plague stricken community.

In 1851, he started across the plains to Oregon, and stopped a short time at Salt Lake and traded for stock. He was an invalid when he started, but the journey proved very beneficial to him, in fact gave him a new lease of life for many years of usefulness. On his arrival in Salem, he built the old "Headquarters Building," that stood on the corner of Commercial and State streets, where the bank now stands, and began the business of merchandising with Mr. George H. Jones, of Salem, under the firm name of Jones, Cooke & Co.

Mr. Cooke also purchased a house of the late John L. Starkey, on the corner of Liberty and Division streets, and for several months kept a hotel, which for years afterwards was known as "Cooke's Hotel," but now known as the Mansion House. He traded that property to the late John Hunt for a farm, which he owned for about three years, a portion of the time residing on the same.

In 1854, his only daughter, Miss Fannie, was married to Hon. Thomas McF. Patton. They moved to Southern Oregon. In 1856, the company dissolved, and sold the store to Mr. John L. Starkey, and Mr. Cooke returned to the Eastern States, accompanied by his wife, where he remained nearly a year, settling up the business of the late firm. On his return, he added to the town by laying out into town lots the land north of Division street, and is known as "Cooke's Addition," on a portion of which he built a fine residence, and beautified the same by cultivating rare flowers, shrubbery and fruits; residing there some years.

In 1862, he was nominated by the Republican State Convention for State Treasurer, an office to which he was elected, and which he held for the ensuing eight years, being re-elected in 1866. Passing through the two terms with honor to himself and the party that elected him, although a close and searching examination was made by a special committee appointed by the Legislature to exam-

ine the books of the different State Departments, Mr. Cooke came out without a spot or blemish on his record as an officer, or character as a man.

In 1862, in connection with A. A. and D. McCully, S. T. Church and others, he organized and successfully conducted for several years the corporation known as the People's Transportation Company of steamboats, to navigate the Willamette river from Portland to the head of navigation. Although a monopoly, it was not oppressive, and transacted an immense amount of business. This company constructed the canal and basin at Oregon City, at a cost of \$133,000, including the land for right of way; this work reflects great credit on the projectors. They also offered to construct the locks and canal for the State at a much more reasonable price than was paid, so that boats could pass the falls similar to the west side that was constructed, and that the State would own them. The company ran an opposition line upon the Columbia river in 1863, but was not successful. In 1871, the company sold out to Benjamin Holliday, Esq. Mr. Cooke was one of the Directors of the company from its organization until it dissolved.

In 1866, he formed a co-partnership with Messrs. McCully and Church, and established a large store in Salem, and continued the business for some time.

In 1868, in company with his wife and Hon. J. S. Smith and family, he visited Europe, where he remained several months. For several years he had been an active and useful member of the Board of Trustees of the Willamette University.

On December 6, 1852, in company with Gen. E. M. Barnum, Judge B. F. Harding, Gen. Joel Palmer and C. S. Woodworth, Esq., he organized Chemeketa Lodge No. 1, the first Lodge of Odd Fellows' organized on the Northwest Pacific coast. He retained his membership in the Lodge to the day of his death, a period of over 26 years, and is the only one of the charter members not living.

For a number of years he had been a consistent member of the M. E. Church, and assisted in various ways by his counsels, and the most liberal contributions from his purse, to aid in the work of this church.

In about 1866, Mr. Cooke became interested in an iron foundry, at Portland, which was kept in operation sometime. It will thus be seen that Mr. Cooke was a progressive and energetic man, one well calculated to benefit any country in which his lot might be cast.

On his return from Europe, he constructed a beautiful residence near the State Capitol building, in which he resided up to the time of his death.

In 1875 and 1876, he was elected Vice President of the Oregon Pioneer Asso-

ciation, and acquitted himself with credit and benefit to the Association. I have before me an article written by Mr. Cooke, on the objects and benefits of the Association, which is clear and concise, setting forth its objects in a plain and unmistakable manner. It was published in the transactions of 1875.

In an article published in the *Oregon Statesman* of May 14th, the day after his death, I find the following: "There is scarcely a branch of our society that will not keenly feel his loss. We sum up the sentiment of all who knew him when we say that a truly good man has fallen; one who helped to lay the foundation of our social and political fabric; one whose lot has been cast with ours for more than a quarter of a century; one who has gone up and down our streets for a whole generation; one who in all these years has been foremost in every good work; one who in storm or sunshine was always the same kind, cheerful, firm, upright and unflinching soul, swerving neither to the right or to the left, and obeying only the behests of duty. One whose every act, whose whole life was such as to give the world assurance of a man. His career will stand as an enduring lesson—a lasting commentary upon the exceeding beauty of a well ordered life."

"With malice toward none, with charity for all," with firmness in the right, as God gave it to him to see the right, a deep sympathizer with the widow and orphan. He was not one to coin silver from man's misfortunes, gold from the widow's tears or gather diamonds from the orphan's moans. His hand was ever open to just charity; his counsel was true and tender. His character was a model for the youth, a guide for the adult. We had none who excelled, few to equal our departed friend, Edwin N. Cooke, who died in Salem, May 6, 1879, aged 69 years and 10 days. He has gone to enjoy the inheritance that a blameless life and a devoted christian is awarded after this life of toil.

SIMEON SMITH.

Mr. Simeon Smith, who died in Salem, May 11, 1879, was born in Columbian county, Ohio, February 16, 1823. He was a son of James Smith, who died in Salem a few years ago, a bother-in-law to Mr. John Barger, now residing in Klickitat valley, W. T., also has several brothers living in Marion county. He was also connected by marriage to Mr. Taylor, who resides in the Waldo Hills.

In 1838, the family moved from Ohio to Missouri, where they resided until the spring of 1845, when they started across the plains to the then almost unknown and far distant Oregon, arriving in the fall of the same year, after enduring the vicissitudes incident to the journey in those days, and has remained a constant resident ever since, greatly aiding in the development of the country in a quiet and unostentatious manner. Mr. Smith married in Oregon, and was the father of four children, three daughters and one son, all of whom are now unassuming and useful citizens of our State.

He settled on a donation claim in the hills west and south of where Turner's Station now is, and resided there for a number of years, but sold the same about three years ago. He moved into Salem in 1855 or 1856, to better educate his children, and retire from the hard work that he had subjected himself to for a number of years. In 1856, he again married; and now leaves a mourning widow.

The writer has been acquainted with the deceased for thirty years, and during all that time, never once heard anybody speak an ill word about him. Proverbally honest, kind as a neighbor, indutrious and frugal, quiet and unassuming, possessing an equitable temper, and all who knew him (and he was widely known), respected him. He possessed musical talent and was naturally sociable, a splendid companion around the camp-fire; the writer has been with him on a trip in the mountains, when the weather for a portion of the time was not propitious for enjoyment, but the inconveniences incident to occasions of that kind did not overturn his equanimity of temper, but disposed to look on the bright side of all temporary discomforts. He has been engaged for the last few

years, in connection with others, in the manufacture of shingles at Cedar Camp, as he was not disposed to pass his time without some occupation.

Mr. Smith had been in failing health for sometime, and struggled manfully with a general debility, superinduced by hard work in the early years of his life.

In his death, the bereaved widow and children lose a kind husband and affectionate father, the Oregon Pioneer Association a steadfast member, and the community a good citizen. Thus one by one the old Pioneers, who saved this beautiful land to our common country, reclaimed it from a wilderness, and founded a Provisional Government, compelled the Federal Government to recognize us and create a Territorial Government, and afterwards admit us as a State in the Union, are dropping out of the ranks in the march of time. They were men who could rear homes in a wilderness, found governments and defend the same and homes by the force of arms. Each death leaves a particular void.

CAPTAIN RICHARD HOBSON.

BORN, 1829. DIED, 1878.

Richard Hobson was born in Derbyshire, England, October 23, 1829. On the 16th of January, 1843, with his parents and the rest of the family, he sailed from Liverpool for the United States of America. In the spring of the same year, the family started from Missouri to cross the Rocky mountains for Oregon, arriving at Fort Vancouver on November 17, 1843, and following on down the Columbia river, located their home on Clatsop plains in January, 1844.

In 1848, young Richard could not resist the excitement of the gold fever in California, but after working in the mines for about one year with varied success, he returned to his home in Clatsop before the close of 1849. In the year 1853, he married Kate K. Young, who came to Oregon in 1849, and who still survives the loss of a kind, loving and true hearted husband. With that spirit of enterprise and love of adventure characteristic of almost all of the early Pioneers of the Pacific coast, when news came to Oregon of the discovery of extensive and rich gold diggings in Australia, he determined to seek his fortune and there, in May, 1854, with his young wife accompanying him, he took passage for the Australian gold mines. Here he remained five years, but though tolerably successful in his mining operations and afterwards in business, his heart yearned for his Oregon home, and in September, 1859, he again entered the mouth of the Columbia river, having seen quite enough of the world to decide him that henceforth, for him, there was no place like Oregon in which to make his permanent home. From this time, Captain Hobson turned his attention to the navigation of the Columbia river from the bar at the mouth, to Portland. As pilot and master of numerous vessels in these waters, he always gave more than ordinary satisfaction. His energy, sobriety, honesty, capability, and withal, his remarkable suavity and close attention to business, made him a general favorite. For many years, the farming community of Clatsop plains entrusted their entire trading business to him, and his withdrawal from that trade

was to them a severe disappointment. His honesty was proverbial, his word was always his bond.

Though naturally of a retiring disposition, and never happier than when in the bosom of his family at his own fireside, Capt. Hobson was cool and brave in emergencies, and always prompt to respond to the cry of distress. Unremitting labor and constant exposure to all weathers, at length told on a constitution never very robust.

With a view of recovering his health and strength, in 1877 he made a prolonged visit to his friends in the Sandwich Islands. He returned apparently very much benefitted, but the restoration was not a permanent one, and he was soon again compelled to resort to medical aid and advice without however receiving any permanent beneficial results. He suffered much from bronchitis, and for many months, though able to walk around, he could not raise his voice above a whisper. The mild climate of the Islands induced him again to repair thither. He soon realized however that his disease had made such progress as almost to preclude all hope of recovery. He expressed himself as ready for the summons of the grim tyrant Death, but fondly hoped he might be spared to gaze once more on the beloved features of his devoted wife and affectionate children. He took passage on the Barkentine *Jane A. Falkenburg*, commanded by his friend and brother pioneer, Captain Hubbard. But, though provided with every comfort and watched over with every attention that was possible to bestow on shipboard, his fondly expressed desire was not to be granted. No more on earth was he to be permitted to gaze on those dear ones bound to him by the tenderest ties of love and affection, as well as by blood relationship. His gentle spirit took its flight from its tenement of clay two days before the *Falkenburg* entered Astoria harbor. Knowing it would be a melancholy satisfaction to the beloved wife and children, Captain Hubbard made every effort and succeeded in bring the remains of his comrade ashore. The funeral was largely attended, many of our oldest pioneers acting as pall-bearers, and the body was conveyed to Clatsop Plains and buried in the family burying ground in Clatsop cemetery. Captain Hobson leaves a wife and five children who deeply deplore the loss of a kind husband and loving father. His voyage of life is completed; we trust he has reached the harbor of eternal refuge. "After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

SEVENTH ANNUAL RE-UNION

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association ;

FOR

1879;

AND THE

ANNUAL ADDRESS DELIVERED BY HON. WILLARD H. REES,

TOGETHER WITH

THE OCCASIONAL ADDRESS BY HON. R. C. GEER, AND
OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST.



SALEM, OREGON :

E. M. WAITE, STEAM PRINTER AND BOOKBINDER.

1880.

THE MERCHANT

WOLFE & LITTLE WYLLIE

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WOLFE & LITTLE

WYLLIE

THE MERCHANT IS THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN BE TRUSTED WITH THE
WOLFE & LITTLE WYLLIE



WOLFE & LITTLE

WOLFE & LITTLE WYLLIE

CONSTITUTION

OF THE

OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

We, the members of the OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION, do hereby adopt this Constitution as the fundamental law by which the proceedings of this Association shall be governed.

ARTICLE I.

This organization shall be known by the name of the OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

ARTICLE II.

The objects of the Association shall be to collect, from living witnesses, such facts relating to the Pioneers and history of the Territory of Oregon, as the Association may deem worthy of preservation, and to promote social intercourse among its members.

ARTICLE III.

The officers of this Association shall consist of President, Vice President, Recording and Corresponding Secretaries, and Treasurer, who shall form the Executive Board ; and a Board of five Directors, including the President and Vice President, who shall be ex-officio members of the same. All officers of the Association shall hold their respective places for one year, or until their successors shall have been elected as hereinafter provided.

ARTICLE IV.

The President shall preside at all meetings of the Association, and in case of his absence or inability so to act, the Vice President shall preside. The President, with the concurrent opinion of a majority of the Executive Board, shall have power to call special meetings whenever, in his judgment, the best interests of the Association shall demand it, countersigning all calls for the same ;

also, all orders drawn on the Treasurer by the Secretary, and perform such other duties as the Association may, by resolution impose upon him.

ARTICLE V.

The Secretary shall keep a correct record of all proceedings of the Association, sign all orders drawn upon the Treasurer; also, all calls for meetings; shall file copies of all letters written by himself on special business, touching the objects of the Association, and faithfully preserve all communications which he may receive relating to the Pioneers and history of the Territory of Oregon, and perform such other duties as shall be imposed upon him by resolution at the meetings of the Association.

ARTICLE VI.

The Treasurer shall receive, and safely keep, all moneys belonging to the Association, pay all orders properly signed by the President and Secretary, and keep books for the correct statement of his accounts.

ARTICLE VII.

It shall be the duty of the President to call meetings of the Executive officers and Board of Directors, at such time and place as he may designate, and the Secretary shall notify the Directors for what purpose they are to convene. It shall be the duty of the Directors to select the place of holding the Annual Re-Unions of the Association; to receive and examine the annual reports of the Secretary and Treasurer, and have power to require semi-annual reports from the same, and perform such other duties as may by resolution in annual session be imposed upon them.

ARTICLE VIII.

All immigrants, male and female, who reside within the bounds of the original Territory of Oregon, under joint occupancy of the country by the United States and Great Britain, and those who settled within said Territory prior to the first day of January, 1855, are eligible to become members of this Association.

ARTICLE IX.

All persons having the qualifications set forth in the preceding Article, choosing to become members of this Association, are required to subscribe their names in the Register kept for that purpose, or may forward the same to the Secretary to be recorded, giving the date of his or her arrival in the Territory of Oregon, where from, native State or country, and year of birth, and pay an admission fee of one dollar (\$1.00) and a yearly due of like amount at each annual meeting; *Provided*, that no admission fee or yearly due be exacted from

female members of the Association ; but all members are required to furnish the Secretary with their photographs on becoming members, or as soon thereafter as convenient, the same to be arranged in groups to accord with the date of arrival of each year's immigration, and to be preserved with the memoirs of the Association.

ARTICLE X.

It shall be the duty of the Executive Board to select annually a Chaplain, Occasional and other orators, Chief Marshal, and such subordinate officers and invited guests of the Association, as in its judgment may be proper and necessary for the occasion of each Annual Re-Union.

ARTICLE XI.

The time of holding the annual meetings shall be June 15th, except when that date falls on Sunday, in which event the Re-Union shall take place on the following Tuesday. And it shall be the duty of the Secretary to give at least sixty days' notice of the same, through the medium of the public press, stating the time and place designated for such purpose.

ARTICLE XII.

The officers of the Association shall be elected by ballot at the annual meetings. The candidates having a majority of the votes cast, shall be by the President declared duly elected. And it shall be the duty of the President to appoint two members to act as tellers, and conjointly with the Secretary and his assistant, shall receive and canvass the votes.

ARTICLE XIII.

The Association shall, at each annual meeting, make an appropriation out of moneys in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, sufficient to enable the Secretary to provide the officers of the Association with suitable books, stationery, and stamped envelopes, as may be necessary to enable them to discharge the duties of their respective offices, and to meet all outstanding indebtedness or incidental expenses incurred in conducting the business of the Association.

ARTICLE XIV.

This Constitution, defining the objects of the Oregon Pioneer Association, the powers and duties of its officers and members, shall not be changed or amended except by a two-thirds' vote of the members voting in the affirmative at the annual meetings of the Association ; but the members may, by resolution, require the President to appoint a committee of three members to revise and report an amended copy of this Constitution at the annual meeting next ensuing, and if

the copy so reported, or any Article or Section thereof, shall receive two-thirds of the votes cast, it shall become valid as the fundamental law of the Association.

ARTICLE XV.

It shall be the duty of the Secretary to procure from the author of each Annual Address, a manuscript copy, the same to be preserved with the archives of the Association; also, manuscript or printed copies of each regular address delivered by special invitation of the Board; and all papers read before, or presented to the Association, to be in like manner preserved.

ARTICLE XVI.

The Association, in its deliberations, shall be governed by rules made in conformity with parliamentary usage.

SEVENTH ANNUAL RE-UNION.

The seventh Annual Re-Union of the Oregon Pioneer Association was held on the Oregon State Agricultural Fair Grounds, on Tuesday, June 17, 1879.

Early in the morning, crowds commenced to arrive from all parts of the country, and the trains from Portland and Albany, enlarged the crowd by at least 2,000 that had already assembled.

Upon the arrival of the train from Portland at 10:30 A. M., the procession was immediately formed under the supervision of Hon. Daniel Clark, in the following order:

Washington Guard Band.

Standard Bearer.

President and Vice President.

Members of the Pioneer and Historical Society of Oregon.

Invited Guests.

Members of the Association who came to the Territory previous to 1841.

Divisions of members who came from 1841 to 1854, with appropriate banners.

Friends of the Association.

The procession marched to the grove and took seats about the Speaker's stand.

Among the prominent Pioneers present, were Gen. Joseph Lane, Judge M. P. Deady, Col. J. W. Nesmith, Rev. John S. Griffin, Joseph Watt, Esq., Hon. F. X. Mathieu, Gen. Joel Pal-

mer, Hon. M. Crawford, Rev. Josiah L. Parrish, Judge Reuben P. Boise, and others.

Hon. M. Crawford, President of the Association, was introduced by the Chief Marshal, and in turn introduced Rev. J. S. Griffin, who offered a well-timed and feeling prayer.

After music by the band, the President, Mr. Crawford, advanced and delivered the following

OPENING ADDRESS.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Friends and Members of the Oregon Pioneer Association:

Again we meet to exchange congratulations, to renew associations, and to recall incidents connected with the early history of our adopted country.

These anniversaries, forming as they do the mile-stones on the rapidly descending path of the pioneers life, should be, as this large assembly proves they are, highly appreciated by all those of us who have shared in the work of laying the foundation of our now prosperous State.

While we have abundant reason for pride and congratulation in the rapid advances we have made and are making in population, wealth, intelligence and the general development of all that is calculated to make life desirable, we have to mourn the loss of very many of our early comrades and pioneer companions.

The last year has fearfully decimated our numbers, warning us that very soon these banners will one by one be laid aside for want of standard bearers for the years they represent.

But four of the party who crossed the Rocky mountains with me in 1842, are here to-day, and there are now living within the State less than one-fifth of the fifty-one men able to bear arms who mustered at our organization in camp near Independence and marched out with about an equal number of women and children on the then trackless and almost unknown desert, bound for Oregon.

To mention all the worthy Pioneers who have passed away to meet no more around our camp fire, would require more time and far more ability than I can command.

Their memories should and will be perpetuated in biographical sketches prepared by friends and relatives, and published in our Annual Transactions.

I may be pardoned, however, for mentioning the name of one who recently died in California.

Dr. Elijah White came to Oregon as a missionary in 1837. In 1841, he returned to New York, and the following winter was appointed sub Indian Agent for the territory west of the Rocky mountains. From him, I first heard of Oregon, and with him, thirty-seven years ago, I left my father's house in the State of New York. He was the organizer and leader of the emigration of 1842, which was the first party of emigrants that crossed the Rocky mountains with families for the purpose of settling and remaining in Oregon.

On his arrival, he entered actively into the affairs of the settlement, rendering every assistance in his power to the needy, and endeavoring to prevent and settle difficulties between the settlers and the Indians.

He remained in Oregon some five years, and finally located in San Francisco, where he died on the 3d of April last, aged seventy-three.

Friends, we have great reason to thank the circumstances that influenced our coming to this country. The sun of heaven shines on no spot of earth equal to Oregon. Free from insects, pestilence and tornadoes, with a soil and climate unequalled—home and home comforts within the reach of all who put forth even a moderate degree of energy and prudence—certainly we have great cause for congratulation. Let us not then grudge one day in each year to come up here face to face, and for a few hours live over again the scenes and experiences of the long past pioneer days.

But it is not what may be said from this stand that gives the chief interest to the occasion—it is rather the opportunity it offers to meet in the groves and around the camp, to talk of the past and the present—of our homes and of our families.

One of the objects of this Association as set forth in the second Article of its Constitution, is to collect from living witnesses, such facts relating to the Pioneers, as may be deemed worthy of preservation. And as the first American emigrants found in this valley many settlers eminently worthy of being remembered, your Directors have invited one to whom this Association is most indebted for its existence, and who is eminently qualified to tell us of the people found here by the first American settlers. I will now introduce Hon. Willard H. Rees.

The address of Mr. Rees, who was unable to be present, was acceptably read by Mr. F. M. Bewley.

AFTERNOON EXERCISES.

Shortly after 12 o'clock, several large parties of Pioneers and others arrived, swelling the assembly into a crowd and giving to the grounds a holiday aspect, remindful of the merry days of "fair time."

At 1 o'clock, the exercises were opened by music, after which Hon. Ralph C. Geer was introduced and delivered the Occasional Address, upon the immigration of 1847. His remarks referred especially to the trip across the plains and to the public services and personal fortunes of the men who came in that year. It was interesting and well delivered, and throughout was received with attention, occasionally interrupted by applause.

After the delivery of the Occasional Address, the President gave a brief account of the crude manner of coining the money known in the days of the Provisional Government as "beaver money."

Gen Joseph Lane was then introduced, and gave a brief outline of his connection with the history, written and unwritten, of Oregon; also recounting some of the incidents of the Mexican war. The General's remarks were listened to with interest and were highly applauded.

Short addresses were made by Hon. J. Quinn Thornton, Rev. J. S. Griffin and Gen. J. W. Nesmith.

At 4 o'clock, P. M., the Washington Guard band took the stand and gave a most excellent musical concert.

EVENING AT THE FAIR GROUND—CAMP-FIRE TALK—AND A GRAND BALL.

The "camp-fire" has become a fixed feature in the programme of the Pioneer Re-Unions, and is looked forward to with increasing interest. A large number of the early Pioneers and their friends gathered around the camp-fire and spent between

three and four hours in relating incidents of frontier life ; but it was unanimously voted, that Mr. Joseph Watt was the "boss" story teller and ballad singer.

The grand ball in the Pavilion was a success in every way ; a hundred and twenty tickets were sold, and the large hall was filled with merry dancers. Excellent music, good order and a merry time made the time fly swiftly by, and it was not till the "we sma' hours" that parting words were said.

SECOND DAY.

At 9 o'clock, A. M., the Association was called to order and the Recording Secretary read the following report:

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION,
SALEM, June, 16, 1879. }

Mr. President, Officers and Members of the Oregon Pioneer Association:

In this, the seventh Annual Re-Union of this Association, your Secretary would beg leave to submit the following :

I would suggest that the time of membership be extended to January 1st, 1855, as any person who has lived in this State for a quarter of a century, should be considered a Pioneer.

This Association has received a magnificent photographic groupe of the members of the Sacramento Pioneer Society, consisting of 109 photographs of its members. And it would be desirable to have a similar group of the members of this Association, and they can be obtained for \$5.00 or less, which would be almost invaluable; each person, either lady or gentleman who would wish to become a member can subscribe for a copy, furnishing their photographs, (cabinet size), numbered and name, with year of arrival printed on the bottom of the picture, which will readily show where each person can be found in the group. By examining the picture of the Sacramento group, a better understanding will be had of the suggestion.

DEATHS.

There has quite a number of the Pioneers of this State died within the last

year. The following are the names of members of the Association: William Whitney, Richard H. Eakin, Stephen Tarbox, Gov. George L. Curry, Isaac N. Gilbert, Hon. Edwin N. Cooke, Simeon Smith, Capt. Richard Hobson, and Mrs. J. A. Hanna. Pioneers who were not members, Hon. John S. Zieber, Solomon Tetherow, Mrs. Tebitha Crump, C. Auston Williams, Dr. Elijah White, M. G. Foisey, and others I have not now the names, as there is not that interest taken in sending the names to the Secretary that should be.

INDIAN RELICS.

I would again renew my recommendation that an effort be made to collect relics of the Indian tribes who formerly peopled this beautiful country; by making a move in the right direction, a collection could be made ere it is too late, which would prove to be of inestimable value in future years.

MEMBERSHIP DUES.

By order of the Board of Directors, your Secretary sent out notices to all the members who were in arrears for dues, that the post office address was known, but I am sorry to say, that but a very few have responded, but presume that all who are present at this, the seventh Annual Re-Union, will take pride in liquidating the same.

I am happy to state that this Association is on very friendly terms and correspondence with the different associations of this State and California; the latter especially, and by these exchanges of courtesies, will be enabled to furnish each other in time with valuable information.

Respectfully submitted,

J. HENRY BROWN,

Recording Secretary.

On motion, the report was adopted.

Mr. John M. Bacon, submitted the following report as Treasurer, and on motion, the following gentlemen were appointed as Finance committee to examine the same: J. W. Grim, Thomas Townsend and Nathan P. Mack.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

OREGON CITY, June 17, 1879.

To the Members of the Pioneer Association:

I again submit my annual report as Treasurer of the Association, for the past year:

1878. RECEIPTS.

June 15,	To balance on hand as per report.....	\$ 51
" "	" am't received from J. Henry Brown, Sec'y.....	74 00
" "	" " " Waite, (license).....	155 00
" "	" " " Ball.....	218 00
17	" " " J. M. Moore, 1 year's dues.....	1 00

1879.

Mar. 15,	am't received from J. H. McMellen, 2 years dues....	2 00
		<hr/> \$450 51

DISBURSEMENTS.

June 15,	Paid warrant No. 1, Chamberlain.....	\$ 3 00
" "	" " " 2, Minto.....	2 00
" "	" " " 3, Printing.....	3 50
" "	" " " 4, Bill posting.....	2 40
" "	" " " 5, Hauling.....	2 50
" "	" " " 6, Door keeper.....	2 50
" "	" " " 7, Titus.....	5 00
" "	" " " 8, Wright & Bristow.....	2 00
" "	" " " 9, Gate keeper.....	6 00
" "	" " " 10, Printing.....	28 34
" "	" " " 11, McCully.....	3 25
" "	" " " 12, R. M. Wade.....	2 82
" "	" " " 13, Wm. Graves.....	1 00
" "	" " " 14, Waite.....	212 66
" "	" " " 15, Loan.....	10 00
" "	" " " 16, ".....	10 00
" "	" " " 17, ".....	20 00
" "	" " " 18, ".....	2 50
" "	" " " 19, ".....	10 00
" "	" " " 20, ".....	12 50
" "	" " " 21, Geo. Williams.....	7 50
" "	" " " 22, J. F. Miller.....	9 75
" "	" " " 23, J. H. Brown.....	20 00
" "	" " " 24, ".....	20 00
" "	" " " 25, ".....	20 00
" "	" " " 26, Waite.....	25 00
		<hr/> \$449 22
		\$ 5 00

Paid expenses, J. M. Bacon, 1878 5 00

1879.

June 17,	To balance on hand.....	\$ 1 29
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Respectfully submitted,

J. M. BACON, *Treasurer.*

On motion, the Association proceeded to elect officers for the ensuing year, with the following result:

M. Crawford, President.

J. W. Grim, Vice President.

J. Henry Brown, Recording Secretary.

Willard H. Rees, Corresponding Secretary.

John M. Bacon, Treasurer.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Thomas Montieth, of Albany.

F. X. Mathieu, of Butteville.

Joseph Watt, of Amity.

On motion the Association adjourned.

M. CRAWFORD, *President.*

J. HENRY BROWN, *Recording Secretary.*

The Finance Committee to whom was referred the Treasurers' report, submitted the following report to the Board of Directors after the adjournment of the Association, which report, on motion was adopted:

Mr. President, and Members of the Oregon Pioneer Association:

We, the undersigned committee appointed to examine the accounts of J. M. Bacon, Treasurer of 1879, have examined them and find the same correct.

J. W. GRIM,

THOMAS TOWNSEND,

NATHAN P. MACK.

Committee.

SALEM, June 18, 1879.

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

SALEM, Oregon, Dec. 2, 1879.

Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association, met at the Recording Secretary's office, pursuant to call of the President, at 10:30 o'clock, A. M., was called to order by Vice President, J. W. Grim.

Present—J. W. Grim, Vice President, F. X. Mathieu and Joseph Watt, of the Board, and J. Henry Brown, Recording Secretary, and several visiting members.

Absent—M. Crawford, President; Thomas Montieth, of the Board, and J. M. Bacon, Treasurer.

The question of location of place of holding the next Annual Re-Union being the first business, the following proposition was placed before the Board for consideration:

PORTLAND, Oregon, }
Dec. 1, 1879. }

Joseph Watt, Esq., Director of Pioneer Association of Oregon:

DEAR SIR.—At your request, I have seen a number of leading citizens, and am authorized to say that if you will hold your next meeting of the Association at Portland, Oregon, the Mechanics' Pavilion, together with music for street parade and ball, will be furnished free of charge.

Respectfully yours,

AL. ZIEBER.

After some discussion, the subject was laid upon the table until the evening session.

On motion, adjourned until 1 o'clock, P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Board met pursuant to adjournment, Hon. J. W. Grim in the chair.

On motion, Hon. J. W. Nesmith was chosen to deliver the Annual Address.

On motion, Rev. G. H. Atkinson was chosen to deliver the Occasional Address, pertaining to the immigration of 1848.

Rev. John S. Griffin was chosen Chaplain.

Hon. Al. Zieber was elected Chief Marshal.

Geo. W. Ebbert, of Hillsboro, Joseph Holman, of Salem, and Ben. Cornelius, of Forest Grove, were chosen Standard Bearers.

On motion, adjourned until 7 o'clock, P. M.

EVENING SESSION.

Board met pursuant to adjournment.

President Crawford who arrived on the evening train, presiding.

Subject of locating the next Annual Re-Union was taken up, and on motion of Mr. Watt, it was decided to hold the same at Portland, Oregon, on Tuesday, June 15, 1880, and that the proposition made by the citizens of that city be accepted.

On motion, M. Crawford, F. X. Mathieu and Joseph Watt were appointed Committee on Printing.

On motion, 1,000 copies of the Association's Transactions for 1879 were ordered printed.

On motion, the price of ball ticket to Pioneer ball, was placed at \$2.00 not including supper.

On motion, the Committee on Printing were authorized to receive bids for printing the Transactions.

On motion, it was ordered that the Constitution be reprinted.

On motion adjourned.

M. CRAWFORD, *President*.

J. HENRY BROWN, *Recording Secretary*.

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ANNUAL ADDRESS.

BY HON. WILLARD H. REES.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION :

Having been invited by the Executive Board to deliver the seventh Annual Address before the Association, upon the subject, "The early settlement and settlers of French Prairie." While feeling no disposition to shrink from the labor and responsibility which would be incurred by complying with the wishes of the Executive Managers, I stated in reply to the letter of invitation, that I would prepare a paper, taking as a basis the subject suggested, and place the same at the discretion of the Board, as in consequence of ill health, there was a probability of my not being present on the occasion of the thirty-third anniversary of the day we commemorate. The officers of the Association making no objection to this condition, I have the honor, fellow members, to lay before you the following remarks.

The early Pioneers of Oregon could not well contribute toward the accomplishment of a more praiseworthy object, than the one set forth in the second Article of the Constitution, which gave to your Association an organized existence, namely, the collection and preservation of facts relating to the Pioneers and early history of the Territory of Oregon. The efforts required in the consummation of so laudable an object, is truly a work worthy to crown the labors of a generation fast passing away, a generation of Pioneer men and women, who, unaided by any government or other organization, brought from their homes in the Atlantic States over the wild intervening mountains and plains, a distance of two thousand miles, and successfully established in a savage wilderness upon these Pacific shores, the arts of civilized life as they existed in their Eastern homes. You, Pioneers, have lived in what must ever remain one the most important and eventful periods in the history of the North Pacific States. A generation whose like under the many strange vicissitudes through which it has passed, this continent will never again behold.

When we recall to mind the events that were taking place around us a third

of a century ago, leisurely reviewing the many strange scenes and perilous exposures which the early emigrants had to encounter and overcome in making that ever memorable journey of the wilderness, the hardships and privations which they endured for years after settling down among the wild tribes of the furthest west, to give a full and faithful account of the anxieties, sufferings and final triumphs of these Pioneers would to say the least, fill a liberal sized volume with historical facts, which would be of much interest to those who are to succeed us.

It is truly gratifying to state that much credit is due to the young people and friends of the Pioneer Association for the material assistance which they have on all occasions so cheerfully extended in aiding the Pioneers, to forward the objects of the organization ; nor are we unmindful of the many favors which the Association has received at the hands of the public press, and especially the *Oregonian*, the oldest living pioneer paper—a survivor of Oregon's Territorial days—for the alacrity shown by its management in publishing full reports of your annual meetings. The Pioneers are also indebted to the managers of the State Agricultural Society, for the free use of their commodious buildings and park, in which these Annual Re-Unions have been held since 1874.

I purchased from a Canadian Frenchman in the summer of 1845, the farm in French Prairie, upon which I have since lived. At that time, I had the contract of building the St. Louis Catholic church, situated on the western border of what was known as Big Prairie. This church, unlike St. Paul's, located some seven miles west of north, was not erected by the assistance of Missionary funds, but by the Canadian settlers.

My early location among this people gave me a favorable opportunity of acquiring some knowledge of the many strange vicissitudes in the lives of these brawny sons of the chase. With one or two exceptions, all the first settlers of French Prairie, were then living, and were hail, active old men ; generally surrounded with a good supply of the common comforts of life, a few had built comfortable frame dwellings, which were neatly painted and had large bearing apple trees. These old Canadian voyageurs were a very kind people ; they dispensed with a liberal hand alike to stranger and friend the rude hospitality of those primitive times, to a degree unknown to the country since the disturbing innovations that swept over their Eden home in 1849-50, borne from the gold-glittering Sierras of the south.

French Prairie, comparatively limited in extent, is nevertheless a prolific field, abounding in many stirring and important events in connection with the early history of Oregon. Here have lived and now lie buried, two of that gallant band of Pioneers, who, with Lewis and Clark, in 1805, followed the waters of the Columbia from their source to the uttermost limits of the West.

Here were the homes of Gervais, Lucier, Cannon, Jack, and on the west side of the river, Labonte and Lafranboise—four Canadians and two American citizens, all Astor men, who came to Oregon with Capt. Hunt in 1811, some of whom were with McKinzey, when this part of the territory was first explored by white men, and in later years, with the exception of Lafranbois, these five free trappers were the first to introduce the civilizing arts of husbandry in the valley of the Willamette. Here the Pioneer Missionaries, who were sent to the western confines of the continent, first proclaimed the salvation of the Cross to the wild native tribes of the valley. Here too, were held in 1841, the first political meetings which eventuated in 1845 in giving to the whole people of the Territory a provisional form of republican government, a work of the Oregon Pioneers, the history of which must endure while the River of the West shall continue to roll his volumed waters to the briney deep.

In the time which one could reasonably expect to claim the attention of the members upon the subject in hand, it will hardly be expected that I could on this occasion attempt giving more than a mere outline of leading events, with sketches of some of the principal persons to whom we are indebted for establishing the first independent settlement in the original Territory of Oregon.

We were told by Col. Nesmith in the able and very valuable historical address which he delivered before you in 1875, that "It seems to be an accepted maxium and doubtless with some foundation in reason, that no man is qualified to write the history of the times in which he lives." When we take a retrospective glance at our early history, and compare it with certain statements and deductions reached by some of our cotemporary writers who unveil the deep hidden intrigues, bringing so graphically to view the well formed plans which, had it not been for the timely efforts and hurculean powers put forth by a few individuals who alone possessed the sagacity and courage to counteract the wiley schemes matured at the court of St. James, backed by the great influence of a powerful foreign monopoly in our midst, directed by Dr. John McLoughlin—to read some of these productions at this distance of time, our children might be led to believe, that had it not been for the timely and well directed efforts of these individuals, their progenitors with half a continent would have long since been engulfed in a sea of dark despair. But hapily for the future, Col Nesmith a little further on, had the kindness to inform us, that to get "a truthful record of current events, requires the conservative and mellowing influence of time to render them perfectly impartial and reliable." This being the case, then the correcting hand of time, like the all searching rays of the sun when looking down from his meridian splendor; dispels the illusive mirage that had in the early morning hung over the distant scene, by which small and otherwise unimportant objects had been so wonderfully magnified.

It is not detracting from the truthful, unequaled accomplishments of the early immigrants to say, that while the pioneer settlement of Oregon by immigrants crossing the plains in such large numbers, had the effect to hasten or rather forced the termination of the joint occupancy of the country, it also had a more direct and effective influence in suggesting and securing to the United States the magnificent domain of California, than it did in forcing the ultimate acknowledgement by Great Britain of the prior clear title of the United States to the territory south of the 49th parallel of north latitude.

On ascending the Willamette river from its confluence with the Columbia, a distance of some forty miles, the Champoege prairies were the first open country of any considerable extent found bordering on the stream, which placed this prairie district in comparatively easy communication with ship navigation and Fort Vancouver, the only depot in the country where supplies could be obtained, which was also the only regular market for peltries and wheat, with all the conveniences in other respects for planting an agricultural settlement, combined with hunting and trapping, no part of the vast Territory of Oregon had been by the hand of nature more bountifully favored.

French Prairie forms what is now the northern part of Marion county, and is divided into eight precincts, embracing an area of some 150 square miles, bounded on the north and west by the Willamette river, east by Pudding river and south by *Lac la Biche* or Elk Lake, so named by the early Canadian trappers who found large herds of these animals grazing on its borders.

This marshy lake flows into both Pudding and Willamette rivers, making what was originally known as the Champoege country, a magnificent inland island, while the middle and southern portion of this district is comparatively level, the northern part is divided by never failing spring brooks into many long, narrow prairies, bordered with fir and oak timber, being sufficiently undulating to give natural drainage. French Prairie is justly celebrated for the productiveness of its soil and never failing crops. Sixty-six years have passed away since these prairies were first explored by white men; some of the same hunters and trappers who, fifteen years later commenced selecting here their permanent homes and become the founders of the first independent settlement in the Willamette valley or the Territory of Oregon.

Mr. President, there is a discrepancy in statements with regard to date of commencing the French Prairie settlement. Permit me to give in corroboration of what I learned from Dr. McLaughlin and the settlers themselves, the proof fixing the date by men yet living. The venerable Donald Manson, who arrived at Vancouver, Jan. 6. 1825, now a resident of Champoege, says: "I married Felicite, eldest daughter of Etienne Lucier, in October, 1828. Her father was

then living on his land claim two miles above Champoeg, where he had settled in the fall of 1827."

Hon. F. X. Matthieu, residing near Butteville, first President of your Association, who came to Oregon in 1842, in company with Capt. Medorum Crawford, present presiding officer of this Association, says: "On my arrival in Oregon, I lived the following two years with Mr. Lucier, who told me he had lived upon his farm fifteen years when I reached his home in the fall of 1842."

But to return from this departure, to the regular order of events.

In the fall following the arrival of Capt. Hunt at Astoria, Mr. McKinzie, one of the Astor partners, (who with so much pomp, took for his wife, the Princess Chowwa, daughter of old King Comcomly the celebrated Chinook chief,) left Astoria on an exploring expedition to the Willamette country. Among the small party who accompanied him, were Joseph Gervais, Louis Labonte and a brother of Comcomly, his large canoe being manned by his slaves. This expedition, said Joseph Gervais, was for the purpose of establishing trade with the Indians, to instruct and encourage them to capture and properly preserve the skins of such fur bearing animals as the Company most desired. The explorers proceeded as far south as the Calapooia country. They found the natives very numerous and friendly. Their principal towns were confined to the river where they kept large fleets of canoes. Champoeg was the largest village they found on the upper river, their cedar houses occupying both banks of the stream. The Indians were all pressed or flatheads, except their slaves, who were owned by the principal men generally.

They found the Willamette valley to equal in extent, beauty and wealth in furs, the glowing description which had been given by the Chinook Indians. After collecting a large amount of furs, distributing some beaver traps and presents among the chief men at the principal villages, the party returned, reaching Fort Astoria in February, 1813.

After the transfer of the Astor Companies' interest on the Pacific coast to the Northwest Fur Company of Montreal, Canada, which took place in October, 1813, during our late war with Great Britain, some of the Astor men, who were mostly Canadians, refused to enter the service of the Northwest Company, preferring to become what was known on the Atlantic side as free trappers, which position they ever afterwards maintained. Those old *voyaguers* who came to the Pacific with these two fur companies, were men who had been selected with a view to their courage and physical powers of endurance, as well as experience in hunting and trapping. The consequence was, said Gervais, many who desired to join those early expeditions met with a prompt refusal. In the time intervening between the transfer just mentioned, and the date when the free trappers com-

menced locating land on French Prairie, they had made what they termed many *seasons* of profitable hunting and trapping throughout the extent of this valley and the bordering mountain ranges. About the time the union between the Northwest Company and Hudson Bay Company was consummated, 1821-2, Gervais and Lucier, accompanied by their families, as was the custom, were trapping on Hons-u-cha-chac, which was the Indian name of Pudding river, their camp being near its junction with the Willamette ; while here they experienced severe weather accompanied with a snow storm, which confined them to their lodges until compelled to go forth in search of game. The little prairie on Pudding river, where the lower Indian trail crossed the stream, was but a short distance above their camp. Here they came upon a herd of elk, some of which they succeeded in shooting. The Indian women hearing the firing and suspecting what was going on, started with their knives and vessels to assist their liege lords of the chase. They succeeded in saving the blood, which was soon made into the favorite French dish known as blood pudding, upon which, with their elk meat, they fared sumptuously every day during the continuance of the inclement weather. While this memorable feast was being enjoyed, Gervais and Lucier christened the stream "*Riviere au Boudain*," or Pudding River.

These are substantially the circumstances as given by these old trappers of the origin of the white man's name of this sluggish little river. In the time between the fall of 1827, and the spring of 1830, all the free trappers had selected locations at French Praire, as had also some of the old retired men of the Northwest Company. The first men retired from the service of the Hudson Bay Company by Dr. McLaughlin, commenced settling at French Prairie in the fall of 1830. I will furnished the Secretary with a complete list of all persons who settled on French Prairie prior to the provisional organization effected at Champoege, May 2, 1843.

By request. Rev. B. Delorme, pastor of St. Paul's church, kindly furnished me from the parish register a list of names of the early settlers of French Prairie, with age and date of demise. I will give here a few names :

Francis Quesnel, died A. D. 1844, aged 65 years.

Philip Degie, born at Sorel, Canada, in 1839, died February 27, 1847, aged 108 years. This *oldest* inhabitant first crossed the continent with Lewis and Clark.

Francis Rivet, died September 15, 1852, aged 95 ; came first to Oregon with Lewis and Clark in 1805.

William Cannon, born in Pennsylvania in 1755, died 1854, aged 99 years.

Etienne Lucier, died March 6, 1853.

Louis Labonte died in 1860, aged 80 years.

Joseph Gervais, died July 13, 1861, aged 84 years.

These four men were free trappers, and came to Oregon with Captain Hunt in 1811:

Francis Dupra, died 1858, aged 99 years.

Andrew Longtain, born in 1782, died 1879, aged 97 years.

As I shall file with the Recording Secretary of this Association, a list of the names of all the early settlers of French Prairie prefaced with remarks and explanations, which of course will include Robert Newell, Dr. Baley, Rev. S. M. Fackler, Archbishop Blanchet, F. X. Matthieu, and others, which would be altogether too lengthy for a place here.

There were a very few of the old Canadian settlers who had received any book education, and as few that could speak any English. The latter was in a great measure owing to the formation by the early fur traders of a dialect called the Chinook Jargon, comprising words from the Indian, French and English languages, and in some cases, words were coined from events or circumstance, as for instance, the word for *simple* or *fool*, in Chinook is "Pilton;" taken from an early trapper of that name who became demented.

This jargon soon became the universal medium through which communication between the traders and Indians was carried on, as well as the common dialect used by those speaking different languages, especially in Western Oregon.

The old settlers of French Prairie were of great assistance to the early missionaries, a number of them joined in religious exercises with Rev. Jason Lee, who was himself a Canadian. He married quite a number of these men who at the time had large families of children and grand children. Joseph Gervais became one of Mr. Lee's exhorters, his discourses being delivered in French and Chinook.

Rev. F. N. Blanchet reached French Prairie, January 5, 1839. These people were soon afterwards re-married in accordance with the ceremony of the Catholic church.

The Indian slaves of Western Oregon or their ancestors had been captured from tribes north of Puget Sound, or from the Rogue river, Klamath and other southern coast tribes. Nearly all the early settlers of French Prairie were the owners of a few of these slaves of both sexes; many of whom were faithful laborers and the only valley Indians for many years following the early settlement who would condescend to do manual labor. They generally remained with their owners until gathered upon reservations by authority of the government in 1855-6.

Champoeg was the principal Indian village between Chemeketa and Willamette falls, and the home of the Campoeg chieftains from time immemorial. This point was early in the history of the fur companies of the Pacific coast, made the place of rendezvous from whence the traders and trappers with their families annually took their final leave in the spring, on their seasons' hunt and traffic for Southern Oregon and the Mexican country. These brigades were usually composed of about 30 men and from 200 to 250 horses.

Col. Nesmith, like a gallant Pioneer as he is, always willing to give his Satanic majesty his due, or meet him openly in any frightful attitudes he is wont to assume, has said in his address before referred to, in speaking of the Candian settlers: "They are entitled to share with us what ever credit is due the Pioneers, as they endured the toils of developing and defending the country."

I served under Gen. Palmer during the Cayuse war as Commissary Agent at French Prairie, and I can assure you, fellow members, that those old pioneer Canadians gave quite as liberally of their means to supply the volunteers in the field, as did the people of any other portion of old Champoeg county. Being desirous of placing upon our records something to show the feelings and position occupied by this people during that exciting and critical struggle, and in defence of the truth and their fidelity to the Provisional Government against all unjust aspersions to the contrary, I will ask Mr. President, the privilege of reading from the old pioneer paper, the *Oregon Spectator*, of date, January 20, 1848, the following preamble and resolutions unanimously adopted at a mass meeting, held on French Prairie, which was composed of more than one hundred Canadian settlers:

"WHEREAS, It is believed that several of the Indian tribes east of the Cascade mountains have formed an alliance for the purpose of carrying on hostilities against this colony; and

WHEREAS, The exigency of the times calls for prompt and energetic action on the part of the people of this Territory, in enlisting and mustering into the service the number of volunteers required by the Executive; therefore,

Resolved, That we deem it highly expedient to raise, arm and equip, one company of Riflemen to proceed immediately to join the regiment at Portland.

Resolved, That the Canadians citizens of Champoeg county, feel it our duty to assist our adopted country in the prosecution of the war against the Cayuse Indians, for the horrible massacre committed by them upon American citizens at Waiilatpu.

After which, a call was made for volunteers, when thirty came forward and enrolled their names.

On motion of Mr. Newell, Thomas McKay was chosen by a unanimous vote, Captain of said company.

On motion of W. H. Rees, that the proceedings of this meeting be signed by the Chairman and Secretary, and forwarded to the editor of the *Oregon Spectator*, with a request that he publish the same.

On motion of F. X. Mattheu, the meeting adjourned.

ROBERT NEWELL,
Chairman.

M. PORTEUS, Secretary.

January 12, 1848."

Mr. President, I trust I may be pardoned by my ancient friends if I avail myself of the opportunity which the present occasion offers, to refer briefly to some of the peculiar characteristics which distinguished "The Pioneer Lyceum and Literary Club," a social circle which in the olden time, under very peculiar surroundings, held its meetings at Oregon City. This old club is memorable as being the first of the kind known to have existed in the great Northwest, as well, as for its readings of pungent anonymous articles, and very harmonious deliberations.

After the immigration of 1843 reached the Willamette, and down to the spring of 1846, Oregon City was the unrivaled headquarters and news depot for the whole country. At some time within the period named, nearly all of Oregon's early immigrants had for a time found a friendly shelter within the limits of this pioneer town. A pretty large proportion of the male population bore very reluctantly the distinguishing title of old bachelor; while nobody at that time entertained the remotest thought of ever denying to the pioneer mothers or their daughters, any right or privilege which they might choose to exercise.

The people were almost without books or reading matter of any kind, which perhaps made this the ripest community that has ever existed or ever will exist any where between ocean and ocean, to have entered heartily upon the study of the profound knowledge contained in that series of volumes published at Washington, under the patronage of Congressmen, entitled "Department Reports." At that time, political party strife, office seeking, speculating corners and rings were practically unknown to the people; in truth, these were Oregon's halcyon days of pure, simple republican government. It was under such surroundings during this early period of our history, that the pioneer city could have boasted of this remarkable association, which was very appropriately styled by Charles E. Pickett, (a relative of President Polk), "The Pioneer Lyceum and Literary Club."

It met with great regularity, especially during the misty season, discussing

from time to time, the whole round of literary and scientific subjects. The members of this old club finding themselves thrown together in a new world, as it were; the climate, scenery, vegetation and fashions, all strangely new to them, it is not surprising that their manner or modes should have been influenced in a large degree by their surroundings, suggesting a system of logic and rules of procedure peculiar to themselves.

Such, at all events, was the case. The members entertained very advanced views upon all important subjects. Hence, in their rhetorical efforts they never thought of referring to the old doctors of erudition to decide any point in controversy, nor did they encumber their addresses with quotations from the dead languages. The members seemingly never had a desire to advocate or announce any principle or doctrine of which they were ashamed. Yet when merely wishing to make a little display or astound their newly arrived accessions from the historic borders of Missouri, they simply had recourse to the living and euphonious *Chinook*. Their hearers were on all occasions wakeful and attentive listeners. This was in part owing to the new and interesting thoughts advanced in these discussions and the kind consideration always shown by the speakers, in never attempting to elucidate a subject nor fortify a position, by reading by the hour garbled extracts from anybody's opinion.

Points of Order were summarily disposed of by the presiding officer, and always concurred in without a thought of appeal. Sectarian discussions never marred in the slightest degree the good fellowship of this old pioneer club. The members were of the same religion, all belonged to the church whose foundation was not laid with hands, and whose canopy is decorated with the stars of heaven.

Following are the names which Charlie Pickett had upon the membership roll. They were at times widely scattered and are designated upon the roll as regular and visiting members:

John H. Couch, F. W. Pettygrove, J. M. Wair, A. L. Lovejoy, Jesse Applegate, S. W. Moss, Robert Newell, J. W. Nesmith, Ed. Otie, H. A. G. Lee, F. Prigg, C. E. Pickett, Wm. C. Dement, Medorum Crawford, Hiram Strait, J. Wambaugh, Wm. Cushing, Philip Foster, Ransom Clark, H. H. Hide, John G. Campbell, Top. Magruder, W. H. Rees, Mark Ford, Henry Saffron, Noyes Smith, Daniel Waldo, P. G. Stewart, Isaac W. Smith, Joseph Watt, Frank Ermentinger, A. E. Wilson, Jacob Hoover, S. M. Holderness, John Minto, Barton Lee, Genl. Husted and John B. Brooks.

Perhaps a more congenial, easy-going, self-satisfying club has never since congregated in the old capitol city, and under the changed conditions of affairs, especially in fashions so strikingly different from the unique and *richly colored*

costume of that day, never will the eyes of the good people of our old spray-bedewed city rest upon the like again.

More than half the number whose names are associated with this once brotherly old circle, have finished the journey of life. It is gratifying to be assured that it is the special mission of this association, to perpetuate the remembrance of Oregon's departed Pioneers.

The early attempts made by the settlers to form a temporary government were rather inadequate organizations, and only reached a form equal to the demands of the situation in July, 1845, when the Provisional Government was re-organized under the amended Organic law, submitted to and adopted by the people.

The leading mind in suggesting and devising this enlarged and more perfect form of government was found in the person of Jesse Applegate, a genial, unassuming gentleman, a profound thinker, philosophical in the simplicity of his methods. He combined in an eminent degree the qualifications fitting him for a pioneer leader, seeming most to enjoy himself amid the free surroundings of frontier life. A third of a century ago, when all this wide west was an Indian country, Jesse Applegate, with a few dauntless pioneers could have been found always in advance of the migratory tide, building up new homes in the wild valleys beyond the border settlements, a plain, unpretending farmer, too wise and generous to be self-conceited; too true to his own convictions of right to sacrifice principle and independence for temporary popularity or place. As a member of the Legislative Assembly of the Provisional Government, he was as able and pure as any man who ever held a seat in that body, yet we find that some of our cotemporary chroniclers have accused him of being influenced by favors in the interest of Dr. McLaughlin, or the Hudson Bay Company, insinuating that his course was antagonistic to the interests of citizens or the United States. Such unlike delineations of Jesse Applegate could only have been obtained from a standpoint where the view was very much obstructed by egotistical vanities, or the visual rays obscured by the dark shadows of party or sectarian prejudices. Under such unfavorable surroundings, these historic delineators were rendered incapable of presenting a fair and faithful view of this old pioneer's generous virtues. That he has had his failings none will doubt, but who among Oregon's early pioneers I may ask in vain, has been less exempt. We may console ourselves, fellow members, in the belief that the future historian will be at no loss in assigning to the sage of Yoncalla, the place to which his eminent services have justly entitled him, while the Oregon Pioneers simply owe him a lasting debt of gratitude for the disinterested labor which he so cheerfully performed with an earnest desire to promote the general welfare of the pioneer settlers during the trying years of their greatest need.

There are a goodly number of the early pioneers, both men and women living and departed, whom I should be pleased to speak of, but on the present occasion time will not permit.

Our mortality list for the year just passed is a sorrowful one to contemplate. The relentless march of time will soon have revealed to the last of the old fathers and mothers the realities of that life which is to come. These old pioneers, who in their youthful years nurtured into life and strength a new born republic in these then wild regions of the North Pacific Coast, are fast passing away; a few more joyful re-unions and we of the days of *lang syne* will be seen here no more forever. Since our last meeting, many of our beloved members have laid them down to rest. Mrs. Jacob Conser, Mrs. Adeline Crawford, Mrs. Crump, T. J. Dryer and Geo. L. Curry, two of our veteran editors of the Territorial days, E. N. Cooke, a noble old pioneer, long Vice President of this Association, I. N. Gilbert and M. G. Foisy, of the immigration of 1844, John S. Zeiber, Simeon Smith and many other early pioneers have since your last meeting bid adieu to the scenes of this life. May they find a better home beyond the mystic river.

Mr. President, to close this meagre and very imperfect sketch in relation to the early agricultural settlement of Oregon, would be ungenerous to omit making a short biographical mention of the late Dr. John McLaughlin, the noble philanthropist of the wilderness, without whose assistance and protecting care none of those first agricultural settlements of the Territory could have been commenced nor successfully maintained. He furnished from the farms, the shops and store houses at Vancouver, teams, cows, hogs, plows, poultry, arms and ammunition, in brief, all the necessary implements and supplies, or such as he had, mostly imported from England, sufficient to enable the pioneer settlers to establish themselves in the occupation of husbandmen, at the same time giving them assurance of a remunerative market for their produce.

Dr. McLaughlin, as director of the affairs of the Hudson Bay Company west of the Rocky mountains, had more power over the Indians of the whole Northwest Coast, which he judiciously exercised, than all other influences multiplied and combined. He was a great and just man, having in no instance deceived them, firm in maintaining the established rules regulating their intercourse, making their supplies, so far as the Company was concerned, strictly depend upon their own efforts and good conduct, always prompt to redress the slightest infraction of good faith. This sound undeviating policy made Dr. McLaughlin the most humane and successful manager of the native tribes this country has ever known, while the Indians both feared and respected him above all other men.

The many important events connected with this good man's life in Oregon would not only furnish material for a very interesting and profitable address before this Association, but would fill a liberal sized volume, he having been for more than a third of a century (commencing with the year 1823) most prominently connected with the pioneer history of the country. I regret that the limits of this paper precludes entering into details the better to present before you, the great executive ability, power over the Indians, and fostering care which he so generously bestowed upon the infant settlements of Oregon.

Dr. McLaughlin was no ordinary personage. Nature had written in her most legible hand preeminence in every lineament of his strong Scotch face, combining in a marked degree all the native dignity of an intellectual giant. He stood among his pioneer cotemporaries like towering old Hood amid the evergreen heights that surround his mountain home—a born leader of men. He would have achieved distinction in any of the higher pursuits of life. He was born in the District of Quebec, Canada, in 1784, of Scotch parentage, reared under the influence of the *Angelic* or *Episcopal* Church, of which he remained a member until November 18th, 1842. At this date he became connected with the Catholic Church, of which he continued a devout communicant during the remaining years of his long and eventful life. Dr. McLaughlin had received a liberal education and was a regular bred physician, in stature above six feet, weighing some 250 pounds, his head was large, his commanding eye of a bluish grey, a fair florid complexion, his hair had been of a sandy color, but when I first met him at Vancouver, in the fall of 1844, then sixty years of age, his great luxuriant growth of hair was white as snow. A business requiring a residence among the wild native tribes necessarily made the regulations governing the service of his company partake more of the martial than the civil law. Dr. McLaughlin was a strict disciplinarian and in his bearing decidedly military in suggestion; his standard of honor was unviolated truth and justice. The strong distinguishing traits of his character were true courage, a clear quick perception and firm reliance. He never hesitated in taking upon himself great responsibilities when in his judgment occasion required it. The regulations of the Hudson Bay Company required its officers to give one year's notice of their intention to quit the service. This notice the Doctor gave at the beginning of 1845, and the following year established himself upon his land claim at Oregon City, where he had already built a residence, large flouring mill, saw-mills and store houses. Having located his land claim in 1829, he first made some temporary improvements thereon in 1830. These enterprises gave to the pioneer town quite a business like appearance at the time of my arrival in the country, and employment to a goodly number of needy immigrants. The Doctor's religion was of that practical kind which proceeds from the heart and en-

ters into the duties of every day life; his benevolent work was confined to no church, sect nor race of men, but was as broad as suffering humanity, never refusing to feed the hungry, clothe the naked and provide for the sick and toil-worn immigrants and needy settlers who called for assistance at his old Vancouver home. Many were the pioneer mothers and their little ones, whose hearts were made glad through his timely assistance, while destitute strangers whom chance or misfortune had thrown upon these then wild inhospitable shores, were not permitted to suffer while he had power to relieve. Yet he was persecuted by men claiming the knowledge of a christian experience, defamed by designing politicians, knowingly misrepresented in Washington as a British intriguer, until he was unjustly deprived of the greater part of his land claim.

Thus, after a sorrowful experience of man's ingratitude to man, he died an honored American citizen, and now sleeps upon the east bank of the Willamette at Oregon City, in the little yard which incloses the entrance to the Catholic Cathdral, beneath the morning shadow of the old gray chiffs that overlook the pioneer town of the Anglo-American upon the Pacific Coast; here resting from his labors within the ever moaning sound of the mighty cataract of the beautiful river, while the humble stone that marks his grave bears this simple inscription:

"DR JOHN McLAUGHLIN,

DIED,

Sept. 3d, 1857, aged 73 years.

THE PIONEER AND FRIEND OF OREGON.

ALSO

THE FOUNDER OF THIS CITY."

It is a duty which the Oregon Pioneers owe to the memory of Dr. McLaughlin, to prepare a memorial wreath from the flowers which his benevolent hand strewed along the pathway of life, flowers whose fragrance is imperishable, and whose unwithering colors will ever remain bright as the dewy star of dawn.

Long ages will the name of Dr. John McLanglin be known in the land,

By the good deeds left behind him,

By the wrong he scorned to do,

Virtues sacred to his memory,

Unfading wreath anew.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

FOR THE YEAR 1847.

BY HON. RALPH C. GEER.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

OF THE PIONEER ASSOCIATION OF OREGON :

Surrounded as I am to-day with old pioneers who crossed the plains long before I did, and unaccustomed to public speaking as I am, it will not be expected of me that I shall be able to instruct or interest to any great extent those who may listen to me on this occasion.

I propose to occupy but little time, as there are others to speak who can edify you better than I.

The emigration of 1847, like all former emigrations, was composed of men and women that were willing to brave all manner of hardships for the purpose of finding a better country to live in ; some, and not a few either, were willing to undergo the toilsome and tedious trip for the sake of finding a healthy country. For that reason alone I sold my little farm in Knox County, Illinois, bid farewell to civilization, as everybody thought at that time, and started to cross the "great American desert." Others were influenced by the inducements held out by the general government in the shape of a large land grant to all actual settlers, and the accounts given by writers from here and elsewhere, and also by the lectures of reliable men who had seen this beautiful, and to me, unequaled country. Like all the preceding emigrations, the starting points were on the Missouri river at all points and crossings from below Lexington to Council Bluffs, and all wended their way to the main road leading up the Platte valley.

To describe the trip in all its details would be tedious and uninteresting to an intelligent audience of Oregon pioneers such as I now have the honor of addressing.

The emigration got a good start that year. We had considerable rain the

first month, but after that we had fine weather, until we arrived at the Cascade mountains.

We left the Missouri river the 6th of June, and when we got to Wolf creek we organized by electing Joel Palmer captain, and the usual officers that belong to such organizations.

When we organized, we had about 85 wagons, and in the Nemaha country, we overtook what was called the Chicago company, headed by Uncle Thomas Cox, which increased our company to 99 wagons. The morning after we were joined by that company, Captain Palmer took a company of men and went ahead of the wagons, and worked the road at the crossing of Big Nemaha, as well as they could, until the wagons came up, but still we had to let the wagons down the grade by ropes, with from two to four men standing on the off wheels of each wagon ; and still we made the usual day's travel that day. We departed from the usual rule adopted by the emigrations in former years. Instead of forming a corral with our wagons for the stock, we camped in such a way that we could yoke the cattle and hitch on to the wagons without danger of running over the women and children. Our corral was for the people, both great and small, not for the cattle and horses ; and those who had camped the usual way considered this the better mode.

When I left Knox county, Illinois, the Democratic Central Committee had a small wrought-iron cannon, made by a Whig to celebrate the election of Henry Clay, in 1844, and when he was beaten, gave it to the Democrats, and they named it the Young Democrat ; and they gave it to me to bring to Oregon. It was a real screamer to talk—it could be heard 15 or 20 miles, and old mountaineers said that if we fired that every night after we camped, Indians would not trouble us. And I think it was true, for we adopted that plan and no stealing only when we neglected to let her bark.

Some thought our company too large, but still we made good travel every day.

We traveled that way until we crossed Big Blue river. There Wm. Graham's son was so sick we concluded to lay by a day or two. That camp was the finest camp of pioneers I ever saw. It contained 99 wagons, about 400 men, women and children, from six days to 60 years of age ; representing nearly all the professions, trades and occupations. I think that camp was a good average of the pioneers of 1847. We had preachers with their bibles and psalm books, doctors with their medicine chests, lawyers with their law books, school teachers, anxious to teach the young idea how to shoot, merchants with their goods, nurserymen with their trees and seeds, stockmen with their fine horses and cattle, millers, millmen, millwrights, wheelwrights, carpenters, cabinet makers with

their chest of tools, blacksmiths with anvils, bellows, hammers and tongs ready and willing to do all kinds of repairing at any time and place, gunsmiths and silversmiths with their fine tools, tailors with their gooses or geese (which is it?) shoemakers with the lasts, awls, hammers and bristles, saddlers with their tools, dressmakers and milliners with their needles, thimbles and patterns, a lumberman with his heavy log wagon, and last, though not least, farmers with and without families. The men all well armed and plenty of ammunition; all determined to go to Oregon and develop its resources.

The child getting no better the second day after we stopped, 50 wagons drove on and left. Capt. Palmer said he would not leave a fellow-traveler on the way whose child was unable to travel and would probably die in a few days.

Capt. Palmer had brought a box of cultivated fruit trees from Indiana to St. Joseph, and was so heavily laden that he could not bring them, and I had undertaken to take them for him, and did not feel right in leaving him, and after traveling two days I prevailed upon my father to stop at Little Blue and await the balance of the train, which they did, and Alva Post and myself went back to meet the train. The boy had died, and the train started on the morning we started back. When father and his little band of seven wagons stopped, forty-three wagons went on and we never overtook them.

When we (the forty-nine wagons and our seven) all got together again, we were as happy a company of pioneers as ever crossed the plains, and we stayed together nearly all the way to Oregon City.

One evening, on Little Blue, the Captain called the men together and told us as we drew near the buffalo country our teams would become restless, our horses would take fright at every little noise, and that the men and women even would become restive and would not like to be controlled; he said he did not know why it was thus, but such was the case, and that we must be on our guard all the time to prevent "stampedes" or quarrels in the camp or train, but in spite of all his and our caution, we had a grand stampede as we were going into camp for the last time on Little Blue. I did not see it, but those who did said it was terrible. No person hurt; one of my wagons went into camp on three wheels, and one of S. Coffin's oxen on three legs. I was out on my last wild turkey hunt and missed the exciting time. We were delayed one day by the "stampede."

We struck the Platte river on the first day of June. We saw the first buffalo the day we passed Grand Island. They were on the north side of main Platte. Some of them were lying down, others were apparently feeding, and others traveling about. I was raised near the Darby Plains in Ohio, where they had immense herds of cattle, but I never saw so large a herd as that was; it extended

for miles and covered sections, and when some of the hunters from a company just ahead of us rode wildly into the drove and fired a volley at them, they fairly made the earth tremble in their endeavor to escape. (The tremble part I have from the hunters, as I was too far away to feel it.) After we crossed South Platte, we took a turn at buffalo chasing and found it both agreeable and profitable.

At Ash Hollow, on the North Platte, we stopped a day for washing, there being plenty of wood and water. Our oxen and cows began to get footsore and we had to leave some of them on the way, which were generally killed and eaten by the wolves. I, with several others, visited the grand towers, from the tops of which we could see the emigrant road from Ash Hollow to Scott's Bluffs, and I think it was the finest sight I ever saw. The long trains of covered wagons one after another just as far as the eye could reach each way, with their loads of brave pioneers silently wending their way towards the setting sun; it appeared to me that there were 1,000 wagons in sight.

We reached Fort Laramie just as the Indians had returned from a successful raid on the Pawnees, and were encamped at the mouth of Laramie river on both sides of both rivers. The officers at the Fort told me that this camp contained 1,500 lodges. We stopped one day at Laramie to set wagon tires and trade our lame stock for sound ones, giving two and sometimes three for one. There our lumberman left his log wagon, which he was advised to leave at St. Joe. At Box Alder Creek we saw the graves of several of the Woodside family, who, it was said, were poisoned by eating fruit that had been cooked and allowed to stand in brass kettles.

We crossed the Platte on the last day of June on a raft, and Captain Palmer swam his horses hitched to his hack across the river after sunset.

From the best data I can get, we were at this place about the middle of the emigration. We passed Independence Rock, on Sweetwater, on the 4th day of July, and hoisted the Stars and Stripes and fired the cannon on top of said rock at 12 o'clock that day; met the first company returning from Oregon that night; heard good news from Oregon, and also heard that the emigrants in front were getting along finely, which cheered the despairing ones, if any, in our company.

Our Captain told us we might expect sickness in our camp on Sweetwater, and we did have it, but no one died, although many were sick and some nigh unto death. At the snow bank we met J. G. Campbell, of Oregon City, and Wm. and Samuel Campbell, who were going back east for their father and family. At the last crossing of Sweetwater, we met a man by the name of Grant, with his whole family on his way back to Missouri. When asked what his objections to Oregon were, he said: "In the first place they have no bees

there ; and in the second place, they can't raise corn, and whar they can't raise corn they can't raise hogs, and whar they can't raise hogs they can't have bacon, and I'm going back to old Missouri whar I can have corn bread, bacon and honey."

In going from Pacific Springs to Bear river, half the company went by Fort Bridges, and half by the desert, but the half that went by the cut off had the worst of it. Three days travel before we got to the Soda Springs, we passed the grave of Elias Brown, who died June 17th, 1847, of Mountain Fever, father of J. Henry Brown, our efficient Secretary, the first grave of the company that left us on Little Blue that we had seen, and the only one we did see.

At the Soda Springs all the sick were healed ; and on the first day of August we camped on Snake river. At what was called Bluff camp, a few miles below the great falls of Snake river, part of the cattle swam across Snake river, and in the morning the Captain and Hi. Simpkins swam over and tried to make them swim back, but all their efforts were in vain. The boys finding it impossible to force them into the water called for help, Judge Grim, J. Whitney and Wallace Foster swam over and helped them. John Whitney caught hold of an ox's tail and was ferried back, and the others swam back. The Captain and Simpkins had been in the hot sun under the bluff so long trying to make the cattle take water, that they were perfectly sunburnt, and the next night they were two as sick men as I ever saw. They both shed their skin like snakes.

At Salmon Falls we laid in such a supply of salmon that we had to throw away two-thirds of it before we traveled far. We crossed Snake river at the Three Islands. We rested our teams one day before crossing, and on that day we lost a fine young man by the name of Elijah Weeks. He and others went into the river to bathe, and, although an excellent swimmer, was cuaght in a whirlpool and drawn in and did not come out while we stayed, but came out and was picked up by a company who knew him and was buried three days after we left.

After leaving the river and traveling about six miles, we struck a bee line for the Hot Springs, and about half way between where we left the road and the Springs, we camped at what we called Palmer's encampment, on Palmer's cut-off, at a fine spring and as fine grass and clover as I ever saw. We had three horses stolen at that camp, and the boys said it was because I did not fire the cannon that night.

We saw a notice on a tree one day's travel this side of Barrel creek, informing us that a man had been shot at that camp a day or two before, and for all emigrants to be on the lookout for the red devils. I fired the " Young Democrat " twice that night, loaded to the muzzle. We saw no Indians that night.

We saw Hiram Buffum's grave on Goose creek. He was a brother of Wm. Buffum of Yamhill county. We left Snake river the 1st day of September.

On Powder river, James Harpole's wife died, and in digging her grave they found a great deal of mica, and in 1848, after gold had been found in California and brought to Oregon, the boys that dug the grave said that they knew there was millions of ounces of just exactly such stuff on Powder river, where they buried Mrs. Harpole ;and a company went from near Butteville in the winter of 1848-9 to make their fortunes ; but they were bitterly disappointed when they found only worthless mica or isinglass. It turned very cold and one young man by the name of Asa Martin, who drove a team across the plains for John W. Grim in 1847, was so frozen that he died soon after returning or on his way home, I have forgotten which.

At Umatilla, some of the emigrants concluded to go to Dr. Whitman's on the Walla Walla river and stay all winter, and their sad history was written in blood, and is familiar as household words to all Oregon Pioneers.

At the first crossing of Umatilla, we met F. W. Geer of Butteville, who told us how it had rained in the Cascade mountains and what we had to encounter, but we did not realize the situation then, but we did afterwards.

On the Columbia river the Indians had become very saucy and insolent ; would drive off stock and then demand pay for returning it ; and some of the boys gave them the end of the whip lash, and I gave one the end of my right arm quicker than he wanted it. My wife had brought a very large turkey wing across the plains, and an Indian saw it and wanted it for Big Medicine, and caught hold of one end of it and tried to take it away from her, but failed ; and I suppose thought he would scare her by pretending he would cut her hand with a knife that he had drawn from his belt. I told her to hold on, for he dare not hurt her and that I would attend to him as soon as I got the cow yoked, as I was then putting the yoke on a cow ; and she held on of course, but before I got the cow yoked, he let go and was trying to make it up with her by saying that she was a *close kloochman*, and other words. But the drawing of his knife and making motions with it that he had, had got my blood all warmed up, and the closer I got to him, the warmer I got, and when in reach of him I gave him an under handed lift that raised him about two feet, and he came down badly demoralized. The old chief was in the camp with several of his braves, and he blustered around terribly, and wanted me to give him a shirt or blanket. I felt I was " Big Injun " then, and picked up a tent pole and went for them, and told them that if they did not leave I would sweep them from the face of the earth ; of course they left.

The next Sunday evening Dr. Whitman preached to our company on Willow

creek, and complimented us and the young man that gave the Indian the whip-lash, by saying if more men would do likewise, instead of giving them presents for their impudence and theft, it would be better for all concerned.

At Rock creek, we had several head of cattle drowned in a short time after we stopped and we called that creek Drowning Creek.

We crossed the Des Chutes river on two wagon beds lashed together, and arrived at Barlow's Gate on September 29th, and on the last day of October, we started to cross the Cascade mountains, and right here our trouble began. Capt. Bowman's company had got to the gate just one month ahead of us, and before any rain had fallen, and as the road was new or comparatively so, having been opened in 1846, and newly worked and but one track for the wagon, Bowman's and other trains immediately following him rendered it very dusty, and the rains of September had washed the dust all off the hills and worked it into mortar on the levels and rolling ground, which was followed by a few days of pleasant weather, which dried the hills and stiffened the mud in other places so that it would bear a wagon, and when it had rained two days, the 2d and 3d of October, the road was just horrible, a description of it is impossible by me, at least at this time.

When we started into the mountains there had been a continual string of wagons and loose stock passing for one month, and consequently had eaten what little grass there was near the road. On account of the horrible condition of the road and continual rain from the time we started into the mountains, we were thirteen days in reaching the valley, but we all got through with good appetites and found plenty of good substantial food to satisfy any reasonable man, woman or child.

The Pioneers of 1847 found plenty of bread, meat and potatoes and pea-coffee, and certainly had no reasonable right to complain of the prices, and all found work that wanted to work for a reasonable price. From the best information I am able to obtain, I think the emigration of 1847 numbered 5,000 souls. Gov. Abernethy says in his message, between four and five thousand souls. The emigrants were scattered, and not very thinly scattered either, over at least 500 miles of road, which satisfies me that there were at least 5,000 souls crossed the plains in that year.

Squire Shively arrived at Oregon City with the United States mail, drawn by horses, September 7th, and Capt. Nat. Bowman's company was the first to the gate and arrived at Oregon City a day or two after Shively. But few started into the mountains after the 5th of October, then turned to The Dalles and went down the river.

The emigration of 1847 nearly if not quite doubled the white population of Oregon, for I find the whole population in 1850 to be but 13,080, after receiving the emigrations of 1848 and 1849, besides large accessions from California during these years, and also the natural increase which was considerable. This doubling the population, enabled the people not only to defend themselves, but to send an army east of the mountains and chastise the murderers of Dr. Whitman, and compel the Indians to give up the murderers, who were tried, condemned and executed at Oregon City, thus showing the Indians that we were masters of the situation.

The Pioneers of 1847 spread all over this valley and Umpqua, thereby enabling the people to establish schools all over the land. The stock interests were advanced by the introduction of fine horses, cattle and sheep, by enterprising Pioneers of that year, a few of whom I will speak. Uncle Johnny Wilson, as we used to call him, of Linn county, brought a drove of Durhams from Henry Clay's herd at Blue Grass Grove, Illinois, which vastly improved the stock of Oregon, for he sold breeding animals all over the State. A great difference was perceptible wherever they ranged. He also brought as fine mares as could be bought in Illinois. Uncle Johnny came near losing his whole band of horses on the Platte. The horses took a stampede and ran off with a herd of buffalos, but he followed them all one day and finally got them. He was out one or two nights, I forget which. My wife thinks it was two or three nights; at all events he brought them back all right.

Captain Benser brought a herd of fine cattle and improved the herds of the Columbia bottoms vastly. J. C. Geer, Sr., brought a fine cow of Henry Clay's favorite stock. She was a very large, well proportioned cow, and worked all the way across the plains, missing only two or three days the whole trip, walking down two large steers; her descendants are to be seen at this time in the Waldo Hills and are prized.

Mr. M. L. Savage brought old George that year. Mr. Savage staid over one year for the purpose of getting him to bring to Oregon, believing him to be the best race horse in the United States at that time. Old George made a record for himself that any owner might be proud of and I presume Mr. Savage is satisfied he brought the horse to Oregon.

Sheep husbandry received a big lift that year. Mr. Fields brought a flock of fine sheep from Missouri and stopped with them near Uncle Dan Waldo's. Fields and his wife both died under a large fir tree with the measles. The sheep were sold at auction in small flocks; they proved to be superior sheep to say the least. I got a small flock of them in 1850, and in 1853 I sold a lot of fat sheep to the butcher Fields of Portland for \$16 a head. The wool was fine and

long, the carcasses heavy. I have inquiry for the Fields sheep often yet. I believe they made for themselves a wider and better name than any sheep that ever have or ever will be brought to Oregon. Uncle Headrick, Wm. Turpin and Johnson Mulkey, brought a fine flock, Priest Fackler drove them all the way as far as they traveled with us. Turpin's were Saxony, and Uncle Headrick gave him \$25 for a half-blooded buck at Foster's which was certainly a big price, for dollars were larger then than now. This stock of sheep is still on the Howell Prairie and they speak for themselves. R. Patton brought a large flock and took them to Yamhill county, but I do not know their history.

This emigration brought everything nearly, from a paper of pins to a 4-foot burr. Mr. Haun, of Haun's mill noteriety in Missouri, brought a pair of mill burr-stones. I do not know, but suppose they were French burrs.

Uncle Thomas Cox, and William his son, brought a respectable store across the plains and opened out at Salem the first store south of Champoeg. William also brought some peach pits and planted them, and originated the celebrated Cox cling peach, the boss peach of California, or at least was in 1870.

Uncle A. R. Dimick, the originator of the Dimick potatoe, brought the seeds of the Early or Shaker Blue potatoe from Michigan with him in 1847, and planted them on his farm in the north part of Marion county, and from these seeds sprang the famous Dimick potato.

But the greatest undertaking, and one that was crowned with success, and one that contributed the most to the name and fame of Oregon, was the "Traveling Nursery," brought across the plains by the late Henderson Luelling, in 1847. If a man is a benefactor to his race who makes two spears of grass grow where only one grew before, what is he to his State, who makes lucious pears, cherries, plums and apples grow, where only poor seedlings or none, grew before. Mr. Henderson Luelling by bringing that splendid assortment of apples, pears, plums, cherries, quinces, grapes, berries and flowers in his "Traveling Nursery" to Oregon in 1847, gave to Oregon the name of "God's country, or the Land of Big Red Apples," a name that every Pioneer of Oregon feels proud of. I never thought Mr. Luelling received the reward that his enterprise merited. I have dealt with him to the extent of thousands of dollars, from one dollar to two thousand dollar transactions, and always found him honest. Being honest himself he trusted too much and consequently was victimized to a fearful extent. The conception and carrying out of that enterprise was not the sudden conviction as to the importance of the fruit business, but was the result of a train of circumstances, the most controlling of which was his long and successful engagement in the nursery business.

In the fall of 1845 he began to prepare to start to Oregon, but could not dis-

pose of his land in time to start until it would be quite late, so he concluded to wait another year and bring the "Traveling Nursery." He planted his nursery thus: He made two boxes 12 inches deep, and just wide and long enough to fill the wagon bed, and filled them with a compost consisting principally of charcoal and earth, into which he planted about 700 trees and shrubs, from 20 inches to 4 feet high, and protected them from the stock by a light though strong frame fastened to the wagon box. He left the Missouri river the 17th of May.

On the Platte, Mr. Luelling took charge of the nursery wagon and team to bring it through in his own way and time, for it was already pronounced by some of his friends a very hazardous undertaking to draw such a heavy load all the way over the Rocky mountains; but every discouraging proposition, he invariably answered, that so long as he could take it without endangering the safety of his family, he would stick to it. The last time that any one tried to discourage him about the nursery wagon was on the North Platte. Rev. Mr. White suggested that it would be better to leave it, as the cattle were becoming weary and foot sore, and that owing to the continued weight of that load, it would kill all his cattle and prevent his getting through; but his answer was such an emphatic "no" that he was allowed to follow his own course after that without remonstrance.

The nursery reached The Dalles about the 1st of October, and the trees were there taken out of the boxes and securely wrapped in cloths to protect them from frosty nights and the various handlings that they had to undergo in the transit down the Columbia. That load of trees contained health, wealth and comfort, for the old Pioneers of Oregon. It was the mother of all our early nurseries and orchards, and gave Oregon a name and fame that she never would have had without it. That load of living trees and shrubs brought more wealth to Oregon than any ship that ever entered the Columbia river. Then, I say, hail, all hail to the traveling nursery that crossed the plains in 1847.

Excuse me, when I tell you that I brought one bushel of apple, and one-half bushel of pear seeds, which went far towards supplying this coast with trees, especially pear trees, for I furnished Luelling with stock and he furnished me with buds from his traveling nursery, which enabled both of us to furnish cultivated trees in great numbers at an early day, and certainly that traveling nursery was a God-send to me and mine.

One good effect of the emigration of 1847, as I have already stated, was to swell the white population of Oregon to such an extent that there were men enough to go east of the Cascade mountains and conquer the hostile Indians and bring the murderers of Dr. Whitman and others to justice, and so overawe all the In-

dians in the country that it was perfectly safe to travel any where in the country in small parties.

And when the gold mines "broke out," thousands of men could and did leave Oregon for the gold fields, and left their families perfectly safe at their homes, thus enabling the Oregonians to skim the gold fields of California and return to Oregon and spend the cream in developing the country. To mention all the good results of that large emigration would exceed my limits, but I could not do less than hint at some of them.

The emigration of 1847 gave us many of our prominent men; it gave us Samuel R. Thurston, our first Delegate to Congress, who, by his indefatigable energy and perseverance, obtained what all old Oregon Pioneers had long prayed for in vain, the passage of the bill donating lands to the Pioneers of Oregon. But Samuel R. Thurston needs no eulogy from me; his deeds live in the hearts of all old Pioneers, and his name is a household word among many families in the land for which he toiled.

A REMINISCENCE.

A RECOLLECTION OF THE ROGUE RIVER WAR OF 1853.

BY HON. J. W. NESMITH.

During the month of August, 1853, the different tribes of Indians inhabiting the Rogue river valley, in Southern Oregon, suddenly assumed a hostile attitude. They murdered many settlers and miners, and burned nearly all of the buildings for over a hundred miles along the main traveled route, extending from Cow Creek, on the north, in a southerly direction to the Siskiyou mountains. Gen. Lane at the time being in the Rogue river valley, at the request of citizens, assumed control of a body of militia, suddenly called for the defense of the citizens.

Captain Alden, of the regular army, and Col. John E. Ross, of Jackson county, joined Gen. Lane and served under his command. Old Joe, John and Sam were the principal leaders of the Indians, aided by such young and vigorous warriors as George and Limpy.

The Indians collected in a large body and retreated northward in the direction of the Umpqua. Gen. Lane made a vigorous pursuit, and on the 24th of August overtook and attacked the foe in a rough, mountainous and heavily timbered region upon Evans Creek. The Indians had fortified their encampment by fallen timber, and being well supplied with arms and ammunition, made a vigorous resistance. In an attempt to charge through the brush, Gen. Lane was shot through the arm and Capt. Alden received a wound from which he never fully recovered. Several other of the attacking party were wounded, some of whom subsequently died of their injuries. Capt. Pleasant Armstrong, an old and respected citizen of Yamhill county, was shot through the heart and died instantly.

The Indians and whites were so close together that they could easily converse.

The most of them knew Gen. Lane, and when they found that he was in command of the troops, they called out to "Joe Lane" and asked him to come into their camp to arrange some terms for a cessation of hostilities. The general, with more courage than discretion, in his wounded condition ordered a cessation of hostilities and fearlessly walked into the hostile camp, where he saw many wounded Indians, together with several who were dead and being burned to keep them from falling into the hands of the enemy, which clearly demonstrated that the Indians had got the worst of the fight. After a long conference it was finally agreed that there should be a cessation of hostilities, and that both parties should return to the neighborhood of Table Rock, on the north side of the Rogue river valley, and that an armistice should exist until Gen. Joel Palmer, then Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Oregon, could be sent for, and that a treaty should be negotiated with the United States authorities, in which all grievances should be adjusted between the parties. Both whites and Indians marched back slowly over the same trail, encumbered with their wounded, each party keeping a vigilant watch of the other. General Lane encamped on Rogue river, while the Indians selected a strong and almost inaccessible position, high up and just under the perpendicular cliffs of Table Rock, to await the arrival of Superintendent Palmer and Agent Culver.

At the commencement of hostilities, the people of Rogue river valley were sadly deficient in arms and ammunition, many of the settlers and miners having traded their arms to the Indians, who were much better armed and equipped for war than their white neighbors. The rifle and revolver had displaced the bow and arrow and the war clubs with which the natives were armed when the writer of this knew and fought them in 1848.

General Lane and Capt. Alden, at the commencement of the outbreak, had sent an express to Governor George L. Curry, then Secretary and Acting Governor. Major Rains, of the 4th U. S. Infantry, commanding the district, with headquarters at Fort Vancouver, was called upon to supply the threatened settlers with arms and ammunition. Major Rains responded to the call for arms and ammunition, but was deficient in troops to escort them to their destination at the seat of war. Governor Curry at once authorized the writer to raise seventy-five men and escort the arms to the threatened settlements. The escort was soon raised in the town of Salem and marched to Albany where it waited a couple of days for the arrival of Second Lieutenant August V. Kautz, in charge of the wagons with rifles and cartridges; together with a twelve pound howitzer and a good supply of fixed ammunition. Kautz was then fresh from West Point and this was his first campaign. He subsequently achieved the rank of major-general and rendered good service during the "late unpleasantness" with the south, and is now Colonel of the 8th U. S. Infantry.

After a toilsome march, dragging the howitzer and other materials of war through the Umpqua canyon, and up and down the mountain trails made slippery by recent rains, we arrived at Gen. Lane's encampment on Rogue river near the subsequent site of Fort Lane, on the 8th day of September. On the same day Capt. A. J. Smith, since the distinguished General Smith, of the Union army, arrived at headquarters with Company C, First Dragoons. The accession of Capt. Smith's company with my own gave General Lane a force sufficient to cope with the enemy, then supposed to be about 700 strong. The encampment of the Indians was still on the side of the mountains of which Table Rock forms the summit, and at night we could plainly see their camp fire, while they could look directly upon us. The whole command was anxious and willing to fight, but Gen. Lane had pledged the Indians that an effort should be made to treat for peace. Superintendent Palmer and Agent Culver were upon the ground. The armistice had not yet expired, and the 10th was fixed for the time of the council. On the morning of that day Gen. Lane sent for me and desired me to go with him to the council ground, inside the Indian encampment to act as interpreter, as I was master of the Chinook jargon. I asked the general upon what terms and where we were to meet the Indians. He replied that the agreement was that the meeting should take place within the encampment of the enemy; and that he should be accompanied with ten other men of his own selection, unarmed. Against those terms I protested, and told the general that I had traversed that country five years before and fought those same Indians; that they were notoriously treacherous, and in early times had earned the designation of "Rogues," by never permitting a white man to escape with his scalp when once within their power; that I knew them better than he did, and that it was criminal folly for eleven unarmed white men to place themselves voluntarily within the power of seven hundred well armed hostile Indians, in their own secure encampment. I reminded him that I was a soldier in command of a company of cavalry, and was ready to obey his order to lead my men into action or to discharge any soldierly duty, no part of which was to go into the enemy's camp as an unarmed interpreter. The general listened to my protest and replied that he had fixed upon the terms of meeting the Indians and should keep his word, and if I was afraid to go I could remain behind. When he put it upon that ground I responded that I thought I was as little acquainted with fear as he was, and that I would accompany him to what I believed would be our slaughter.

Early on the morning of the 10th of September, 1853, we mounted our horses and set out in the direction of the Indian encampment. Our party consisted of the following named persons: Gen. Joseph Lane, Joel Palmer, Superintendent of Indian Affairs; Samuel P. Culver, Indian Agent; Capt. A. J. Smith, First

Dragoons ; Capt. L. F. Mosher, Adjutant ; Col. John E. Ross, Capt. J. W. Nesmith, Lieut. A. V. Kautz, R. B. Metcalf, J. D. Mason, T. T. Tierney. By reference to the U. S. Statutes at Large, v. 10, p. 1020, the most of the above names will be found appended to the treaty that day executed. After riding a couple of miles across the level valley, we came to the foot of the mountain where it was too steep for horses to ascend. We dismounted and hitched our horses and scrambled up for half a mile over huge rocks and through brush, and then found ourselves in the Indian's stronghold, just under the perpendicular cliff of Table Rock, and surrounded by 700 fierce and well armed hostile savages, arrayed in all their gorgeous war paint and feathers. Captain Smith had drawn out his company of dragoons and left them in line on the plain below. It was a bright beautiful morning and the Rogue river valleys lay like a panorama at our feet ; the exact line of dragoons, sitting statue-like upon their horses, with their white belts and burnished scabbards and carbines, looked like they were engraven upon a picture, while a few paces in our rear the huge perpendicular wall of Table Rock towered frowningly, many hundred feet above us. The business of the treaty commenced at once. Long speeches were made by General Lane and Superintendent Palmer ; they had to be translated twice. When an Indian spoke the Rogue river tongue, it was translated by an Indian interpreter into Chinook or jargon to me, when I translated it into English ; when Lane or Palmer spoke, the process was reversed, I giving the speech to the Indian interpreter in Chinook and he translating it to the Indians in their own tongue. This double translation of long speeches made the labor tedious, and it was not until late in the afternoon that the treaty was completed and signed. In the meantime an episode occurred which came near terminating the treaty as well as the representation of one of the "high contracting" parties in a sudden and tragic manner. About the middle of the afternoon a young Indian came running into camp stark naked with the perspiration streaming from every pore. He made a brief harrangue and threw himself upon the ground apparently exhausted. His speech had created a great tumult among his tribe. Gen. Lane told me to inquire of the Indian interpreter the cause of the commotion. The Indian responded that a company of white men down on Applegate creek, and under the command of Capt. Owen, had that morning captured an Indian known as Jim Taylor, and tied him up to a tree and shot him to death. The hubbub and confusion among the Indians at once became intense and murder glared from each savage visage. The Indian interpreter told me that the Indians were threatening to tie us up to trees and serve us as Owen's men had served Jim Taylor. I saw some Indians gathering up lass ropes, while others drew the skin covers from their guns and the wiping sticks from their muzzles. There appeared a strong probability of our party being

subjected to a sudden volley. I explained as briefly as I could that the interpreter had communicated to me, and in order to keep our people from huddling together and thus make a better target for the savages, I used a few English words not likely to be understood by the Indian interpreter, such as "disperse" and "segregate." In fact we kept so close to the savages, and separated from one another, that any general firing must have been nearly as fatal to the Indians as to the whites. While I admit that I thought my time had come, and hurriedly thought of wife and children, I noticed nothing but coolness among my companions. Gen. Lane sat upon a log with his arm bandaged in a sling, the lines about his mouth rigidly compressing his lips, while his eyes flashed fire. He asked brief questions and gave me sententious answers to what little the Indians said to us. Capt. A. J. Smith, who was prematurely gray-haired and was afflicted with a nervous snapping of the eyes, leaned upon his cavalry sabre and looked anxiously down upon his well formed line of dragoons in the valley below. His eyes snapped more vigorously than usual and muttered words escaped from under the old dragoon's white mustache that did not sound like prayers. His squadron looked beautiful, but alas! they could render us no service. I sat down on a log close to old chief Joe, and having a sharp hunting knife under my hunting shirt, kept one hand near its handle, determined that there would be one Indian made "good" about the time the firing commenced. In a few moments Gen. Lane stood up and commenced to speak slowly but very distinctly. He said Owens, who has violated the armistice and killed Jim Taylor is a bad man. He is not one of my soldiers. When I catch him he shall be punished. I promised in good faith to come into your camp with ten other unarmed men to secure peace. Myself and men are placed in your power; I do not believe that you are such cowardly dogs to take advantage of our unarmed condition. I know that you have the power to murder us, and can do so as quickly as you please, but what good will our blood do you? Our murder will exasperate our friends, and your tribe will be hunted from the face of the earth. Let us proceed with the treaty, and in place of war have a lasting peace. Much more was said in this strain by the general, all rather defiant, and nothing of a begging character. The excitement gradually subsided after Lane promised to give a fair compensation for the defunct Jim Taylor in shirts and blankets.

The treaty of the 10th of September, 1853, was completed and signed, and peace restored for the next two years. Our party wended their way among the rocks down to where our horses were tied, and mounted. Old A. J. Smith galloped up to his squadron and gave a brief order. The bugle sounded a note or two, and the squadron wheeled and trotted off to camp. As Gen. Lane and party rode back across the valley, we looked up and saw the rays of the setting

sun gilding the summit of Table Rock. I drew a long breath, and remarked to the old general that the next time he wanted to go unarmed into a hostile camp, he must hunt up some one besides myself to act as interpreter. With a benignant smile he responded: "God bless you, luck is better than science."

I never hear the fate of Gen. Canby, at the Modoc camp referred to, that I do not think of our narrow escape of a similar fate at Table Rock.

TYRUS HIMES.

BORN, 1818 ; DIED, 1879.

BY HON. ELWOOD EVANS.

Tyrus Himes, with his wife and their four eldest children, were of the emigration of 1853. They started for Monmouth, Polk county, Oregon, which had been the destination of several acquaintances in the preceding year. Loss of stock upon the plains had occasioned serious delay. The supply of provisions had become scant ere half the weary journey had been accomplished. Reaching at length the Rocky mountains, Mr. Himes fell in with a numerous train from Kentucky, *en route* to Puget Sound. Hon. James Biles, now of Tumwater, and among the most prominent and worthy of Washington's citizens, was leader of that band. In him, Mr. Himes found a sympathizing friend, one to whom he could recount his misfortunes, his doubts, his difficulties—yes, his necessities. That excellent Christian and model gentleman, who never turned the deaf ear to distress or misfortune, cheered the desponding, weary, care-worn fellow-traveler. Cordially he invited Mr. Himes to accompany the party to Puget Sound, promising to assist him through the journey. Mr. Himes was reluctant to abandon his original plan ; he felt unwilling to place himself under so great an obligation to a stranger. But good Mr. Biles' straight-forward, unselfish welcome prevailed. Mr. Himes gratefully accepted the proffered assistance, and thenceforward journeyed toward Washington Territory. The party whom he joined in the Rocky mountains constituted the Pioneer emigration into the basin of Puget Sound via the Nah-Chess Pass of the Cascade mountains. That hardy and heroic band, Pioneers in the true sense of the word, cut their road, cleared their way through the mountain-gorges as they marched onward to convert the wilderness into the homes of civilization. After a weary, tedious voyage across the great plains, worn out and fatigued, short of provisions, passing over a route never travelled before by their race, the winter approaching, their teams reduced to starvation—they labored on and triumphed over every difficulty.

He was born on the 14th of April 1818, at Troy, Bradford county, Pennsylv.

vania. At that period, his birth place was almost a frontier settlement. The admirable system of common schools, for which his native State has since become so noted, had not then been inaugurated. The subject of this sketch, in his youth, lived in a neighborhood where schools had not been introduced. Still he did not fail to acquire knowledge. While it was his great misfortune that there were no schools for him to attend, yet was he a close observer, rendered himself well informed, and in his later years became an extensive reader. At the age of 15, he was apprenticed to learn the trade of shoe-making, after which he acquired thorough proficiency in harness-making, tanning and currying. He was a worker. Throughout his long life, when not physically incapacitated by painful disease, it was impossible for him to be idle. During the hours assigned to daily labor, he was ever on the go. Mr. Himes was a man of iron constitution, great will, and in his early manhood of powerful physique and endurance. At the age of eighteen, he severely cut his knee with a drawing knife. He neglected the wound, took cold in it, and severe rheumatism followed. He suffered through a lingering illness of eighteen months, most of which time he was confined to his bed. He at length recovered health sufficient to get about. Reduced by long illness and acute bodily pain to a shadow of his former self, his weight decreased from 175 to 135 pounds; he was no longer the man of erect habit and perfect limb, enjoying perfect health. His right knee had become bent nearly at right angle, and the joint permanently stiffened. Henceforth he was doomed to be the subject of chronic rheumatism.

On the 1st of May, 1843, he married Emeline Holcomb, of LeRoy, Bradford county. In 1845, returning and continuing ill health having disqualified him for work, he was induced to make a tour through the Southern States. The succeeding winter he remained at Bayou La Fourche, about eighty miles south of New Orleans, upon the sugar plantation of an older brother. The next spring, renewed in strength, he went to Rock Island, on the Upper Mississippi; thence, after a short stay, to Chicago, then in its infancy. In that *now* great emporium and centre of bustle and business, he was afforded the opportunity to purchase a quarter section of land just outside of that city, for the sum of \$800. His trip had reduced his capital to \$300. In this emergency, he appealed to an older brother to advance him the required \$500. Tyrus had faith in the West—in that investment. His brother thought him wild and visionary, and, as he thought to save Tyrus from being sacrificed by what he termed a "wild-geese speculation," refused him. The rebuff disappointed Mr. Himes, but he was not one to be disheartened. If he could not buy land near Chicago, he could elsewhere. He located a claim at Lafayette, Stark county, and then returned to Bradford county, Pennsylvania. In the spring of 1847, with his little family, then consisting of himself, wife and infant son, (George H.,) then two

and a half years of age, he returned to Lafayette. He now devoted himself to farming, conducting also the shoe business in the town. His industry was rewarded with prosperity. But he had started toward the setting sun, and no half-way measures suited his ardent temperament. Illinois was "out West" from Pennsylvania; but after the "days of '49," California and Oregon had become "The West." The Pacific Slope was Mr. Himes' goal. In 1852, he resolved upon going to Oregon. To resolve, was with him but the precedent of to perform. On the 21st of March, 1853, we find him, accompanied by his wife and four children, starting upon their tedious, wearisome pilgrimage across the plains. After seven months of toil and hardship, and danger from Indians, they arrived at Olympia, Washington Territory.

He took a donation claim of a half section of land, in the timber fringing a beautiful lake, and skirting a prairie, situated about six miles east of Olympia, on the road to Nisqually and Steilacoom. He commenced to drain this lake, to reduce to cultivation this huge forest, with its mighty trees, the growth of centuries. In October, 1855, the Indian war broke out, and until March, 1857, the families of Mr. Himes and his neighbors were obliged to leave their claims to take shelter in block-houses. Impoverished by the war, with the view of affording to his children the opportunity to attend school, as also for himself to earn something to improve his farm, when not engaged in putting in crops and their necessary occasional cultivation, he pursued his trade, in the town of Olympia from 1857 until 1862. He then returned to his farm and ever afterwards devoted himself entirely to its cultivation.

During the last forty years of his life, he was subject to attacks of rheumatism in the stomach, from which, at times, he suffered the most intense agony. He bore it without a murmur, heroically, patiently, submissively, through those long weary years. Outside of the little family circle this was unknown, even to his nearest friends. None heard him complain. He always met them with cordial greeting, none dreaming but that he was in as good health as his flow of good spirits indicated. Bearing his burden, Christian hero that he was, he hobbled through life's weary journey ever kind and genial to all. It is but truth to say, he was always at work, never idle; he had a good word for all as he hastened on to dispatch the several things he had to do, and then hurry back to his bench or farm. If nothing required attention, if the routine work was finished, he would, through sheer love of being employed, fill up his time by making work. He has been known to go out and dig up stumps, simply to be at work. He loved labor for its sake. To remove a stump of an old forest tree, centuries old, is truly labor, but good Father Himes never any more shrank from such a task than he would from weeding a garden or slashing brush, and

his model farm furnishes the evidence of what well directed industry will accomplish. To his pains-taking, persistent, steady work, the lake had been converted into the most luxuriant meadow, the heavy forest has become the garden where small fruits and early vegetables are supplied in the greatest profusion and excellence.

Uncomplaining, except at home, and only then when oppressed nature could no longer endure intense bodily suffering, he had gradually failed, and his family could see his disease was mastering him. Still he worked on. With his own hands he prepared and planted his early garden for 1879. The heavy rains of that spring overflowed the drained lake, the ditches proved insufficient to carry off the surplus waters—the garden was destroyed, his work was rendered abortive. He realized that he was failing in health, he felt that his former energy was deserting him, he grieved that his labor should have proved useless, he experienced that he had not time to do twice over the same work. Life was too short to be thus baffled near its close, and so this strong-hearted man was giving up. His strong will, that never forsook him, was now yielding. He fretted, and showed that small causes could now discourage him. At this time, (late in March), he wrote to his eldest son in Portland. It was his last letter, and it gave unmistakable indication that the father was anticipating the close of a life which had been laborious. It was the premonition that his best energies were failing. But he did not, would not, give up. He labored on. He was at the plow on the 22nd day of April, doing his accustomed share of the work of the farm. There was no need for him to be there. But if the work was to do, he would do it. He came in at noon, but could eat nothing. He was worn out. He had finished his earthly work. The strong man succumbed. His long infirmity had at length conquered. His strength failed him. His spirit sank within him. Plaintively he told the family he was too ill to work. In the evening, when the time came for milking, he wanted to do his accustomed share, but for the first time he asked his sons to relieve him of the task. Night followed, but with it came no sleep for him. He suffered through till morning, when the physician came, to bring but temporary relief. He could eat no food, take no nourishment, his stomach rejected everything. The strong constitution was hopelessly worn out. In the evening, conscious of early dissolution, he calmly summoned the family to his bedside, and bade them an affectionate farewell. Then the old man patiently waited for his eternal release from that agony and pain which so long and so often had been his companion. Till then he had been conscious of all that was passing. He soon became delirious, and so continued until 9 o'clock the next morning, when welcome death terminated his suffering.

A widow well advanced in years, several children, the majority of whom are

settled in life, and a number of grand-children, survive to mourn the loss of an aged and honored parent and ancestor. Among his children are several of Washington's best citizens. His eldest son is better known than the deceased father; worthy and enterprising as he is, he but imitates some of the most marked characteristics of his deceased parent. The Pioneers and old settlers are again reminded, that they, who carried American settlement to the shores of the Pacific are one by one passing away.

Tyrus Himes was an affectionate husband, the tender and loving parent, the steadfast friend. This feeble tribute to the memory of an exemplary man and good citizen, by one who knew him well for a quarter of a century, cannot more fittingly close than by adopting the words of an admirer and grateful friend of the deceased,—one who had been the recipient of his good offices, had lived for a time one of his household, who had the opportunity to learn his inner life, to see his many noble traits, and knowing him and them, loved his deceased friend and reveres his memory.

And in a letter to Mr. Himes' son, I wrote: "I deeply sympathize with you in your loss. It was to me, like the losing of an elder brother. I had no friend whom I esteemed higher, and none who, to the same extent, possessed my confidence. While a *child* might see much in a parent to admire, ~~it~~ is for a stranger to see and appreciate those qualities, shown in every-day life, which are the natural outgrowth of a comprehensive mind and an innate goodness of heart. Your father, as a friend to a stranger, was a gem so rare that it is seldom to be met with. Such qualities comprehend what I call practical Christianity."

MORGAN L. SAVAGE.

Died February 9th, 1880.

Instead of the usual ministerial services at the funeral, at the request of his friends, Hon. J. W. Nesmith delivered the following touching tribute to the memory of the deceased :

FRIENDS:—We are assembled around the open portals of the tomb to do the last sad offices for our departed neighbor and friend, Morgan Lewis Savage. At 1 o'clock on yesterday morning, he breathed his last, and his remains in the cold embraces of death now lay before us, consigned to their last resting place. Mr. Savage was born in 1816 and came to Oregon in 1847. He was twice married, and leaves a widow and six children to mourn his loss. I shall not invade that sacred home to offer any poor consolation. Time—that relieves our sorrows will mollify their grief, while the memory of the departed will always be cherished in their hearts.

“When spring with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck this hallowed mould,
She then shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod,
* * * * *
And honor comes a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps his clay.”

Our friend has gone to “That undiscovered country, whose bourne from whence no traveler returns.” He has passed the dark vale that divides the here from the hereafter, and which no mortal ken has ever penetrated. Who has the right to speak of his future? I speak only of his past, that at least is secure. It is said that good men's deeds live after them. Judged by the rule of his good works, our friends' future is secure.

As I look upon the thin lines of old Pioneers that are here, I am reminded of the inevitable hour when we, too, shall follow.

“Our hearts, though strong and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating,
Funeral marches to the grave.”

It was my fortune to know our deceased friend long and well. Very nearly a third of a century ago, when Oregon was a wilderness, and unreclaimed from the dominion of the savage Indians, we were fellow soldiers in the same battalion in the Cayuse war. Together we made long and dreary marches, and shared the rude comforts of the bivouac around the same camp fires ; we divided the scanty rations, and alternately guarded the camp through the long dreary vigils of the night, while our weary comrades slept upon their trusty rifles. In the hour of peril I have looked in his manly face for that sympathy and support that one soldier expects from another, and I always found it. No man among us could have fallen who would be more missed than "Lute" Savage. He was honored by his neighbors with a seat in the higher branch of our Legislature, and in all his relations in life, as a citizen, soldier, legislator, husband, father, and friend, he did his whole duty, and acquitted himself with that honor and fidelity that renders his memory dear to us, his neighbors and friends. I hope that each of us may leave as honorable a record. You may engrave upon his tombstone—

HERE LIES AN HONEST MAN !

"The noblest work of God."

No cynic shall question the record by saying that you have written, "Not what he was, but what he should have been."

Here at the open grave of our friend, we tender our heart-felt sympathy to his bereaved family—the sad melancholy surroundings here burden and oppress my heart, and paralyze my utterances, I will .

"No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode ;
There they alike in trembling trust repose,
The bosom of his Father and his God."

DONALD MANSON.

BORN APRIL 6, 1800; DIED JANUARY 7, 1880.

BY HON. WILLIARD H. REES.

The fur traders who spent many years of their lives in Oregon, during the first half of the present century, were actors in those interesting events connected with the early history and settlement of the North Pacific coast.

Many of those pioneer adventurers beheld the country while yet unchanged from the primitive condition in which it was found by the intrepid Gray on that eventful morning, May 7, 1792, when he passed in safety the surging billows that dashed upon the bar and anchored his bark *Columbia*, upon the placid bosom of the long sought, but hitherto undiscovered river of the West.

But few of those brave, strong men—harbingers of the downfall of the Red man's sway, and founders of the Anglo-American civilization upon the Pacific coast, were spared by old Time to witness the wonderful changes that have taken place in this land of wonders during the last score of years. Prominent among the few exceptions, was the venerable Donald Manson, who died at his home near Champoege, January 7, 1880, aged 79 years and 9 months.

Mr. Manson was a native of Scotland, born April 6, 1800. His father was a farmer in easy circumstances, and Donald was sent to school with the view to prepare him to enter into mercantile pursuits; but other counsels prevailed, and young Donald received the appointment of a clerkship in the service of the Honorable Hudson Bay Company in the spring of 1817. Reporting himself at the London office, he was sent at once to Fort York on Hudson's Bay, headquarters of the company in America. Here he remained until the spring of 1820, when he was sent to Lake Winnepeg. While at that post, he first made the acquaintance of Dr. John McLaughlin, who was then a distinguished officer of the Northwest Fur Company. At this time, said Mr. Manson, Dr. McLaughlin was some 36 years of age, and as imposing in his person as he was

formable and far-reaching in his rivalry of the Hudson Bay Company. Always prompt, yet dignified in bearing, he had no equal in executive management at that day, nor thereafter in the vast fur-fields of the great Northwest. Soon after, these two powerful rivals in the American fur trade were united under the charter of the Hudson Bay Company. Dr. McLaughlin was placed in command of the Companies affairs west of the Rocky mountains, arriving at Fort George or Astoria, the then headquarters of the Columbia Department early in 1823.

In January, 1823, Mr. Manson received instructions to report to Mr. Samuel Black, chief of an expedition then preparing to explore the British possessions bordering on the Pacific coast. Said Mr. Manson, although I had been six years in America and traveled pretty extensively through the country draining into Hudson Bay and Lake Superior, I had in reality but a very imperfect conception of the great extent and grandeur of the American continent until crossing to the western watershed of the Rocky mountains. Here, amid the stupendous works of nature, those celebrated crags and deep shady dells of old Caledonia, upon which in my boyhood I had so often gazed with awe and admiration, were tame indeed, when compared with the broad plains, lofty mountains and vastness of the wild landscape which every where met the eye in this great land of countless wonders.

Prior to starting upon this hitherto unexplored northern route to the Pacific, I had seen the great plains of the Saskatchewan, doted as far as the eye could reach, with immense herds of buffalo and antelope, and as we neared the eastern base of the Rocky mountains, elk and moose were plentiful, but not until descending the western slope toward the Pacific, did we meet with and feast upon the delicious cariboo.

The Indians of the interior were generally found to be somewhat shy on first approaching their villiages, especially was this the case to the westward of Athabasca river, but this coyness on their part soon gave place to most friendly and liberal acts of hospitality. Their lodges were all inclosed with dressed buffalo skins. Their country abounded in game, lake fish of an excellent quality and nutritious roots ; yet, those Northwestern people of the interior, were the most provident Indians whom I have ever met. While the Indians near the coast, as we had reasons to regret, were more bold, deceitful and treacherous.

Mr. Manson at different interviews during the last twenty years, has given the writer a very interesting account of those wild, untutored tribes, their manner of living, strange superstitions, cruel forms of worship and surprising mechanical ingenuity found existing among these people of the North Pacific coast.

At the close of their explorations early in August, 1824, the expedition then

in the country now known as the Cassiar mining district, was divided. Mr. Black at the head of one division proceeded to the Columbia, while Mr. Manson in charge of the other with the journal and maps of the expedition, was to travel by way of Peace river and lake Athabasca to York factory on Hudson Bay.

The route by way of Peace river being somewhat circuitous, requiring a considerable detour to the north, the party did not reach lake Athabasca until late in the fall. Here Mr. Manson met an express sent out by Gov. Simpson, containing instructions to forward the report of the exploring expedition to York Factory, take charge of the western bound express and with four men proceed to Columbia Department and report to Dr. John McLaughlin in charge. Those strong brave men, who spent all the mature years of their lives in the wilds of the fur producing regions of the great Northwest, had entered into a solemn engagement with their respective companies to labor for the advancement of their interests and obey the commands of their superior officers. Neither the broad plains of the wilderness, the wild savage character of its inhabitants, lofty mountains, nor driving snow storms of mid-winter seemed to daunt the courage or obstruct the onward march of those hardy mountaineers.

Turning their faces from the midland post at Athabasca, they were once more *enroute* toward the setting sun. After a toilsome march over a most rugged country, Mr. Manson with his four men reached Fort Vancouver, Jan. 6, 1825. This young Scotch officer had been sent to the Columbia Department by request of Dr. McLaughlin, who, in 1824 removed the headquarters of his department from Astoria to Vancouver, where he occupied a new stockade fort, then just completed which was located upon the high point of land a short distance up the river from the present town. Mr. Manson was appointed by the Doctor, Superintendent of improvements at the post, with some forty men under his charge. Dr. McLaughlin finding this location upon the highland inconvenient on account of the water supply and shipping facilities, decided to begin at once the erection of a new fort on the site upon which the town of Vancouver has since been built. To this end, Mr. Manson was instructed to commence the work of building a new stockade, inclosing two acres of ground, which in due time he completed. This was the old Fort Vancouver so well remembered by all the surviving pioneers who found homes in Oregon during the second quarter of the present century, the old Fort Vancouver which under the wise administration of the late Dr. John McLaughlin controlled for nearly a quarter of a century the lucrative trade of a vast region of the Northwest, lying between the Rocky mountains and Pacific ocean. Dr. McLaughlin who for many years, exercised almost illimitable sway over the then new empire, as it were, of

the great Northwest, through his wisdom, justice and humanity has left to man kind a noble example, and his acts of benevolence will in due time adorn the pages of truthful history.

Soon after completing the new stockade at Vancouver, Mr. Manson with a force of men was sent via Nasqualla to Frazier river, where he selected a site and superintended the building of Fort Langley, situated on that river near the northern boundary of Washington Territory. Soon after completing this large fort, he returned to Vancouver.

In the spring of 1827, two Boston fur trading vessels entered the Columbia, the brig *Owyhee*, commanded by Capt. Dominas, and the schooner *Conyoy*, Capt. Thompson. Dr. McLaughlin directed Mr. Manson to get ready the *Multnomah*, a river sloop and taking on board a cargo of Indian goods, was sent to old Fort Astor, (which had been abandoned three years before and was now a complete ruin) to oppose the Yankee traders. A sharp competition was at once inaugurated between these maritime fur traders and the Hudson Bay Company, which was every where the case with rival companies so long as furs continued to rule high in the markets of the world. While this competition was of the most persevering and vigilant character, the personal relations of the traders were always amicable. Festive entertainments were held by the officers on board their respective vessels, and in pleasant weather, on the site of the old fortress, where nothing but its fallen ruins were now left to mark the place where important national events had taken place but a few years before—here upon this historic spot on gaily days, would come in regal pomp, old king Concomly, his brother Scon-ich-ko, Che-nam-us the young chief, and Qua-luk or George, the interpreter on board the *Tonquin*, and only survivor of the disaster of that ill fated ship; with an aggregate fleet from all the villages of more than a hundred canoes. Then would follow a feast lasting several days. Many of those present on these occasions were the same people who had seen Captains Robert Gray of the *Columbia*, and Broughton of the *Chatham*, who entered the river in 1792—Lewis and Clark who made the first overland journey in 1805—had witnessed the building of Fort Astoria in the wilderness and in the pride of her early prime, had heard the first report of her great guns come booming across the broad river, awakening the slumbering echoes of the mountain solitudes. Here, at the witching hour of twilight in bygone years, had proud old Concomly and his boasted thousand warriors, oftentimes listened to the resounding melody of the Canadian boat-song as they glided leisurely along through the sunset waters of one of the grandest rivers on the globe.

During Mr. Manson's stay at Astoria, one of the Companies ships, the *William and Ann* from London, with a cargo of supplies was wrecked on the bar, every

person on board perished. The Princess Chowa, daughter of Concomly, King of the Chinooks, who had been the wife of Mr. McKenzie, one of the Astor partners, but at this time was living in regal splendor at the Chinook villages, arrived at Astoria in one of her large handsomely decorated canoes, bringing the startling intelligence that a ship was being dashed to pieces in the breakers off Clatsop Point, saying to Mr. Manson, my canoe and men are at your service, I will take you to the scene of the disaster. He accepted her generous offer. Calling to his assistance Michelle Lafranboise, John McLain, a Scotchman, and Jack, a brave Kanaka sailor, and after a hurried preparation, they embarked with the Princess, sailing for Clatsop Point. When they arrived at the beach, the sun was low, the ship's boats, portions of the cargo and rigging were strewed along the shore for more than a mile. Several hundred Indians had collected along the beach, all wild with excitement, appropriating to themselves whatever they deemed of most value. They had found two casks of rum which they had opened and many were already intoxicated. Mr. Manson was not aware that the vessel belonged to the Hudson Bay Company, until finding the Captain's gig bearing his name, also that of his ship.

The Clatsop Indians persistingly refused to comply with the repeated demands of Mr. Manson to surrender the rum and other goods, saying this land is ours, and whatever the ocean casts upon these shores and is saved by our labor belongs to us. Seemingly determined to resist all overtures which he thought proper to offer, Mr. Manson's little party having been strengthened by the arrival of a half dozen Indians from Chinook Point, his party retired behind the first sand ridge where they had left their guns and other equipage with the Kanaka and Chowa's slaves. Here Mr. Manson informed the Princess and the men as to the course he intended to pursue, gave orders to march to the summit of the of the sand ridge where they halted, fired their muskets into the air, then deliberately reloading in plain view of the tumultuous Indians, he led the way directly to the crowd surrounding the nearest rum cask. As they approached, the Indians divided permitting them to pass unmolested. Having no means of securing such large casks, he broke the head and the rum mingled with the waters of the ocean. Then followed by his party a few hundred yards down the beach he dispersed the Indians, and secured the second cask in like manner.

For this insolent exhibition and thefts which followed, Dr. McLaughlin gave those Indians a justly merited chastisement which they never forgot, while the Princess Chowa and her few brave adherents were suitably rewarded.

Captain Dominas having sailed on a cruise up the Northwest coast, and the *Convoy* had gone into the Willamette river and opened trade a short distance below Clackamas rapids. Said Mr. Manson: Capt. Thompson of the *Convoy*,

was a man of fine social qualities, a skillful navigator, a lively trader, but knew little of Indian character. Having built a small block house at Astoria, I was recalled to Vancouver. Arriving at Multnomah village at the mouth of the Willamette, I was hailed by an Indian who had just come from the Falls; he informed me that the Boston ship was aground. This was in July, when the back water caused by the annual rise of the Columbia was fast receding. The Clackamas Indians taking advantage of the stranger while in this hapless condition, had become so insolent as to endanger the safety of the vessel and crew. Hastening forward to Vancouver, I informed Dr. McLaughlin of the situation of Thompson's vessel and reported danger from Indians. The Doctor ordered Michelle Lafranboise to get a boat and ten men in readiness at once, gave me the command, and in less than an hour we were pulling away for the unfortunate ship, which we did not reach until the following morning.

Captain Thompson had acted imprudent by permitting too much familiarity, and allowing too many Indians to board his ship at one time. Thus to a great extent, had lost control of both vessel and Indians, who at that day were very numerous throughout the Willamette valley, especially at that season in the vicinity of the Falls. On my arrival, which was a complete surprise, the Indians immediately left the ship, and employed a large force of Indians who had not participated in these depredations, we having succeeded in relieving the schooner. The Indians were compelled to restore the stolen or extorted property and were duly punished by Dr. McLaughlin.

In this connection, I will mention one other similar circumstance which took place near Fort McLaughlin on Mill Bank Sound in 1832, while in charge of Mr. Manson. The brig *Lama*, Capt. McNeill a fur trader from Boston, entered the sound and was moored some three miles below the fort, where the Captain conducted a brisk trade for a few months. But as was too apt to be the case with inexperienced traders who understood but little of the treacherous character of the north coast Indians, permitting too much familiarity. They soon grew more impudent, boarding his vessel a few at a time, until some 40 or 50 were on deck. The Indians then defied his authority. This commenced early in the morning and the wildest confusion was kept up throughout the day. Late in the afternoon the Captain had managed to send two of the men, to the fort with an earnest request for immediate assistance. Maning a boat with armed Canadians, I started for the *Lama*; on rounding a point at evening twilight, the old voyageurs as usual singing one of their favorite boat songs. The vessel was now in full view, anchored near the beach. The attention of the Indians attracted by the resounding chorus of the Canadians, and were soon in their canoes pulling for the shore. The ringleader, a stalwart rascally chief of the village was still on board when I reached the deck. He was made prisoner and held

at the fort until his people had restored all they had stolen and satisfied the Captain for damages committed.

Capt. McNeill soon after sailed for the Sandwich Islands where he sold his vessel to Mr. Duncan Finalyson, agent of Dr. McLaughlin. Capt McNeill sailed the *Lama* to Columbia river, invested his money and entered the service of the Hudson Bay Company, became a Chief Factor and died at Victoria in 1875.

In 1827, Mr. Manson first visited the Champoege villages to fit out the southern bound brigade. In 1829, in company with Dr. McLaughlin, made an extended tour through the Willamette valley for the purpose of making a careful examination as to its adaptability to agricultural purposes. But to recount in chronological order the more interesting events in which Mr. Manson has borne a conspicuous part during a life of 55 years upon this coast, would greatly exceed the limited space at my command. It must therefore suffice to say, he took a leading part in the construction and at different times had charge of nearly all the Companies forts on the Pacific side of the Rocky mountains.

When for a term of years, his company held a lease or fur trading privilege upon a part of Russian America, for which Dr. McLaughlin paid annually a stipulated price in Oregon wheat, Mr. Manson was several times sent into those high northern latitudes. No man of his generation was more conversant with the history of the native tribes or possessed a more thorough knowledge of the country from the head of the Willamette valley to the frozen glaciers of Alaska, than the venerable Donald Manson. One of the most vigilant, sagacious and dauntless frontiersmen on the North Pacific coast, he was the officer upon whom Dr. McLaughlin relied to command the post of most imminent danger. In 1839, after a service of 22 consecutive years, he was given one year's furlow which he spent in visiting his native Highland home. His parents were then living. Said Mr. Manson, this was the great holiday of my life which, with a host of friends, I enjoyed beyond measure.

On his return to Vancouver in 1841, he learned that his old traveling companion, Mr. Black, with whom he had journeyed across the continent in 1823, had been murdered by Indians at Fort Camloops. Dr. McLaughlin sent him to that post to apprehend and punish the guilty parties, which was soon satisfactorily accomplished, as was also an insubordination which occurred at Fort Stikine, resulting in the death of Dr. McLaughlin's son John.

In 1844, he was appointed Executive officer of the district of New Calidonia, continued to administer its affairs with his usual ability for 14 years, when he rendered the resignation of his commission to the Company which he had faithfully served for more than forty years. Having purchased of Dr. Newell his

donation land claim at Champoege, in Marion county, Oregon, he settled here with his family in the spring of 1858. In the enjoyment of affluence, he spent large sums of money in improving and stocking his farm, all of which was swept away by the great flood of December, 1861.

In October, 1828, Mr. Manson married the daughter of Etennie Lucier, one of the Astor men, who came to Oregon with Capt. Hunt in 1811, and was one of the founders of the French Prairie settlement, where he located as farmer in the fall of 1827.

Calling at Vancouver on business in May, 1845, the writer had the gratification of being introduced by Dr. McLaughlin to Mr. Donald Manson and Dr. Whitman, then just arrived at the Fort. They were active, energetic, fine looking men in the full prime of life. After getting through with the long ceremonial supper, the social converse which followed during the evening was very enjoyable. Dr. McLaughlin had sent to headquarters his resignation, and was preparing to settle permanently at Oregon City. He spoke in very feeling terms of his long continued service and great attachment to some of his officers, and taking occasion to express to the company his admiration for the great energy and will-power which the two gentlemen above named were capable of exerting, at the same time relating a number of their performances to illustrate the peculiar qualities of his two friends. I retired that evening fully impressed with the Doctor's views.

Mr. Manson was six feet in height, symmetrically formed, of a quick military bearing; yet one of the most affable of men, endowed with uncommon physical powers, a strong will united with true courage. Insubordination in the slightest degree was never manifested among the men under *his* command.

Fond of reading, he was quite conversant with the general literature of his time. A great admirer of old Scotia's immortal bards, Burns the emotional, and Scott, their descriptive and martial poet.

Mr. Manson was a member of the Episcopal church, a man of true courage, he was content to cultivate and follow the better impulses of his nature, while the unpardonable sin of self-righteousness or false pretensions, found no abiding place in the manly breast of Donald Manson.

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

EIGHTH ANNUAL RE-UNION

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association;

FOR

1880;

AND THE

ANNUAL ADDRESS DELIVERED BY HON. J. W. NESMITH,

TOGETHER WITH

THE OCCASIONAL ADDRESS BY REV. G. H. ATKINSON, AND
OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST.



SALEM, OREGON:

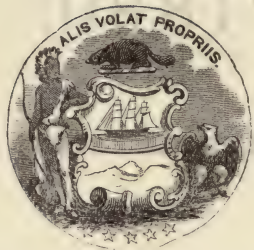
E. M. WAITE, STEAM PRINTER AND BOOKBINDER.

1881.

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NEW YORK

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1871

EIGHTH ANNUAL RE-UNION.

At Portland, June 15, 1880.

Nature smiled on the Pioneers Tuesday. As if to repay for many days hiding, the sun came out gloriously, and during the entire day the weather was as pleasant as could be desired. The crowd was increased by arrivals on the morning boats, the Albany express and the west side train. Flags were generously displayed from staffs all over the city, and Portland wore a holiday look.

THE PROCESSION.

Shortly after 12:30 P. M. the procession was formed in front of the Clarendon Hotel, in the following order:

Two Boys on Horseback as Videttes.

Grand Marshal Al Zieber and Aids.

National Flag.

Washington Guard Band.

Grand Standard Bearer.

Chaplain.

Members of the Association who came to the Territory previous to 1841.

Divisions of Members who came from 1841 to 1854, with Appropriate Banners.

Carriages with Orators of the Day.

Carriages with President and Officers of the Society.

Carriages with Mayor Thompson and City Officers of Portland.

Carriages with Invited Guests.

Citizens on Foot.

The following gentlemen were division standard bearers:

1841—J. L. Parrish.	1848—John Catlin.
1842—J. R. Robb.	1849—Frank Cooper.
1843—Jeptha Garrison.	1850—T. A. Davis.
1844—Cyrus Nelson.	1851—Geo. L. Story.
1845—T. R. Cornelius.	1852—Jos. Buchtel.
1846—Alvin C. Brown.	1853—P. E. Mathoit.
1847—John T. Apperson.	1855—Marion Wilcox.

The procession moved up First street to Columbia, out Columbia to Second, and up Second to the pavilion. It was witnessed by large crowds all along the line.

AT THE PAVILION.

When the exercises at the pavilion began, not less than 2500 or 3000 persons had assembled. The audience was called to order by the president, Capt. Medorum Crawford, who introduced Mayor D. P. Thompson. He delivered the following

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

To the President, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Oregon Pioneer Association:

The privilege of welcoming the Society of Oregon Pioneers on this occasion of your annual re-union in the City of Portland has been assigned to me. Had I consulted my own feelings, another and abler speaker would have stood before you to welcome you. But inasmuch as the duty has been imposed upon me, I will say that in behalf of the City of Portland, I welcome you to its hospitalities.

More than a quarter of a century ago I came to the Territory of Oregon. The pioneers were here at that time. I see before me the pioneers of 1841, and of each succeeding year up to 1854.

My business after arriving in the Territory in 1853 brought me in contact with the leading spirits who had come to the Territory before that time.

Nearly all the pioneers came to Oregon either by pack trains or ox teams across the great plains, or by way of Cape Horn. Many months were occupied in the journey and all manner of dangers were encountered, either by savages or want of provisions on the plains, or by dangers of the sea in the long and tedious sea voyage in sailing vessels around Cape Horn.

It is you, the leading spirits, who braved so many dangers, who are justly entitled to claim the honor of laying the foundation of this proud commonwealth. The development of the State of Oregon has been wonderful within the last decade. It is a pleasure to me to know that so many of those whose energy and enterprise has brought about this wonderful development are before me to-day, to celebrate this, the Eighth Annual Re-Union of your Society, and to know that so many of you still live to witness the advancement of the institutions your energy and enterprise inaugurated. You have been found foremost in every enterprise that has added wealth and greatness to the State.

I am glad to see so many of you here to-day, and when I extend to you this friendly greeting it is with a feeling of fraternal friendship which I can express in no words so fitting as those of the poet who wrote—

“There are no friends like the old friends.”

I will not enter into dry statistics on this occasion. When the site of the proud city in which we are assembled was a dense fir forest, some of you were here. When the valleys of the Willamette and Umpqua were a howling wilderness and as untamed as the wilds of Africa; when the great eastern portion of our State was regarded as only fit for herds of Indian ponies to feed upon, you were here. You have assisted to bring about a glorious transition.

The untamed wilds have been made blooming gardens and fruitful fields. The untried fields of Eastern Oregon have been found to be fertile fields for the production of grain, from which bread is made to feed the millions of our race whose lots have been cast in countries beyond the seas more inhospitable than ours.

Pioneers of Oregon, permit me to greet you as one common brotherhood. It has been yours to open up an empire in which thousands of happy homes have been and are being established, where virtue, religion, good morals, patriotism, together with the arts and sciences, and all things pure and elevating, shall be taught for all time. Here you meet many who can recall incidents with which you are all familiar—incidents which cannot fail to cause us all in our minds to live over again the days of the past; to view this fair domain as it was a quarter of a century ago, when the “trail and foot-log” were our only thoroughfares, and the “cayuse pony” and the “shoulder pack” from necessity supplied the place of the locomotive and steamboat, and compare that time with the present, and the fact can scarcely be realized that so great a change could be wrought in so short a time.

With the magnificent steamers of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, that plough the waters of the Columbia, along the whole northern bound-

dary of our State, and penetrating almost to the Rocky mountains in the Territory of Idaho, and which convey the products of Eastern Oregon, Washington Territory and Idaho to the seaboard, there to be shipped by sea-going vessels to all parts of the world. With lines of railroad that traverse the western portion of the State from the northern almost to the southern boundary of the State; with the lines of railroads in Eastern Oregon and the Willamette valley, now in the course of construction, that furnish employment for thousands of laborers, and which will open up for settlement millions of acres of land to profitable cultivation; with the magnificent lines of ocean steamships sailing from Portland to far-off Sitka on the north, and to San Francisco on the South, and whose home port is within our State; with the telegraph lines extending to almost every village in the State, bringing them into instantaneous communication with every part of the civilized world; with the telephone that connects almost every business house in the City of Portland with the others in instantaneous communication, shows the changes that have been brought about in great part by you in Oregon since your arrival here.

And now, having briefly alluded to the past and the present, in the name of the City of Portland—the Queen City of the great Northwest—we welcome you to meet with us on this, your Eighth Annual Reunion.

Rev. J. S. Griffin offered a feeling prayer, after which the President delivered the

OPENING ADDRESS.

Pioneers of Oregon, Ladies and Gentlemen:

On this, the Eighth Annual Reunion of our Society, it was decided by your officers to hold our annual meeting here at the metropolis of our adopted State.

The substantial interest in our association manifested by the citizens of Portland ever since its organization, and a desire to encourage and accommodate the large and increasing number of Pioneers who are located in Eastern Oregon and Washington Territory, were important reasons; and the time for holding the annual State Fair at Salem having been changed to within a few days of the time appointed by our constitution for our annual reunion, determined your committee to accept the invitation of the Pioneers and citizens of Portland to meet here on this occasion.

The very cordial manner in which we have been received, and this magnificent pavilion, so beautifully decorated, provided for our use, proves that the citizens of Portland are not unmindful of the respect due to those pioneers who laid the foundation of the prosperity they now enjoy.

Some there are yet left among us who remember when the ground upon which this beautiful city stands was an uninhabitable wilderness, and the spot now occupied by this magnificent building an almost impenetrable jungle.

These changes so noticeable here are but little less marked throughout our adopted country.

The Indian canoe and Hudson Bay beattau have been superceded by steam-boats, while the Spanish bronco and Indian pony have abandoned the trail to the locomotive.

A few more years will not only remove all traces of our pioneer customs, but the pioneers themselves will be beyond the reach of reunions and camp fires. Let us not therefore neglect these annual opportunities of recalling the past and enjoying the present.

ANNUAL ADDRESS.

BY COL. J. W. NESMITH.

*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Oregon Pioneer Association, and
Fellow Citizens :*

We assemble to-day in the beautiful and flourishing commercial emporium of the great northwest to hold the Eighth Annual Re-union of the members of our Society. We shall pass some time in social intercourse, and refer to the days of Auld Lang Syne, when some of us beheld the site of this city as a wilderness, and before it or its surrounding solitude were disturbed by civilized man; we will indulge in pleasant reminiscences of the long past, and glance back at the pleasures as well as the toils and privations of the early pioneers.

The links in the chain of personal friendship will again be brightened by those of us who long ago, in poverty and obscurity, shared the common toils and dangers incident to the reclaiming of the wilderness from the dominion of the savages and wild beasts, and causing it to "bud and blossom as the rose." Those of us who have passed the meridian of life can hardly realize the changes that have taken place under our observation since the hopeful days of our young and vigorous manhood. We have witnessed the invasion of the solitude of the forests by civilization. We have seen what we used to know from our school geographies as "the great American desert," stretching away nearly 2,000 miles west from the borders of the old republic to the Pacific, dotted all over with cities, towns and rich productive farms. The domestic cattle of the herdsman now graze upon the thousand hills over which we once saw the bison and wolf roaming. Great marts of trade have arisen upon spots that it only seems to us like yesterday were inhabited by hostile savages and wild beasts. Agricultural and mechanical industries have sought out beautiful and remote places, which we recollect as many days' travel from the nearest settler's cabin. Commerce, in its ceaseless activity, not content with vexing all our rivers with the steamer's prow, has sought out the remote valleys, and sent the iron horse to disturb with his resounding scream, solitude which had existed since the hour of creation.

It would seem eminently proper that we who can say of those changes, "all of which we saw, and part of which we were," should, as we descend life's hill together, annually pause for a day upon our journey to indulge in reminiscences relative to that past which is never to return.

Your committee has imposed upon me the duty of addressing you to-day. Five years ago I discharged a similar task, and I think that every other pioneer should have been called upon before my turn came round again.

The ablest speakers and writers of Oregon and Washington Territory have been edifying you annually for the last seven years, and would seem to have left but little to be said about our early history or the incidents of pioneer life. Judge Deady, in his admirable address of 1875, left nothing to be said upon the subject of the question of our title to Oregon, and the question of joint occupancy with Great Britain. Hon. Elwood Evans, of Washington Territory, in his interesting address of 1877, exhausted all of the eloquence that pertains to the subject. Our friend Willard H. Rees, in 1879, gave us an address replete with facts and incidents of pioneer life. Others have entertained you with able addresses. In my effort to avoid a repetition of what has already been so well said, I shall purposely be discursive in trying to gather up some odds and ends which have escaped the attention of the more brilliant orators, and as I think, are worthy of preservation. Judge Strong, in his address of 1878, gave us an interesting account of the building up of our internal commerce by the Oregon Steam Navigation Company. I now propose to briefly refer to the inception of our commerce, at a time anterior to that of which Judge Strong spoke, as it may be interesting to those who are to come after us to know how and by what means the early pioneers succeeded in availing themselves of the inestimable advantages of those intercommunications and exchanges called commerce; and which, as political economists tell us, are the necessary adjuncts to progress and civilization, and without which no advance can be made beyond a state of barbarianism. History is replete with the wonderful triumphs of commercial enterprise achieved during the world's progress. I cannot take the time to even refer to their magnificent results, or repeat the lessons of history, which demonstrate that by its wonderful power, at some period it has changed the great centers of wealth and empire from one spot upon the earth's surface to another.

I must leave you to indulge in such historical reminiscences and reveries at your leisure. There are some men now within the sound of my voice who resided in Oregon when all of the imports and exports by the mouth of the Columbia river, aside from the business of the Hudson Bay Company, did not amount to \$1,000 per annum. We have lived to see the exports alone of last year amount to the approximate sum of ten millions, and there are men now

listening to me who will live to see our great "Inland Empire" developed, and when the commerce of the mouth of the Columbia and the Straits of Juan de Fuca will amount to \$200,000,000 per annum.

It is, as I said, my purpose to speak briefly of the inception of our external and internal commerce, as inaugurated by the efforts of the early pioneers. The grand results up to 1880 are before you. Let us compare them with their humble origin while we may still, with reference to the future, regard them as in their infancy.

Forty years ago the few American citizens in Oregon were isolated from the outside world. Some adventurous and enterprising persons conceived the idea of building a vessel of sufficient capacity to cross the Columbia river bar and navigate the ocean. Those persons were mostly old Rocky mountain beaver trappers and sailors who had drifted like waifs to the Willamette Valley. Their names were Joseph Gale, John Canan, Ralph Kilbourn, Pleasant Armstrong, Henry Woods, George Davis and Jacob Green. Felix Hathaway was employed as master ship carpenter, and Thomas Hubbard and J. L. Parrish did the blacksmith work. In the latter part of the summer of 1840, there was laid the keel of the schooner *Star of Oregon*, upon the east side of Swan Island, near the junction of the Willamette and Columbia rivers. The representatives of the Hudson Bay Company, either dreading commercial competition, or doubtful about their pay, at first refused to furnish any supplies. But through the earnest representation of Capt. Wilkes—then here in command of the American exploring squadron, and who offered to become responsible for the payment—Dr. McLaughlin furnished all such necessary articles as were in store at Vancouver. On the 19th of May, 1841, the schooner was launched. She had only been planked up to the water ways, and in that condition was worked up to the falls of the Willamette. Owing to destitution of means and scarcity of provisions, the enterprising ship builders were compelled to suspend work upon their vessel until May, 1842. On the 25th of August, the vessel was completed and the crew went on board at the falls. They consisted of the following named persons: Joseph Gale, Captain; John Canan, Pleasant Armstrong, Ralph Kilbourn, Jacob Green and one Indian boy ten years old. There was but one passenger, a Mr. Piffenhauser. Capt. Wilkes furnished the shipbuilders with an anchor, hawser, nautical instruments, a flag and a clearance. On the 12th of September, 1842, she crossed the bar of the Columbia, coming very near being wrecked in the breakers, and took latitude and departure from Cape Disappointment just as the sun touched the western horizon.

That night there arose a terrific storm which lasted for thirty-six hours, during which Capt. Gale, who was the only experienced sailor on board, never left

the helm. The little Star behaved beautifully in the storm, and after a voyage of five days anchored in the foreign port of Yerba Buena, as San Francisco was then called.

The Star was 48 feet 8 inches on the keel, and 53 feet 8 inches over all, with 10 feet 9 inches in the widest part, and drew, in good ballast trim, 4 feet and 6 inches of water; her frame was of swamp white oak, her knees of seasoned red fir roots, her beam and carlins of red fir. She was clinker built, and of the Baltimore clipper model. She was planked with clear cedar, dressed to $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches, which was spiked to every rib with a wrought iron spike half an inch square and clinched on the inside. The deck was double and she was what is known as a fore and aft schooner, having no topsails, but simply fore and main sails, jib and flying jib. She was painted black, with a small white ribbon running from stem to stern, and was one of the handsomest little crafts that ever sat upon the water. Captain Gale and the crew, who were the owners of the Star, sold her at the bay of San Francisco in the fall of 1842, to a French captain named Josa Lamantour, who had recently wrecked his vessel. The price paid was 350 cows.

Shortly after Capt. Gale arrived at San Francisco, the captains of several vessels then in the harbor came on board his schooner, and when passing around the stern, read Star of Oregon; he heard them swear that there was no such port in the world.

Capt. Gale and his crew remained in California all winter, and in the spring of 1843 started to Oregon with a party of 42 men, who brought with them an aggregate of 1,250 head of cattle, 600 head of mares, colts, horses and mules, and 3,000 sheep. They were 75 days in reaching the Willamette Valley. On their arrival with their herds, the monopoly in stock cattle came to an end in Oregon.

Capt. Joseph Gale, the master spirit of the enterprise, was born, I believe, in the District of Columbia, and in his younger days followed the sea, where he obtained a good knowledge of navigation and seamanship. Capt. Wilkes, before he would give him papers, examined him satisfactorily upon these subjects.

Gale, abandoning the sea, found his way to the Rocky mountains, and was for several years a trapper. I knew him well and lived with him in the winter of 1843-4, and often listened to his thrilling adventures by sea and land. He then had the American flag that Wilkes gave him, and made a soat of canopy of it, under which he slept. No saint was ever more devoted to his shrine than Gale was to that dear old flag. The old man now lives at New Bridge, in

Union County, in this State, and, I believe, is the only survivor of the brave and venturesome men who owned and sailed the *Star*. Rev. J. L. Parrish, who honors us with his presence to-day, is the only surviving mechanic who aided in her construction.

Capt. Gale has always been a man of great energy, brave, fearless and honest. I wish that he was with us to-day that he might enjoy the congratulations due to his enterprise in inaugurating what at no distant day will constitute a great commercial marine.

In the summer of 1844, Aaron Cook, a burly and bluff old Englishman, strongly imbued with American sentiments, conceived the idea of building a schooner to supersede the Indian canoes then doing the carrying trade upon the Columbia and Willamette rivers. Cook employed Edwin W. and M. B. Otie and myself as the carpenters to construct the craft. We built her in a cove or recess of the rocks just in front of Frank Ermitinger's old house, near the upper end of Oregon City.

None of us had any knowledge of ship building, but by dint of perseverance we constructed a schooner of about 35 tons burthen. She was called the *Calipooiah*. Jack Warner did the "calking," paying and rigging. Warner was a young Scotchman with a good education, which he never turned to any practical account. He ran away from school in the "Land o' Cakes," and took to the sea, where he picked up a good deal of knowledge pertaining to the sailor's craft.

I recollect one day when Jack, with a kettle of hot pitch, and a long-handled swab, was pitching the hull of the *Calipooiah*, he was accosted by an "uncouth Missourian," who had evidently never seen anything of the kind before, with an inquiry as to his occupation. Jack responded in broad Scotch, "I am a landscape painter by profession, and am doing a wee bit of adornment for Capt. Cook's schooner."

In the month of August, 1844, we had launched and finished the *Calipooiah*, and went upon a pleasure excursion to the mouth of the Columbia. The crew and passengers consisted of Capt. Aaron Cook, Jack Werner, Jack Campbell, Rev. A. F. Waller and family, W. H. Gray and wife, A. E. Wilson, Robert Shortess, W. H. Raymond, E. W. Otie, M. B. Otie and J. W. Nesmith. There may have been others on board, if so, their names have escaped me. The after portion had a small cabin, which was given up for the accommodation of the ladies and children. Forward was a box filled with earth, upon which a fire was made for cooking purposes. We had our own blankets and slept upon the deck. The weather was delightful and we listlessly drifted down the Willam-

ette and Columbia rivers, sometimes aided by the wind. Portland was then a solitude, like any other part of the forest-clad banks. There were then no revenue officers here under pretense of "protecting American industries," and no custom house boat boarded us.

In four days we reached Astoria, or Fort George, as the single old shanty upon the place—in charge of an old Scotchman—was then called. The river was full of fish and the shores abounded in game. We had our rifles along, and subsisted upon those delicacies. There were then numerous large Indian villages along the margin of the river, and the canoes of the natives were rarely out of sight. They often came on board to dispose of salmon. Their price was a bullet and a charge of powder for a fish.

The grand old river and its surroundings existed then in its natural state, as Lewis and Clarke found it forty years before. I believe that there was but one American settler's cabin upon the banks of the Columbia from its source to the ocean. That was on the south side of the river, near Cathlamet, and belonged to Henry Hunt and Ben Wood, who were building a sawmill at that point.

On an island near Cathlamet some of us went ashore to visit a large Indian village, where the natives lived in large and comparatively comfortable houses. They showed us some articles which they said were presented to them by Lewis and Clarke, among which was a faded cotton handkerchief and a small mirror, about two inches square, in a tin case. The corners of the case were worn off and the sides worn through by much handling. The Indians seemed to regard the articles with great veneration, and would not dispose of them to us for any price we were able to offer.

The only vessel we saw in the river was her *Britanic Majesty's* sloop-of-war *Modeste*, of 18 guns, under command of Capt. Thomas Bailie. We passed her in a long reach in the river, as she lay at anchor. We had a spanking breeze, and with all of our sails set and the American flag flying at our mast head, we proudly ran close under her broadside. A long line of officers and sailors looked down over the hammocks and from the quarter-deck at our unpainted and primitive craft, in apparently as much astonishment as though we were the *Flying Dutchman* or some other phantom ship come down from the moon to flaunt the stars and stripes upon the neutral waters of the Columbia.

At the time of which I speak we were a generation nearer the revolutionary war and the war of 1812 than we are now. Many of the survivors of both wars were then alive. Great Britain was the only country with which we had ever had any conflict of arms, and the generation to which we belonged, particularly in the west, had been taught to look upon the "Britishers" as natural enemies.

Consequently we exulted not a little at showing the Modeste people our national colors. Happily time—aided by social and commercial intercourse—have done away with our ancient prejudices and hatreds, and it is to be hoped they will never be revived.

Arrived at Astoria we came to anchor—that is, if a huge basaltic boulder, made fast to the end of a rawhide rope, can be called an anchor. In the afternoon Mr. Shortess, and myself walked down to the point below Astoria—now, I believe, called Sharkes Point. The weather was calm and the sun shone brightly. While looking out across the bar I observed a white spot upon the horizon, and remarked to Shortess that it was a sail. He was unable to see it, and said it could not be one, as the annual ship of the Hudson Bay Company had arrived the previous June, and none other was expected until the next year. The longer we discussed the matter the more I became convinced that I was right. Shortess was a man who did not readily yield his convictions, and to settle the matter I climbed to the top of a tall fir tree, from which I could see the hull of the vessel making in for Clatsop point. I remained up in the tree watching the vessel and describing her course to Shortess, who insisted that she would run aground, as there was no channel so near the point. But she came safely in, and the light wind failing, she cast anchor about sundown.

The next morning we procured a canoe and boarded the vessel. We found her to be an old Belgian brig from Antwerp, and called the Indefatigable. Father P. J. De Smet, whom I had previously known, was on board, together with several Catholic Priests and Sisters. The brig was freighted with supplies for the Catholic mission in Oregon. There was not a person on board who had ever seen the mouth of the Columbia, and they had no chart on board. They had worked up to the latitude of the river, and with a flood tide and light breeze drifted in over the bar. Father De Smet attributed the successful entrance to "Divine pilotage." The profane, I suppose, would have called it the biggest sort of luck.

For several years Capt. Cook, with his Callipooia, did the principal part of the carrying trade upon the lower Columbia and Willamette rivers. In 1845 Robert Newell fitted up a couple of old beatteaux, and ran them from the head of the falls to Champoege. One was called the Mogul and the other Ben Franklin. The following is the advertisement of the line, cut from the Oregon Spectator:



Passengers' Own Line—Mogul and B. Franklin.—We beg leave to tender our thanks to the public for the liberal support received during the last season, *particularly for the provisions* furnished by the passengers. The Mogul and Ben Franklin have just been slipped into the water, after a thorough gumming, and intend to ply regularly between Oregon

City and Champoege the present season. The boats will leave Champoege on Mondays and Thursdays—from Oregon City on Wednesdays and Saturdays during the season, passengers or no passengers. As the proprietors intend, as they always have done, to keep the best boats on the waters above the falls, they hope to receive a share of public patronage. X. Y. Z. can have two passages free gratis for nothing. The first Lieutenant will attend to all business in the absence of the Captain.

N. B.—A reasonable price will be paid for a quantity of good Gum.
Oct. 1, 1845--1846.

This line of boats, propelled by wind and oars, did the carrying business upon both the rivers. The transportation by land around the falls at Oregon City was done by Medorum Crawford, who came to Oregon in 1842, and resided for a year or two in "old Yamhill" county, where, like many other of our distinguished men, he "got his start." In the spring of 1845 Crawford came to Oregon City with a pair of black oxen and an old emigrant wagon, the result of his accumulations in Yamhill. He entered into some sort of combination with Cook and Newell to monopolize the transportation business of the country. Crawford, with his black oxen and old wagon, not only did all the transportation business between the two lines of boats around the falls, but was practically the hack and dray company of Oregon City.

This trio of monopolists, with their great wealth in boats, wagon and black oxen, held as firm a grasp upon the carrying trade of the country and the portage at the falls, as ever Leonidas and his Spartans did at that historic pass of Thermopylæ, and nothing like it was ever known in this country until later and wealthier companies, aided by the power of steamers, held all the passes upon both rivers.

There are men now in this audience who, in the days of their youth, looked with admiration and envy upon that wealthy trinity of capitalists. It seems to me that I can now see Crawford as he strode along what are now the streets of Oregon City, clad in moccasins and skin *saccollocks*, by the side of his black bovines, with his long buckskin revolver hanging over his shoulder to whack them up occasionally.

After two or three years enjoyment of this monopoly, Cook, Newell & Crawford had accumulated a fortune and retired. Their jointly acquired wealth must have amounted to \$500 or \$600 in trade. I say trade, because there was no money in the country. It consisted of beaver skins, buckskins, wheat, shingles, hoopoles, salt salmon and saw logs.

The Callipooiah, the Mogul and the Ben Franklin, with the black oxen and old emigrant wagon, has long since disappeared, but they are still entitled to a place in our history as a medium by which our great internal commerce of to-day had its origin. Subsequently Capt. Charles Bennett built a keel boat that

ran from the falls to Salem, and others built boats upon the lower rivers, all of which were displaced by the steamers of which Judge Strong gave you an account two years ago.

The change that we have witnessed in our commercial facilities are only indications of the revolutions that have taken place in all our other industries as well as in our social relations, dress and mode of living.

Until the latter part of the year 1848, when we began to receive returns from the California gold mines, there was no money in circulation in the country. During the first five years of my residence in Oregon, three Mexican dollars was all the money that I received or handled. The provincial government issued paper money in payment of its liabilities, which was a legal tender for all public dues. I hold in my hand a five dollar bill issued and paid to me on the 28th day of December, 1847, in part payment of my per diem as a member of the Legislature. It reads as follows :

\$5.00. OREGON CITY, Dec. 28th, 1847.

OREGON TERRITORY

Promises to pay to the order of J. W. Nesmith, five dollars, with interest, at the rate of six per cent. per annum from date.

WM. K. KILBOURN, Treasurer.

No. 508.

By N. SMITH, Deputy.

This bill belongs to the same family, and is a legitimate descendent of the old continental money and the French *assignet*, and has irredeemable qualities that would cause the heart of a radical greenback inflationist to leap for joy and sing eternal praises to fiat money. I have carried it around in my pocket for about a third of a century, or to be exact, 32 years, 5 months and 17 days, and have arrived at the painful conclusion that it has no redeemer living. You Mr. President, served in that Legislature with me, and know how poor the perquisites were. Indeed, the whole contents of our treasury were not sufficient to tempt the cupidity of a modern statesman, but those were days long before the "offices were organized."

I have made up my mind, Mr. President, to present to you this valuable public security, to be deposited in the secure archives of our society. The day will come when its principal and interest will amount to a sum sufficient to erect a monument to each and every member of our society—higher and more durable than that which crowns Bunker Hill and looks down upon the hub of the Universe—and it is my wish that the proceeds be devoted to that purpose. Mr. President, accept this magnificent donation and regard it as a sacred trust.

The business of the country was conducted entirely by barter. The Hudson Bay Company imported and sold many articles of prime necessity to those who

were able to purchase. Wheat or beaver skins would buy anything the company had for sale. But poor, wayworn emigrants, just arriving in the country, were as destitute of wheat and beaver as they were of coin. The skins purchased by the company were annually shipped in their own vessels to London, while the wheat was shipped to the Russian possessions on the north, and to California, to fill a contract that the Hudson Bay Company had with the Russian Fur Company.

A small trade in lumber, salt salmon, shingles and hoopoles gradually grew up with the Sandwich Islands, and brought in return a limited supply of black and dirty sugar, in grass sacks, together with some salt and coffee.

There being no duties collected upon importations into Oregon previous to 1849, foreign goods were comparatively cheap, though the supply was always limited; nor had the people means to purchase beyond the pure necessities. Iron, steel, salt, sugar, coffee, tea, tobacco, powder and lead, and a little ready made clothing and some calico and domestics were the principal articles purchased by the settlers. The Hudson Bay Company, in their long intercourse with the Indians had, from prudential motives, adopted the plan in their trade of passing articles called for out through a hole in the wall or partition. Persons were not allowed inside among the goods to make selections, and the purchaser had to be content with what was passed out to him through the aperture. Thus, in buying a suit of clothes, there was often an odd medley of color and size. The garments were all gotten up on the most magnificent proportions in regard to size. The settlers used to say that Dr. McLaughlin, who was a very large man, had sent his measure to London, and all of the clothing was made to fit him. The hickory shirts we used to buy came down to our heels, and the wrist-bands protruded a foot beyond the hands; and as Sancho Panza said of sleep, "they covered one all over like a mantle." They were no such "cutty sark" affairs of "Paisley ham" as fuddled Tam O'Shanter saw when peeping in upon the dancing warlocks of "Alloway's auld haunted kirk."

A small-sized settler purchasing one, could, by a reasonable curtailment of the extremities, have sufficient material to clothe one of the children.

There was no importation of what is comprised in the term agricultural implements, beyond a few old-fashioned and illy constructed English scythes, sickles and augers, and the simpler indispensable tools used by a very primitive people. The grain was all cut with the cradle, or sickle, bound in bundles and tramped out in pens by horses or oxen, and winnowed by the breeze.

Plows, mouldboard and all, except the cutting portion, known as the share, were constructed of wood, while the harrow teeth were made of tough, seasoned

white oak. Axes, chains and other tools of iron or steel consisted of the rough article as they came from the hammer of not very expert blacksmiths.

The pioneer home was a log cabin with a puncheon floor and mud chimney, all constructed without sawed lumber, glass or nails, the boards being secured upon the roof by heavy weight poles. Sugar, coffee, tea and even salt were not every day luxuries, and in many cabins were entirely unknown. Moccasins made of deer or elk skins and soled with rawhide made a substitute for shoes, and were worn by both sexes. Buckskin was the material from which the greater portion of the male attire was manufactured, while the cheapest kind of coarse cotton goods furnished the remainder. A white or boiled shirt was rarely seen, and was a sure indication of great wealth and aristocratic pretension. Meat was obtained in some quantities from the wild game of the forests or the wild fowl with which the country abounded at certain seasons, until such time as cattle or swine became sufficiently numerous to be slaughtered for food. The hides of both wild and domestic animals were utilized in many ways. Clothing, moccasins, saddles and their rigging, bridles, ropes, harness and other necessary articles were made from them. A pair of buckskin pants, moccasins, a hickory shirt and some sort of cheaply extemporized hat rendered a man comfortable as well as presentable in the best society, the whole outfit not costing one-tenth part of the essential gewgaws that some of our exquisite sons now sport at the ends of their watch-chains, on their shirt-fronts or dainty fingers. Buckskin clothing answered wonderfully well for rough and tumble wear, particularly in dry weather, but I have known them after exposure to a hard day's rain, to contract in a single night by a warm fire, a foot in longitude, and after being subjected to a web-foot winter or two, and a succeeding dry summer, they would assume grotesque and unfashionable shapes, generally leaving from six inches to a foot of nude and arid skin between the top of the moccasins and lower end of the breeches; the knee protruded in front, while the rear started off in the opposite directions, so that when the wearer stood up, the breeches were in a constant struggle to sit down, and *vice versa*.

The pioneers brought garden seeds with them, and much attention was paid to the production of vegetables, which, with milk, game and fish went a long way toward the support of the family. Reaping machines, threshers, headers, mowing machines, pleasure carriages, silks, satins, laces, kid gloves, plug hats, high-heeled boots, crinoline, bustles, false hair, hair dye, jewelry, patent medicines, railroad tickets, postage stamps, telegrams, pianos and organs, together with the thousand and one articles to purchase which the country is now drained of millions of dollars annually, were then unknown, and consequently not wanted. A higher civilization has introduced us to all these modern improvements,

and apparently made them necessities, together with the rum-mill, the jail, the insane asylum, the poor house, the penitentiary and the gallows.

Judge Burnett, of California, has recently written a book entitled, "Recollections of an Old Pioneer." In giving his experience of pioneer life in Oregon from 1843 to 1848, he says, "it was interesting to observe the influence of new circumstances upon human character. Among the men who came to Oregon the year I did, some were idle, worthless young men, too lazy to work at home and too genteel to steal, while some were gamblers and others reputed thieves. But when we arrived in Oregon, they were compelled to work or starve. It was a dire necessity. There were there no able relative or indulgent friend upon whom the idle could quarter themselves, and there was little or nothing for the rogues to steal. There was no ready way by which they could escape into another country, and they could not conceal themselves in Oregon."

"I never knew so fine a population, as a whole community, as I saw in Oregon most of the time I was there. They were all honest, because there was nothing to steal; they were all sober, because there was no liquor to drink; there were no misers, because there was nothing to hoard; they were all industrious, because it was work or starve." Whether our primitive condition of poverty and virtue, enforced by the absence of temptation and the means of gratifying vice, was preferable to what we now enjoy, I leave to others of a more enquiring turn of mind to determine.

Some misapprehension has, I conceive, existed relative to the self-sacrificing character of the early missionaries who came to Oregon. My own observation of them was principally confined to the Methodist missionary station at The Dalles, and those of the Willamette valley. They were not the sort of people who explore and develop the resources of a new country. They were hired and paid for their services by a wealthy society in the East, and sent here in comfortable ships. On their arrival they were provided with homes, food and clothing for themselves and families, and were exempt from the trials, privations and sufferings that fell to the lot of the poor immigrant, in his unaided struggle to support himself and family. Their ostensible object was to convert the Indian to Christianity, of which they made a lamentable failure. Large sums of money had been contributed by charitable people in the East for the benefit of the Indians, and great quantities of clothing and other articles had been donated for the same purpose. The clothing and goods were sold to the natives and settlers, and the only benefits conferred upon the Indians were opportunities to obtain by barter and trade, what the generous donors had intended as a gratuity. Before leaving the East, I had read accounts in a New York missionary paper, of the most wonderful success of the

Methodist missionaries in the conversion of the heathen in Oregon, and that at the Dalles of the Columbia, 1500 of them had been brought to a knowledge of Christ, baptized and received into the church militant in *two* days. The account concluded with an appeal for more *material aid*, and urged the young people to sell their jewelry and turn the proceeds into the treasury of the Lord, to aid his self-sacrificing servants in far away Oregon, to bring the benighted heathen to a knowledge of the gospel of salvation. After my arrival here, I was surprised to find but one Indian—old Stiecus, of Dr. Whitman's mission—who made any pretention to Christianity or practiced its precepts. In the neighborhood of the Mission we found the most abandoned Indians and worthless characters that we had anywhere met in our travels. It was not entirely, perhaps, the fault of the missionaries themselves, that their evangelical labors were not crowned with success, as there seems to be inherent difficulties in the inculcation of the abstract doctrines of Christianity in the minds of the untutored children of Nature.

On one occasion I attended service conducted by a missionary for the benefit of the Indians at the Willamette Falls. The old chiefs, Yalocus and Wansamus, with Slacom, and other head men of their tribe, and about 300 of their people, were present. The sermon was preached in Chinook jargon, and consisted in an effort on the part of the preacher to unfold to his benighted, filthy and half naked audience, the mysteries of the plan of salvation. The poverty of the language did not admit of any elaborated presentation of abstract ideas or principles; the preacher dwelt strongly upon the efficacy of prayer, and illustrated its benefits by pointing out the superior physical comforts enjoyed by the white people over the savages, in habitation, food and clothing; and told them that they might enjoy similar benefits by its practice. He then interrogated them as to whether they were willing to ask for, and receive the inestimable benefits to be derived from prayerful supplication to the Deity. Old Wanasamus responded in behalf of his people: "*Nowitka, six; mica pottlach passissie, sakallux, sapalell, ittillwilla, cayuse, hyu close itca copa konniway nica tillicum. Yaka koniway kwaniisum wawa copa sohala tyee.*" Which, translated to English, was substantially, "Yes, my friend, if you will give us plenty of blankets, pantaloons, flour and meat, and tobacco, and lots of other good things, we will pray to God all the time, and always." I went away impressed with the opinion that it was a difficult task to convince a people of the necessity of making any provision for the next world, while they were too lazy and indifferent to provide for the commonest wants of the present. It seemed an impossibility to make them comprehend the advent of original sin into the world; and that they were liable to future punishment for Adamic transgression, while the question of vicarious atonement could not be brought within the grasp of their

limited understanding. Indeed, I thought it a difficult matter for a man to be a Christian until he had, by his own honest toil and industry, provided himself with a hat, a shirt, a pair of pantaloons and ammunition for his stomach, with a comfortable place to sleep. In my humble judgment, the Methodist missionaries in Oregon, and perhaps elsewhere, have made the common mistake of attempting to propagate emotional religion, and impress upon the untutored mind of the ignorant savages, the mysteries of the plan of salvation and the recondite principles of theology, about which the most intelligent white people differ so much in opinion among themselves, until they have first taught them to provide for their physical comfort by their labor. The missionary labors of Cortez and Pizarro, at an earlier period, were conducted by Castilian cavalry, mounted upon Andalusian steeds, and the truths of the gospel were thrust home at the points of the sabre and the lance. Barring the cruelty of Cortez and Pizarro's plan, it was as rational as that adopted by the Methodist Missionaries. Neither brute force nor the utterance of uncomprehended theories, are likely to convey to the untutored mind, intelligent conviction upon abstract questions. It is my opinion that the Methodist missionaries conferred no benefit upon the natives. They were, however, of some advantage to the early pioneers in forming a nucleus for settlement and trade by which both parties were benefited. But the cause of Zion did not occupy their undivided attention, considerable of which was devoted to the acquisition of things that perish. Each missionary claimed 640 acres of land individually, besides thirty-six sections claimed and held by the church. This claim of a principality outside of their regular donation claims, caused about the first litigation in Oregon between the Mission and Chas. E. Pickett, who, in 1845, located upon vacant land near the mouth of the Clackamas, and the Mission brought suit to oust him, in which, aided by all the lawyers in Oregon, they were unsuccessful. When the Rev. Mr. Gary came here in 1844 to wind up the business of the Missions, a large amount of property was offered for sale, and there were persons among the settlers who had some means, and desired to make small purchases of horses, cattle and other property, but they were prohibited from entering into competition. The church formed a close corporation, and none but its members were permitted to bid upon property ostensibly offered at public sale. The property was sold on a long credit, and the grasping avarice of some of the purchasers caused amusement to the outsider, who looked upon the whole thing as a kind of "division of raiment." I do not desire to be understood as asserting that the individual missionaries were any better or any worse than the rest of us. Among them were good and bad men, some of whom manifested more interest in the accumulation of the dross of this world, than they did in the cause of Zion, and the work of the Lord was not prospered among the heathen. The last lingering benefits

conferred by the Methodist missionaries in Oregon, are now being felt by many poor people at the Dalles, whom the society, in its attempt to rob old pioneers of their homes, have involved in expensive and vexatious law suits, in their attempts to acquire that to which they never had a shadow of legal title, and for which, in their grasping avarice, the society took, and received from the taxpayers of the nation, twenty thousand dollars, in the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and sixty.

Dr. Marcus Whitman, in charge of the Mission at Wailatpu, in the Walla Walla valley, was not a regular clergyman, though he sometimes preached. He traveled with the immigration of 1843, from the Missouri frontier, to near the Snake river. I regarded him as a quiet, unassuming man, and of great purity of character. He was of a powerful physical organization, and possessed a great and good heart, full of charity and courage, and utterly destitute of cant, hypocrisy, shams and effeminacy, and always terribly in earnest. While with us he was clad entirely in buckskin, and rode upon one of those patient, long-earned animals said to be "without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity." The Doctor spent much of his time in hunting out the best route for the wagons, and would plunge into streams in search of practical fords, regardless of the depth or temperature of the water, and sometimes after the fatigue of a hard day's march, would spend much of the night in going from one party to another to minister to the sick. While his moral example was of the highest character, he said more to us about the practical matters connected with our march than he did about theology or religious creeds, and I believe that his conduct among the Indians was of the same practical and useful character; and that he was impressed with the necessity of teaching them habits of industry and economy, as the surest road to civilization and happiness.

The ungrateful wretches for whose benefit Dr. Whitman spent long years of arduous toil, and suffered great privations, rewarded him with cold-blooded murder and mutilation. He fell in the very act of bestowing merciful charity to his assailants. One Indian was in front of him, attracting his attention by receiving medicine for his sick children, while a confederate, stealthily approaching him from the rear, sent a tomahawk crashing through his brain. It has, as I think, been cruelly charged that the Roman Catholic missionaries instigated and procured the murder of Dr. Whitman and wife, together with the party of immigrants staying at his place. I have too much charity for human nature to believe that one set of civilized and educated men, in the middle of the nineteenth century, devoting their lives to the benefit of their fellow-men, to say nothing of the restraints supposed to be imposed by the Christian religion, could be so far lost to all sense of right, justice and mercy as to cause the cruel murder of other men

engaged in the same humane and charitable cause. If my charity for human nature has led me to a wrong conclusion in this matter, it may, perhaps, be attributed to the fact that religious zeal has not controlled my opinions. I know that Dr. Whitman had cause to dread the vengeance of the Indians long before it overtook him. I heard him, in the spring of 1845, express his apprehension on that subject to Dr. McLaughlin, at Oregon City, and the latter agreed with him upon the danger of his situation, and advised him to come to the Willamette valley. The relations that Dr. McLaughlin bore toward the Catholic missionaries and the Indians, rendered it next to impossible that the Whitman murder could have been concocted between the Catholic priests and the Indians, without his knowledge; and all the world could not make me believe that every impulse of the heart of that great and good man would not revolt at the bare mention of such an atrocity.

Mr. President, I turn from the brief mention of the most ruthless and cruel scence of slaughter that has ever cast its dark shadow over our own fair land, to the contemplation of more pleasant subjects.

We have with us to-day, the person whom, I think, is the oldest living pioneer in Oregon. The man who made moccasin tracks within the boundaries of Oregon before any other man now alive. I refer to GEORGE WARD EBBERT. He was born in Augusta, Bracken county, Kentucky, in 1810. In 1829 he went to St. Louis, Missouri, and in March of that year went to the Rocky Mountains, in the service of Smith, Sublett and Jackson, Indian traders. The traders and trappers that year had their rendezvous at Piers Hole. Jedediah Smith, one of the partners, had, two years previous, conducted a party of trappers south into the "Spanish country," as the Mexican settlements were then called, and failed to meet his partners at the rendezvous, as had been agreed upon, and Fitzpatrick was sent out to hunt Smith and his missing party. Smith, in his wanderings, had visited the bay of San Francisco, and ascended the Sacramento river, but finding no opening to cross the mountains going east, they bent their course to the coast, which they reached at the mouth of Rogue river, and proceeded along the beach to the Umpqua, where the Indians stole their ax—the only one they had, and which was indispensable to them in making rafts to cross the stream. They took the chief prisoner, and the ax was returned. Early the following morning, Smith started in a canoe, with two of his men and one Indian, but during his absence the party became careless, and contrary to Smith's orders, permitted a large number of Indians to come into camp. At a yell, five or six Indians fell upon each white man, with war clubs and knives. At the moment of attack, one of the men—Black—was out of the crowd, and had just finished cleaning and loading his rifle, when three Indians jumped on him, but he shook them off, and seeing all his comrades struggling

on the ground, and the Indians beating and stabbing them, he fired his rifle into the crowd, and rushed to the woods pursued by the Indians, but fortunately escaped. He swam across the Umpqua and made his way northward, where, reduced to great distress by hunger and exposure, he gave himself up to the Tillamooks, near Cape Lookout. The Indians conducted Black to Vancouver, where he arrived in August, 1828, and supposed himself to be the only survivor of Smith's party of eighteen men.

Dr. McLaughlin rewarded the Indians munificently for bringing Black in. Subsequently Smith, John Turner and the other man, name unknown, who had been absent from the camp, at the time of the attack, reached Vancouver. The remainder of the party were murdered. Dr. McLaughlin sent out an armed party of forty men, and recovered \$3200 worth of Smith's beaver skins, and turned them over to him free of charge. Smith, Black and Turner, with the other survivors of the massacre, started up the Columbia, and Fitzpatrick—who as formerly stated—had been sent to hunt them, found them on Lewises Fork and conducted them to the rendezvous at Piers Hole in 1827. In 1836, Ebbert was sent by Thos. McKay and Capt. Thing, the partners in the Indian trade, with an express from Fort Hall to Dr. McLaughlin, at Fort Vancouver. Ebbert went alone, and near the Salmon falls the Indians captured him and robbed him of his two horses, gun, blankets, flint and steel; they gave him an old fuzee, piece of blanket, and a miserable skeleton of a pony. On reaching the Grand Ronde, Ebbert found the Blue mountains covered with snow; he killed the old crowbart of a horse and made a pair of snowshoes of the hide, upon which he crossed the mountains, carrying enough of the old horse's remains to keep him alive. He struck a band of Cayuse Indians upon the Umatilla river, who conducted him to old Fort Walla Walla—now called Wallula—then in charge of Mr. Pembrin, an officer of the Hudson Bay Company, who sent him in a canoe to Fort Vancouver, where he delivered his letter to Dr. McLaughlin, and the next morning started back to Fort Hall. From this narrative you will observe that our friend Ebbert was within 12 miles of the spot where we now stand in the year 1836—44 years ago. Ebbert followed the nomadic life of a trapper until 1839, when he came to the Willamette valley, and took up a claim near Champoege, and the next year settled upon his present farm in Tualatin plains, where he has since resided, and has maintained the reputation of a good citizen and an honest man. The first square meal that I ever ate west of the Willamette river, was at his humble but hospitable cabin, thirty-seven years ago. In 1848 Ebbert accompanied Joseph L. Meek in carrying an express in the dead of winter from Walla Walla to Washington City, asking government aid in the Cayuse war. He was absent more than a year, and paid his own expenses, for which he never received any compensation. Of the companions of

Ebbert prior to 1840, there are now but few alive. Among them I can recall the names of Courtney M. Walker, of Tillamook county, Capt. Jos. Gale, of Union county, George Gay, of Yamhill county, Caleb Wilkins, of Washington county, Dick McCary and Osborn Russell, now I believe in Californin.

There may be other survivors of those who were his early comrades, and I shall be sorry if I have failed to mention them. Among those who are dead, are the names of Newell, Hubbard, Larrison, Doty, Meek, Turner, Craig, Thompson and others. I knew them all well, and never knew a braver, more honest, patriotic set of men. They were the Daniel Boones of the western coast, and gave no trouble to the criminal court, the poor house or the penitentiary. Half a century ago the trapping of beavers was as fascinating and nearly as remunerative as the digging of gold has since become; and attracted a class of brave, adventurous young men, who stuck to the pursuit as long as the skin of the animal was valuable. The great demand for the skin of the beaver was for the purpose of making men's hats and ladies' bonnets.

In old books we often find the hat or the bonnet spoken of as the "beaver," and the terms are synonymous. The demand for the valuable fur may to some extent have resulted from the demands of fashion, which has at all times exercised a powerful influence upon human affairs. One of the ostensible objects for which Charles II, in 1670 granted the charter to the Hudson Bay Company, was to obtain the skins of those innocent and sagacious little animals. Princes, Dukes and Earls formed the company, and it is probable that royalty itself shared in the profits. Under the monopoly, thousands of men, with a simulated military organization, with headquarters in London, were scattered over North America in quest of the beaver. Battles were fought, treaties negotiated, ships navigated over distant and dangerous oceans; great and small expeditions, involving terrible expense and hardship, pursued the animal to strip him of his fine and glossy fur, until the word "Beaver," became with those engaged in the pursuit, a sort of shibboleth; and the first steamer navigating the North Pacific and the lower Columbia was called the Beaver. The agent of the Hudson Bay Co., perhaps impressed with the idea that the pursuits of this world would in some way be connected with their occupations in the next, ransacked England in quest of a chaplain whose name was Beaver; he was caught, and the Rev. Herbert Beaver was shipped out to Fort Vancouver on the steamer Beaver to administer to the spiritual wants of those engaged in catching and skinning his namesake. An official report made to Congress by the Hon. Mr. Pendleton, in 1841, shows that in the year 1840, eighteen thousand beavers were caught by the Hudson Bay Company within that comparatively small district of country between the Columbia river and the northern line of California. Thus the little, harmless, amphibious quadruped, that by using its teeth as a hatchet and its

tail as a shovel in damming up the mountain rivulets that have created the rich onion beds of Washington county ; built forts and navies, supported armies, elevated men to the honors of the British peerage and to knighthood, and paid for the consolations of religion.

But such hats and bonnets as were made from his fur, we shall never see or wear again ; they were soft, elastic and glossy, and shed water like the back of a duck ; being so durable that a man or woman required but one to last a lifetime ; and they often descended in the line of their usefulness from one generation to another. But the time came when the inventive genius of the Yankee found out a light, cheap, glossy, ephemeral substitute in brown paper and silk out of which to manufacture plug hats, a half dozen of which are sometimes used up by a modern exquisite in a single season. The comfortable and durable, honest old beaver hat has given way to the modern shams ; and the price of beaver skins have fallen to nearly nothing, and the trappers occupation is gone. I have often heard the old trapper around the campfire tell how they had caught from five to ten beavers in a single night, the skins of which were as good as gold at \$5 dollars each. About twenty-five years ago, a friend of mine returning to New York, took with him some beaver skins to have a hat made ; but in that great cosmopolitan city not a man could be found who could make a beaver hat, so completely had silk supplanted the beaver that the construction of a beaver hat was among the lost arts. It is to be hoped that the march of modern improvements has not tended to deteriorate the brain to the extent that it has its covering.

At the commencement of this address I promised I should be discursive, and I think I have rambled about sufficiently to redeem that pledge ; the subject has grown upon my hands until I feel that, while I have left much unsaid, I have already detained you too long.

I have in my possession a copy of a paper found among the manuscripts left by Dr. McLaughlin. It was kindly furnished and presented to me by his descendants. I had intended reading it to you as a part of my address, but having already trespassed too long upon your patience I shall hand the document to the Secretary of the Society, with my endorsement of the truth of all its statements that came within my own knowledge. I believe it to be the most valuable contribution to our archives that we have ever received from any quarter ; and I desire to say, what I believe all old pioneers will agree to, that the statements of this paper furnish a thorough and complete vindication of Dr. McLaughlin's acts and conduct, and that the integrity of his narratives cannot be impeached by any honest testimony.

Mr. President and Pioneers, this, in all probability, being the last time I shall

be called upon to address you, the occasion is one that calls up some emotions of the heart. For more than a third of a century we have been associated together as neighbors and friends, sometimes in prosperity and often in adversity. Some of us made the long, dreary voyage across the plains and Rocky mountains together, destined to what was then an unknown land, and shared in dangers, toil and privations unknown to our descendants. Together, we have contributed our share to the building up of a great and prosperous State, and it would be strange if men thus associated had not formed kindly attachments, which death alone can sever.

To-day as we look along our ranks we are sadly reminded of the number of good fellows who have fallen out and left their places vacant around our camp fire. They have listened for the last time to the war whoop of the hostile savage, and will never again respond to the call of the bugle. They will never again saddle up or mount guard to protect the encampment of helpless women and children; their mission is ended, and their rusty rifle, with powder horns, shot pouches and bullet moulds hang unused upon the walls as sad mementoes. Among those who have gone, permit me to refer to the pioneer who, seven years ago, delivered the first address to this Society. I refer to Geo. L. Curry. I made his acquaintance on the day of his arrival at Oregon City in 1846, and our friendly relations continued to the day of his death. He was a high minded honorable, truthful gentleman, and he left the impress of his name upon the archives of our State.

I cannot close this address with a more fitting peroration than by reciting what he said to you in closing his address at our first re-union on the 11th day of November, 1873. In speaking to and of the pioneers, he said:

“No doubt a high regard will be cherished for them when they shall have passed away, to live again in the grateful stories of the thrilling incidents of frontier and wilderness life. Few deeds will be found within the period of that pioneer rule which any one will care to have disclaimed, or which will cause the least reproach. The Oregon pioneers were a class of men possessing the superior virtues which make a superior manhood. Already they have been distinguished by the highest honors—in the pulpit, on the bench, at the bar, as Governors, as Congressmen, as Senators. They did their work unostentatiously, but did it well, in leaving a broad and substantial foundation, at least for the more complete and perfect work of those who were to come after them.”

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

THE PIONEERS OF 1848.

BY REV. G. H. ATKINSON.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Oregon Pioneer Association :

The year which we celebrate marks a fruitful period for the Pacific northwest. 1848 was the turning point in our history. Alternate hopes and fears had moved the people up to this date. There had been no recognition by Congress. Laws had been enacted and executed by the pioneers. Society had begun to organize in a few centers, and public sentiment was respected ; but our nation had not recognized this small band of American citizens on her extreme frontier along the Pacific ocean until 1848. The earlier pioneers—the hunters and trappers, the missionaries and their wives, and the immigrant families of the settlers had found the path and opened the way hither, and offered a safe and welcome home to all new comers. Great was their task and nobly they completed it.

They had organized the provisional government in 1842-4, on the American plan of equal rights and equal justice to every citizen, and had included all as citizens who were so held under State and national laws. They had ventured the experiment of self-government as a duty of self-protection, and not in disrespect or defiance of Congress or the Constitution. Having marched two thousand miles westward over the famed "American desert," and over three mountain ranges, and still standing on American soil, they wished no divorce from the home government, but rather, a stronger union with it. The fires of patriotism burned more, not less, brightly within them under the force of their long and painful tramp to plant and defend the "flag of our nation" on this Pacific frontier.

SPECIAL ENCOURAGEMENTS RESPECTING SETTLEMENTS.

The boundary of Oregon—54 years in dispute—had been fixed (June 15, 1846) by final treaty with Great Britain, within the latitudes 42 deg. and 49 deg.

north and the crest of the Rocky mountains on the east and the Pacific ocean on the west. Adherents of the British crown, viz: many officers and employes of the Hudson Bay Company, whose policy for 34 years had been adverse to the settlement of Oregon by Americans, had begun to retire slowly, one by one, and family by family, from the American domain—won by the heroic pioneer immigrations—to the British domain across our northern line. We were in 1848 left sole owners, and almost sole occupants of this extreme western possession of the United States.

THE COST.

What courage and energy, hunger and thirst, toil and patience, it cost to win this Pacific northwest have been put on record in previous addresses, mostly before this Society, during its past seven annual meetings. But the deeper and stronger lines of this record are still upon the memories and hearts of the living men, women and children who made that dreaded journey over the plains or over the sea. We know the names of many of the men. We have omitted names of the pioneer women and children. We have perhaps lost beyond recall many of the names of those brave women, wives and mothers and sisters, who had the most to suffer and the most to lose on that 2,000 miles tramp. They had the least to win by it. They had the least power for the march or for defence by the way. They were the most exposed and the most helpless. A broken and distressed family in 1844 is an example. A gentleman who came in the immigration of 1844, and also in that of 1848, relates that the Captain ordered a halt at the Platte river to get a supply of buffalo meat. Some opposed the delay. But said Mr. Sager, an emigrant, with a wife and family of children, "I must stop; I have no meat." His wife, pale and sad, cared for the children. He hunted the buffalo on foot, having no horse; became heated and worn out, and soon was taken with typhoid fever, died, and was buried on Green river. His widow went on awhile, but sank under the burden of care and of traveling, died and was buried on the Snake river. Others took the children on over the Blue mountains to Dr. Whitman's, that welcome resting and refreshing place for the immigrations and asylum for those in distress and home for orphans. Dr. and Mrs. Whitman took all those children into their family and cared for them as parents until they and part of the children were killed by the Indians November 29, 1847. "Why," I asked, "did Mr. Sager start with such small supply of food?" The reply was, "He, like some others, seemed to have no idea how far it was to Oregon, or how hard the way." What providence this, to expose a helpless family to starve on the plains. Yet, were the truth known, many would have been found with little money and little food. Who could have blamed a wife for refusing, as some did, to start

on this unknown journey? Who would fail to honor those who had the courage and patient endurance for its long and tiresome march?

ONE BRAVE WOMAN'S EXAMPLE.

There were women on this yearly exodus, who knew no fear, and, who quailed not when attacked by savages. The McAllister family had reached the DeChutes river. The husband had foarded the river with part of their effects. While absent, three Indians attacked Mrs. McAllister and tried to steal their remnint of food. She seized an ax, knocked down their leader and drove them all from the camp. The quiet heroism of woman never shone brighter than that of the first two in 1836, Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spaulding, the latter a frail, consumptive lady who had to be borne in a wagon 1500 miles, and who were the first white women that ever crossed the Rocky mountains. When J. Meek saw them at the rendezvous, he said, "Those are immigrants whom the H. H. Bay Co. cannot send out of Oregon." Hardly less heroic was the long horseback ride of Mrs. C. Eells, Mrs. E. Walker, Mrs. W. H. Gray and Mrs. A. B. Smith, in 1838, from the Missouri to the Columbia. The two latter, who survive and honor us with their presence, know what women had then to endure, who come with their husbands to establish the Christian family among the Indian tribes.

How true hearted were those hundreds of wives and mothers who left the comforts of home in the west and risked all things to share the perils of the way with their husbands in the emigrations of 1843, which saved Oregon. How grandly their spirit rose above trials and losses and sickness and death. When men were stricken how bravely they drove on the teams, prepared the meals, and cared for the little ones. Hard and slow was the trip in 1844. Food failed. Strong men were starving. Cattle were dying. The danger was of snow in the Blue mountains. A winter in the Indian country without provisions or defense or shelter. Some fathers went ahead with only a gun in hand for game, and a biscuit or two in pocket, in hope of finding supplies and return for families. What a test of woman's courage was this, to be left behind with the children, the broken team and small food supply! But they did not shrink from the burden.

The immigration of 1847 was stricken with sickness. Many died and were buried by the way. Mothers kissed their children for the last time far out on the plains, and among the mountains, and there they lie in unmarked graves. Husbands and fathers lost their lives in the struggles with disease and the hardships of the way, and committed wives and children to stranger's care. Then many a woman rose up to do the work of man and bear the weight of the

whole family. That was the year of the great massacre in which Dr. Whitman and Mrs. Whitman, and many others fell, sending dismay among the settlers. Women then stood strong and nerved men to make defence and avenge the crime !

The immigration of 1848 found an easier way and made a shorter and safer journey. But as their long trains of wagons rolled over the Cascade mountains the tired look of women was the most noticeable feature. Men can bear dust, and heat and thirst, but how hard it is for women and little children to do it, cramped up in a low top wagon for months, or traveling on in the dust and grime all summer.

Our duty to the pioneer women of Oregon is at least to enroll the full name of every one on our list, and to begin now. Her deeds have been in silence ! Her toil has never ceased ! Her love and faith has never failed ! Man owes to her his strength. She fired his courage, nursed his patience, cheered his hopes. If he won a crown, as the founder of new States, she wove the golden chaplet, which of right wreathes her own brow. Give respect, confidence and esteem to the pioneer women of Oregon from first to last. Write every name on your roll under its proper year. Hang them upon your walls, beside those of honored men !

Between them write the name of every son and daughter who came with them over the plains in dust and heat and thirst, in fear of storms and in greater fear of the Indian foe. Write the names of the pioneer born children of Oregon, whose first ideals of home were the log house, the rough bench, the mud chimney, the trails in the woods, the huge black stumps, the rude implements, the tin plates and tin cups, the scant clothing and the few worn books. Let the full records be kept of what was early done and of what was borne to found American States on the Pacific coast.

THE HUNGER AND ITS DEMANDS.

It was a common saying that the immigrants, after they arrived, could not easily satisfy their hunger. They craved vegetables, and ate not only carrots and turnips raw, but potatoes also. I saw a young girl in 1848 peeling potatoes to boil, and eating them raw as we do apples. She had just come over the plains and could not wait for the potatoes to boil. Mountain air and the long tramp with meager diet had toned up worn out stomachs to relish and digest coarse, natural food and do the cooking all within. A gentleman who came in 1844 and returned in 1847, and came again in 1848, tells this story of eating. Their company had reached the Blue mountains in October, 1844.

Many were hard pushed for daily food and had to live on less than half rations. He with another man started on, trusting to their guns to find food. In twenty-four hours they found no game and had no bread. They waded through the snow on the mountains all day and late into the night without food. He shot twelve prairie chickens the next morning, and finding an Indian camp he traded an extra woollen shirt for a peck of potatoes. He borrowed a kettle, put in water, picked and dressed the twelve chickens, and put them all in for a stew. As the savory odor rose, one man drew out biscuits and a slice of ham, hidden in his pocket for a last resort, and put it in the stew. In a few minutes the other did the same, saying, "this will help to season it." The three sat down for a meal and did not rise until the entire contents of the pot were eaten." They thus had strength to go on to Dr. Whitman's. In those early days women did a great amount of cooking with few utensils. He saw a Mrs. Scott cook for sixteen men, having only one frying pan in which to make and bake all the bread and fry all the meat, and one tin bucket in which to boil or bake the beans and make the tea.

MOTIVES OF THE JOURNEY TO OREGON.

Why did trains of emigrants annually leave the Missouri border for this region? The fur traders and their employes came for that business alone. The missionaries came to preach the gospel to the Indians in obedience to the last command of the risen Saviour. Young men came for unknown adventure. Men in debt came with hope of better fortunes. Many sick and worn with the malarial fevers of the Mississippi valleys, came for health. Larger numbers, who could not raise funds and pay for land, even at \$1 25 per acre, after the crash of 1837, and the wildcat bank schemes, which flooded Michigan and other State with worthless paper, had heard of Dr. Linn's bill in the Senate, proposing to give every family who would settle in Oregon, a mile square of land, one-half to the wife and one-half to the husband, in fee simple to each. This was a strong motive to a landless and penniless family on the Missouri or Iowa border. Three hundred and twenty acres free was cheaply got by a four or five months journey, so young men thought. It was sooner earned than it could be on the farm at \$8 or \$10 per month, as wages then rated. Some were tired of slavery and wished a home in a State forever free from it; others hoped for more success in newer fields of politics; others came for business and profit. Home missions, churches, schools, whatever would benefit community—temperance, virtue; the industrial, mental, moral and religious training of the young, and the establishment of society upon sound principles by means of institutions of religion and learning—these motive drew others hither. But above and beyond them all a mightier force stirred these people to cross the continent.

As the Pilgrims, the Puritans, the Huguenot, English, Scotch, Irish, French, Swiss, German, Dane, Norwegian, Swedes and Fins, crossed the ocean to the New World, so our pioneer population have an inborn passion to move to the new western regions. "Westward the star of empire takes its way" is the poetry of sentiment and the prose of action.

THE ALARM.

The immigration of 1848, were met by Col. J. Meek, messenger to Washington, with the startling news of the massacre of Dr. Whitman and family, and the war begun by the settlers to punish the Indians. This alarm was quieted by the cooler reports of Squire Ebberts, Meek's companion. After that their journey was more quickly and comfortably made than that of previous companies. One hundred and sixty wagons, with an estimated number of 800 persons rolled into Oregon in early autumn. The immigration of 1848 had friends in Oregon providing for their safe journey. The soldiers from this valley who had enlisted in the Cayuse war went out on the road to clear the way of danger from Indians. All their families came in unharmed and found quiet homes in the country, or hurried off to the newly found gold fields of California. We may call 1848 the year of peace and its pursuits. New farms were opened on the prairies and the fields of grain and vegetables in early summer in a few chosen spots, on both sides of the Willamette for 100 miles southward, gave promise of an abundant harvest. A settler of 1847 was asked for a night's lodging on a July evening in 1848, by an immigrant of that year, who had come by sea "the Horn around," not "the plains across." The welcome was heartily given. The next morning after the frugal meal of bread, bacon and coffee, served in tinware, the host said, "Come out and see my garden truck. I've got a right smart chance of potatoes, cabbage, peas and wheat." Truly it was so, only eight months in Oregon—house up, crops in and well on to maturity, fields fenced and all the signs of plenty. That farm was a type of others, and a sign of what any man or family could do. Thirty-two years have passed without failure of harvest on that farm, or any other in our State, or under these genial and healthful skies.

GOLD MINES OF 1848.

The Mexican war was closed ; the treaty of peace was signed ; California was ceded to the United States and the gold mines were discovered within the year 1848. Events so important opened a new era for our coast and our immigrations. Oregon was cast into the shade by the brilliant prospects of California. But deep and solid foundations were laid for the growth of this State. The mines diverted the pioneers. The news aroused them as the storm raises the

waves of the sea. They yoked their teams and started over the hitherto impassible mountains. Guides failed them, yet they pushed on, cut their way through, found and dug the gold and returned to invest it. New houses were built, new farms opened, new mills built and new signs of prosperity appeared. Evidence of permanence.

After the discovery of gold and rush to the mines, an officer of the H. B. Co. remarked to me: "This gold will prove a curse. This country will become like Peru and Chili. Americans will go down like the Mexicans and Spaniards." My only reply was, that "American character will rise above all such evils, and win the victory over all foes."

The provisional government had won respect, Congress had ratified its chief provisions in the organic act of August 14, 1848, by which a territorial government was established over us. That very day that the news of the discovery of gold in California was brought to us by the little schooner that came for supplies, marks the formal admission of Oregon by Congress to territorial rights and to representation in Congress.

No higher tribute could have been paid to the fitness of Americans for the duties of self government than the act of Congress of August 14, 1848, which ratified all the essential laws and acts of the Oregon provisional government, which had been made and executed by the pioneer settlers for more than four years. It was the judgment of the whole nation, expressed by her representatives, that Americans can be trusted to plant the standard of freedom on any spot, and welcome under its flag all friends of human rights. The Fourth of July celebration in 1848, at Oregon City, was a hearty pledge of fellowship with all citizens of this great republic from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

A second proof of the dawning era of permanent growth and prosperity was the actual grant of 640 acres of land to every family, on proof of four years' residence thereon, and confirming every claim so taken and held under the provisional government. This national act honored the forecast of Dr. Linn, who had proposed it years before, and confirmed the faith of the pioneer settlers. It set the tide of immigration more strongly toward this coast. It began to fill the gold regions and agricultural and lumber regions, with a thrifty, business and industrious population. The great Pacific Steamship Company organized and sent around Cape Horn its pioneer coal ships and steamers in 1848. The transport of mails passed from private hands to the government, and the time was reduced from 18 months to 2 months for answers to letters. Goods and passengers were hurried along from New Orleans and New York in the same very short dispatch of two months.

While the men of business were laying out and executing large plans for the

Pacific Coast, Gen. Lane, the newly appointed Governor of Oregon, was sent in haste in 1848, over the southern route, via New Mexico and Arizona, with a small military escort. Meanwhile Col. Loring, with a regiment of U. S. soldiers, was ordered in 1848 to Oregon, and was preparing for the trip. The civil officers were also in 1848 appointed by President Polk and ordered hither to aid in establishing the territorial government and the courts.

Thus, in 1848, under the strong hand of the whole nation, the machinery of legislation and of the execution of law, was made ready to be set up among us, and Oregon thus rose from the weakness of a humble colony of adventurers to the rank and power of a co-ordinate member of the American Union. Thereafter no hand was lifted against her; no voice whispered dispraise, no scornful look frowned upon the flag. The stars and stripes were then lifted up here, never more to be lowered. The old pioneers, who had long waited and hoped for this event, now breathed freely. They were no longer counted exiles on a doubtful domain, but rightful fellow heirs and owners of the country. A third sign of permanence was the government aid to public schools. The provision for public education by the act of Congress of August 14, 1848, which granted the 16th and 36th sections in every township, and forever dedicated their proceeds as an irreducible fund, the interest of which should be devoted to public schools, was a grant twice as large as that dedicating the 16th section and framed in the ordinance of 1787, together with "the clause prohibiting slavery in the north-western territory," by Hon. Nathan Dane, of Massachusetts. This act, Daniel Webster said, was worthy of highest honor, as it would have imperishable fame. That grant gave to the territory now included in Oregon, Washington, Idaho and part of Montana, about 16,888 square miles of land for public schools, which are equal to 10,803,320 acres. It became the precedent for Congress to make like proportionate grants to every territory and State thereafter, to be formed out of the national domain.

It opened the way for the grant of 28,823,040 acres of land, as a permanent fund for public education, instead of half that amount, in the nine States, including Oregon, admitted to the Union since 1848. It opened the way for the grant of 30,879,360 acres for public education in the eight Territories—not including Alaska—yet to be admitted, instead of half as many acres as per the ordinance of 1787. This magnificent donation of about 60,000,000 acres vested and forever inalienable as a fund for the education of the youth and committed as a sacred trust to eighteen or twenty new States, now existing or yet to be, was a guarantee of knowledge to all future generations. It was a noble act in 1848 of an Oregon pioneer, Hon. J. Q. Thornton, sent as messenger to Washington, to insert this double gift in the bill to organize the Territory. He pre-

pared the bill by request of Senator Benton and others friendly to the organization. It put the great seal of public education upon our State and other States with stronger and broader impress. In the year 1848 the foundations of Tualatin Academy and Pacific University were laid at Forest Grove. Rev. Harvey Clarke, a pioneer missionary of 1840, having donated 200 acres of his claim to the object, and Mr. Clarke and Mrs. Tabitha Brown, an aged pioneer widow lady of the immigration of 1846, having also transferred an orphan school, which they had established in 1847, to its care. The founding of this college was the plan of Rev. Tueson Baldwin, D. D., secretary of the American Colonization Society in 1847, and under the endorsement of that society it has secured aid and endorsements since 1852. Its pupils and its alumni and alumnae fill useful, honorable positions in more than a thousand homes as citizens; also in the schools, at the bar, in the pulpit, in the offices, in the halls of legislation, and now upon the bench of our own and of other States. Its early planting caused many other academies and colleges to begin, and some to grow into strength. A fourth point of permanence was Liberty verses Slavery, established for Oregon in 1848. Slavery was thrust as a question into every new Territory. Slaves were brought and held as such in Oregon, but the spirit of the system was exorcised from the pioneers. The poise turned for freedom in their Provisional Government. A clause prohibiting slavery was inserted as the expressed will of the Oregon people in the organic act, by the same hand that inserted the clause for a double grant for public schools. The contest in the United States Senate in August, 1848, whether or not slavery should be prohibited in Oregon, was earnest and sharp for many days between such leaders as Messrs. Benton, S. A. Douglas, Corwin, J. P. Hale and Collamer for freedom, and Calhoun, Butler, Foote, Davis, Hunter and Mason for slavery. The parties were nearly even. Several days before the adjournment of Congress every possible motion of delay or defeat was made. An all night session was spent in prolonged speeches. The phalanx for freedom stood firm and unbroken, and at the last hour victory perched on their banner and Oregon was dedicated to freedom forever. It was in accord with the general wishes of the pioneers. Their new empire on the Pacific; their toil to win it; their test of self-government, and their hopes all bore the seal of liberty. They had won the region from England, and from the Indians. They had won it for man. They offered a welcome and a home for every stranger and for every helpless, stricken human being. Some of them came from slave States, in bands marked with color lines, but to travelers on the wide plains, hungry and thirsty, the colored man who shared the trials with them was counted a man. His right was gained and owned; the color line faded out.

The colored man George Bush, who owned and fitted out several teams in a

company, in 1844, commanded a respect which he held all his life, near Olympia.

Congress could hardly annul what the pioneers had done on this point. They could not reject their heroism, blot out their record, or mar their home so nobly earned. The pioneers had made sure by excluding bondage what Congress only ratified and sealed August 14, 1848. Thenceforth Oregon, California, the whole region from the Rocky mountains to the Pacific ocean, was under pledge for the rights of man regardless of his color or race. The later victory for freedom, when California was admitted as a free State, hinged upon the victory of 1848 for Oregon. Some adverse laws have been on the statute book, but they have been dead. They were never born alive. The negro slave brought here was a freeman on passing the crest of the Rocky mountains. None were under the lash as before. This genial, temperate air; these snow peaks; these wide plains; these mighty rivers; these hills; these forests of giant trees; this vast ocean, whose waves wash the shores of America and Asia alike, and whose throbbing billows sound their deep diapason every hour, an unceasing harmony from the Northern to the Southern pole, all lift one mighty voice for human freedom and human rights the world around.

Pioneers of 1848—Ladies and Gentlemen—The year we celebrate is memorable for rest and peace, of assured homes in Oregon, memorable for the close of the Mexican war and the purchase and annexation of California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico to our Union; memorable for the discovery of gold; memorable for the organization of the Pacific Mail S. S. Co. and the plan of trans-isthmian commerce and immigration to this coast; memorable for the mining fever excited by the gold placers, and that spread over America, north and south, over Europe and Asia also; memorable for the act of Congress organizing the territory of Oregon, providing us a government, military protection and means of civil process under the American flag; memorable for educational and religious plans for this coast of unlimited growth; memorable for awakened minds and aroused energies of men to do and to dare great things—like the Cayuse war, in which a few companies of pioneer soldiers held the Indian tribes of the interior quiet after the massacre, or like them opening the wagon route through canyons, dense forests and over mountain precipices to the gold mines of California; and memorable for the prevailing spirit of freedom.

PIONEERS OF OREGON!

Great deeds mark honored names. The pioneers of Oregon, men and women, deserve well of their country. They have done much to save this western empire of the great republic. It is right to recall what the coast traders, men of

the sea, did as patriots, what the missionaries did as patriots, what the first band of settlers did as patriots. It is right to keep in mind that winter march in 1842-43 across the mountains to save Oregon. It is right to recall the men who brought herds and flocks, plows and sickles, and tools to build homes here that were mightier than forts to hold the country. It is right to honor the man who had the forecast and wisdom to form a provisional government and the men who framed the Oregon bill for freedom and education.

It was yours to find the path across the continent and open the way for the new empire on the Pacific. But for your courage, patience and faith, these lands might have been yet unknown, and these towns and cities yet unbuilt; these States unformed and unrepresented. Oregon saved to the United States by your peaceful, yet victorious march of two thousand miles, became the strongest motive for the purchase of California and other contiguous Territories in 1848. It was the key to the future, and in your hand it was turned to unlock the door of destiny for untold millions in the generations yet to be on our Pacific Coast.

It has been said of the Pilgrim Fathers, "that they builded better than they knew."

Let the rights of man be held dear to us; let knowledge guide our steps; let truth and virtue stamp our progress; let the honor of God be our beacon light, and then will appear such signs of human welfare all around that future historians will record—

"The Oregon pioneers builded better than they knew."

Dr. Atkinson's address was the last on the programme, and concluded the exercises at the pavilion. At the close of the address the immense audience was dismissed and dispersed to meet around the camp fire at 8 o'clock in the evening.

CAMP FIRE AND BALL.

At eight o'clock Tuesday night, camp fires were lighted in the lot adjoining the pavilion on the north. Around them gathered the pioneers and their families, who, with reminiscences of their early life in Oregon, made a love feast of the occasion. A general desire for speeches was manifested, and loud calls were made for General E. L. Applegate, who mounted a chair and entertained the crowd for half an hour with an incomparable, Applegatonian address. He likened Oregon at its first settlement to the Garden of Eden—Oregon, where God brought forth food in abundance without man's aid. By a chain of admirable argument, he proved that the pioneers who came here in 1841-2-3-4, and were now living, had lived longer than Mathuselah. His semi-earnest, semi-humorous remarks called forth loud applause. Rev. J. S. Griffin was called for and gave some interesting recollections of the commerce of Oregon in 1841.

At 9:30 P. M., the band in the pavilion struck up the Grand March. There were few dancers on the floor at the time, but the galleries were crowded with spectators. As the ball progressed, dancers arrived in large numbers, and after the theater had dismissed its audience, the floor was crowded. Dancing was kept up till a late hour.

THE ATTACK AT THE CASCADES IN 1856.

An Account by an Ex-Soldier of the Defense at the Middle Block House.

VANCOUVER ARSENAL, W. T., January 7, 1881.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN :

The thrilling and interesting description of the massacre at the Cascades on the 26th of March, 1856, published in the Oregonian of the 1st inst., written immediately after that memorable event by L. W. Coe, who took a part in it, to Putnam F. Bradford, Esq., who was at that time away on a visit in Massachusetts—gives me a feeling of extreme gladness that Mr. Bradford gave the same for publication even after twenty-five years had almost elapsed since that trying event. I also took part in that defense of the middle block house, and consider myself qualified to judge of the truthfulness of Mr. Coe's general description of all that he was cognizant of. I fully admit his narrative to be true and consider the same a valuable contribution, which ought to be added to the history of Oregon and Washington Territory. Now, if you should deem what further I have to add from memory to more fully complete the sad narrative, I would be pleased to have you publish the same.

But ere I proceed to do so I beg of my readers not to think me vain or boastful while I record some of the events with putting myself as the chief actor in their performance. Necessity compelled it to be so. For instance I was the first person who suspected that the Indians were preparing for mischief. I discovered the same on the day previous to the attack. While carrying a message from Mr. Griswold, who lived at the middle Cascades, to Mr. Hamilton, who lived on a farm a little below the landing at the lower Cascades. The message was given me verbally and also in writing, the substance of which was for Mr. Hamilton to bring up immediately a yoke of oxen which Mr. Griswold had purchased of him, and also to hitch them to one of a lot of new government wagons that were at the landing, and bring it up also. The fulfillment of the order was never accomplished. I think that they started on their mission to do so the

next morning, but after starting, learned that the Indians had broken out on the warpath. So he abandoned the wagon and hastily returned to warn his neighbors and seek safety for himself and family. In passing each way by the Indian camp, which I had to do in going to and from carrying the message, my notice was particularly attracted at seeing the majority of the Indians standing together in council and dressed in warlike costumes, while some few were playing at some game outside. Their actions fully confirmed my belief that they were planning mischief. The movements in particular of three of them going in a circle through the timber awakened in my mind a very strong suspicion that they were trying to catch me to kill me. So I hurried back to the block house with all speed, and told Sergeant Kelly and my other comrades my suspicions. But by reason of our belief in the strength of our position, few as there were of us, we did not dread any danger from Indians or even think any more about it, for during the whole of the night previous to the attack, six out of the nine of us there and an old German—H. Kyle—were drinking whisky toddy and telling their army stories, the old German taking an active part in the sport, claiming to be one of Blucher's Waterloo veterans. To their credit, none got drunk, although they drank a half a gallon of whisky; but in the morning they all felt a little bad from the effects of their drinking and loss of sleep. But the Sergeant sent one of the men, Frederick Bernaur, to the Upper Cascades for a canteen full of whisky to give them all their bitters to cure them of their bad feeling. Unfortunately for him, the Indians had commenced their attack on the block house before he returned, preventing him from getting back to us. They shot him through both legs. He managed, however to get to the bank of the river, and there hid from their sight. He fainted several times from the loss of blood, but the whisky he had in his canteen supported his strength. When night came on he left his hiding place and got in safely to the block house, where he received a joyful welcome, for we all thought he was killed.

When the attack on us commenced, nearly all the men of the detachment were scattered around the vicinity. There were but three of us in close proximity to the block house, Sheridan, the cook McMannus and myself. We all heard the shooting, but strange to affirm, even after what I saw the day previous, I, nor the other two even had the least suspicion that we were attacked by Indians. My first feeling at such an unusual occurrence, was that of indignation at such foolish conduct, thinking all the while that somebody was firing off their revolvers. But the cook quickly found out that it was no play, by seeing the door of the cook house riddled with bullets. He immediately gave the alarm by crying "Indians!" McManus and myself were standing close together near the block house, but on the instant of the alarm we cast our eyes towards the hills and timber which closely surrounded us in front, and we then

beheld to our horror the painted and half-naked savages, exultantly firing upon all they could see. McManus who stood by my side was shot in the groin. He died shortly afterwards in the army hospital at Vancouver from its effects. I must truthfully confess that when I beheld the savages engaged in their bloody work, and my comrade by my side fatally shot, I felt for a few moments as if my hair was lifting off my head. Then my thoughts quickly reverted to the great peril I had escaped the day before. My wounded comrade and myself lost no time in getting inside of the block house. I then quickly got on my accoutrements and gun and immediately commenced the defence. That terrible feeling which I realized upon first seeing the Indians now entirely left me, and I at once felt the most anxious desire to revenge those they killed and harmed. The incessant firing and the racket of the Indians gave unmistakable warning of deadly danger to those of my comrades who were away strolling around. They all got to the block house in safety excepting Laurance Rooney, who was so unfortunate as to be captured upon the hill while cutting wood. The two or three unfortunate families who were living close by the block house ran to it with all their might for the safety of their lives, but several of them were severely wounded in running the gauntlet. We had altogether with us seven wounded and three killed. Among the latter was Mr. Griswold, who might have escaped his death but for his over confidence in the friendliness of the Indians towards him, and his standing in view and waving to the Indians to cease firing, thinking no doubt they were the Cascade Indians, whom he well knew, not suspecting that there was a large force of hostile Yakimas among them. The German boy Kyle, mentioned in Mr. Coe's narrative, was killed while riding on horseback down the road on the hill in front of us. The Indian that shot him stood by the side of a tree close by the road, his gun almost reaching to the poor boy, who fell instantly upon being shot. It was an agonizing sight to me to behold the poor, unconscious boy writhing in deadly agony for four hours. Sometimes he would endeavor to sit up, but each attempt provoked the Indians to shoot arrows at him.

A DESPERATE RACE FOR LIFE.

Tom McDowell and Jehu Switzler, (both well known in Vancouver) and another man, to me before unknown, were on their way from the Upper to the Lower Cascades, but before they had proceeded far they discovered hostile Indians. Being themselves unarmed, they made a desperate effort to reach the block house, which they providentially did in safety, but greatly fatigued and no doubt frightened. They proved to our small force a valuable acquisition. The three gallantly aided us during the defense in all duties assigned to them to do. After they had got in, the door was made secure by a belt, and then a

strong chain was drawn tight across. That being completed we prepared in terrible earnest for the uneven and deadly conflict by giving our savage enemies a treat of cannister shot, fourteen rounds in all from our six pounder iron gun, which I should judge made them feel quite insulted, for they after that precipitately retired farther from our reach. But we still insisted while in reach in presenting them with a few shells for a change, which action again, I verily believe, failed to suit their taste, for they still remained shy and cautious as if dreading our extended courtesies towards them, mistrusting, no doubt, that they were not sent with very kindly intention. If so, their conclusion was right. They, however, returned behind the trees to pay their respects to us, which made us to reciprocate their compliment with all gallantry that we were able to extend unto them in return. But by this time they had learnt our mettle and wisely concluded that they could not whip us; so they retired back of the hills out of range of our guns to torture and put to a horrible death our unfortunate comrade, whom they had captured. We could not see them at it, but we all heard his piercing screams. After they had accomplished that last inhuman and diabolical cruelty, the main portion left and went to the lower landing. The outrages which they did there were fully related in Mr. Coe's narrative. They, however, left enough behind to besiege us at the block house. But they did not offer to fight us any more. So ended the first day's transaction. But still in constant vigilance by day and night it was necessary to depend, the safety of our lives until we could get assistance, which most joyously came on the morning of the third day after.

THE SECOND DAY

The Indians were still around us, but did not trouble us any more than that they still besieged us and kept us from getting water, which all of us greatly needed, especially the wounded. I, however, in the afternoon, volunteered to attempt to get both food and water, the Sergeant consenting to my doing so. The stranger who joined our force with McDowell and Switzler, gallantly volunteered to go with me in search of whatever we could find to preserve life. Our comrades in the blockhouse were meanwhile watching with guns in hand, ready to defend us to the utmost of their ability if occasion offered. But luckily we were not molested. I went through a window into Mr. Griswold's house, and to my great joy I found upon a center table a large dish-pan full of excellent doughnuts, three of which I almost instantly swallowed, supposing that if I sent them all in to that large and hungry crowd I might never see any of them again. I then handed them to my comrade outside to take them to the block house, which he did to the great delight of all. I, in the meanwhile discovered in the pantry a large and fine ham, which, with the doughnuts sufficed to relieve

all of the pangs of hunger. But we failed to get water. I do not now recollect whether any one got a small quantity in the cook house or not. But I remember that myself and my army comrade, William Houser, took an axe and broke open the door of a saloon belonging to one of the Palmer brothers, and there we procured one dozen bottles of porter, one decanter of brandy, the same of whisky and wine, and a small box full of oyster crackers. We got no water there, but the articles mentioned satisfied every requirement except surgical aid until we would get relief, which we knew was close at hand by hearing the report of gallant Phil Sheridan's guns firing upon the enemy at the lower Cascades. After that signal of relief, we all realized that our danger had ceased. We then somewhat relaxed the ceaseless vigilance we had all the time kept, for the purpose of allowing a portion of our guards to take a little rest and sleep. The next morning Bvt. Lieutenant-Col. Edward J. Steptoe, 9th infantry, commanding Companies, A, E, F and I, same regiment, and detachments of Company E, first dragoons, and Company L, third artillery, in all two hundred men, came very unexpectedly to our relief. The Colonel and some of the officers came to the block house to see how all was with us. The Sergeant told them how we had managed. The Colonel then complimented all for their admirable conduct. Now that relief had come, the citizens who had taken refuge with us, left for their homes and other destinations. We soldiers also went where our fancies directed, each of us to examine if we could find traces of injury done to the enemy. We failed to perceive any signs of Indians being hurt, but myself and my comrade with me, Hiram Smiley, found, horribly mutilated, the body of Lawrence Rooney, our murdered companion, my companion first seeing the naked body under the wood he had been cutting. They had hung him with a willow withe, the same being yet around his neck. They had also mashed his nose flat with his ax. We now called out to our other comrades to bring up a blanket to carry the body down to the blockhouse, where we soon made a rude box and placed the remains therein. Lieut. Sheridan then come up to us with his command, H company, 4th infantry, (to which company we of the detachment belonged.) He also had the cavalry to bring up to us the 28 Indians whom he had captured. Each had their arms securely tied with pieces of strong cord. After accomplishing that duty the Lieutenant and his command returned to Fort Vancouver, taking with them the remains of our murdered comrade for burial at the military cemetery. Thus ended the fight and siege of the middle blockhouse.

ROBERT WILLIAMS.

POSTSCRIPT.—I forgot to insert in my letter the following

JOINT RESOLUTIONS

Relative to granting extra pay to certain soldiers for meritorious service at the Cascades, viz.:

Resolved by the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Washington, That our Delegate be and he is hereby instructed to exert his influence to procure the passage of an act by Congress granting to Seargeant Kelly and Privates Houser, Roach, Sheridan, Berneaur, Smiley and Williams, Company H, 4th infantry, as a mark of commendation for their efficient aid in protecting the citizens that escaped the massacre at the Cascades, W. T., on the 27th of March last, and their gallant conduct in defending the blockhouse at that place against the combined attack, for three days, of several hundred Indians, the extra pay allowed during the Mexican war to such non commissioned officers and privates as received certificates of merit for distinguished services.

Passed January 24, 1857.

R. W.

COPY OF A DOCUMENT

Found among the Private Papers of the late
Dr. John McLoughlin.

The original paper, of which this is a copy, is written in Dr. McLoughlin's handwriting.--Harvey.

In 1824 I came to this country to superintend the management of the Hudson Bay Company's trade on the coast, and we came to the determination to abandon Astoria, and go to Fort Vancouver, as it was a place where we could cultivate the soil and raise our own provisions.

In March, 1825, we moved there and that spring planted potatoes and sowed two bushels of peas, the only grain we had, and all we had. In the fall I received from New York Factory a bushel spring wheat, a bushel oats, a bushel barley, a bushel Indian corn and a quart of timothy, and all of which was sown in proper time, and which produced well except the Indian corn, for which the ground was too poor and the nights rather cool, and continued extending our improvements.

In 1828, the crop was sufficient to enable us to dispense with the importation of flour, etc.

In 1825, from what I had seen of the country, I formed the conclusion from the mildness and salubrity of the climate, that this was the finest portion of North America that I had seen for the residence of civilized man, and as the farmers could not cultivate the ground without cattle, and as the Hudson Bay Company had only twenty-seven (27) head, big and small, and as I saw at the time no possibility of getting cattle by sea, and that was too expensive, I determined that no cattle should be killed at Vancouver except one bull calf every year for rennet to make cheese, till we had an ample stock to meet all our demands, and to assist settlers, a resolution to which I strictly adhered, and the first animal killed for beef was in 1838, till that time we had lived on fresh and salt venison and wild fowl. From morality and policy I stopped the sale and issue of spiritous liquor to the Indians, but to do this effectually I had to stop the sale of liquor to all whites. In 1834, when Mr. Wyeth, of Boston

came, he began by selling liquor, but on my assuring him that the Hudson Bay Company sold no liquor to whites or Indians, he immediately adopted the same rule.

One night in August, 1828, I was surprised by the Indians making a great noise at the gate of the fort, saying they had brought an American. The gate was opened, the man came in, but was so affected he could not speak. After setting down some minutes to recover himself, he told he was, he thought, the only survivor of eighteen (18) men, conducted by the late Jedediah Smith. All the rest, he thought, were murdered. The party left San Francisco bound to their rendezvous at the Salt Lake. They ascended the Sacramento valley, but finding no opening to cross the mountains to go east, they bent their course to the coast, which they reached at the mouth of Rogue river, then came along the beach to the Umpqua, where the Indians stole their ax, and as it was the only ax they had, and which they absolutely required to make rafts to cross rivers, they took the chief prisoner and their ax was returned. Early the following morning, Smith started in a canoe with two (2) men and an Indian, and left orders, as usual, to allow no Indians to come into camp. But to gratify their passion for women, the men neglected to follow the order, allowed the Indians to come into camp, and at an Indian yell five or six Indians fell upon each white man. At the time, the narrator, Black, was out of the crowd, and had just finished cleaning and loading his rifle; three (3) Indians jumped on him, but he shook them off, and seeing all his comrades struggling on the ground and the Indians stabbing them, he fired on the crowd and rushed to the woods pursued by the Indians, but fortunately escaped; swam across the Umpqua and northward in the hopes of reaching the Columbia where he knew we were. But broken down by hunger and misery, as he had no food but a few wild berries which he found on the beach, he determined to give himself up to the Kilimour, a tribe on the coast at Cape Lookout, who treated him with great humanity, relieved his wants and brought him to the Fort, for which, in case whites might again fall in their power, and to induce them to act kindly to them, I rewarded them most liberally. But as Smith and his two men might have escaped and if we made no search for them at break of day the next morning, I sent Indian runners with tobacco to the Willamette chiefs, to tell them to send their people in search of Smith and his two men, and if they found them to bring them to the Fort and I would pay them, and telling them if any Indians hurt these men we would punish them, and immediately equipped a strong party of forty (40) well armed men. But as the men were embarking to our great joy Smith and his two men arrived.

I then arranged as strong a party as I could make to recover all we could of

Smith's property. I divulged my plan to none, but gave written instructions to the officer, to be opened early when he got to the Umpqua, because if known before they got there, the officers would talk of it among themselves, the men would hear it and from them it would go to their Indian wives, who were spies on us, and my plan would be defeated. The plan was that the officer was, as usual, to invite the Indians to bring their furs to trade, just as if nothing had happened. Count the furs, but as the American trappers mark all their skins, keep these all separate, give them to Mr. Smith and not pay the Indians for them, telling them that they belonged to him; that they got them by murdering Smith's people.

They denied having murdered Smith's people, but admitted they bought them of the murderers. The officers told them they must look to the murderers for the payment, which they did; and as the murderers would not restore the property they had received, a war was kindled among them, and the murderers were punished more severely than we could have done, and which Mr. Smith himself admitted, and to be much preferable to going to war on them, as we could not distinguish the innocent from the guilty, who, if they chose, might fly to the mountains, where we could not find them. In this way we recovered property for Mr. Smith to the amount of three thousand two hundred dollars, without any expense to him, and which was done from a principle of Christian duty, and as a lesson to the Indians to show them they could not wrong the whites with impunity.

In 1828, Etinne Lucier, a Willamette trapper, asked me if I thought this would become a settled country? I told him wherever wheat grew, he might depend it would become a farming country. He asked me what assistance I would afford him to settle as a farmer? I told him I would loan him seed to sow and wheat to feed himself and family, to be returned from the produce of his farm, and sell him such implements as were in the Hudson Bay Company's store, at fifty per cent. on prime cost. But a few days after he came back and told me he thought there was too remote a prospect of this becoming a civilized country, and as there were no clergymen in the country, he asked me a passage for his family in the Hudson Bay Co.'s boats, to which I acceded. He started in September to meet the boats at the mountain; the express came in too late and he had to return, and went to hunt for the winter.

In 1829, he again applied to begin to farm. I told him that since he had spoken to me I heard that several of the trappers would apply for assistance to begin to farm, and that it was necessary for me to come to a distinct understanding with him to serve as a rule for those who might follow. That the Hudson Bay Company were bound under heavy penalties to discharge none of

their servants in the Indian country, and bound to return them to the place where they engaged them. That this was done to prevent vagabonds being let loose among the Indians and incite them to hostility to the whites. But as I knew he was a good, honest man, and none but such need apply, and as if he went to Canada and unfortunately died before his children could provide for themselves they would become objects of pity and a burthen to others. For these reasons I would assist him to settle. But I must keep him and all the Hudson Bay Company's servants whom I allowed to settle, on the Hudson Bay Company's books as servants, so as not to expose the Hudson Bay Company and me to a fine, but they would work for themselves, and no service would be exacted from them.

Many of the Canadians objected to go to the Willamette, because it was to become American Territory, which I told them it would as the Hudson Bay Company in 1825 officially informed that on no event could the British Government claim extend south of the Columbia, and that they were afraid they would not have the same advantages as American citizens. I told them from the fertility of the soil, the extent of prairie and the easy access from the sea that the Willamette (they must admit) was the best and only place adapted to form a settlement which would have a beneficial effect on the whole country north of San Francisco, where we could assist and protect them from the Indians in case of difficulty, and as to advantages I did not know what they would have, but this I knew, that the American Government and people knew only two classes of persons, rogues and honest men, that they punished the first and protected the last, and it depended only upon themselves to what class they would belong.

Others wanted to go and live with the relatives of their wives, but as their children would be brought up with the sympathies and feelings of Indians, and as the half-breeds are in general leaders among Indians, and they would be a thorn in the side of the whites, I insisted they should go to the Willamette, where their children could be brought up as whites and Christians, and brought to cultivate the ground and imbued with the feelings and sympathies of whites, and where they and their mothers would serve as hostages for the good behavior of their relatives in the interior. As Indians judge of whites by themselves, and I think if they injure whites on their lands, the whites would revenge it by murdering their Indian relative among them, and as the settlement increased by the addition of Indian women and half-breeds, the turbulence of the Indian tribes would diminish, and certainly the Cayuse war would not have been quelled so easily as it was if other half-breeds had not joined the Americans; and I have great pleasure to be able to say what must be admitted by all who know them,

that the Canadian trappers and half-breeds who have settled as farmers, are as peaceable, orderly, neighborly and industrious a set of men as any in the settlement; and that so far the Canadian settlement has produced and supplied three-fourths of the grain that has been exported.

In 1832, Mr. Nathaniel Wythe, of Cambridge, near Boston, came across land with a party of men, but as the vessel he expected to meet here with supplies was wrecked on the way, he returned to the East with three (3) men. The remainder joined the Willamette settlement and got supplies and were assisted by the Hudson Bay Company's servants, and to be paid the same price for their wheat—that is, three shillings sterling per bushel, and purchase their supplies at fifty per cent. on prime cost.

In 1834, Mr. Wyeth returned with a fresh party, and met the vessel with supplies here, and started with a large outfit for Fort Hall, which he had built on his way, and in 1836, he abandoned the business and returned to the States, and those of his men that remained in the country joined the settlements and were assisted as the others on the same terms as the Hudson Bay Company's servants, and in justice to Mr. Wyeth, I have great pleasure to be able to state that as a rival in trade, I always found him open, manly, frank and fair, and in short, in all his contracts, a perfect gentleman and an honest man, doing all he could to support morality and encouraging industry in the settlement.

In 1834, Messrs. Jason and Daniel Lee, and Messrs. Walker and P. L. Edwards came with Mr. Wyeth to establish a mission in the Flat-head country. I observed to them that it was too dangerous for them to establish a mission; that to do good to the Indians, they must establish themselves where they could collect them around them; teach them first to cultivate the ground and live more comfortably than they do by hunting, and as they do this, teach them religion; that the Willamette afforded them a fine field, and that they ought to go there, and they would get the same assistance as the settlers. They followed my advice and went to the Willamette, and it is but justice to these pioneers to say that no men, in my opinion, could exert themselves more zealously than they did till 1840, when they received a large reinforcement of forty (40) or more persons, then the new-comer began to neglect their duties, discord sprung up among them and the mission broke up.

I made it a rule that none of the Hudson Bay Company's servants should be allowed to join the settlements unless he had fifty pounds sterling before him, as he required that sum to supply him with clothing and implements. He that begins business on credit is seldom so careful and industrious as he who does business on his own means. By this I effected two objects, I made the men

more saving and industrious, and attached them to their farms. If I had not done so, they would have abandoned on the least difficulty. But having their means invested on their improvements they saw if they abandoned the loss would be theirs, they therefore persisted and succeeded. When the settlement was formed, though the American trappers had no means, they were assisted on credit, and *all* in three years paid up from the produce of their farms.

Every settler had as much wheat on loan as he wanted to begin with, and I lent them each two cows, as in 1825 we had only twenty-seven head, big and small, old and young.

If I sold they would of course be entitled to the increase, and I would not have the means to assist the new settlers, and the settlement would be retarded, as those purchasers who offered me two hundred dollars for a cow would put such a price on the increase as would put it out of the power of poor settlers to buy. This would prevent industrious men settling. For these reasons I would not sell but loaned as I say, two cows to each settler, and in case the increase of settlers might be greater than we could afford to supply with cattle, I reserved the right to take any cattle I required (above his two cows) from any settler to assist new settlers.

To the Methodist Mission, as it was a public institution, I lent seven oxen, one bull and eight cows with their calves.

In the beginning, several settlers lost cattle poisoned by eating water hemlock. It has been said by the late Mr. Thurston, Delegate from Oregon, on the floor of Congress, that settlers paid for dead cattle. This is a wanton falsehood, as it is well known to all old settlers that no settler paid a cent for dead cattle. It was a loss to the Company.

In 1836 we found means of forming a company to go to California for cattle. I took half the stock for the Hudson Bay Company, so that by purchasing a larger number (as the expense of driving five hundred or a thousand was the same) as it would make the cattle cheaper. Those of the settlers that had means put it in the stock, those that had none, engaged as drivers at one dollar per day, to be paid in cattle at their actual cost. Mr. Slocum, who came here in a chartered vessel, gave them a passage gratis from this place to San Francisco. Mr. Ewing Young was selected to conduct the party. Mr. P. L. Edwards, who came with Messrs. Lee, of the Methodist Mission, but now a lawyer in California, was appointed Treasurer. They brought, I think, about seven hundred head of cattle, which cost eight dollars per head rendered. In the Willamette, the settlers kept the tame and broken in oxen they had belonging to the Hudson Bay Company, and gave their California wild cattle in the

place, so that they found themselves stocked with tame cattle which cost them only eight dollars per head, and the Hudson Bay Company, to favor the settlers, took calves in place of grown up cattle, because the Hudson Bay Company wanted them for beef. These calves would grow up before they were required.

In 1840, as I already stated, the Methodist Mission received a large reinforcement. I had selected for a claim, Oregon City, in 1829, made improvements on it and had a large quantity of timber squared. The Superintendent applied to me for a loan of some of it to build a mission house. I lent them the timber and had a place pointed out to them upon which to build. In 1840 the Methodist Mission formed a milling association and jumped part of my claim and began to build a saw and grist mill. They assumed the right to judge of my rights, and said that I could not hold it as part of my claim, though the stream that separates the islet from the main land is not more than forty feet wide in summer. This island is what is called "Abernethy Island," and is about — acres in extent. In 1842, Mr. Waller, the resident missionary in the house, to build which I lent timber, which they never returned, and gave the ground upon which to build, set up a claim to Oregon City in opposition to me, but after some difficulty. I paid them \$500 and he gave it up. I preferred to do this and have done with it rather than hereafter trouble government with it.

In 1842, the first party of regular immigrants—about fifty—came from the States. They got all the assistance they required, but in 1843, most of them, not liking the country, went with their leader—Mr. Hastings—to California.

In 1843, about 800 immigrants arrived from the States. I saw by the looks of the Indians that they were excited, and I watched them. As the first stragglers were arriving at Vancouver in canoes, I was standing on the bank, nearer the water there was a group of ten or twelve Indians. One of them bawled out to his companions, "It is good for us to kill these Bostons." Struck with the excitement I had seen in the countenances of the Indians since they had heard the report of the immigration coming, I felt certain they were inclined to mischief, and that he spoke thus loud as a feeler to sound me, and take their measures accordingly. I immediately rushed on them with my cane, calling out at the same time, "Who is the dog that says it is a good thing to kill the Bostons." The fellow, trembling, excused himself, "I spoke without meaning harm, but The Dalles Indians say so." "Well," said I, "The Dalles Indians are dogs for saying so, and you also," and left him, as, if I had remained longer it would have had a bad effect. I had done enough to convince them I would not allow them to do wrong to the immigrants with impunity. From this Indian saying, in the way he did, that the Dalles Indians said it was good to kill the Bostons, I felt it my duty to do all I could to avert so horrid a deed.

Mr. P. L. Edwards, whom I mentioned came in 1834, with Messrs. Lee, and left in 1838, sent me a letter by Gen. McCarver, stating he had given a letter of introduction to me to P. H. Burnett, Esq. I immediately formed my plan and kept my knowledge of the horrid design of the Indians' secret, as I felt certain that if the Americans knew it, these men acting independent of each other, would be at once for fighting, which would lead to their total destruction, and I sent two (2) boats with provisions to meet them; sent provisions to Mr. Burnett, and a large quantity of provisions for sale to those who would purchase, and to be given to those who had not the means, being confident that fright I had given (as I already stated), the Indians who said it was a good thing to kill the Bostons was known at the Dalles before our boats were there, and that with the presence of the Hudson Bay Company people, and the assistance they afforded the immigrants, would deter the Indians from doing them any wrong, and I am happy to be able to say I entirely succeeded. At first I thought these Indians were excited by some of the Irroquois Indians in the Hudson Bay Company's service, and tried to find if so, but found nothing to enlighten me on the subject.

About a month after Dr. Whitman, from his mission Wall Walla to Vancouver, as the Dalles was on his way, and as he had seen the principal men there, it occurred to me that he might have heard of it, and told him what I heard the Indian say, and how I had alarmed him, what I had done to deter them and my suspicion that all this sprung from some of our rascally Irroquois, and that I was anxious to find that rascal out to punish him as an example to deter others. "Oh," says the Doctor, I know all about it." "You do, Doctor," said I. "Yes," said the Doctor, "and I have known it for two years." "You have known it for two years and you told me nothing! Pray tell me his name." The Doctor, seeing I was on the wrong scent, said, "His name is Thomas Hill." After thinking for some time, I replied the Hudson Bay Company had no man of that name in their service. "Oh," says the Doctor, "Tom Hill the Shawnee." This Indian, it is said, had been educated at Dartmouth College in the States, had told the Indians that a few Americans had come to settle on their lands; that the Shawnees allowed them, but when the Americans were strong enough they drove the Shawnees off and now the Shawnees have no lands, and had urged the Indians to allow no Americans to settle on their lands, which advice the Indians about Walla Walla say the Cayuses are following to this day, and the Indians were inclined to follow by killing the immigrants who first came, and which I believe they would have done but for the decided and cautious manner that I acted. And the reason the Indian made use of the expression he did, was because I punished the murderers of the

Smith party, and before acting they wanted to know how I would treat them, and most certainly if I had not been most anxious for the safety of the immigrants and to discharge to them the duties of a Christian, my ear would not have caught so quickly the words, "it is a good thing to kill these Bostons," and acted as I did. In fact, if the immigrants had all been my brothers and sisters, I could not have done more for them. I fed the hungry, caused the sick to be attended to and nursed, furnished them every assistance so long as they required it, and which some have not paid to this day, though abundantly able, and for which, if they do not pay, I am answerable to the Hudson Bay Company. It may be said, and has been said, that I was too liberal in making these advances. It is not so, but it was done judiciously and prudently.

When the immigration of 1842 came, we had enough of breadstuffs in the country for one year, but as the immigrants reported that next season there would be a greater immigration, it was evident if there was not a proportionate increase of seed sown in 1843 and 1844, there would be a famine in the country in 1845, which would lead to trouble, as those that had families, to save them from starvation, would be obliged to have recourse to violence to get food for them. To avert this I freely supplied the immigrants of 1843 and 1844 with the necessary articles to open farms, and by these means avoided the evils. In short I afforded every assistance to the immigrants so long as they required it, and by management I kept peace in the country, and in some cases had to put up with a great deal; for instance, when the milling company jumped part of my claim, the island upon which they built a mill, and which subsequently Abernethy purchased, and when Williamson jumped part of Fort Vancouver, as may be seen by my correspondence with the provisional government on the subject, and which occurred in the presence of several American citizens, who I am happy to say strongly expressed their disapprobation of Williamson's conduct, and which I am induced to believe made him desist, and it will be seen, to their credit, that Messrs.,, the Executive Committee, acted in a straightforward, manly and correct manner, and it was by such conduct on the part of respectable American citizens, that peace and order were maintained in the country. It is true, several thought I was too forbearing; but when I saw how much the good on both sides would suffer if I acted differently, and that a war between Great Britain and the United States might be caused by it, I considered it my duty to act as I did, and by which I think I may have prevented a war between the United States and Great Britain. And how have I been treated by both?

By British demagogues I have been represented as a traitor. For what? Because I acted as a Christian; saved American citizens, men, women and children from the Indian tomahawk and enabled them to make farms to support their families.

American demagogues have been base enough to assert that I had caused American citizens to be massacred by hundreds by the savages. I, who saved all I could. I have been represented by the delegate from Oregon, the late S. R. Thurston, as doing all I could to prevent the settling, while it was well known to every American settler who is acquainted with the history of the Territory, if this is not a downright falsehood, and most, certainly will say, that he most firmly believes that I did all I could to promote its settlement, and that I could not have done more for the settlers if they had been my brothers and sisters, and after being the first person to take a claim in the country and assisting the immigrants as I have, my claim is reserved, after having expended all the means I had to improve it, while every other settler in the country gets his. But as I felt convinced that any disturbance between us here might lead to a war between Great Britain and the States, I felt it my bounden duty as a Christian, to act as I did, and which I think averted the evil, and which was so displeasing to some English demagogues that they represented me to the British government as a person so partial to American interests as selling the Hudson Bay Company goods in my charge cheaper to American than I did to British subjects. On the other hand, though, if the American immigrants had been my brothers and sisters, I could not have done more for them; yet, after acting as I have, spending my means and doing my utmost to settle the country, my claim is reserved, while every other settler in the country gets his; and how much this has injured me, is daily injuring me, it is needless to say, and certainly it is a treatment I do not deserve and which I did not expect.

To be brief, I founded this settlement and prevented a war between the United States and Great Britain, and for doing this peaceably and quietly, I was treated by the British in such a manner that from self respect I resigned my situation in the Hudson Bay Company's service, by which I sacrificed \$12,000 per annum, and the "Oregon Land Bill" shows the treatment I received from the Americans.

NOTES BY MRS. HARVEY.

NOTE 1. Etienne Lucier first settled on the east side Willamette river, opposite the present City of Portland, remaining there several years, afterwards removing higher up the river, near Champoege. Lucier was the *first* settler.

NOTE 2. Those of the Hudson Bay Company who were willing to take farms, all of them being French Canadians, chose a prairie twenty or thirty miles above the Willamette Falls, to which was given the name of "French Prairie," the name by which it is known at the present time.

NOTE 3. About three or four acres.

SKETCH OF EWING YOUNG.

TILLAMOOK, Tillamook Co., Ogn., Jan. 10, 1881.

Hon. M. Crawford, Dayton, Oregon :

SIR :—Your letter of the 19th ult., was received by me to-day at my residence on the Nestucca river of this county.

Your request that I furnish you with what I know of the life, or *history and incidents* of Ewing Young deceased. This I will do most gladly, as I candidly believe that it was through that thorough going man that Oregon was brought so speedily into notice. But without making any commentations on the subject, I will proceed to say that I made the acquaintance of Mr. Young about the 1st of November, 1834, a few days after his arrival in the Willamette valley from California. He brought with him from California a herd of Spanish mares and horses ; he erected a dwelling on the Willamette river opposite to Champoeg, being the first house built on the west side of that river by a white man. At this time an unpleasant incident occurred to Mr. Young. It was this : At the time of his leaving California a large number of persons also came, and among them were some reckless persons, who, after the company had left the Spanish settlements, returned to some stock ranches and drove off a number of horses.

At the time Mr. Young left the Spanish settlement for Oregon, the Hudson Bay Company's schooner " Cadborro," was at Monterey, California, and sailed in a few days for the Columbia, and by whom the Governor General of California wrote Dr. McLaughlin, then acting Chief Factor of the Hudson Bay Company for the District of the Columbia, stating that Ewing Young and company had stolen a band of horses from ranches in California. This letter reached the Doctor about the time Mr. Young arrived in the Willamette. Mr. Young being in want of some supplies, and having a few beaver skins, sent them to Fort Vancouver to exchange for his supplies. But Dr. McLaughlin having been advertised by no less authority than the Governor General of California that Young was at the head of a banditti, refused to purchase the beaver, but sent Mr. Young the articles which he had wished to purchase, besides sending him several articles of refreshments for his table. But when the articles came he,

Young, indignantly refused to receive the goods or refreshments, but procured an Indian canoe and some Indian help and went in person to Vancouver, where harsh words took place between the Doctor and Mr. Young. After moderation and reason returned, the Doctor satisfied Mr. Young that he could not, being at the head of a company trading directly to California and elsewhere, have acted otherwise than to have given credence and respect to the charge against him and his company by the Gov. of California. And as the schooner "Cadborro" returned the ensuing year to California, Dr. McLaughlin wrote to the Governor of California, as also did Mr. Young. And the ensuing fall of that year the Governor wrote to Dr. McLaughlin and Mr. Young withdrawing the charges against Young, and regretting the occurrence. [In order to show how Mr. Young became the object of concern and interest of the Government, I will have to introduce another character, that is, Hall I. Kelly, an author and publisher of a pamphlet about Oregon, etc. Mr. Kelly was in California at the time Young started for Oregon and came in the company, and being a man of considerable literary talent and notoriety, he was also pointed out in the Governor General's letter to Dr. McLaughlin, and also received the Doctor's refusal of fellowship, but the Doctor prepared for him and had well supplied with all the comforts the Fort could supply, a dwelling, appointed him a waiter and laundress, and when in the ensuing spring the company's vessel sailed for the Sandwich Islands, gave him a free passage. On Mr. Kelly's arrival at Boston, he published an account of his travels, and dwelt with a good deal of severity upon the officers of the Hudson Bay Company, and how he and Young had been treated, etc. This pamphlet was sent to our Consul at the Sandwich Islands, who was instructed to make the necessary inquiry about the condition of Young and other American citizens on the Columbia. About this time Lieut. W. A. Slocum, of the U. S. Navy, arrived at Oahu, (in Sandwich Islands) and Mr. Jones, the U. S. Consul, chartered a little brig and got Lieut. Slocum to come and see, etc. (This was in the winter of 1836.)]

Mr. Young continued to live on his place opposite Champoege, doing but little except to look after his Spanish horses, doing his trading with the American company, for which I was then acting agent (1835). But as Young was a man of strong natural mind and great determination, and withal industrious and enterprising, he resolved to go at something to make a better and more independent living, and resolved to erect a distillery, but the want of kettles and other apparatus prevented.

In the spring of 1836, Mr. Wyeth, one of the partners of the American Company, had resolved to break up business in the country, and it was then that

Young purchased one of the chaldrons we used for pickling salmon, of Capt. Wyeth, and went formally to work in erecting a distillery. By this time a thorough reconciliation had taken place between Young and Dr. McLaughlin, and the latter told Mr. Y. that if he persisted in his distilling it would prove a ruin to the farming settlement, and assured him if he wished to enter into any kind of enterprise that would be useful and beneficial to the Young settlement, that he would advance any required aid. Upon this appeal and offer he abandoned the distillery and then was planing for a saw and grist mill. About this time (winter of 1836-37) Lieut. Slocum arrived, and calling at Vancouver, where he made his quarters. In a few days he called upon Young, and everything being explained satisfactorily, Young and Slocum put in motion the introduction of Spanish cattle into Oregon, and within a few days a company was formed, Slocum supplying the money and giving a free passage to the persons engaged, in his chartered brig, to California. In this company, Young acted as the purchasing agent and manager.

Shortly after the arrival of the cattle into Oregon, Young went to work at his saw mill and erected it on the Chehalem creek, near its confluence with the Willamette river. This he kept at work until the winter of 1840-41, when it was flooded off. A short time after this Mr. Young sickened, and in February, 1841, died.

Mr. Young was a native of Knox county, Tennessee, learned the cabinet maker's trade in Knoxville, Tennessee. He was a very candid and scrupulously honest man ; was thoroughgoing, brave and daring.

He was buried a short distance west of his residence, or where he died, in Chehalem Valley, in Yamhill county, under some oak trees. Sidney Smith subsequently occupied the house. There was once a pailing put around the grave. At this time I know nothing of it.

This constitutes all that your society, perhaps, may deem necessary. All that I have thus briefly stated took place under my own observation and knowledge and what I learned from Mr. Young himself.

If anything else comes up before your society which I can aid in furthering, from any knowledge I have of it, I will cheerfully do so.

With high respect, most respectfully yours,

COURTNEY M. WALKER.

G. A. CONE, SR.

A Brief Sketch of an Oregon Pioneer's Life.

BY WILLARD H. REES.

BUTTEVILLE, Oregon, April 11, 1881.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

G. A. Cone, Sr., who died at this place, April 7, 1881, was a native of Windsor county, Vermont; born May 23, 1798, had therefore reached the advanced age of 82 years, 10 months and 15 days. The son of a cooper, he learned that trade, working with his father until the close of the late war with England. Fired with the spirit of western adventure through glowing accounts of the country beyond the Alleghany mountains, given by returning volunteers, young Cone, in 1815, on attaining his 17th year, very unceremoniously bid adieu to his Green Mountain home, to work his way on foot to the valley of the Ohio, the then renowned Eden of the far distant west, reaching Cincinnati early in 1816, where he worked at his trade for one year. From thence to the village of St. Omer, where in 1818, at the age of 20 years, he married Mary Garrison, who, for 52 years, was his true and loving helpmate, she having departed this life May 10, 1870. In 1821, he settled on a farm near Lawrenceburg, Dearborn county, Indiana, but being of rather a restless disposition, he improved some half-dozen new farms in different sections of the State. In early life he joined the Methodist Church, but during the anti-Masonic excitement incident to the Morgan affair, he changed his membership to the Moravian or United Brethren sect, having been a preacher of the faith in both denominations. In middle life, however, he discarded the doctrine of future endless punishment. He said to the writer a few months since, as he had on many former occasions: "I sincerely hope my true sentiments with regard to this life and the hereafter will not be misrepresented. I have found, as a class, the best and most useful people in this world to be those who by their labor are producers, and who know most of, and follow nearest to the infallible laws governing the universe;

and there is no way by which we can escape the penalty of their violation. With regard to the future life in some, to me unknown world, I certainly have no satisfactory knowledge whatever, I am fully content in leaving this to me unsolved and unknowable question to the future where it belongs, while in truth and sincerity I am a thousand fold more happy in my present state of mind, than I was when earnestly believing that the greater number of my fellow beings were in effect doomed to future torment for time without end. After having lived nearly a quarter of a century in Indiana, Mr. Cone crossed the eastern branch of the great father of waters, settling in Henry County, Iowa Territory, where he remained for ten years. In the spring of 1851, leaving his family at Keokuk with his elder son, he crossed the plains to Oregon where three sons had preceded him a few years before. Mr. Cone settled near Butteville where he improved and for ten years cultivated his last new farm.

In 1862 he moved to the village of Butteville where he soon after opened a store, serving for many years as postmaster and justice of the peace. An old line Whig of the great northwest, earnestly devoted to the principles of personal, political and religious liberty, he naturally gravitated to the Republican party. He has often remarked to the writer that Mr. Clay to whom he had often listened in early life had a lasting influence upon his subsequent political course. He was beyond measure the most captivating orator that I ever heard. A man of commanding presence, he seemed to speak from the serene heights of conscious power, grand in eloquence and of dauntless courage. He captivated and led at will the great heart and mind of an audience as none but Harry of the West could do. Mr. Cone lived under the administration of all the Presidents of the United States, save that of Washington's, sixty years having intervened between the dates of casting his first and last ballot for President. His first vote was given for James Monroe in 1820, his last for Gen. Garfield in 1880.

Mr. Cone was a plain, unpretending, industrious pioneer, who, for his many sterling qualities, was much respected by his neighbors, and his once familiar form will be greatly missed in this community. The highways and byways which the old pioneers have so long traveled together seem to grow dimmer and darker, as one by one these honored friends are taken from the ranks of the old vanguard whose life's labor has given to civilization the late wilderness of this now mighty west.

At 3 o'clock on the 8th inst., the mortal remains of G. A. Cone, Sr., were followed to the Butteville cemetery by a long procession of old neighbors and friends, where, after an appropriate address by Judge Grim, the remains were consigned to the grave.

THE LATE GEO. LAROQUE.

BY WILLARD H. REES.

BUTTEVILLE, February 27, 1877.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN :

Mr. George Laroque, late of Oregon City, who died at Oakland, California, on the 23d inst., was born near Montreal, Canada, in 1820. Came to the United States in 1836. Went to St. Louis, Missouri, in the spring of 1839, where in the following fall he entered the service of the American Fur Company, starting at once for Fort Pierre on the Missouri river. Some time after, was sent to Fort Laramie. Being an expert in the use of the rifle, he was promoted to the position of hunter, whose duty was to supply the Fort with meat. This position commanded a considerable advance in his wages. Mountain men, like those in the more civilized pursuits of life, were paid in proportion to the value of the services which they were capable of performing. George Laroque was an energetic, resolute mountaineer, and for his discreetness and well known courage, was frequently employed by the company as expressman in making long, hazardous journeys. On one of those occasions he started from Fort Laramie with the annual express for St. Louis, by way of Fort Pierre, at which point there was some slight hope of reaching in time to meet the company's steamboat returning from the Yellowstone with a cargo of peltries. If successful would leave his mule and take passage for his destination. The distance, 320 miles, he dashed off in 48 consecutive hours, barely reaching the post in time to accomplish his object.

Laroque continued this life on the plains until 1847, when, after having experienced eight years of wild, exciting life on the eastern base of the Rocky mountains, he turned his face toward the setting sun, crossed the country, and in the fall rejoined his old comrade, F. X. Matthieu, in the valley of the Willamette.

During the first gold excitement which swept through this valley like a prairie fire, in the fall of 1848, Mr. Laroque took passage on the old brig Henry, for the new "Golden Gate." After several months spent in prospecting, with the usual success of the inexperienced miner of the early days in California, he went to Feather river, where he soon after had the good fortune to strike a rich pocket, from which, in a few days he scooped out some \$12,000, returning to Oregon in 1849.

In the spring of 1851 he became a member of the mercantile firm of F. X. Matthieu & Co., at Bntteville, with which he was associated for several years. He finally embarked in the wheat trade and milling business at Oregon City, in which he was engaged at the time of his death. Notwithstanding Mr. Laroque had received little or no early advantages from the schools, he was a very correct and successful business man, having accumulated a very considerable fortune. He leaves a wife, daughter and three sons to mourn their loss.

His name is enrolled on the register of the Pioneer Association, whose old members are fast giving way to later generations.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

OREGON CITY, June 14, 1880.

To the Officers and Members of the Oregon Pioneer Association :

I submit for your consideration my Sixth Annual Report for the year past :

1879.

RECEIPTS.

June 15,	To balance on hand as per report.....	\$ 1 29
	To cash received from ball.....	77 00
	“ “ License Photographer.....	2 00
	“ “ License and rent per Waite.....	192 00
	“ “ Dues, &c., per Brown.....	100 50
June 26,	“ “ C. Hopkins, (man).....	1 00
	“ “ Jason Peters, (per Crawford).....	1 00
1880.		
May 6,	“ “ J. M. Moore, (dues).....	1 00
17,	“ “ Wm. Gromes, (man).....	1 00

\$376 79

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid Warrant No. 1,	C. W. Hoyden	\$ 8 00
“ “ “ 2,	E. M. Waite	220 47
“ “ “ 3,	Mr. Titus	5 00
“ “ “ 4,	J. W. Minto	6 00
“ “ “ 5,	Wright & Bristow	5 25
“ “ “ 6,	W. T. Clark.....	2 50
“ “ “ 7,	W. N. Brown.....	5 00
“ “ “ 8,	A. Rhodes	2 50
“ “ “ 9,	R. A. Baker	3 00
“ “ “ 10,	D. Newsome	8 00
“ “ “ 11,	A. W. Smith	3 00

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Paid Warrant No. 12, W. Wallace	20 00	
“ “ “ 13, G. H. Himes	15 00	
“ “ “ 14, A. G. Walling	12 00	
“ “ “ 15, A. H. Woodruff	33 00	
“ “ “ 16, F. Conway	4 00	
“ “ “ 17, H. W. Pallies	5 50	
“ “ “ 18, Van Wagner	4 50	
June 14, Cash to balance	15 07	
		<hr/> \$376 79
To cash on hand	\$ 15 07	
Less expenses to Salem	5 00	
		<hr/> \$ 10 07

Respectfully submitted,

J M. BACON, *Treasurer*.

TRANSACTIONS
OF THE
NINTH ANNUAL RE-UNION
OF THE
Oregon Pioneer Association;
FOR
1881.

AND THE
ANNUAL ADDRESS DELIVERED BY HON. W. C. JOHNSON,

TOGETHER WITH
THE OCCASIONAL ADDRESS BY HON. MEDORUM CRAWFORD,
AND OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST.



SALEM, OREGON :
E. M. WAITE, STEAM PRINTER AND BOOKBINDER.
1882.



MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

In pursuance of a call by the President, Medorum Crawford, the Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met at Portland on December 14, 1881, in the office of John Catlin, Esq.

The following named persons were present:

Hon. Medorum Crawford, President.

T. L. Davidson, Secretary.

J. M. Bacon, Treasurer.

Jos. Watt and John Catlin, Directors.

Minutes of meeting held at McMinnville, June 15, 1881, read and approved.

On motion, John Catlin, Esq., was authorized to draw up papers for the purpose of incorporating the Oregon Pioneer Association.

Col. James K. Kelly was chosen to deliver the Annual Address; Rev. Wm. Roberts, Alternate.

Hon. M. F. Deady was selected to deliver the Occasional Address for the year 1849.

The following committee was chosen to arrange a programme, provide music, solicit subscriptions, and arrange for a grand ball to be held at the Fair Grounds, Salem, June 15, 1882: E. M. Waite, J. G. Wright, and J. W. Minto, committee.

Al. Zeiber was chosen Grand Marshal; Rev. E. R. Geary, Chaplain; Esquire Ebert, Grand Standard Bearer, assisted by Jephtha Garrison and W. J. Herren.

The Fair Grounds at Salem was the place chosen for the next reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association.

MEDORUM CRAWFORD,

President.

T. L. DAVIDSON, Secretary.

NINTH ANNUAL RE-UNION.

McMINNVILLE, YAMHILL CO.,
OREGON, June 15, 1881. }

The Ninth Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association [was held at McMinnville, and continued one day. A large number of members renewed their subscriptions, and a number joined the Association. Many friends were present and participated in the exercises of the day and the festive ball at night. The Re-union was a success.

The Society was called to order at 10:30 o'clock by the President, Hon. Medorum Crawford, who made the following remarks:

Pioneers of Oregon, Ladies and Gentlemen:

For the third time, as your presiding officer, I greet you on this the Ninth Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association.

During the past year our country has been prosperous beyond the most sanguine expectations. Peace and plenty abound throughout our land, and public improvements unparalleled in any State are rapidly opening up and developing all our borders.

Time, while thus rapidly facilitating and perfecting our means of enjoyment, is also sadly decimating the ranks of those Pioneers who laid the foundation of our present prosperity.

The recent death of Gen. Joel Palmer takes from us a noble man, widely known and highly respected. His eminent services in the early settlement of our country deserves, and will receive more than a passing notice. More competent men will relate his noble deeds, and abler pens will chronicle the important events of his life in connection with the early history of Oregon. An honest man; a useful citizen; a kind friend; a good neighbour—he is gone—he will meet with us no more.

Others also, have passed away, who should and will be noticed in the records

of our Society. A few years more, and the records and these photographs will be all the Society will have to remind its members of the men and women who opened the way and reclaimed this land as a priceless heritage to those who come after us.

The meeting of our Society in Yamhill county, which has within its borders more of the earliest pioneers than any county in the State, is eminently proper, and the cordial welcome manifested in these arrangements for our accommodation prove that the citizens of this beautiful village are mindful of the respect due to the pioneers of Oregon.

As a citizen of Yamhill county, and on behalf of the good people of McMinnville I give you welcome.

PROGRAMME OF THE DAY.

Procession was formed near the Railroad Depot under the direction of Grand Marshal A. Zeiber, at 11 o'clock A. M., and marched by route designated by the Committee to the stand, in the following order:

Marshal and Aids.

National Flag.

Band.

Grand Standard Bearers,

Esquire Ebert, assisted by Ben. Cornelius and Wm. Garrison.

Chaplain and Orator.

President and Officers of the Society.

Members of the Association who came to the Territory previous to 1841.

The following named gentlemen acted as Standard bearers:

1840—Amos Cook, Yamhill Co.
1841—W. T. Jones, Yamhill Co.
1842—T. J. Shadden, Yamhill Co.
1843—N. K. Sitton, Yamhill Co.
1844—John Minto, Marion Co.
1845—Stephen Staats, Polk Co.
1846—David Guthrie, Polk Co.

1847—R. V. Short, Clackamas Co.
1848—Horace Lyman, Washington Co.
1849—A. P. Ankeny, Multnomah Co.
1850—Werner Breyman, Marion Co.
1851—T. W. Davenport, Marion Co.
1852—E. C. Hadaway, Yamhill Co.
1853—R. W. Phillips, Yamhill Co.

SERVICES AT THE STAND.

- 1.—Prayer by the Chaplain, Rev. Neil Johnson.
- 2.—Opening Address by the President.
- 3.—Music by the Band.
- 4.—Annual Address, by Hon. W. C. Johnson.
- 5.—Music.
- 6.—Recess one hour.
- 7.—Occasional Address by M. Crawford, on Emigration of 1842.

The Camp Fires were lighted at 8 o'clock P. M., near the stand, at which place the Pioneers were present.

The officers for the ensuing year were then elected by acclamation:

Hon. Medorum Crawford, President.
 Henry Warren, Esq., Vice President.
 T. L. Davidson, Secretary.
 J. M. Bacon, Treasurer.
 W. H. Reese, Cor. Secretary.
 John Catlin, F. X. Mathieu and Jos. Watt, Directors.

The year 1855 was included by the Association, and all persons born or coming into Oregon or Washington Territory are made eligible to membership.

The Board of Directors was authorized to incorporate the Oregon Pioneer Association.

The Treasurer's report was examined and approved.

The following bills of expense for the year 1881 were presented to the Board, examined and ordered paid:

J. M. Bacon, two receipt books, 50c each.....	\$ 1 00
J. M. Bacon, mending banners.....	50
J. M. Bacon, expenses as Treasurer.....	5 00
	<hr/>
	\$ 6 50
T. L. Davidson, three days employed as acting Secretary.....	\$ 7 50
T. L. Davidson, moving Pioneer banners to McMinnville.....	2 50
	<hr/>
	\$ 10 00

F. J. Babcock, boxing and packing frames and mending banners	\$ 4 25
E. M. Waite, printing 200 reports	\$ 2 75
E. M. Waite, printing 200 ball tickets	1 00
E. M. Waite, printing 1000 transactions	123 00
	<hr/>
	\$126 75

Medorum Crawford, bill	\$ 8 50
F. X. Matthieu, expenses as Director	10 00
Jos. Watt, expenses as Director	10 00
Henry Warren, expenses as Director	10 00
Medorum Crawford, expenses as President	10 00
	<hr/>
	\$ 48 50

Total expenses year ending June 15, 1881.....\$196 00

INCOME.

Balance in Treasurer's hands	\$ 75 40
T. L. Davidson, as acting Secretary, received June 15, 1881, for dues, membership fees, and sale of books	\$149 50
Which sum was turned over to Treasurer, making total income of Asso- ciation, in hands of Treasurer	\$224 90
Paid out by Treasurer	196 00
	<hr/>
Leaving balance in hands of Treasurer	\$ 28 90

The Secretary was authorized by the Board to purchase any necessary stationery for use in his office.

MEDORUM CRAWFORD,
President.

T. L. DAVIDSON, Secretary.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

OREGON CITY, June 14, 1881.

To the Officers and Members of the Oregon Pioneer Association:

I again submit for your consideration the condition of the Treasury of the Association, for the year ending June, 1881:

1880.		RECEIPTS.	
June 15,	To balance on hand as per report.....	\$ 15 07	
	To amount received from ball.....	150 00	
	" collected by Bacon.....	72 50	
	" " Zeiber.....	31 00	
	" " Brown, 1879.....	6 00	
	" " Brown, 1880.....	6 00	
June 17,	" received from J. H. B., from Salem.....	10 00	
			\$290 57

		DISBURSEMENTS.	
Paid Warrant No. 1,	E. M. Waite.....	\$100 00	
" " " 2,	G. H. Himes.....	11 75	
" " " 3,	Niles.....	4 00	
" " " 4,	Morse... ..	18 50	
" " " 5,	Oregonian.....	2 25	
" " " 6,	J. H. Brown.....	3 00	
" " " 7,	Berger.....	3 00	
" " " 8,	Waite, telegraph.....	1 50	
" " " 9,	J. H. Brown, stationery.....	21 45	
" " " 10,	J. H. Brown, postage.....	4 10	
" " " 11,	Hotel, Pettigrove.....	20 00	
" " " 12,	Postage account, J. H. B.....	3 00	
" " " 13,	Waite, old account.....	20 12	
" " " 14,	J. T. Williams.....	2 50	
Amount to balance.....		75 40	

1881.

June 15,	To balance on hand (which was stolen at the time of the robbery, but I have replaced it).....	\$ 75 40
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Respectfully submitted,

J. M. BACON, *Treasurer.*

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

BY HON. MEDORUM CRAWFORD.

Pioneers of Oregon, Ladies and Gentlemen:

From year to year at our annual reunions you have been entertained with history and incidents of successive emigrations from 1843 to 1848. No one has volunteered to tell you of the little party who crossed the Rocky mountains in 1842, and fearing that the future historian, looking through the records of this society for information concerning the earliest emigrants, will conclude that the few allusions made to our party were too unimportant to find a place in history, I have, at the solicitation of the few comrades left of that year's emigration, undertaken to furnish for your entertainment and for the records of our Society an address on that subject.

Conscious of my inability to do justice to the subject, I undertake it with reluctance, hoping that duty will never again demand of me a service which I am so incompetent to perform.

Your occasional addresses descriptive of the different emigrations from year to year have been delivered by able men who, in the full maturity of their manhood at the time of which they spoke could readily call to mind incidents in which they were principal actors, and history which they helped to make; while I must speak of what transpired thirty-nine years ago, when I was little more than a boy in years, and less than the average boy in experience. A good memory and vivid imagination would aid me much, as it has others on similar occasions, but unfortunately I have neither, and therefore can only present to you to-day a few simple facts and incidents without embellishment, unvarnished, unadorned.

In the spring of 1842, Dr. Elijah White, an old acquaintance of our family, who had spent three years in Oregon, connected with the Methodist Mission, visited my father's house in the village of Havana, in the State of New York, and told us of Oregon, its rich soil, mild climate and beautiful scenery.

He had just been appointed "Sub-Agent of Indian Affairs West of the Rocky Mountains," and was, I believe, the first Indian agent ever appointed by our Government for the Pacific Coast.

He being about to start overland to Oregon, I at once decided to accompany him, and on the 17th day of March, with Dr. White, Nathaniel Crocker, Alexander McKay and John McKay, left my home for the first time in my life, never previously having been out of my native State. The McKays were natives of Oregon, brothers of Dr. William McKay, known by many of you. The three brothers had been sent east by their father, Thomas McKay, to be educated, and William was then attending the medical college at Geneva, New York.

Traveling by stages and steamboats via Seneca Lake, Lake Erie, the Ohio, Mississippi and Missouri rivers it took us thirty days, not including stoppages, to reach Independence, Missouri, the then extreme frontier town and starting point for Rocky Mountain and Santa Fe trading, trapping and hunting expeditions.

Stopping several days in St. Louis, we made the acquaintance of William Sublett, who for many years had been engaged in trapping and trading in the Rocky Mountains, from whom we gained much valuable information concerning the country over which were to travel, the Indian tribes and the proper outfit for our journey.

On the first of May we arrived at Independence, where we found several men waiting and some families camped in the vicinity, and day by day the number increased until the 16th, when the company, numbering one hundred and five in all, fifty-one of whom were men over eighteen years of age, started with sixteen wagons and a number of cattle, on, to us, an unknown and almost trackless prairie.

For myself, having nothing to lose, and knowing nothing of the responsibilities of family or dependents, I had but little thought but for the adventures and advantages offered by a new country; but after experiencing and realizing the dangers and privations to which we were subjected, I have often wondered how those having wives and children dependent upon their care and protection could venture on so blind and hazardous a journey.

Not one of our party had ever crossed the Rocky Mountains, and only Dr. White and the two McKays had ever seen Oregon.

A man of our party named Coats had some years before been as far as Green river on a hunting and trapping expedition. Him we selected as a guide, and as we had no track to follow it was necessary for him to ride in advance and constantly in sight of the foremost wagon.

On the fifth day we buried a child of Judge Lancaster's, and nine days later the failing health of Mrs. Lancaster compelled the judge to abandon the trip, and he was accompanied back to the Kansas river by Dr. White and two or three others, who overtook the company some three days after. Some five or six years later Judge Lancaster came to Oregon, and now lives in Washington Territory.

Some week or ten days after starting we were overtaken by an invalid gentleman named Bishop, accompanied by Stephen Meek, brother of the late Col. Jo. Meek. Mr. Bishop was far gone with consumption, so weak and emaciated as to be hardly able to sit upon his horse; yet he so revived by mountain air and travel that he reached Fort Vancouver, from which he embarked for the Sandwich Islands, and there died.

It would be impossible for me to convey to you any definite idea of the difficulties and dissensions we experienced. No party had ever before traveled over that wild Indian country without the guidance and protection of some experienced traders or hunters, and every subsequent emigration has had the benefit of guides and guide books describing the route and country to be passed over, while we traveled blindly on, not knowing when we started in the morning where we would find grass and water for the next camp or at what moment we might encounter a band of hostile Indians.

The first excitement we had in camp was about the dogs. It was found that most of the men and some of the women were possessed of a canine, and each individual considered their personal safety and future welfare dependent on the protection these animals would give them on their journey. Each owner was ready to qualify that it was not his or her dog that commenced the quarrel or raised the row during the night. While it was apparent to all that dogs in the plural were a nuisance, still each person maintained that one good dog in the camp would be useful, and his was the one. After much talking and wrangling it was conceded that they were all good dogs, but like all other luxuries must be dispensed with on this occasion for the general welfare, and somewhere about thirty of these animals were shot, after which quiet reigned for a time.

Other grievances, however, soon presented themselves. All sorts of impracticable bargains, promises and agreements had been made before starting, which the parties were unable and often unwilling to perform, and overloaded teams and inadequate provision for the trip, aggravated by the fearful storms incident to that country in the early spring, making every one cold and miserable, seemed to render all harmony and kindly feeling impossible.

We were about three weeks reaching the South Platte river, where we found

the buffalo in great abundance. Day after day we drove along, as it were in their very midst, and were often in danger of being run over by them, as they went thundering across our way, making the earth tremble as they ran. The excitement of killing these animals and the abundance of provisions thus procured, together with the improvement in the weather, to some extent quieted dissensions, diverting our minds for the time from the fatigues and hardships of the journey.

Fording the South Platte where it was about half a mile wide without serious difficulty and crossing over some eight or ten miles to the North Platte we pursued our way over the route familiar to all emigrants passing Chimney rock and Ash Hollow and reaching Fort Laramie about the last of June.

Fort Laramie, so-called, at that time consisted of two trading posts, situated about one mile apart—one on Laramie Fork, belonging to the American Fur Company, who kept some twenty-five or thirty men employed, hunting and trading with the Indians. The other post, on Platte river, belonged to Sybille & Richard, and employed fifteen or twenty men, in like manner. The trade was mainly for buffalo robes, and carried on during the fall and early winter only. When the trading season closed in February, barges were built of cottonwood lumber, sawed with whip saws, on which the buffalo robes were transported down the Platte and Missouri rivers, on the spring floods, to St. Louis. Each spring some five or six of these barges were loaded with buffalo robes and a few beaver skins, purchased from white trappers who occasionally came in to trade for supplies. The goods to supply these posts were purchased in St. Louis, transported by steamers to the mouth of Kansas river, and from there hauled in wagons and carts to the posts.

Thus the spring and summer was occupied in transporting goods and robes to and from the posts, leaving only men enough in charge to guard the property during the summer.

Here we remained two days to rest and recruit our failing animals, which were becoming tired and footsore, and to rest our own weary bodies, in more security than we had felt since leaving Independence.

Here we were joined by my friend F. X. Mathieu and three others, and I doubt if any individuals ever started to Oregon on shorter notice or with less baggage. It was a marvelous thing to my inexperienced mind to see men coolly mount their ponies, and with no provision or outfit other than a buffalo robe, a gun and a tin cup each, start off on a journey to an unknown country, hundreds of miles distant, requiring long months of travel. From Mr. Mathieu

I obtained the above information concerning the trading posts, he having been some time in the employ of Sybille & Richard, as clerk.

By this time the folly and recklessness of trying to travel without an experienced guide were so apparent that Dr. White entered into negotiations with Mr. Fitzpatrick, who happened to be at Laramie. After considerable hesitation he consented to accompany us as far as Fort Hall for \$500. This gave us more confidence than we had hitherto felt, and we started out with renewed energy and hope.

No wagons had ever traveled beyond Laramie, and although Mr. Fitzpatrick was well acquainted with the trails and bridle paths, it was often difficult to find suitable passes and fords for our teams

About the middle of July we reached the Sweetwater, where our first serious accident occurred. A young man named Bailey, walking into camp after a long and weary day's travel, passed behind a wagon just as the owner of the wagon drew a blanket from the front and caused a rifle which was lying in the wagon to discharge. The ball passing out through the hind gate, struck Bailey in a vital part, causing his death in a few minutes. He was wrapped in his buffalo robe and buried near Independence rock, no indication of his grave being left visible, lest the Indians should discover and disturb his remains. Poor Bailey! none knew his history, and so far as I know, neither kith nor kin was ever informed of the circumstances of his melancholy end.

While our company were camped near the Devil's Gate, on Sweetwater, we were surprised by some two hundred Sioux Indians bringing in as prisoners, each mounted behind a painted warrior, Messrs. Hastings and Lovejoy, whom they had captured on Independence Rock, where they were engaged in inscribing their names, as many others had done before them. These gentlemen, with their horses and equipments, were at once given up, and the Indians, after receiving some trifling presents, left us unmolested to pursue our journey.

While on the Sweetwater we spent several days hunting buffalo and drying meat, as we were told by Mr. Fitzpatrick that we would soon be out of their range. The meat being cut in thin slices was dried in the sun, sometimes by being hung outside of the wagon covers when traveling. On our way up the Sweetwater we saw several small bands of Indians passing in different directions, and on one occasion we came upon a village estimated by Fitzpatrick to contain from four to five thousand inhabitants. From them we obtained ponies and buffalo robes on very favorable terms, the Indians showing no disposition to molest or annoy us.

About the 1st of August we came to Green river, where the lateness of the

season, the condition of our animals and the scarcity of provisions admonished us of the necessity of abandoning every article we could possibly get along without. This brought on serious discussion. The idea of throwing away the old chairs, feather beds, earthen dishes and heavy cooking utensils excited the wives, while the men hesitated long before they could consent to part with their wagons, harness, ox yokes, and chains, with little hope of being able to replace them at their destination. However, the necessity was so urgent and the danger so great that after long and painful meditation about one-half the wagons were dismantled and portions of them used to make pack saddles.

My old friend Shadden here, had as fine a six-mule team and wagon as ever was driven out of Missouri, and by care and skill had kept everything about it in perfect order; but when he felt that the lives of his family depended on hastening forward he sacrificed his all, as it were, as readily as his faithful wife did her only chair, which was so comfortable by the camp fire at evening.

Horses, mules and oxen were packed with such clothing, utensils and provisions as were indispensable for our daily wants, and with heavy hearts many articles of comfort and convenience, which had been carefully carried and cared for on the long journey, were left behind.

About the middle of August we arrived at Fort Hall, then an important trading post belonging to the Hudson Bay Co.

From Capt. Grant, his officers and employes, we received such favors and assistance as can only be appreciated by worn out and destitute emigrants.

Here the remaining wagons were left and our company, no longer attempting to keep up an organization, divided into small parties each traveling as fast as their circumstances would permit, following the well-beaten trail of the Hudson Bay Co. to Fort Walla Walla now Wallula.

The small party to which I was attached was one month traveling from Fort Hall to Dr. Whitman's, where we were most hospitably received and supplied with flour and vegetables in abundance, a very acceptable change after subsisting almost entirely on buffalo meat from Laramie to Fort Hall, and on salmon from Fort Hall to Whitman's. In fact there had not been in my mess a mouthful of bread since leaving Laramie.

When we arrived at Dr. Whitman's he was preparing to cross the Rocky Mountains on his way to Washington, and induced Gen. Lovejoy to accompany him. Both returned with the immigration the following year.

From Walla Dr. White and some others took passage down the Columbia river in the Hudson's Bay Co's. boats. Others pursued the journey by land to The Dalles, and there embarked in boats or canoes, and still others and the

larger portion of the emigrants crossed the Cascade mountains on the old Indian trail.

From Fort Hall to the Willamette no precaution was taken against, or the slightest apprehension felt of Indian hostility, nor were we in any instance molested by them; on the contrary, they furnished us with salmon and game and rendered us valuable assistance for very trifling rewards.

From Walla Walla to the Willamette falls occupied about twenty days, and, all things considered, was the hardest part of the entire journey—what with the drifting sands, rocky cliffs, and rapid streams along the Columbia river, and the gorges, torrents, and thickets of the Cascade mountains, it seems incredible how, with our worn out and emaciated animals, we ever reached our destination.

On the 5th day of October our little party, tired, ragged and hungry, arrived at the falls, now Oregon City, where we found the first habitations west of the Cascade mountains. Here several members of the Methodist Mission were located, and a saw mill was being erected on the island.

Our gratification on arriving safely after so long and perilous a journey, was shared by these hospitable people, each of whom seemed anxious to give us hearty welcome and render us every assistance in their power.

From the falls to Vancouver was a trackless wilderness, communication being only by the river in small boats and canoes. Toward Salem no sign of civilization existed until we reached the French prairie, where a few farms near the river were cultivated by former employes of the Hudson's Bay Company.

West of the falls some fifteen miles was Tualatin plains, where a few settlers, mostly from Red river, had located.

Within the present limits of Yamhill county, the only settlers I can remember were Sidney Smith, Amos Cook, Francis Fletcher, James O'Neil, Joseph McLaughlin, — Williams, Louis LaBoute and George Gay. There may have been one or two more, but I think not. South of George Gay's on the west end of Salem on the east side of the Willamette river, there were no settlements in the territory.

There were in the valley some twelve or fifteen Methodist Missionaries, most of them having families, under the general superintendence of Rev. Jason Lee. Some of them were living at the falls, some at Salem, and some at the Mission farm ten miles below Salem, opposite the place now known as Wheatland. At these places, especially the falls and Salem, many improvements were being made, and employment was given at fair wages to all who desired work. Pay-

ment was made in lumber and flour from their mills at Salem, cattle and horses from their herds, and orders on the mission stores at the falls, kept by Hon. George Abernethy. There was no money in the country, in fact I do not remember seeing a piece of money of any description for more than a year after my arrival. A man's financial condition was based upon his cattle, horses, and credit on the Hudson Bay Co.'s, or Abernethy's books. With these he could procure everything that was purchasable in the country.

All kinds of tools and implements were scarce and generally of the most primitive character.

There were no wagons in the country. Carts of the rudest manufacture were in general use, which among the French were frequently ironed with raw-hide. Ground was plowed with wooden mould-boards, grain was thrashed in rail pens by the tramping of horses and cleaned by winnowing in the wind, and transported in canoes and bateaux to Fort Vancouver to market. Most of our clothing came from the Hudson's Bay Co., was all of one size and said to have been made to fit Dr. McLaughlin, who was a very large man.

Boots and shoes were more difficult to be obtained than any other article of clothing; as for myself I had no covering for my feet for two years, either summer or winter, but buckskin moccasins, still I never enjoyed better health in my life.

While I agree with the generally accepted opinion that the primary object for which the missionaries were sent to this land was an entire failure, still I think just credit is not generally accorded them for the influence their presence and establishment here had in hastening and facilitating the settlement of this country.

It was as a missionary that Dr. White acquired his knowledge of Oregon, which induced him to apply for, and enabled him to obtain a kind of roving commission as Sub-Agent of Indians west of the Rocky Mountains, and a few hundred dollars to enable him to make a trip across the continent. His appointment having been made public on the western frontier, he gained accession to our company, while his presence gave us confidence, secured to us consideration from the traders and above all enabled us to have a guide and interpreter from Fort Laramie to Fort Hall, without whom we could not have accomplished the journey. The departure of our company for Oregon was extensively published and commented on throughout the western States, and our safe arrival here was reported by Dr. Whitman, who returned that fall and winter, hence the next emigration had the knowledge that one company had safely preceded them. They also had the experience and advice of Dr. Whitman and Gen. Lovejoy to guide and counsel them on their journey.

Thus I would give credit indirectly to the Methodist Mission for the successful journey of the first emigration in 1842, and directly to Dr. Whitman for the safe arrival of the large and influential emigration of 1843, which practically settled the question of occupation by American citizens of this then disputed territory.

I would much like to speak of my comrades and traveling companions personally and of incidents with which they were individually connected, but I forbear, lest some inappropriate word shall inadvertently fall from my lips or some appropriate word shall be left unsaid tending to detract from the credit due alike to all who endured the hardships and shared the perils of our journey and thus demonstrated the possibility of families crossing the Rocky mountains without other protection than their own strong arms and sturdy wills.

I would also like to speak of individual acts of kindness and hospitality extended by Dr. McLaughlin, the missionaries, and the settlers generally, but it would be little more than a repetition of what has already been well said by those who have addressed you on former occasions.

Early in February an event happened which cast a gloom over the settlement. Dr. White and Nathaniel Crocker of our emigration, W. W. Raymond of the Methodist Mission, Cornelius Rodgers, a teacher, with his wife and her young sister, daughters of Rev. David Leslie, were on their way to the falls in a large Chinook canoe, manned by four Indians. Arriving at the rapids above the falls where the breakwater and basin is now located, they attached a line to the canoe as was the custom, and Mr. Raymond and two Indians walked along the rocks to hold it while approaching a landing place just above the falls where the saw mill now stands across the channel.

As the canoe came alongside a log, Dr. White stepped out, and instantly a strong current caught the stern and snatching the line from those on the bank, carried the canoe like a flash over the falls only a few rods distant.

The canoe was dashed into a thousand fragments, and, with its living freight, swallowed up in the whirlpool below.

This was indeed a fearful blow to our little colony. As the sad tidings were carried and related through the settlement, all business was suspended and general grief and sadness pervaded every cabin.

The missionaries mourned the irreparable loss of Mr. Rodgers and family, the emigrants especially deplored the sad fate of poor Crocker, whose genial countenance and encouraging words had done so much to lighten the burdens of our toilsome journey.

A number of our company, probably one-third, dissatisfied with the winter

and not willing to wait and see what the summer would bring forth—acting on their migratory instincts—determined early in the spring of 1843 to go to California. It was said of some of those that they never remained in one place longer than to obtain the means to travel; and of one family in particular, that they had practically lived in the wagon for more than twenty years, only remaining in one locality long enough to make a crop, which they had done in every State and Territory in the Mississippi valley.

Accordingly, under the lead of L. W. Hastings, they set out as soon as the weather would permit, and, after encountering some difficulty with the Indians, they reached Sacramento Valley. Among this party was Hon. Nathan Coombs, then a mere boy, who afterwards became a large land owner and stock raiser in Napa valley, and founder of the city of that name. Uncle Tommy Shadden, who is here to-day, was also of that party.

In the spring of 1843 those of our party who remained in the country generally located claims in different sections of the Willamette valley, and laid the foundations for homes they had traveled so far to obtain. These claims were by common consent recognized and respected without other protection than public opinion until the provisional government was established, which provided that non residents could hold claims by having them recorded and paying five dollars annually into the territorial treasury.

The emigration of 1843 so far eclipsed our little company in numbers and prominence, that they are frequently spoken of as the "first emigration," and this feeble effort is undertaken solely for the purpose of rescuing from oblivion the little band of adventurers who crossed the Rocky Mountains in 1842, whose names I will now call.

The following named men over eighteen years of age composed the emigration of 1842:

C. T. Arendell,	John Dearnn,	S. W. Moss,
James Brown,	John Dobbinbess,	J. L. Morrison,
William Brown,	Samuel Davis,	Stephen Meek,
Gabriel Brown,	J. R. Robb,	Alex. McKay,
Barnum,	Owen Sumner,	John McKay,
Hugh Burns,	T. J. Shadden,	Walter Pomeroy,
G. W. Bellamy,	Andrew Smith,	Dwight Pomeroy,
Bennett,	A. D. Smith,	J. W. Perry,
Bennett, Jr.,	Foster,	Dutch Paul,
Bailey (killed),	John Force,	Adam Storn,
Nathaniel Crocker,	James Force,	Aaron Towner,

Nathan Coombs,	Girtman,	Joel Turnham,
Patrick Clark,	Gibbs,	Elijah White,
Alexander Copeland,	L. W. Hastings,	David Weston,
A. N. Coates,	J. M. Hudspeath,	Darling Smith,
M. Crawford,	John Hofstetter,	A. L. Lovejoy,
Allen Davy,	Hardin Jones,	Rubin Lewis.

As before related, F. X. Matthieu and three Frenchmen whose names I do not remember, joined us at Laramie.

Ten families remained in the company after the return of Judge Lancaster.

Of the men named I know of but ten now living in this State and adjoining Territories, and but three are in our procession to-day.

When the time shall come that no pioneer of 1842 shall be left to carry our banner in your procession, I trust your Society will provide that our sons born in Oregon may take our places and that our banner may be seen in your ranks as long as this Association may exist.

ANNUAL ADDRESS.

BY HON. W. C. JOHNSON.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I desire to say in behalf of the officers of our Association that they had every reason to suppose arrangements were made a year since for better entertainment than will be afforded you during the time occupied by the annual address. Rev. J. S. Griffin, who came to Oregon in his youthful manhood and has been an active participant in the transactions which make up the history of our past, was selected for the work of this hour and accepted the appointment. Some six weeks since he notified me that he had been chosen by the State Temperance Alliance as a delegate to the National Alliance, which meets somewhere east of the Mississippi river this month, and that he *probably* should feel it his duty to accept the appointment and leave the pioneer address to his alternate. I wrote Mr. Griffin urging him to remain with us, and go east afterwards. I heard nothing about him until about three weeks since I saw the announcement in the newspapers that our aged friend and brother had actually gone. Capt. Gilman's excursion and cheap fares were attractions not to be resisted, and Griffin is not here. I am sorry for you and the officers of our organization, but still if you can endure the consequences, I will have to.

I desire to say for myself that I have read the constitution of this Association, and know that its primary object is to collect and preserve historical facts relating to Oregon and its early settlers. And you naturally expect the annual address to be devoted to the treatment of some person, period or topic historically. But three weeks time, almost entirely taken up with the cares of business, is too short a period for the preparation of matter for such an address. If I had an entire year, by no means too short a space, it would be a pleasure to present some matter worthy of preservation. But in the short time which has fallen to me you would not expect me to do better than to try and interest you for the moment, and leave for other times and abler hands the other class of work.

In the able and exceedingly entertaining "Occasional Address" delivered by

ex-Senator J. W. Nesmith, at the annual reunion of 1875, a doubt is expressed as to whether any rational motive governed the early settlers of the northwest in making their way across the supposed deserts and mountain barriers and through tribes of treacherous Indians that made the journey so tedious and dangerous. He said: "It may be asked, Why did such men peril everything—burning their ships behind them, exposing their helpless families to the possibilities of massacre and starvation, braving death—and for what purpose? I am not quite certain that any rational answer to that question will ever be given. At the time we came there was comparatively little known of the possessions to which we had disputed title on this coast. Lewis and Clark had only beheld the valley of the Columbia river. The missionary reports were confined principally to exaggerated accounts of Indian conversions, while other writings upon the subject of Oregon were a mixture of fiction and perverted fact that contained no definite information of the country and its resources."

I was but a boy when I came to Oregon in 1845, and deserve no credit or blame for the journey made. I came because my father brought me. But even then at the age of 12 I had read much of Lewis and Clark's journal and with the greatest relish had perused the account given by Hasting and Lovejoy, two young lawyers, who had made their way to the Pacific in 1842-3, and published a small pamphlet for circulation in the east. I well remember the thrilling emotions with which I read Mr. Lovejoy's account of his capture by the Indians at "Independence Rock," and how I determined if we ever reached that point to climb that rock and see if Lovejoy had indeed inscribed his name so high on that imperishable monument as represented. I have very vivid recollections of how I climbed that rock, having clandestinely left the train for that purpose, without the knowledge of my parents; and how it was as I stood there gazing at the names of Lovejoy and many others, unconscious of any danger, my back came suddenly and violently in collision with a good sized sarvisberry bush, wielded by an irate father, who had been sent by an anxious mother to see whether her eldest son had not been captured by the same treacherous and mercenary savages who had prevented Mr. Lovejoy from putting the final "y" on the inscription of his name. That bush came in frequent service in increasing the speed with which that wayward youth returned to the care of his mother with the moving train of wagons.

Though such a youth and many others like him who came west under control of the law of obedience to parents, or even such aimless, reckless and homeless young men as Mr. Nesmith describes himself to have been, may have been lacking in rational motive for the journey, it has not seemed to me necessary to look upon the great body of the pioneer train as possessed of so little character and purpose.

Thomas Jefferson was a wise and patriotic chief magistrate of the United States. In connection with his negotiations for the purchase of Louisiana Territory from France, which was consummated as early as 1803, he planned and accomplished the exploring expedition of Lewis and Clark. The journal of these explorers was published and widely read. And so great was the interest in what they had done that they were considered worthy of great honor. Lewis was made Governor of the Missouri territory, and Clark was placed in command of its militia. The interest awakened in Oregon by these men never died out along the western border. St. Louis became the headquarters of the brave and daring Rocky mountain trappers, hunters and traders, who gradually extended their operations west of the summit. As one after another of these returned, the accounts they gave and the yarns they spun, as they loafed in winter around the "Old Green Tree Tavern" in St. Louis gradually found their way into the papers, and were taken up and repeated from mouth to mouth among settlers up and down the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. The Hudson Bay Company had for many years been carrying on its business in the Oregon country, and though its policy was not to encourage the settlement of the country by Americans, or at all by an agricultural or commercial people, much information about the condition, value and resources of the land found its way into common channels of communication with the public from returned employes and independent trappers who sold to that company the results of their annual toil. From 1817 to 1832, Hall J. Kelley published pamphlets and memorialized Congress on the subject of Oregon settlement, and his society had thirty-seven agents scattered over the Union. Nothaniel Wyeth was here from 1832 to 1836. Robert Moore, Rev. Clark and others came in 1839 and 1840 and added to the numbers who were sending news east of the resources of the Pacific slope. Rev. Jason Lee, an honorable and truthful man had reached the Willamette valley in 1834-5, and while his views of the effect of the gospel upon the minds and hearts of the Indians of the country may have been colored by his hopeful enthusiasm, and such as subsequent events and experience did not justify, his statements about the excellence and productive value of the country, the desirableness of the climate and the propriety of the country's occupation by whites were widely disseminated through both religious and secular journals, and were believed by a very large class of people. Other men, both lay and clerical, had been in the country in connection with the Methodist missions before 1840, and were in occasional communication with friends east. Joseph L. Meek and his associates settled in the Tualatin plains as farmers and stock growers in 1840. Dr. Marcus Whitman and his associates of the Presbyterian missions were calling the attention of the American people to the importance of settling the country, and the doctor made his celebrated journey to the national capital to brace up

Mr. Webster in 1841-2 in his negotiations with the British minister, and to stir up the American people to settle the country and save it from the grasp of the British lion. Benton and Lime, senators from the State of Missouri, whose home was where Lewis and Clark had flourished, and where they were constantly familiarized with the stories of the returned trappers, were actively urging Congress to make promises of land to all who would break over the barriers of mountain, stream and desert and make their home in the far away disputed section. The fact that the country *was* in dispute between the United States and Great Britain awakened wide attention and interest. I know that things were so well understood about the prospective growth of the population of Oregon territory, that early in 1844, if not before that time, the American Baptist Home Mission Society, of New York, was engaged in correspondence with Rev. Ezra Fisher and Rev. Hezekiah Johnson about coming to the Willamette Valley to preach to the *white* people, and arrangements being completed that society sent those two men and their families across the plains with the emigration of 1845.

The spirit of adventure and discovery which seems to be implanted by the Creator in certain persons in all ages, which enables us to account for the crossing of the Alleghany mountains by Daniel Boone and other pioneers who first occupied the "bloody ground" of the then west, was doubtless in a large degree developed in the men and women who came to Oregon in the "forties." But I am convinced from the facts and circumstances already briefly alluded to, as well as others that might be spoken of, that a majority of the leading men were moved by business sagacity, by desire for health improvement by desire for pleasure in travel and above all by a lofty and patriotic purpose to place the country actually and practically in American hands during the pending negotiations.

The speech that young Peter H. Burnett made at Independence, the rendezvous of the emigration of 1843, as quoted by Mr. Nesmith in his address before alluded to, gave a fair resume of what inspired the restless throng about him. He wanted more room, better and broader acres, better health, better returns for labor, and a land a little nearer heaven than Missouri then was in which to die. But he also pictured how with their trusty rifles they would drive out the British usurpers who claimed the soil, and defend the country from the avarice and pretensions of the British lion, and how posterity would honor them for placing the fairest portion of the land under the dominion of the stars and stripes. And so that company, animated by much of the same spirit that possessed their fathers in the war of the revolution and the subsequent contest of 1812, shouldered their trusty rifles and took up their line of march to find the

ancient foe, to save the soil for Uncle Sam, and to make for themselves and their posterity a home in a land of comfort, peace and plenty. There were few of them who could purchase 80 acres of land then to be entered at the government price, and fewer still who would not rather earn a mile square of better soil by a healthful and entertaining journey of seven months duration. There were among them lawyers, doctors, preachers, mechanics, artisans, pedagogues, traders and speculators; the matronly wife and mother, the coy maiden, and the spruce and dapper beau. When the trains of 1845 reached the Willamette with their important freight, including a much greater number of marriageable young ladies than had ever before reached so far west, I remember seeing at least one young man, whose name appears in the roll of 1843, resurrect from some place in his log cabin the swallow-tailed coat, broad cloth suit, and patent-leather boots, which had graced his person at the Presidential receptions in Washington city, before he left, by way of Independence, for the far-off Oregon, which suit he used as a Sunday rig in exchange for the buckskin outfit with which he followed the plow on week days. The printer and printing press found their way hither at a very early day—1845. In fact at no time after 1843 were the ingredients of a well organized civilized community lacking among the American settlements west of the Cascade mountains.

The argument and conclusion from all this is strong and firm that the early settlers of this part of our common country were men of average intelligence and information; that they were satisfied they were coming to no mean land; that they had faith in the will of the general government to reward them with land for their sacrifices in getting here; and that they were brave enough and patriotic enough to insist upon the right of Americans to hold the country, and aid by the force of their immediate presence in having the long pending dispute between the two governments settled, as it finally was, 35 years ago this day, in favor of the United States. There were doubtless among the early settlers a few men who had left the abodes of civilization in the east to escape just punishment for crime, and rare cases of those who had become embittered by domestic trouble, and left their wives and children to come to this land where it indeed rains, but where the showers do not consist of broom handles, fire shovels and frying pans in the hands of recalcitrant spouses, as we read was the case a few years since in the State of Indiana and surrounding sections. And even some such men, under the benign influences of this milder climate, became a second time married, and were and are orderly, useful citizens and prosperous and successful in the acquisition of property and the comforts of a civilized life. And it is only upon the death of such settler that the existence of the first wife becomes known, when she comes forward to claim the "wife's half" of the dona-

tion claim, and our courts are now wrestling with the question as to whether Congress provided for the wife who was left in the east or the Oregon wife who lived on the land and is named in the papers. Two or three such cases have come under my observation in my professional life. And the aimless, adventurous class who came because they could, who took a leap in the dark and landed in the Willamette valley, who were soldiers of fortune without any clearly defined purpose or motive, found unexpected processes of development and growth in the new settlements, and opportunities for useful living such as they had little dreamed of in the period of adolescence.

Gen. J. W. Nesmith is perhaps the most notable instance of that character. Some of his friends have demurred at the picture he has drawn of himself in his account of the company which came across the plains in 1843. One part of them insist that he had viewed the field in Iowa and Missouri and having found there was at least one young man in those regions of greater capacity and force of intellect than himself, and like Cæsar, preferring to be "king pollywog in a puddle rather than second whale in the ocean," he struck out for Oregon, to become monarch of all he could survey, and more too; to forever subdue and Conklingize the region he knew would be the empire of the Pacific. Others, in searching for a motive for his coming, suggest that having heard of the great success which had crowned the efforts of the Methodist and Catholic missionaries in converting the Indians, and believing there was little to hope for in his case from the labors of the Iowa and Missouri divines, he concluded to cross the mountains and place his hardened heart under the droppings of the sanctuary in the Webfoot land. The poor success which attended the efforts of the missionaries, weary with their labors among the Indians, when they sought to soften the hard heart of the newly arrived immigrant is supposed to account in some degree for the vigorous thrusts made at the memory of these missionaries in the annual address of 1880. Whether either of these theories is correct I cannot decide.

But I do know, taking Gen. Nesmith's own theory to be the correct one, that his naturally vigorous mind and body were soon called into requisition by his fellow citizens, and since then as judge, as soldier and commander, as lawyer, as member of the provisional legislature, as a successful farmer and stock grower, as member of the U. S. House of Representatives, as United States Senator, as citizen, neighbor, friend, he has rendered service, the value of which cannot be measured by any human mode of computation, and the effects of which will be seen in the ever-increasing prosperity, glory and renown of this State in particular, and of the United States in general.

No man would undertake and prosecute to a successful outcome such a journey

as the emigrants of the "forties" did, unless he had energy, courage, perseverance and intelligence. In addition to these qualities, which may be grouped under the head of natural sense and vigor, most of the pioneers were possessed of a good moral character, and many of them were persons of religious fervor and devotion, who did not leave their religion east of the mountains nor forget that profession and practice should be consistent with each other. Crime was almost unknown. A little square log jail, which was built on the rocks in Oregon City between Fifth and Sixth streets, with the money obtained from the Young estate, large enough to hold three or four persons, was the only prison for several years, and it was almost always empty. I know as late as 1847 about its sole occupant was a man named Goodhue, who was subject to occasional spells of insanity, and was confined there for temporary protection to himself and his neighbors. The jail was finally burned and Goodhue got well.

The possession of these qualities is evidenced by the fact that these people at once began laying the foundations of society with a view to the future. Schools were established, debating clubs, lyceums and singing schools were formed, houses of worship were erected, farms were opened, homes built, mills put in operation, and commercial enterprises planned and inaugurated.

That these qualities were possessed in a high degree is also demonstrated by the fact that these same pioneers, who in the early organization of the provisional government, became the leaders of the people in the various departments of government and business, maintained their position and control in a very large measure after the great influx of people consequent upon the gold discoveries and even the building of the overland railroad. In the Legislature, on the bench, at the bar, in the pulpit, in associations, grand lodges, conventions, conferences and convocations, in the constitutional convention and in congress, the pioneer element has been strong and vigorous and at times almost controlling. Nearly all our Supreme Judges have been pioneer members of the bar. Pioneer merchants and traders still hold sway in Portland and other cities and towns. And in the State Agricultural society how shall we get along when Bybee, Wait, Minto, Wilkins, Rinearson, Barlow, Clark, and a host of pioneer farmers and stock growers shall have passed into the shadows which separate the next world from this?

This brings me to another point in the thought of the hour; that such a grand, patriotic, intelligent and forcible race of progenitors would leave their mark upon the second generation; the children brought across the plains and those begotten in the land. Do these maintain the rank attained by their fathers and mothers in the various walks of life, and make improvement according to the better opportunities afforded them, or do they find themselves pushed one side,

or walked over by the young and vigorous life with which our State is being so rapidly filled and peopled from the older States and Europe?

While you stop to think of the answer to this question, names long familiar in the pioneer catalogue begin to repeat themselves in your presence, and you only have to look around you to realize that the daughters and sons of the pioneers have already deserved and secured a prominent recognition and place in the society and business and political organizations of these later years. In the scripture account of the pioneers who went out from the garden of Eden, and the worthies who afterward in the cradle of eastern civilization, obeyed the divine command to multiply and replenish the earth, many things are related of an ordinary nature, but the crowning glory of the career of each is embodied in the statement of the fact that "he begot sons and daughters." The same may be truthfully related of the worthies who came in the "forties" to this western shore. While in this free land we have no blooded aristocracy, and only glory in the true distinction which grows out of cultivated and sanctified intelligence and usefulness—the highest manhood and womanhood being that which connects the greatest knowledge and purest moral character with the most earnest endeavor to benefit and elevate mankind—still it is no mean inheritance to a young man or young woman in New England to be able to trace his lineage to the "Mayflower" company who planted on the bleak shores of New England the ideas and principles of government that shall dominate this continent. So I believe one, two and three hundred years from now, in this beautiful and glorious land of ours there will be thousands to have their ambition stimulated and their pride in true and patriotic and virtuous manhood and womanhood enhanced by the tradition that their ancestors came in the earliest days, in prairie schooners, on horseback and on foot to people and save this land for America and liberty; to plant here the highest civilization of churches, colleges; the common school and government of the people, by their own freely chosen men and machinery.

Will you bear with me a few minutes while I mention a few pioneer names that have lived or are now living in the second and third generations, already exhibiting force of character and culture that keep them in the front rank in the onward progress of the State?

First in our regard and reverence in the various departments of the State we usually place the judiciary.

The name of Waldo so familiar to us all, now honors and is honored by a seat on the Supreme Bench. John B. Waldo, son of Daniel Waldo, in a career at the bar of about ten years, attracted general attention by his quiet diligence, up-

rightness, devotion to his clients' interests, and his ability to understand and clearly state legal principles. Almost his whole life has been spent in Oregon. His education was in the common school and the Willamette University at Salem. At the general election of 1880, by the voice of a large majority of the people of the State he was chosen one of the Judges of the Supreme Court. I have little doubt that John received more than one pioneer vote because he was "the son of his father." His course upon the bench of the exalted tribunal where he sits, decidedly indicates that the people have made no mistake, and it is their good fortune that he drew the long term of six years. Of his associate, Judge Watson, I cannot speak from personal knowledge. I know that he is a son of one of the earliest settlers in the Umpqua valley, who was with me in the State Senate in 1866 and greatly impressed me with his good sense and genuine nobility of character. His son has justified public confidence as a safe counselor, a good lawyer and honest man, in several capacities, and in 1880 he was placed upon the Supreme bench. I am sorry Chief Justice Lord was born before he came to Oregon. I would be glad to claim so genial a gentleman, so gallant a soldier, so fine a lawyer, and so good a writer of judicial English, as one of our number. But then we pioneers cannot have everything. Hon. James F. Watson, of the Second Judicial District, is a brother of the Supreme Court Judge, was State Senator, one of the Supreme Court Judges, before we had a separate Supreme Court, and is now very popular and successful. Hon. Raleigh Stott, of the Fourth Judicial District, is a son of Samuel Stott, a pioneer of Washington county. Judge Stott took the full collegiate course and graduated at Forest Grove, Pacific University, read and practiced law some ten years and was elected District Judge in 1880. He is justifying the confidence of the people in that most important district, and giving good satisfaction to the bar. His plain, honest, unostentatious way of administering justice suits the pioneers. Hon. C. B. Bellinger, who was Judge of the Fourth District from 1879 to July, 1880, is a son of a pioneer settler in Marion county, near Jefferson. I believe his venerable mother still lives to be proud of him. He has occupied various public positions, as member of the Legislature, as reporter of the Supreme Court, and Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, with credit to himself, and to the satisfaction, in a good degree, of those who charged him with his responsible duties. He gave eminent satisfaction as a judge, and many citizens, opposed to his political views, voted to have him retained in political position. Judge Bellinger was reared and educated in Oregon from boyhood.

Hon. M. C. George, our Congressman elect, is from a pioneer family in Linn county. As State Senator and lawyer he won the respect of the people. He is of commanding presence, an eloquent speaker, and of excellent moral char-

acter. With care on his part he may have a brilliant future. And while noticing Congressmen, I may speak of Hon. Thomas H. Brents, lately elected for a second term as Delegate from Washington Territory. Mr. Brents "got his start" in the brush end of Clackamas county, in what is called the "hardscrabble" neighborhood, near by the "Needy" postoffice. His father in early days was County Commissioner of Clackamas county. Young Brents learned something in district school, was for a short time in college at McMinnville, Yamhill county, read law, practiced in San Francisco several years, and then settled in Walla Walla, where he acquired a good practice, and is highly esteemed. He is exceedingly industrious, bookish in his tastes, and one of God's noblemen—an honest man. As I came up yesterday an old pioneer friend from Walla Walla intimated that for an average member of Congress, Brents is a little too honest. If he lives, I expect to see him Senator from the soon to be State of Washington.

Hon. John R. McBride, who was elected to Congress in 1862, is a Yamhill boy. He made a good judge afterward in Idaho, and is reported to have a very fine law practice in Utah territory, where he now lives. I understand he is not a Mormon.

Hon. Lafayette Lane, son of the gallant old general, who was first Governor under the territorial organization, is an eloquent man, and made a good record during his two years in the lower house of Congress. He is one of the leading lawyers of Douglas county, and esteemed for his social qualities.

Hon. Richard Williams, son of Elijah Williams, served his constituents well for a term in Congress. His services as a lawyer are widely sought.

So far, we have had but one Governor from the second generation of pioneers. Geo. L. Woods was in the executive chair from 1862 to 1870. He is from a family which settled in Yamhill at a very early day. Woods is one of the most eloquent of living speakers, if eloquence consist in power to move and carry away an audience at will. His services are in constant demand as a speaker in political campaigns both east and west. He is living at San Jose, California, and interesting himself in building a railroad from Reno, Nevada, to connect with the Oregon system at some point to the southward of this.

An uniform system of public instruction for the children in public schools was early adopted by the Oregon pioneers. Their children still foster and protect it. Among our present State officers the young pioneers are represented by Rev. L. J. Powell, Superintendent of Public Instruction. He is a son of David Powell, of Powell's valley, Multnomah county. He was a student for a time in Willamette University at Salem, studied theology at some point in West Vir-

ginia, taught several years in the University at Salem and the Collegiate Institute at Albany, and was chosen to fill the important office he now holds in 1878. He is rendering valuable service of which the pioneers need not be ashamed.

In the legislative branch of the public service I may mention a few.

The first that occurs to my memory is Hiram Straight, Jr., son of Hiram Straight, Sr., of Clackamas county, whose name appears in the early records as a member of the provisional and territorial legislatures. Hiram, Jr., is a plain farmer down on the north side of Clackamas. but he is a great reader and investigator, and can make you a speech on any subject, from a spread eagle 4th of July oration to a dissertation on pre-historic man, or how to cure the "bots" in horses, on twenty-four hours' notice. He is a kind neighbor, a warm-hearted, honest man, and so well esteemed among the people that he was elected on a Democratic ticket in a county largely Republican, and made a valuable member of the Legislature 1876.

William Waldo is at present State Senator from Marion county. He is a man of excellent judgment.

George W. Holman, son of one of the missionary company which came from New York in 1840, was a member of the House of Representatives one term, practiced law some, then was an oil manufacturer, and is now in the drug business in Portland.

Tilmon Ford is now in the House from Marion county. He made a good record for active service.

Hon. T. A. Davis, of Portland, son of one of the earliest settlers in that city, served with distinction in the State Senate. He is a leading business man, and highly esteemed.

Hon. John Henry Smith, of a pioneer family, is now State Senator from Linn county. He makes his mark wherever he goes, and is a forcible public orator.

Hon. John T. Apperson, son of a widow lady who became the second wife of Robert Moore, a pioneer of 1840, has served with success two terms as State Senator from Clackamas. Mr. Apperson is a fine farmer, was sheriff two terms, steamboat captain several years on the upper and lower Willamette and has been Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows.

This list might be greatly extended, if I had been allowed time to look over the list of members of the Legislature for the past twenty years. But I have only spoken of such as came to my memory as I write. Even now I think of Fenton and Galloway, two bright and pleasant young men from Yamhill, of

Hon. F. J. Taylor, equally bright and good, from the sounding sea at Astoria, and of my old chum, playmate, and fellow-traveler across the plains, E. T. T. Fisher, now a steady farmer in old Linn, formerly a member of the House from Clackamas. But I must pass to other callings.

Among the educators who have attained distinction I may name you a few in addition to Prof. Powell, of whom I have spoken; Lucy Ann Lee, daughter of Rev. Jason Lee, who was left here an orphan child when her father died in Canada, and was adopted, fostered and educated as their own child by Rev. Gustavus Hines and his faithful wife, became a teacher in Willamette University, after taking her degree of M. E. L. there. After some years' labor in that school she married Prof. Frank A. Grubbs, and they two together have been successful and useful instructors at Baker City in Eastern Oregon, and at Wilbur Academy in Douglas county. Very many young ladies will acknowledge in their mature lives the value of the services of this now sainted woman, who lately passed to her reward. Prof. Grubbs is of a pioneer family.

Prof. Thomas H. Crawford, the able and efficient City Superintendent of the public schools of Portland, is son of an early settler in Linn county. He taught in the Portland Academy and Female Seminary, then in the University at Salem, and afterward was placed in his present responsible place. He is a live man, conservatively progressive in his educational views and firm and sagacious in carrying them out.

Prof. D. C. Latourette, grandson of Rev. Ezra Fisher, who came hither in 1845, graduated at Forest Grove, taught with great acceptance as Professor of mathematics two years at McMinnville and is now reading law with Johnson, McCown & Macrum at Oregon City. He will be heard of hereafter.

Prof. Lyman at Forest Grove is a very bright and capable young man, and will make his mark if he will stick to his calling.

You will readily call to mind the names of pioneers' sons who have attained a good name and some fame as lawyers. Richard Williams and Lafayette Lane have already been mentioned. The silent grave encloses all that is mortal of some who in the outset of a career of brilliant promise were cut down in their youth. C. G. Curl, of Salem, was widely known and as widely admired, and looked to for great prominence. Chas. E. Warren, son of Hon. Henry Warren, a pioneer of 1847, who sits before me, full of years, of honors from his neighbors and friends, and still full of good works, seemed to spring to the bar with an intellectual force and professional vigor that would have carried him soon to the front ranks. Both these young men were called in the morning of life. But of the living I may name a few. W. Lair Hill is in the front ranks, a son of Rev.

R. C. Hill, the distinguished pioneer Baptist minister of the central portion of this valley; he was for a time sent to school at Corvallis and afterward at McMinnville. Without completing a literary course he studied law and entered upon the practice. Years ago he was County Judge of Grant county. Since then at Portland and The Dalles he has had a successful professional career. He has also attained some prominence as a newspaper writer, and while editing the *Oregonian* and other newspapers has succeeded, as all forcible men do, in making some enemies and some warm friends. As a lawyer he is courageous, keen and ready, always thoughtfully prepared and says enough for judge and jury to understand what he is driving at. He is not an orator. John Catlin, son of a Washington Territory pioneer, has for a number of years been considered one of the safe advisers by very many leading business men in Portland, and he has accomplished the remarkable feat of being for one or two terms a member of the City Council without being charged with selling his vote or putting through any jobs for needy friends. Of course he would not answer the purposes of any ordinary councilman and is not re-elected. Judge Wm. Strong has two sons, Fred and Thomas, fine, promising young men who will take care of their father's business when he retires. Benton Killin, ex-Judge Shattuck's partner, is a fine lawyer and may amount to something if he will ever learn to write. He is the son of a "Hardscrabble" also, pushed his way through school, studied law with me, and is getting fat and rich in Portland. I told him all I knew several years ago and tried to teach him to write, but failed. George H. Durham, a graduate of Forest Grove, and H. Y. Thompson, both are well-known attorneys and are sons of old settlers. Hon. F. O. McCown, a third graduate from "Hardscrabble" and "Needy," pushed his own way through school at the Portland Academy, taught school, studied law with Hon. O. C. Pratt in San Francisco, was captain in the army during the rebellion, and since 1865 has lived at Oregon City, been twice Mayor and practiced law with me there and in Portland. He continues his literary and scientific studies, and is a fine specimen of the Christian gentlemen, lawyer and citizen. He writes a little better than Mr. Killen, has a vivid imagination and fluent tongue. Hon. J. Q. A. Bowlby, at Astoria, is County Judge and President of the Chamber of Commerce. Julius C. Moreland is City Attorney of Portland and a good general practitioner. Fred V. Holman, Judge Advocate of the State Militia, whose father and grandfather came early, is a young lawyer of good promise. Such also are F. J. Taylor of Astoria, Oregon, Dunbar of Goldendale, W. H. Adams, son of "Parson Billy" of Breakspeare fame, W. D. Fenton of Lafayette, J. E. Magers of McMinnville, C. B. Moores of Salem, T. P. Hackleman of Albany, E. L. Eastburn, H. E. Cross and M. C. Athey of Oregon City, Glen. O. Holman of Baker City, and a number of others whose names do not now occur to me.

Among preachers, pioneers' sons figure somewhat prominently also. One of Elkanah Walker's sons has been a missionary in China several years; Franklin Johnson is a D. D. at Cambridge, Massachusetts, has traveled in Europe and the Holy Land, taken a degree at a German University, and is a leading man in his denomination in the United States; E. K. Chandler is at Saco, Maine; W. H. Latourette, a grandson of Eld. Fisher, has just graduated at Rochester, N. Y., and young Royal is preaching at Ohio. In Oregon Mr. Dennison at Salem, and others scattered over the country, are prominent among the Methodists; A. J. Hunsaker, W. H. Pruett, Bailey of Coos county, and others among the Baptists are pioneers' sons; P. R. Burnett of the Christians; P. S. Knight and William Capps of the Congregationalists, are men of note and influence.

Rev. C. C. Stratton, D. D., President of the Pacific University, the Methodist institution in California, a fine preacher and distinguished educator, is an Oregon boy, educated principally at Salem.

As to poetry, have not Joaquin Miller and Samuel L. Simpson achieved a world-wide fame?

Among newspaper writers I will mention as most prominent Harvey W. Scott, chief of the *Oregonian* staff. Writing is his trade, and he wields a trenchant pen. This gentleman also found "Hardscrabble" in Clackamas county a good place to move away from. Going to Forest Grove, he completed the classical course of study and took his degree. He is still bookish. But his work so far is on the *Oregonian*. He is a power. He has far more to do in moulding public sentiment in this State than any other ten men in it.

S. A. Moreland, another "Hardscrabblor," is a fine writer and able man. He does much of the work in a quiet way that Scott gets credit for, and when the latter is absent or sick, the "leaders" come right along as usual, for Moreland is always there.

Mrs. C. A. Coburn and Mrs. Duniway, Mr. Scott's sisters, are both women of remarkable talent and excellent newspaper writers. Mrs. Duniway has attained wide celebrity as a speaker on various topics, but especially in favor of woman's enfranchisement.

In the art department, we have Clyde Cook, son of a carpenter at Salem. Mr. Cook has done some really excellent work, is now studying at Munich, in Germany, and will make his mark.

So already has Thaddeus Welch, son of Russell Welch, of Yamhill, who is now also in Europe for advancement.

Messrs. Parrott and Espy, of Portland, are deserving of mention, and with patience and experience will do honor to Oregon.

Mrs. J. DeVore Johnson has exhibited some excellent amateur specimens in water colors. This little woman has the honor of being the first of her sex on the Pacific Coast to win the degrees of A. B. and A. M., having passed the entire literary course prescribed in the Willamette University. She will yet excel in water-color, landscape and figure drawing. She is a daughter of Rev. J. F. DeVore, a Washington Territory pioneer of 1853, and is a graceful amateur writer and reader, as well as Mrs. Duniway's right-hand supporter in running the machinery of women's conventions.

Among steamboat men I might mention Captain Geo. J. Ainsworth, general manager of O. R. N. Co.'s boats; Captain Nat. Lane, Jr., grandson of General Lane, Captain I. B. Sanborn, of the opposition line on the Willamette; Captain J. D. Miller, of the Narrow Gauge line, and Captains J. H. D. and W. H. Gray, of the boats about Vancouver and Astoria, all pioneers' sons. And so is Joseph Paquet, the boss boat builder of the northwest coast.

A chapter might also be written of the exploits of Colonel Geo. B. Curry, Major Geo. Williams and Lieutenant Medorum Crawford, Jr., who hails from Yamhill county as his birthplace, in the army, and Roswell H. Lamson and F. C. Schwatka in the navy, and other pioneer boys, fit representatives of the vigor, intelligence and patriotism of their ancestors.

And so I might go on and tell you of the leading young men among the business fraternity, the physicians, mechanics, manufacturers, farmers, stock-growers and other associations, and you would find the pioneer boys and girls becoming men and women, holding their places in the van of progress.

Pioneers, Peter H. Burnett, as he stood on that log on the east side of the Missouri river in May, 1843, declared the truth when he said those who pushed their way across the mountains to occupy this country for the government would receive high honor in the pages of history for the accomplishment of their patriotic purpose. I consider it no mean honor to-day to be the first of the second generation in this Association accorded the privilege of voicing, in some feeble manner, the praise that is due you for laying on these green hills and along these fertile valleys so deeply the foundations of free government, of free schools, of higher learning, and the best civilization. The day we celebrate speaks eloquently of the new departure of diplomatic intercourse by compromise and arbitration, which must ultimately do away with standing armies and the horrors of war among civilized nations. But it should also resound with the praises due you, and those of your comrades who sleep the sleep of death in honored graves for the sacrifices and perils you endured to make possible the settlement of the controversy between the United States and Great Britain as it was made June

15, 1846. May you long live to enjoy the fruits of your patriotic endeavor in the new era of prosperity now at our doors, and may your children's children rise up and call you blessed.

And you will be glad to stop with me now to drop the tear of sorrow over the fresh earth on the graves of some who were with us a year since, but whose places are vacant now. They rest from their labors and their works do follow them.

When I was a printer boy in the old *Spectator* office under Uncle John Fleming, the pioneer typo of the coast, I had the privilege of setting in type six or eight months after the happening of the events, the first news to the people of Oregon of the career of our soldiers in the Mexican war. How exciting it was! And how we hurrahed for the men who led our boys to victory! What a hero General Joseph Lane became to me you can well imagine. And when a year or so afterward that same great soldier came as the first Governor of the Territory, took up his abode near mine, and walked across the street to where I was milking my cows to shake hands with a strange neighbor boy, my cup was full. I had the privilege, with my brother, now in Cambridge, of helping to set up and print on that old wooden press of ex-Gov. Geo. L. Curry's his proclamation announcing the extension of the laws of the United States over the country. It was a dingy-looking sheet, but the best we could do with the means at hand. The many noble traits of this great man have been and will be touched by the pens of more competent men than I, but with you all I would cherish in memory his many noble deeds, and cover with the mantle of charity whatever we may not have approved. He certainly went down to the grave with no resentments cherished, and with many a prayer for the continued prosperity and happiness of all the people in our great country.

Gen. Joel Palmer has gone to his great reward. You all know him and honor his memory. He seemed to me greatest in his honesty and integrity. I will relate one incident showing what I mean.

At the time of the struggle over the election of United States Senator in 1866, he and I were members of the State Senate. When it became apparent that the Republicans could not elect ex-Governor Gibbs, the caucus nominee, some began to look around for a man who could unite the factions and carry away the prize. Among those named was Gen. Palmer. It was soon ascertained that the "bolters," as they were called, would vote for him, if the regulars would take him up. Gen. Palmer was waited upon in relation to the matter, but he at once called attention to the provision in our State Constitution prohibiting the election of a member of the Legislature to any lucrative office

during the term for which he was chosen. He was told the U. S. Senate had decided that such a provision did not apply to the qualifications of Senator. But Palmer said firmly: "No, I took an oath to support this Constitution; it applies to my conscience, and I cannot accept the office if elected." It was a severe trial of the man's integrity, but his was equal to the occasion. I may remark in passing that another living pioneer, Col. Thos. R. Cornelius, of Washington county, passed through the same crucible and came out unscathed. Such men are pure gold, and mention is fit for the encouragement of the same noble qualities in the young and rising generation.

Mrs. Cynthia Ann Applegate, first among the women who came to Oregon as a settler, faithful consort of Hon. Jesse Applegate, the sage of Yoncalla, is no more. Let him who has known her best and who is most afflicted by her demise, say what she has been and done. He speaks: "I have been stunned and stupified by this last blow Providence has dealt me, for it was wholly unexpected. We did not expect to be long separated, but we had made up our minds that I was the first to be summoned. Fifty years ago the 13th of last April we joined our earthly destinies together. In the true sense of the word in all these years she has been my helpmeet. She has been the chief comfort of my life, the sharer of my toils, and my consoler in adversity. She had strong good sense, a loving heart and a deep devotion to the right. She was a safe counsellor, for her untaught instincts were truer and safer rules of conduct than my better informed judgment. Had I oftener followed her advice her pilgrimage on earth might have been longer and happier; at least her strong desire to make all happy around her would not have been cramped by extreme penury. I have not been as good a husband as she has been a wife. In the day of prosperity I did not realize at its proper value the priceless treasure I had in a friend so faithful, devoted and true; it required adversity to prove the true gold."

Such praise from such a man is worth a life of devotion.

I have not time to speak further of Daniel Waldo, bluff, honest, and hospitable, and others of the early settlers—men and women who are with the dead. Green be their graves above them and ever green and fresh in our hearts be the memory of their noble lives.

Pioneers, Pioneers' children, settlers in Oregon old and new, you have a glorious heritage. If, in the discoveries of the olden time, the pilgrims' feet had first fallen upon the fruitful soil and in the genial climate of this favored land, many long centuries would yet elapse before the hardy pioneer would have pushed his way or have been pushed into the frozen and rocky fields of New

England or the bleak and stormy prairies of the north on the eastern side of the mountains and on the great lakes. A wise Providence ordered the law that westward the star of empire should take its way. And now the people are coming, and here, in less than the years that have built the great communities and States of the Atlantic side, will be the true and abiding seat of empire. But with this tide of prosperity and population come also dangers. The great corporations, with their immense capital and control of lines of transportation and travel, threaten us with a domination, compared with which the attempted monopolies of the old Hudson's Bay Company were as the little finger of Solomon compared with the loins of Rehoboam, his son, in the early history of the Jews. To guard against this, all parties and divisions of people must entrench themselves behind the settled doctrine that the people are sovereign, and that by their constitutions and laws they may and can regulate and fix the price of fares and freight, and compel corporations to do business for a fair and legitimate compensation.

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. Let us continue to build wisely, industriously and intelligently upon the foundations already so well laid, and the heritage left us by our fathers will remain sure and strong to the end of time.

JOURNAL

OF A VOYAGE FROM FORT VANCOUVER, COLUMBIA RIVER, TO YORK FACTORY, HUDSON'S BAY, 1841.

BY GEORGE T. ALLAN.

CATHLAMET, October 23, 1881.

I have preserved the following journal in order to show our primitive mode of traveling long before steamboats or railroads were heard of in Oregon. The anniversary of my arrival at Fort Vancouver is on the 25th day of October, 1831.

As most part of the following journal was written while in boats upon the voyage, its readers will of course make all due allowances.

I left Fort Vancouver on the 22d of March, 1841, by the express, accompanied by the following gentlemen: Messrs. Ermatinger, McKinley, Payette, and Dr. Tolmie, in four boats, and twenty-eight men, chiefly Canadians. All the gentlemen of the establishment, as usual upon such occasions accompanied us to the river to see us start. Mr. Ermatinger, being the oldest clerk of the party, in the Company's service, the command of conducting the party, so far as he went, of course, devolved upon him. After a voyage of nine days, during which nothing worth recording took place, we reached Fort Walla Walla, 200 hundred miles from Fort Vancouver—river here three-fourths of a mile wide—situated in the midst of a sandy plain upon the banks of the Columbia, and in charge of my friend Mr. Chief Trader Pambuin, who received us most kindly, and presented us to dinner a couple of fine roast turkeys, a rather unexpected sight in this quarter of the world.

April 1.—Having arranged everything for my trip on horseback from Walla Walla to Fort Colville, I started to-day at noon, accompanied by a man, a boy, and an Indian, as guide, with a band of forty-six horses, the boats having gone off the day before with the other gentlemen, my object in going across land being to get ahead of the boats, and so gain time to close all the accounts at Fort Colville (about 700 miles from the Pacific by

the traveled route, and the last post on this side of the Rocky Mountains), before their arrival. As the country through which I now passed was all much of the same description, I may here mention that its general appearance was not particularly pleasing, consisting principally of hills without a stick of wood to adorn the summits or relieve the eye from the sameness of the landscape, which now presented itself to an immense extent. The surface of the ground, over which we rode at no tardy pace, was so covered with badger holes that it required the utmost caution to guide our riding horses clear of them. As for the light horses, we allowed them to look out for themselves.

After a ride of four days we reached Fort Spokane, an old establishment, abandoned some years ago, situated on the banks of the river of that name, in a beautiful spot. On crossing the river, which we did with the assistance of two Indians in a small canoe, I was very much surprised, when gaining the opposite bank, to hear my name distinctly pronounced by one of a band of Indians assembled there to greet our arrival; but on looking in the direction from whence the voice came, I immediately recognized my old friend, a young Indian chief called Garry, who had entered the Columbia with me ten years before. He had been educated at Red River, at the expense of the Company, and when I had known him was well clothed, and could both read and write. Now, however, the march of improvement had apparently retrograded, as he made his appearance wrapped up in a buffalo robe, *a la savage pure*. Having presented some tobacco to the Indians, I requested Garry to send for one of our horses which I had been obliged to abandon that morning, he being too much fatigued to come on, and to forward him to Colville; all of which he promised to do, and I have no doubt has already performed. N. B.—Upon my return from Hudson's Bay I found Garry had returned the horse.

The evening before our arrival at Spokane we encountered a very severe snow storm, but we were fortunate enough, that very evening, to find an abundance of wood, an article of which we had hitherto only procured a sufficiency to boil the tea kettle. We were therefore enabled to make a very large fire, and with the aid of my bed oil-cloth, to erect a kind of shelter from the pelting of the pitiless storm during the night.

On the night of the 7th of April we reached Fort Colville about 10 o'clock, to my great pleasure, where I was received with the utmost kindness by my old acquaintance, Mr. Chief Trader Archibald McDonald, and his amiable wife. Being very desirous, if possible, to reach Fort Colville to-day (the 7th), I had ridden very hard—so much so, that another of our horses gave

in, within a few miles of the Fort. I had, however, no alternative but to ride hard or go supperless to bed, as our provisions were entirely out. This I do not regret, because it gave me an opportunity of proving the correctness of two old adages, viz.: Put a hungry man on horseback and he'll ride to the de'il, and keep a thing seven years and you will find a use for it. To understand, however, the allusion to the latter of these wise sayings, it will be necessary here to state that on leaving Fort Vancouver Mr. Ermatinger, a veritable John Bull, and our caterer for the grub department of the voyage, had prevailed upon Captain Brothie, whose vessel was then lying at Vancouver, to get made for us a couple of large plum puddings; and the said puddings, upon being tried on the voyage from Vancouver to Walla Walla, had been found wanting, not in quantity, but in quality, and until our arrival at the last mentioned post had lain neglected and almost forgotten. While seeing me equipped for the trip on horseback from Walla Walla to Fort Colville, Mr. Ermatinger had slipped in amongst my eatables a piece of those identical plum puddings. Being this morning therefore pressed by hunger, I had, I presume, dived deeper than usual into the recesses of my haversack, and finding poor Brothie I made, *sans ceremonie*, and cannibal like; a most hearty breakfast upon his remains. * * * As already mentioned, we reached Colville on the night of the 7th of April about 10 o'clock. For two hours previously we had ridden in the dark, through woods, across rivers, and over hill and dale, so anxious was I to reach my destination, not, I beg it to be understood, from the paltry motive of procuring a supper, but from the desire of gaining upon the trip of last year.

On the 25th of April, having received the last dispatches from Fort Vancouver, and having finished the accounts, I started, accompanied by Dr. Tolmie, with two boats and fourteen men, the other gentlemen having dispersed during the route to their different departments.

Fort Colville is a very neat and compact little establishment, and nothing I have yet seen in the Indian country can equal the beauty of its situation—placed on a rising ground in the midst of a very pretty plain, encircled by an extensive and well cultivated farm, the fields and fences laid out with a neatness which does credit to the taste of their projector—here and there a band of cattle to enliven the prospect, and at a considerable distance surrounded on all sides by high mountains, covered from the base to the summit with beautiful pines. Nor does the inside of the establishment yield in any respect to the exterior, for when seated at table with Mr. and Mrs. McDonald and their family, one cannot help thinking himself once more at home enjoying a *tete-a-tete* in some domestic circle.

After a voyage of ten days up the most rapid, and almost most dangerous part of the Columbia river, the country very rugged and rocky, we arrived on Tuesday, the 4th of May, at the Boat Encampment, which is the highest point that a boat or canoe can navigate the Columbia. We slept there and arranged everything next morning, Wednesday, the 5th, for our journey on foot and snow shoes. We now started about 10 o'clock A. M. Not finding any snow for the first few miles, we walked in moccasins, otherwise called Indian shoes, along the banks of the Columbia, when we entered the woods and found ourselves in a swamp, the water reaching above the knees. Our road leading that way, it was of course unavoidable. We therefore trudged along in no very comfortable trim for about two miles, when we again entered the woods, and finding deep snow, had recourse to the snow shoes. The Doctor and I were light, but the men were heavily loaded, and many of them having never seen a snow shoe, many and great were the falls they had. The snow shoe has a very *admirable* and peculiar quality—when one falls down it is no easy matter to get up again, and although I felt for the poor men, yet I could not altogether command my risibility, though it was, however, sometimes my misfortune to share the same fate, and Dr. Tolmie keeping me in countenance, we did not fail upon such occasions to laugh heartily at each other. The Canadians, of all nations, possess, perhaps, the best qualities for voyaging (at least in the Indian country), where we have to undergo, to use one of their own words, so much *misere*. However harassing their labor may have been during the day, they no sooner arrive at the encampment for the night, than having supplied themselves with an excellent fire and good supper, they commence joking each other with the greatest good humor upon the mishaps of the past day, and having now a tolerable knowledge of their language, I really enjoyed them, and now and then put in a word by way of encouragement, to keep up their spirits. I had almost forgotten to mention that my friend Dr. Tolmie is not only a temperance man, but a teetotaler, so that during our voyage from Vancouver to the Boat Encampment, I had no one to join me in a glass of wine or half a one of brandy, and having a good stock of each, I took a little now and then by way of not allowing teetotalism to carry the day, for although a temperance man, I shall never become a teetotaler—there is something so very unsocial in the very name; besides, the idea of a man's not being able to restrain himself without an oath, is absurd. Let me, however, state here that any one acquainted with Dr. Tolmie need not be informed that he joined the society from the purest and most disinterested motives, and God knows, not from any idea of his not being able to refrain from spirituous liquors.

I must now return to the woods, where I left some of our men struggling amongst the snow. We at last, about three o'clock in the afternoon, managed to emerge, and were fortunate enough to find along the river, a small spot clear of snow, where we encamped for the night. The Doctor and myself, having by our walk procured excellent appetites, we made an excellent a supper, after which I generally regale myself with a pipe and enjoy the jokes of the men. I must not neglect here to mention that I was now, for the time-being, obliged to join the ranks of teetotalism, we having left all our luxuries, tea and sugar excepted, in concealment near the Boat Encampment.

Having slept soundly until 3 o'clock in the morning, the voice of our guide, an Iroquois, calling out *lever, lever*, get up, get up, put us once more upon our legs.

Thursday, 6th.—Everything being now ready, and the men loaded, we started at four. It having frozen hard during the night, we found that we could travel without the snow shoes, our route lying along the river. We soon found, however, that though enabled to dispense for a time with the snow shoes, that we had a more disagreeable task to perform. We had scarcely walked a mile when we were obliged to plunge into the river, which we crossed seven times, and found the water exceedingly cold. At last, about 8 A. M., we once more reached the woods, and lost no time in consoling ourselves with a substantial breakfast for the hardships of the morning. Having rested the men and ourselves for three hours, we again buckled on our armor (the snow shoes), and marched to the attack, when we encountered greater disasters than we had done the day before, the snow not being sufficiently shallow to admit of our throwing off the snow shoes, and too deep and soft to permit our walking without them. About 3 o'clock P. M., we got once more clear of the woods, and encamped at the foot of a tree which we found free from snow.

Friday, 7th.—The weather clear and cold. At 3 A. M. we started, and proceeding along the river without the snow shoes, had nearly the same kind of route as the preceding day, only we were obliged to cross the river more frequently, and found, as we approached the mountains, the water still colder, so much so, that upon gaining the bank our leggins were stiff with ice. But a smart walk and a good breakfast at the base of the mountain which we had now reached, soon banished all remembrance of *misere*. The country through which we had traveled for the last three days had nothing in its appearance to recommend it to the eye of the traveler. The

river is upon both sides bound in by rather high mountains, wooded to the summits, which confine the view to the river alone. We now betook ourselves to the snow shoes and commenced the ascent, which we found very steep. We managed, however, to scramble up about half way, when we encamped. Soon after, one of our Indians, rambling about, fell in with two porcupines, and came back for a gun, which having received, and being joined by his companion, they went off and soon returned with their prize. Having made the Indians roast the porcupines after their own fashion, the Doctor and I tasted them and made the remainder over to the men. When in good order, they are excellent eating, but at this season they happened to be poor and very tasteless.

Saturday, 8th.—On raising camp this morning, we found the fire had entirely disappeared, having sunk during the night almost to the ground, and the snow was at least ten feet deep. Cold morning, with snow. Again commenced the ascent, which increased in steepness as we proceeded, and obliged us often to crawl upon all fours. The Doctor and myself took each our turn in marching ahead, not only in the mountains, but throughout the whole journey, a task by no means easy, as the snow shoe sinks much deeper before the track is formed, and retains upon it a great quantity of snow (when it has, as in the present case, lately fallen), which forces the foot dreadfully in a long journey, and often occasions the *mal de racquette*, or snow shoe sickness, which is exceedingly painful. We were both, however, fortunate enough to escape it. About 6 o'clock A. M. we gained the top of the mountain, and did not, certainly, feel regret at the achievement. The guide soon joining us, we made a large fire long ere the men arrived, almost worn out with their hard journey, which did not, however, prevent them quizzing each other as usual, and many were the tales of misfortune recounted. We had hitherto been fortunate enough to procure water for our tea. At this place we were obliged to content ourselves with melted snow as a substitute; the difference is but trifling.

Having refreshed ourselves, we again set out. Snowing fast, and from fifteen to twenty feet of snow upon the ground. Towards 4 P. M. we reached two small lakes and encamped. This place is called the "Height of Land," the Columbia river taking its rise from one of the lakes and winding its course to the Pacific; the river Athabasca from the other, and emptying itself into the Atlantic Ocean. The lakes, as I stated, are there, but at the season we passed, invisible, from the great quantity of snow. We had so far followed the course of the Columbia, and had been ascending. We now took that of the Athabasca, and began to descend. Dr. Tolmie tried the

height at this encampment, and found it 7000 feet above the level of the sea.

Sunday, May 9th.—We set out at the usual hour and walked till 7 o'clock, when we breakfasted. The walk of this morning we found equal to the toil of climbing the mountain, from the great depth and softness of the snow; and the Doctor and myself, going ahead, as usual, to beat the road for the men, we found the task anything but an easy one. To-day I saw a couple of white partridges, and went in pursuit of them, but without success. We now found, as we descended, the snow to get less deep, and consequently the walking less fagging, our route lying sometimes upon the river, and at others through the woods. At 12 o'clock, noon, after a march of five hours, upon emerging from a point of the woods, we fell upon the sands of the river—no snow—to the men a most joyful sight; and at the distance of two miles we expected to find the horses which are always sent from Jasper's House to meet the express and relieve the men of their loads. We now cast off the snow shoes for good and all, and bid them good bye with pleasure, although they had greatly befriended us. Upon our arrival at the place where we had expected to find the horses, we met with a sad disappointment—none were there! We found the horse keeper's lodge or hut, the remains of the fire, and the fresh tracks of the horses, so that he must have decamped not two hours previous to our arrival. Upon examining his hut very narrowly, we discovered a piece of wood upon which he had managed to draw, with charcoal, the figure of a moose deer, and marked sixteen strokes, from which, after various conjectures, we understood that he had been waiting for us sixteen days, and there being a scarcity of food for the horses, he was obliged to return to the next encampment, which is called the Moose Deer encampment. The men, poor fellows, were much cast down on arriving, as well they might be; but soon recovered their spirits on my informing them that next morning very early the Doctor, the guide and myself would start ahead and send them the horses. In the meantime we consoled ourselves by taking possession for the night of the hut, and found it very comfortable.

Monday, 10th.—We started at 1 o'clock this morning, I having left orders with the men the night before to get under way about the usual hour, and follow us at their leisure. After a very harassing walk of four hours (during which the grass did not grow under our feet), through a very rugged country, leading chiefly through thick woods, at one time up to the knees in water, at another in snow, we arrived at the Moose Deer encampment, but could find no horses. However, as we proceeded on, looking anxiously

from side to side, we heard the report of a gun. We also fired a shot, to which another immediately responded, and in about ten minutes afterwards a man and a boy met us on horseback and conducted us to their hut, where we found the rest of the horses and a fine fat goose, whose death had occasioned the report of the first gun we had heard. The hunter, a half-breed of the country, in about ten minutes had the goose spitted upon a piece of wood and roasting before the fire, *à la fashion savage*. It was then served up upon a pine branch, and certainly I never tasted anything of the goose tribe so good. But a long walk, such as we had had that morning, is excellent sauce—so good that we never once thought of salt, and bread, of course, was entirely out of the question. Immediately after breakfast I despatched the horse keeper and his boy, with all the horses, to meet the men and relieve them of their loads. Being joined by the party, we continued our route, and in the evening encamped along the Athabasca river.

Tuesday, 11th.—This morning betimes the hunter called me, saying it was time to start. I immediately ordered the men to get the horses ready, a task which they set about with great alacrity, rejoicing at the idea of their loads being transferred from their own backs to those of the horses. About 8 o'clock we called a halt and had breakfast. Our store of eatables being now so much reduced, that having finished that meal, there only remained a few biscuits and some tea and sugar, and not being able to reach Jasper's House before next day, it did not require a great logician to prove that unless we picked up something betwixt that place and the encampment, we should make but a sorry supper of it. I therefore, before starting, got Dr. Tolmie to make over the remainder of our ammunition to the hunter, whose prowess as a sportsman we had so lately experienced in the aforesaid goose (which by the bye he had killed with ball), telling him at the same time if he wished something for supper, that he would not spare his exertions. He had no sooner received orders than off he started ahead of the party, accompanied by the Doctor and myself (we being, as may readily be supposed, parties interested). During a ride of five hours, to the place of encampment, our hunter shot three partridges, a duck, and a pigeon, so that we made an excellent supper. It was soon after that meal, when sitting down to regale myself with a pipe after the fatigues of the day, a circumstance took place which caused great mirth amongst the men. The man whose duty it was to attend upon me during the voyage, a Canadian, came up to Dr. Tolmie, and, making a very polite obeisance, announced himself as a *chasseur* or sportsman—tho' I believe he had scarcely ever fired a shot in his life—and requested the loan of his gun. The Doctor

very good naturedly granted his request, telling him at the same time that he must load the gun, which he did, and started upon his hunt; and I, by way of a joke, called out to the rest of the men to have their kettles in readiness, for a renowned hunter had just gone forth, and might be expected soon to return with a sheep, abundance of which frequent the surrounding mountains. In about half an hour our hunter returned, not with a sheep, but with the important information that he had discovered a partridge, and had burnt priming at it, and that the bird still awaited him. The Doctor, suspecting that all was not right, drew the charge, and found that the gun was only loaded with *shot*—no powder. The discovery being made in presence of all hands, caused great laughter at the expense of our noble hunter. One of the men, in allusion to his having said that the partridge *awaited* him, requested he would extend his powers of attraction to a flock of geese just passing overhead, as his provisions were getting rather low. Numberless were the jokes cracked upon the occasion, and they ended in my naming the place *Le Campment Sans Poudre*—Encampment without Powder—and, I have no doubt, it will retain that name. The scenery for the last two days has much improved. We traveled to-day through a very pretty country and numbers of little plains, and being principally upon high ground, they commanded an extensive view of the adjacent country.

Wednesday, 12th.—Fine, pleasant weather. Had the horses caught at 3 o'clock this morning, and, seeing all ready, I set out ahead, accompanied by Dr. Tolmie and the guide; and after a smart ride of four hours we arrived at the tent of a fisherman and his family, situated in a most romantic spot upon the side of a beautiful lake, its waters so clear that I could see, from the hill where I stood, the bottom of the lake all over. On inquiring of the fisherman what success, he informed me that the preceding night he had killed with the spear one hundred white fish, part of which I desired him to send to Jasper's House, now distant only two miles. Upon our arrival there we received a regular Highland welcome from the person in charge, Colin Fraser, formerly piper to Governor Simpson, but now promoted to the charge of Jasper's House. Colen lost no time in asking us what we would have for breakfast, at the same time presenting his bill of fare, which consisted of moose deer's and sheep's meat, and white fish. To travelers like ourselves, who had the night before been obliged to hunt for a supper, there could be no choice. The white fish, however, being just caught, carried the day, and such a hearty breakfast did we make of it as would not have disgraced Richard Cœur de Leon when he fell foul of the pastry set before him by the fat friar.

Thursday, 13th.—We remained to-day at Jasper's House arranging the boats. Colin could scarcely, had he searched the whole Indian country, have found a spot to resemble more his own native Highlands—surrounded upon all sides by high mountains, frequented, if not by *tame*, at least by *wild* sheep, and at some distance a large lake, which yields most excellent trout.

Friday, 14th.—Fine pleasant weather. Immediately after breakfast, we resumed our travels, with two boats and ten men, and descended a long way down the Athabasca river. The banks of this river are very thickly wooded, and the current so extremely rapid that a boat can descend with ease in three days a distance which it requires fourteen to ascend.

Saturday, 15th.—We got under way this morning at 3 A. M. We had descended about four hours, when turning a point in the river, we discovered two moose deer about to cross at some distance below us. The men immediately stopped pulling, and allowed the boats to drive before the current. In this manner we had approached very near the deer, who, not perceiving the boats, took to the water, and proved to be a doe with her fawn of a year old. Now the chase commenced in right down earnest, and although there were no scarlet coats amongst us, I am sure there could not have been more ardent sportsmen. The moose, finding their retreat cut off from the south side of the river, swam with great speed towards the north. The doe at this moment received two shots, and, the boats coming up, a blow from an axe dispatched her. Leaving one of the boats to secure the prize, we made chase with the other after the fawn, and soon coming up with her, one of the men caught her by the ears, and, drawing his knife, cut her throat in regular Smithfield fashion. Such was the end of the two moose deer!—and the excitement of the chase being over, I could not but think of the sanguinary nature of man—and when I perceived the river died with the blood of the poor moose, I almost regretted the part I had just taken in their destruction. We now made for the shore, and making a large fire, endeavored to console ourselves for the late murder, if it may be so styled, with a breakfast of moose deer steaks, than which no meat, to my taste, can be better. Those were the first of the moose tribe that either Dr. Tormie or I had seen, and we found them very interesting animals. The men having cut them up, we again embarked, and had descended but a very short distance when we started some geese from the sands along the shore, and one of the men, leaping ashore, brought us five of their eggs, and we picked up a good many afterwards, going along. We thus suddenly found

ourselves in a land flowing, if not with milk and honey, at least with deer, geese and eggs.

Sunday, 16th.—About 12 o'clock A. M., we arrived at Fort Assiniboine, and arranged ourselves to start with horses for Fort Edmonton. It had heretofore been the custom for the Columbians to receive provisions at Fort Assiniboine, to take them to the next post; but our success as hunters enabled us, instead of receiving provisions, to leave a portion for the people of the Fort, in exchange for which we received some potatoes and dried buffalo meat. Having secured the boats, by hauling them upon a high bank, for our return in the fall from York Factory, the property, now swelled up with fifteen packs of beaver skins we had brought from Jasper's House to fifteen horse loads, was all tied up ready for a start next morning.

Monday, 17th.—Early this morning, the horses being collected and loaded, we started from Fort Assiniboine with fifteen loaded and eighteen light horses, in all thirty-three, I having previously disposed the men so as to give each two four loaded horses betwixt them (to take charge of), and each a horse to ride. About 4 P. M. we encamped at a place called Larocque's Encampment.

Tuesday, 18th.—Started at 8 A. M., and marched till 2 P. M., when we arrived upon the banks of the River Pambino. This river being so much swelled by the melting of the snow in the mountains as to prevent our crossing, we were obliged to chop wood and make four rafts, upon which we managed to transport ourselves and the baggage, and encamped upon the other side.

Wednesday, 19th.—Before getting under way this morning, I found a note suspended to a branch in our road, addressed to the gentleman in charge of the Columbia Express, and upon opening it, it proved to be from Mr. Geo. McDougall, who had passed with a party of men and a band of horses, only about two hours before we reached the opposite bank, stating that he had left two rafts at my service; but they happened to be upon the wrong side of the river, and had we perceived his note sooner we could not have availed ourselves of them without swimming across, a rather unpleasant occupation in such cold water and swift current. We now pushed on as quickly as the horses could march, through a very rugged country covered with swamps and fallen timber, as I had some hopes of overtaking Mr. McDougall, with whom I am well acquainted. About 3 P. M. we got clear of the woods, and my horse, smelling those of the party ahead, began to neigh with all his might, and upon my giving him the reins, he lost no time in accelerating his pace, which in a very short time brought me in

sight of Mr. McD.'s party, wending their way slowly over a hill. Waiting now for Dr. Tolmie to come up, we both rode on swiftly ahead of our men, and took Mr. McDougall quite by surprise, he having had a full day's start of us from Assiniboine. Introducing the Doctor, I called a halt to await the arrival of those behind, it being now 4 o'clock, and the horses much fatigued. Mr. McD. rode off to inform his people where to camp, and soon rejoined us, to get the Columbia news and take supper. Making my man produce the wine, etc., we gave all the news of the west, and in return received those of the east side of the mountains. Dr. Tolmie stuck to his teetotalism, and would not join Mr. McDougall and me in a glass of wine. The latter gentleman rode off after supper, to sleep at his own camp.

Thursday, 20th.—This forenoon we breakfasted at Sturgeon river, and arrived at Fort Edmonton about 5 o'clock p. m., where we were received most kindly by Mr. Harriott, Chief Trader, and treated with an excellent supper of buffalo steaks. The country over which we have just passed, from Assiniboine to Edmonton, scarcely merits description, being composed principally of thick woods and swamps, with here and there a small plain to vary the uniformity of the prospect.

Friday, 21st.—Having picked out six of my best men and the guide, at Mr. Harriott's request, we once more abandoned the horses, and embarking in a boat, began to descend the Saskatchewan river.

Sunday, 23d.—We reached Fort Pitt, a small fort under charge of Mr. Alexander Fisher, and having received from him an additional supply of provisions, continued our voyage. In our descent of the Saskatchewan, nothing very interesting occurred. The country on both sides of the river is low, and plains of immense extent meet the eye in every direction, with strips of wood along the banks. The water of this river at this season is very thick and muddy, and produces the ——— when long confined to its use. At certain seasons of the year buffalo are extremely numerous along the banks. At present we saw none, but abundance of antelope, wolves, some red deer or elk, and black bears. Buffalo were so numerous last year that the hunters attached to Fort Edmonton alone killed four hundred head. The fort last mentioned is built upon the Saskatchewan, and is of great strength, having a balcony all round, with a bastion at each angle, in which are kept, always charged, a number of fire arms. There is also an observatory of considerable height, which commands an extensive view of the adjacent country. All these precautions are by no means unnecessary, as Edmonton is frequented by bands of Blackfeet, Assiniboines, and other lawless tribes, who consider it almost a duty to plunder and even

murder a white man when opportunity offers. Mr. Harriott, himself, who came to the country when quite a boy, and is much liked by the natives generally, being upon a voyage once, accompanied only by two men, fell in with a band of Assiniboines, to whom he was well known, and as it is almost a universal custom when we meet Indians to give them wherewith to smoke, he drew up his horse, and in order to get the tobacco from his pocket, laid his gun for a moment across his saddle. He had no sooner done so than an Indian snatched it up. Mr. Harriott was now defenceless, and his two men were in the same predicament, their arms being taken from them by force. To endeavor to retake them was useless. They therefore returned to the fort, too happy to escape with their lives; and had it been any one but Mr. Harriott, ten to one had they never returned.

Tuesday, 25th.—We reached Fort Carlton, in charge of Mr. Small. This fort is just a duplicate of Edmonton, upon a smaller scale. We were now again about to change our mode of traveling.

Wednesday, 26th.—Having disposed of all our superfluous baggage and provisions, Dr. Tolmie, myself, an Indian guide and three men, including a young half-breed, son of Chief Factor Pruden, mounted our horses and commenced our journey over the plains to Red River. Our route for the first three days lay through a very pretty country, a mixture of plains, woods and lakes, the latter abounding with wild fowl, a number of which we killed, and the plains with antelopes; but our time pressed too much to admit of our hunting them.

Saturday, 29th.—Very sultry weather, and no water to be had, except from stagnant pools, and to increase our *comforts*, the guide lost his way and kept us wandering backwards and forwards for upwards of three hours. At last he fell upon the track. During the day we perceived three buffalo, but at a great distance; and the guide, going a little ahead, saw two moose deer, at which he snapped his gun three times. Lucky for him they were not Blackfeet. The rest of the party, coming up, fired two shots, without effect.

Sunday, 30th.—To-day we came in sight of a very extensive salt lake, the borders of which are much frequented by buffalo at certain seasons. At present we only saw three bulls, and our time was too precious to go in pursuit of them. Our horses were also very much jaded, as we had ridden very hard all day in order to get to the end of the lake, no fresh water being found along its borders. We were so fortunate as to achieve our object, and enjoyed with great relish a glass of good cold water, than which, when a man is really thirsty, nothing can be more acceptable.

Monday, 31st.—This morning we commenced our journey, as usual, very early, and had traveled about twenty miles, when our guide once more got bewildered, to my great chagrin, as the dispatches I carried for Governor Simpson were already late. Having arrived upon the summit of a hill, the poor Indian, worn out with vexation and fatigue, asked my permission to smoke a pipe and recollect himself; which being granted, and the pipe finished, he again led the way, but in a totally different direction to that which he for the last few hours pursued. We of course followed, though doubting whether he was right or wrong. Towards evening we encamped, with our horses much fatigued, and uncertain with regard to the route. While at supper I despatched the guide to make a tour of discovery. He had not proceeded far when he fell upon a lake which put him again to rights, and he rejoined us with a smiling countenance.

Tuesday, June 1st.—At half-past three A. M., we raised camp. The guide and I being ahead, upon ascending a rising ground, we discovered a herd of about fifty buffalo cows with their calves. Calling a halt, I despatched the half-breed and guide to endeavor to intercept them, while the rest of us remained concealed with our guns ready for action, as it was most probable they would pass our way; but most unfortunately as they approached them the wind suddenly changed, and the buffalo scampered away at a great rate, leaving us to digest our perhaps over sanguine anticipations of beef steaks and roast ribs as we best might. This evening we reached Fort Petty, a post in charge of Mr. Chief Trader Todd, who had left a few days before for Red River. I found, however, his representative, Peter Sinclair, an old half-breed, in charge of the fort, who waited to receive us at the gate with his pipe in his cheek, arms folded, and hat upon one side of his head, evidently impressed, and no doubt wishing to impress us, with a high idea of his importance. I did not, however, at the moment feel in a humor to be awe-struck with our friend Peter's dignified demeanor (being vexed at the state of our horses), and therefore desired him *sans ceremonie* to provide us the means without loss of time to prosecute our journey. I here found a note addressed to me by Chief Factor Rowan, who had passed only four days before, informing me that he had left two fresh horses for our use, and hoping we might overtake him before he reached Red River, where the Columbia dispatches, of which I was the bearer, at all times looked for with anxiety, were doubly so this year, as Governor Simpson was about to visit that quarter of the Hon. Company's territories. We certainly stood in great need of fresh horses, for those we had been traveling with were wretched in the extreme; in fact, could we have only mounted Mr. Peter Sinclair as Don Quixote, and procured an equally good representative of his

man Sancho, nothing else would have been wanting upon our arrival at Red River, where wind mills abound, to have completed a most perfect likeness of that celebrated hero, as any one of our steeds might have well passed for a *Rosenante*. I had myself ridden for half a day on an old buffalo runner, out of one shoulder, who was so extremely well bred that when he felt inclined to lie down (which occurred rather too frequently), he would endeavor to get to one side of the road and lie down gently upon the grass. His sense of politeness, however, carried him no farther, for did you not immediately dismount he would roll over you without more ado.

Wednesday, 2d.—Bidding adieu to Mr. Peter Sinclair and his importance, we soon fell upon a narrow muddy river, in endeavoring to cross which some of our horses nearly stuck fast, and what would have been a still greater misfortune, the cussette containing the papers narrowly escaped getting wet.

Thursday, 3d.—Starting this morning as early as usual, we arrived upon a river both deep and rapid, which gave us some trouble to cross. We soon, however, fell upon the plan of rafting the provisions, etc., by means of the bed oil cloths, which we converted into a raft, drove in the horses, and swam after them.

4th, 5th and 6th.—Our route during those three days lay through a low swampy country, studded with woods and small lakes.

Monday, 7th.—We arrived this morning upon another very rapid river, over which we swam the horses and crossed ourselves and luggage in a sort of wooden canoe lined with two of the oil cloths. We had no sooner landed, and had just begun, upon the opposite bank, to arrange everything for a fresh start, when one of us, happening to look ahead, discovered upon a rising ground, descending toward us, a band of eight Indians, tall, fierce looking fellows, who we soon perceived to be armed, from the glancing of the guns in the sun as they descended the hill. As our guns were all scattered about, we immediately each secured his own and remained waiting the approach of the Indians, who we imagined might be *Assiniboines*; but fortunately they turned out to be *Santeux*, or it is not unlikely the recourse to our guns had not been in vain. I was not, I need not say, displeased to find they were *Santeux*, as I felt very anxious concerning the dispatches, besides we did not feel particularly anxious to fight, they being more numerous than our party, and, as Butler has it, "He that fights and runs away lives to fight another day." So much for the *Santeux* and our encounter with them, who, having received their pittance of tobacco, "took their road, and so did we." Towards evening we fell in with a hut of Indians, and

procured a large supply of eggs, viz.: goose, duck, and water hen or coot, which enabled us to make a comfortable supper.

Wednesday, 9th.—This morning, having got under way very early, we pushed the horses to a trot, determined, if possible, to reach the settlement next day. We had now trotted on till about 9 o'clock A. M., when we began to think of breakfasting at a small river now at no great distance, when we suddenly perceived a band of horses and cattle, and upon a nearer approach discovered people and a great number of carts and other paraphernalia, evidently the accompaniment of a party about to start upon a very long journey, who we immediately supposed to be some of the Red River settlers bound upon a pilgrimage to that land of promise, the Columbia; and upon our coming up, our conjectures proved to be correct. Having received the news of Red River, we in our turn dealt out those of the Columbia, to willing ears. The Doctor and myself were upon the point of sitting down to breakfast, when an invitation arrived from one of the principal settlers for us to partake with him of that meal, and certainly nothing could have happened more appropos, as though had our waiting-man possessed in perfection all the attributes of the never-to-be-forgotten Caleb Balderstone, he could not have garnished our table with more than pemican, of which we had now become thoroughly tired. On proceeding to the tent of Mr. Alex. McKay, for to him we stood indebted for the invitation to *dejeuner*, we found that his wife, a nice, tidy little woman, had laid out the table in great style, consisting of bread and butter, buffalo tongues and roast veal, flanked by a fine pork ham of stately dimensions. I need scarcely remark that we did ample justice to Mr. McKay's hospitable board, which seemed like a table spread in the wilderness for us. Breakfast being despatched, we bade adieu to our kind entertainers, wishing them a pleasant trip to the Columbia, and continued our route over beautiful and extensive plains.

Thursday, 10th.—I have hitherto refrained from stating the annoyance which we daily received from those mischievous little dabblers in human blood, the mosquito and the bull dog, or gad-fly, as it is a plague to which travelers in this country are always more or less subject. To-day, however, we felt rather indebted to than annoyed by that respectable insect, the gad-fly, as when our horses began to flag he invariably attacked them and spurred them on, or I question much whether we would have reached the Fort in the time we had anticipated. Soon after breakfast we reached the first house in the settlement, belonging to Mr. Belcour, a Catholic priest, who received us with great kindness, to whom I stated the miserably fatigued

state of our horses, and as we were still about thirty miles from the Fort, solicited his assistance in providing us fresh ones, and we did not solicit in vain. His reverence very soon procured us what we required, and it was high time, as upon coming out of the house we found our own poor horses lying down, saddles and all, just as we had dismounted. We again resumed our journey, with many thanks to the Rev. Mr. Belcour, and in about an hour and a half reached the hospitable mansion of Mr. Cuthbert Grant, who would not let us depart without dinner, at which we had an opportunity of proving the quality of the Red River beef, in the shape of an excellent steak. Having dined, we proposed starting for the Fort, when Mr. Grant kindly tendered me the loan of his gig, by way of change, and his fine American horse, to drive to the Fort. Of course this was too agreeable a proffer to be rejected, we having by this time (our sixteenth day upon horseback), had *quantum sufficit* of that sort of exercise; and having, as we thought, during that time proved our equestrianship beyond a doubt, had no wish whatever to show off before the good lieges of Red River. The Doctor and I had no sooner taken our places in the gig, and I had taken possession of the reins and whip, and which I am sure no Jehu in the Strand could have done more knowingly, we set out, and having got safely round the angle of a fence (against which, by the by, *in spite of my dexterity in managing the reins*, we had nearly run foul), we found ourselves in the high road to Fort Garry. Mr. Grant's American is of first rate metal, a single shake of the reins being sufficient to put him to a hard trot, at which rate we continued until we reached our destination. During the drive we passed through beautiful green plains, alive with herds of cattle, horses and sheep, and, upon each side of the road, neat whitewashed cottages, with gardens and fences, laid out with great taste.

Upon our arrival at Fort Garry we were kindly received by Chief Factor Finlayson (the same gentleman whom I accompanied formerly to the Columbia), and the rest of the gentlemen. By Mr. Finlayson we were introduced to Sir George Simpson, Governor in Chief, who had arrived from England on that morning, and Sir George introduced us to Lords Mullgrave and Caledon, and a Russian gentleman, who had accompanied his Excellency to Red River—their Lordships in order to enjoy a buffalo hunt, and the Russian to accompany Sir George to the Columbia, and from thence to Russia. Having delivered the dispatches to the Governor, we retired to have a view of the Fort, which we found to be extremely neat in all its arrangements, the house and stores laid out with great regularity, the whole surrounded by a well built stone wall, ten or twelve feet in height, and a bastion of stone at each angle. In fact, from whatever side the approach

is made, the effect is striking, and leads one to believe that there will be comfort within the walls; which a day's trial at Mr. Finlayson's table will not fail to realize, even to a more fastidious appetite than mine. On Sunday I accompanied the other gentlemen to church, where we had a good sermon from the Rev. Mr. Cochrane, whose congregation looked very respectable.

June 24.—In company with Mr. Chief Trader Gladman and Dr. Tolmie, I started in a bark canoe for York Factory, a voyage of ten days, during which, when not wind bound in Lake Winipeg, we traveled at the rate of seventeen hours per day; and on one occasion we started at half-past nine o'clock P. M., and went on till half-past seven the following evening. I mention this to give some idea of light canoe traveling, which, of all kinds, is by far the most severe upon the men. On the 30th we reached Norway House, the place where I had passed my first winter in the Indian country, and here I found Mrs. Ross, who looks upon me as one of the family. On the same evening Mr. Ross arrived from Red River, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Evans and his daughter. I soon discovered that an absence of ten years had made great changes at my old quarters. Instead of living all the year round upon white fish, as in days of old, Mr. Ross produced a dinner, a better than which I have seldom seen beyond the Rocky Mountains. The Rev. Mr. Evans, who is Chief Superintendent of the Methodist Mission, resides with his family at Norway House, and has established a school there for the purpose of educating the Indians; but it has not yet been long enough established to enable one to predict respecting its success.

July 4.—We arrived at York Factory, where I had the pleasure of drinking tea with Mrs. Hargrave, a lady just come out from Scotland last year; and when seated at table could not help thinking myself once more across the Atlantic, enjoying that beverage with some of my own dear friends.

Wednesday, July 14.—Having arranged and brought all the accounts connected with the Columbia to a close, I embarked with Chief Traders Messrs. Harriott and Manson, and a young gentleman, a Mr. Petty, clerk, upon my return to the Columbia; but as I have already endeavored to give some account of my voyage out, I shall only, should anything remarkable occur upon our return, take notice of such an event, in order to avoid repetition.

A GALLOP THROUGH THE WILLAMETTE.

BY GEO. T. ALLAN.

NOVEMBER, 1841.

Before commencing an account of a trip through part of the Willamette, it may be well to premise in a few words the circumstances which led to it. I arrived at Vancouver on the 30th of October, 1841, with the express from York Factory, where I remained only about a fortnight, and had begun to make my arrangements for passing the winter there, where I had already passed the preceding nine, when, on the evening of the 19th of November, Sir George Simpson sent for me to his room, and acquainted me, much to my surprise, that he had appointed me to the Sandwich Islands, for which place I should shortly sail on board the Hon. Company's barque Columbia, Captain Humphreys.

Having many little items to settle before leaving Fort Vancouver, I was very late in retiring to bed, and had only slept about an hour when a messenger from Sir George awoke me, saying that he requested my company upon a visit to the Willamette. If I had been surprised at the news of my appointment to the Sandwich Islands, I was now doubly so; but one is so apt to receive sudden and unexpected orders in this country that he in a manner holds himself in readiness for such emergencies. I therefore huddled on my clothes without more ado, giving orders to ship my trunks on board the Columbia, as she would drop down the river before our return.

Chief Factor Douglas had been appointed to accompany the Governor upon his present tour, but had been taken unwell during the night, when that duty devolved upon me. I now set about in earnest to collect our men and see the baggage carted down to the river, when we started about 5 o'clock A. M., in a boat manned with sixteen picked men, who, of course, did not neglect to enliven our departure with some of their best songs; nor did the Captain of the Columbia forget to add his quota to the harmony by a salute of five guns; that awoke all the good folks of Vancouver.

Besides Sir George Simpson, Chief Factor Rowand and a French gentleman honored the excursion with their presence.

About six miles down the Columbia we entered the river Willamette which has a noble appearance, being in some places nearly as broad as the Columbia.

About 9 o'clock, Sir George requested me to look out for a place for breakfast, which to one upon the voyage is generally an agreeable task. That meal being over, we resumed our seats in the boat and continued the voyage, when we reached the falls at 3 p. m. At this place, which is extremely romantic, we made a portage, carrying all the baggage and dragging the boat a considerable distance. The American Methodist Missionaries have here established a station with the avowed intention of teaching and civilizing the natives; but, I am sorry to say, hitherto with little success, those laudable objects being frustrated partly through the extreme stupidity of the Indians, and partly from, I may say, the extreme selfishness of the Missionaries, who devote more attention to their own wordly comforts than their professions warrant.

About four hours' march above the falls we encamped for the night, and had the good fortune to find a comfortable berth for both the tents.

Saturday, 20th.—We started this morning at 4 o'clock, and at 7 o'clock reached the house of Mr. Laframboise, when we engaged his services as guide, and he promised also to furnish horses for the trip. These arrangements being made, we returned to the Sand Encampment, some little distance below, where we breakfasted, and were visited by some of the nearest settlers, who brought horses for our use. At midday, Laframboise swam over a band of horses, and finding we now had sufficient for our purpose, we mounted, and, accompanied by Mr. Laframboise in his capacity of guide, set off at a round pace, passing on the way several houses and farms, apparently well arranged. The face of the country, as we rode along, appeared to disadvantage, owing to the season of the weather; but is undoubtedly a fine country, and will one day become an extensively settled one.

At 2 o'clock we entered upon a beautiful and extensive plain, in which the Catholic Church is the most conspicuous object. Here we paid a short visit to the Rev. Mr. Blanchet, and then continued our route through woods and plains, studded with stately oaks. About 4 o'clock p. m. we reached the mansion of the Rev. Jason Lee, head of the Methodist Mission, situated in a very beautiful spot, where he has lately erected a saw mill—this gentleman's house being the most remote in the settlement. After a very short stay, we commenced our return, and had rode about an hour and a half, when night overtook us, a circumstance that appears to have been as unlooked for as it was unexpected by our guide, who therefore soon lost the

road and got completely bewildered. We kept riding about in the dark for four hours, with the hope of discovering a light in some of the houses, which we expected surrounded us. In this dilemma, our horses began to fag, and left us the comfortable anticipation of passing the night in the woods. At this moment, when we had almost given up all other thoughts, we heard the welcome bark of a dog, and steering our course in that direction, soon perceived a light, which led us to a small house, the inmates of which we took quite by surprise. The good man had that day killed a large pig, which, added to himself and family and their unexpected guests, so filled his domicile that there was scarcely room to stir. We made a demand for fresh horses, and were fortunate enough to procure them, and also a new guide, Laframboise readily confessing his inability to guide us in the dark. We now made a fresh start, and at half-past ten reached the house of Joseph Gervais, one of the principal settlers, where we found our tents pitched and a good supper awaiting us, to which we all did justice, with the exception of our French friend, who, although accustomed, as he had informed us (while in California), to ride 60 leagues, or 180 miles a day, found, if I am not much mistaken, Sir George's mode of traveling sufficiently expeditious. Gervais did not fail to contribute his share of good things to our supper, which repaid us for all our troubles.

Sunday, 21st.—After breakfast we again set out, though the weather was disagreeably wet, and arrived at the Catholic Church at 10 A. M., where we found all the Canadians assembled, with a display of horses that would have done credit to a much more ancient colony. After service, the Rev. Mr. Blanchet regaled us with an excellent dinner. In the meantime, some of the most respectable of the settlers waited upon Sir George, tendering their respects, and offering their services and assistance for the continuance of our tour. They were thanked for their attention, and informed that the Governor was much pleased at finding them so well and comfortably settled. I, however, availed myself of their proffers, to take possession of a very spirited and high mettled horse, which carried me back in fine style to the Sand Encampment, where we found our men awaiting us. Mr. Blanchet followed in his light cart, accompanied by the 180-mile gentleman, who confessed his being thoroughly tired of horseback, and availed himself of the opportunity to abandon his nag and embark with His Reverence.

Monday, 22d.—We now resumed our seats once more in the boat, with the addition of Mr. Blanchet, at 4 A. M. At 8 o'clock we reached the falls, and while the men were making the portage, we breakfasted, and afterwards paid a visit to the American Missionaries, whom we found very com-

fortably situated. On parting from the falls, Sir George requested me to order the men to paddle up close to them, where we got an excellent view, and really the sight was magnificent. Having gratified ourselves with this fine sight, we turned our faces towards home, descending the current at such a rapid rate, with our sixteen paddles, and a cheerful song, as quite electrified our Missionary friends. About 6 o'clock in the evening we arrived at Fort Vancouver, where I immediately commenced my preparations for a voyage to the Sandwich Islands, during which, should anything interesting occur, I may probably add to the foregoing trifles.

May 22, 1868.

At the date of the Willamette trip, Oregon City had only one small log house to boast of, and Portland was yet in embryo.

GEN. JOSEPH LANE.

(From the Daily Oregonian, April 21, 1881.)

BY JUDGE MATTHEW P. DEADY.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest."

General Lane is dead! The brave old soldier and genial gentleman is no more! The hero of many a hard fought field and daring adventure has lain down to rest!

He breathed his last at Roseburg at nine o'clock on the evening of the 19th instant, in the midst of his friends and descendants to the third generation. His illness has been of short duration and his death may be characterized as simply the natural termination of his mortal life. For some weeks he has been satisfied that his end was drawing nigh, and cheerfully and resignedly preparing himself for the event, has approached his grave—

"Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

To his old friends and comrades throughout the country he has written his kind farewells, and for some weeks his closing life and coming death have colored the thoughts and conversation of many a household in Oregon.

Joseph Lane was born in Buncombe county, North Carolina, on December 14, 1801, and his life was almost coeval with that of the Government of the United States.

In his early life, his father moved to Kentucky and thence to Indiana, where he lived until 1848, engaged much of the time in boating and trading to New Orleans. He was several times elected to the Legislature of that State—the first time when he was scarcely of age.

At the commencement of the Mexican War, he volunteered his services, and was appointed a Brigadier General, and afterwards was brevetted a Major-General. He distinguished himself at Buena Vista, where he was severely wounded.

From thence at the close of the war he held a comparatively independent command, operating in central Mexico, upon Gen. Scott's line, during which time Lane's brigade became famous for its daring and activity, and he himself acquired the sobriquet of "the Marion of the Mexican war."

Gen. Scott had a high opinion of his services and ability. At San Francisco, in October, 1859, the writer witnessed a meeting between them. Gen. Scott was on his way to Oregon to compose the San Juan difficulty and Gen. Lane was on his way to Washington as Senator. Upon the approach of the latter Gen. Scott at once rose up and cordially grasping his hand, said, "How are you, my old friend and fellow soldier?" To which Gen. Lane quickly and happily replied, "General, my career as a soldier was a brief one, but I had the honor of serving under the greatest general of the age."

Upon the passage of the bill—August 14, 1848—organizing Oregon Territory, Gen. Lane was selected by President Polk as a suitable person to entrust with the governorship of this then far off and unknown country. At the urgent solicitation of the President, he accepted the position and in the following winter crossed the continent to California by the southern route, in company with Major Joe Meek and a small military escort, and reached Oregon City March 2, 1849—pulling an oar in his boat much of the way from Astoria.

At Oregon City he was heartily welcomed by the people far and near, who saw in him and his presence the realization of their long cherished but oft deferred hope of congressional aid and protection.

On March 3d he wrote and published his proclamation announcing his arrival and set the machinery of the new government in motion on the very last day of his friend Polk's administration. The proclamation was printed by the late Gov. Geo. L. Curry, then editor and publisher of the Free Press. His career since then has been in Oregon, and is well known to the early settlers.

After eighteen months of arduous duty in the Gubernatorial office and as Superintendent of Indian Affairs, he resigned his office to his successor, and went to the mines of Northern California, where he worked as a miner during the winter of 1850-1. In 1851 he was triumphantly elected Delegate to Congress, where he was continued by successive re-elections until the formation of the State government, when he was elected to the Senate—taking his seat in that body with the admission of the State into the Union, on February 14, 1859, where he remained until the expiration of his term, on March 3, 1861.

From Washington he returned to Oregon, where he has lived ever since—most of the time in comparative retirement on his farm among the picturesque hills of the Umpqua.

In 1860 he was on the Presidential ticket with Breckenridge, for the office of Vice President.

During the heated controversy which immediately preceded the war of the Rebellion, Gen. Lane was by nature, education and position, an ardent friend of the South, and what he conceived to be its constitutional rights, and took his share of the rancor and ill-will which usually grow out of such contentions and conflicts. But these have been long since forgotten by him; and it is not often that one who has played so long and prominent a part in public affairs, in troublous times, goes down to his grave with more good will and regard than Joseph Lane of Oregon.

In August, 1853, there was a sudden and severe Indian outbreak in Rogue river, which struck terror into the scattered mining camps and sparsely settled valley. As soon as the news reached the Umpqua, Gen. Lane left his unfinished home and hurried to the scene of action. There he organized a volunteer force and pursued the Indians into their mountain fastness, and compelled an engagement on Battle creek, on August 24th, which resulted in a permanent peace. In leading the charge, he was shot through the same shoulder that was wounded at Buena Vista.

On the 11th day thereafter—Sunday, September 4th—the writer was present when the white and Indian chiefs, Joseph, the former, with his arm in a sling, and the latter in a toga that would have done honor to a Roman senator, met on the side of the mountain over against Table Rock, in the presence of half a dozen white men and hundreds of Indians, agreed upon the terms of the treaty.

Lane was emphatically a man of the people, and gave his life to their service with a devotion that few can feel or appreciate.

With him politics was an honorable struggle for position and power for public ends and purposes, and not for public gain. Accordingly, he lived honestly and died poor.

In his intercourse with others self was always a secondary consideration, and he seldom failed to inspire a lasting regard for himself.

A distinguished cavalry officer, who served under him as a volunteer in Mexico, has since said of him—"The men of his brigade loved him, and a tender chord could always be touched by speaking to them of him."

When the history of this country is written, Oregon's first senator must occupy a prominent place in it. He was a man of more than ordinary ability—generous and affable—brave and gallant—a lover of women and a friend of the helpless—and take him all in all, we shall not soon look upon his like again.

In his grave are buried the memories of the frailties incident to human nature and the asperities of life's hot conflicts; and the passage of time will but brighten his name and enhance his renown.

MEDARE G. FOISY.

BY WILLARD H. REES.

To fulfill a somewhat ancient agreement, it becomes my duty to place upon record as best I may a few words in memory of M. G. Foisy, a practical printer, and first one of the art who set type on the Pacific Coast north of the Mexican Republic. Mr. Foisy and Charles Saxton, Oregon's first printers, crossed the plains in 1844. Saxton returned with Dr. White to the States the following year, published a journal of his trip across the plains, with a description of Oregon and a short-sighted view of the importance of the country claimed by the United States on the North Pacific Coast. In 1845 John Fleming and N. W. Colwell, veterans of the art preservative, crossed the plains, and the following year W. P. Hudson. These three last named pioneer printers were successively the first printers on the first paper, the *Oregon Spectator*. W. P. Hudson, a native, I believe, of Boston, was one of nature's noblemen. He printed under date of February 1, 1847, the first English spelling book published on the Pacific Coast; went to the California gold mines in the fall of 1848. After spending considerable time in work and prospecting, he found a rich gulch, from which in a very short time he realized \$21,000 and returned to Oregon, but did not remain long until he took passage for San Francisco, and died at sea, off the mouth of the Columbia, in December, 1850. With all the above named good fellows, time has ceased to be.

In presenting this sketch I will ask to be pardoned for deflecting from the line usually followed in biographical sketching, and give briefly a few circumstances which preceded and lead to my first acquaintance with our deceased friend, M. G. Foisy.

Returning from Havana, Cuba, in May, 1842, I met at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, a descendant of Col. Auguste Chouteau and Mr. Menard, both natives of St. Louis, Missouri. A few days later found myself on board the steamer Alex. Scott, Swan, master, in company with the above named gentlemen bound for St. Louis. After a very enjoyable passage, occupying $5\frac{1}{2}$ days and costing \$15 passage, the writer for the first time stepped on the wharf of an

inland city, more than 1,000 miles by river from the sea. Yet when we take into consideration this great distance from tide water, St. Louis for natural resources of wealth and commercial advantages had no parallel in the United States or any other land. The day following our arrival, in company with Mr. Chouteau, called at the office of the *St. Louis Republican*, then the leading Whig paper of the Far West. My object was to see John Corse, a printer who had been reared by my father in the State of Delaware. When my parents left that State for the vicinity of Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1825, the boy Corse, then about 15 years of age was put to the printing business, and had a few years prior to my first visit to the then western border of civilization, wended his way to that city of the plains. The writer was first introduced to Mr. Chambers, editor and proprietor of the *Republican*, and finally to a young Canadian, Mr. M. G. Foisy, who, two years later, crossed over to Oregon, and from the time he entered the Territory until the day he died was a worthy representative of the French-Canadian element on the North Pacific Coast.

Mr. Edmond Mallett, of Washington, D. C., who visited Oregon a few years since, and who is engaged in compiling a work on the French element in the United States, also a work on Oregon, has said in corresponding with the writer, "the early Canadians of the country as a class were considered as almost unworthy of notice until Mr. Lyman C. Draper recognized their claims to historical importance in the admirable Transactions of the Historical Society of Wisconsin." Nothing is better known to the student of our pioneer history than the fact that the great valley of North America, extending from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico was explored and the older cities were settled by the French. Scarcely a fortified camp or hamlet reared in the unbroken wilderness along the lake shores and from the head of the *La Belle Riviere*, the mighty Mississippi, and the wild, turbid river of the plains, but what were of French origin. It is also true that over much of this vast region drained by the Father of Waters, have the Spaniard, the Frenchman, and Briton held the ruling rein, but at last the world's young giant reaps the ripening corn.

St. Louis, one of the younger of the early French villages, but now hoary with more than a century's years, became the fortified home of the husbandman and rendezvous of the voyageur and trapper soon after the site was selected by M. Laclide in 1763. In February of the following year, Col. Auguste and Pierre Chouteau arrived on the site of the embryo town with a large company of settlers from St. Genevieve, Cahoki and old Fort Chartres. Laclède, the intrepid founder of the city, died at the post of Arkansas in 1778, and his associate, Col. Chouteau, at St. Louis in 1829.

During two months pleasantly and profitably spent in the summer of 1842 at

the old city, that had so long been the grand rendezvous of the voyageur and trapper of the mountains and plains, I visited all the old French villages on either side of the river in that vicinity. On one of our excursions among the many groups of ancient mounds then to be seen, commencing in the northern suburb of the city, our little party was enlivened by "Québec," who was selected as commissary for the occasion, carrying his well selected stores in a champagne basket. This was the pet name by which Mr. Foisy had been knighted by his brother typoes in the office, and to which he always cheerfully answered. Driving past several large mounds within the city limits, one of which had been utilized as a mount for water works, the party first called a halt at the base of one known as the Big Mound, which we found to be more than 30 feet high, 150 feet long, gradually tapering to a level walk-way 6 feet wide on the summit. From this mound continuing in a northerly direction were many groups of tumuli in close proximity stretching along the river bluffs for several miles. Who were the builders of those huge, enduring monuments of clay? More than a hundred generations we are told have lived, and like autumn leaves returned to Mother Earth, since first the dark shadows of old Egypt's pyramids were reflected by the annual inundations of the Nile. But where is the savant or medium who can tell us in what age of the world, or the story of the people who reared those mighty earth-works of American antiquity? How vain the attempt to solve the mystery that enshrouds a race, who only to themselves were known and who, for untold centuries, have ceased to breathe the breath of life. Like all the tribes of men who lived in the primitive ages of the race, they left no trace of their former existence more legible than those wonder-begetting tumuli which they reared throughout the central valleys of their ocean-bound home. Peopled as were all other lands, yet even the existence of this mighty continent remained unknown to the inspired, or any other writers for countless ages after those Mound Builders had flourished, died and were buried beneath accumulated centuries, whose number can never be known.

"Ye mouldering relics of a race departed,
Your names have perished; not a trace remains;
Save where the grass-grown mound its summit rears
From the green bosom of your native plains."

I will not further trespass upon the patience of the reader, in this connection, than to say: For more than half a century after the founding of St. Louis, the Catholic faith prevailed almost exclusively, and down to the time of which I write, many of the public and benevolent institutions of the city were under the control of that church, while among her worthy and most opulent citizens were numbered the Soularde, Cabennes, Menards, Spary's, Prattes, Choteaus,

and many other prominent French Canadian families, all of whom were well known to Oregon's mountain men and many of her earlier pioneers.

Here in this old French city, built upon the ancient ruins of an unknown people, forty years ago, I first grasped the open, generous hand of M. G. Foisy, in whom thence forward through all the years that he lived I found a true, unwavering friend. Medare G. Foisy was born in Quebec, Canada, in 1816; died on his French Prairie farm June 11, 1879. He descended from an old and highly respected family of that Gibraltar of the new world. His father was a leather dealer in affluent circumstances, and gave his son a practical business education in the French schools of his native town. At the age of 16 he was sent for a short time to an English school in the State of Vermont. It was his father's wish that his son should learn the tanning and leather business in which he had prospered. Accordingly young Foisy was for 18 months kept at work in the tannery and store, neither of which proved congenial to his taste. His mind was intent on learning the printing business, and at the age of 18 he was apprenticed to the trade. The business of the office was conducted exclusively in the French vernacular, while he longed for an opportunity to improve his English, and having a friend and townsman at work on the *Louisville Journal* at the falls of the Ohio, accordingly on attaining his majority and receiving from his father a small sum of money he crossed the border in the spring of 1837, went to Cincinnati, Ohio, where he worked for a short time; then joined his friend at Louisville, working for two months in the *Journal* office, and from thence in the fall of the same year went to St. Louis, entered into an engagement with his life long friend, Mr. Chambers, editor of the *Republican*, with whom he remained until the close of 1843, when he surrendered his case to prepare for the overland journey to Oregon. Father Joset with two other Jesuit fathers left St. Louis early in the spring of 1844, for the Rocky Mountains. With this party Mr. Foisy traveled to the Flathead country, and from thence to Mr. Spalding's Nez Perce Mission at Lapwai. Here in the early fall of 1844 he was engaged by Mr. Spalding to put in working order the little printing press, the pioneer of the North Pacific Coast, and on which he did the first printing for the Nez Perce Mission, consisting of school books, portions of the New Testament and hymns, all in the Nez Perce language, from copy by Mr. Spalding. This was the first printing performed by a practical printer west of the Rocky Mountains and north of the Mexican Republic. The *Oregon Spectator* first appeared in February, 1846, and Sam Brannan's little proselyting *Yerba Bunea Star* was first seen at the village of Yerba Bunea, as San Francisco was then called, nearly two years later. It is common for such brilliant little luminaries like the *Star* to be short-lived, but contrary to the usual fatal cause it is the only one of which I ever heard that died of a surfeit of gold.

Mr. Foisy reached French Prairie in December, 1844, and the following spring was elected a member of the Legislative Committee from Champoeg county, (now Marion) which convened at Oregon City, June 24, 1845. It was at this session that the amended Organic law was drawn up and passed, authorizing the election of a Governor instead of the old Executive Committee. The Legislative Committee then adjourned for one month in order to submit the proposed system of government to a vote of the people, and which they adopted by a majority of 203. Mr. Foisy served during the remainder of this adjourned session being the first under Gov. Abernethy's administration. He was also a member of the first annual session under the re-organized government, which convened December 2, 1845. With regard to the ancient agreement alluded to at the beginning of this writing permit me to say: On Sunday, August 17, 1845, Mr. Foisy being at Oregon City, in his legislative capacity, he and the writer took a stroll on the bluff east of the City of the Falls. After a half hour's walk along the open ways among the stately firs of the forest, our pathway led to a camp of the natives, who were loudly bewailing the loss of a young brave. "See there! he exclaimed, "what a wonderful contrast have we experienced in all our surroundings in this change of home from the Old to the New West. Looking from the eastern shores of this continent, who but a Bryant could have so truly described these wild surroundings from afar,

"Lose thyself in the continuous wood where rolls the Oregon—
Yet the dead are there.' "

As we turned from the sorrowing scene, Mr. Foisy continuing, said: "While we are yet within the sound of these lamentations, I desire to make this solemn agreement with you. If I should be so unfortunate as to die among these grand old mountains and wild men of the forest, I want you to write an obituary and send it to my long cherishing friend, the *St. Louis Republican*. But if you should be first to fall, I will as in duty bound pen the facts connected with your demise, and forward them to the *Cincinnati Gazette*."

After the close of the first annual session of the Legislature under the new Oregon Republic (for such it was), Mr. Foisy expressed to the writer his determination to return to St. Louis to remain two years. He longed to renew those endearing associations that linked him to the friends of other days. So in the spring of 1846, with the expectation of going by the way of Nicaragua, he joined a party going overland to California, which he found to be a dangerous road to travel on account of hostile Indians, from Rogue river to the head of the Sacramento valley. The party had one man killed, and several wounded. On reaching California his homeward journey was for the time abandoned, for here he met the northwestern limits of the Mexican War, in which he took an active

part in the Sacramento valley and the country in the vicinity of the bay. He accompanied a troop sent by Capt. Fremont to open communication with Monterey, where Commodore Sloat had previously hoisted the American flag. But I have not the space at my command to follow him through these, eventful years of his life; let it suffice to say that, as a soldier, interpreter with the land and marine forces operating on the southern coast of California, or in discharge of his duties as Alcalde at Monterey and his labors on the first English paper published in the place, these duties were discharged with honor to himself and fidelity to those whom he served. Soon after peace was declared in February, 1848, Mr. Foisy, still anxious to reach St. Louis as early as possible, sailed from Monterey on the ship *Aneta* bound for Central America; the vessel putting into the harbor of San Blas, Mexico, and while there the port was blockaded; here he was detained until taken off under protection of the American flag by Capt. Bailey, of the U. S. Navy, and returned to Monterey, where he found many of her citizens and others returning from the newly discovered gold mines, a majority of whom were sick. Mr. Foisy remained in Monterey most of the time until after the election of delegates to form a State Constitution, to be presented to Congress asking admission to the Union. He made a gallant fight for freedom and humanity in that election, which under the circumstances does great honor to his memory. This was the bold, unflinching stand which he took, as he had before taken in the Oregon Legislature, against the spread of an institution designed to force a race of men and women down to a level with the beasts of the field. Mr. Foisy spent the fourth year of his California life at work in the mines, returning to Oregon in the fall of 1850, bought a farm near where Gervais has since been built. He married in 1859 the widow of Louis Vondal and become one of the leading farmers of the French Prairie country. He leaves a wife and three daughters well provided for. Mr. Foisy was reared in the Roman faith, but in middle life his views were somewhat modified, choosing to be governed by obedience to the dictates of conscious duty, rather than any ceremonial forms, whether of latter-day origin, or prescribed by those who lived in remote and less enlightened ages of the world. He was perhaps not mentally more liberally endowed than are the average of men, yet he fought with strength and unyielding courage for liberty against human oppression, under all its assumed names and forms. Medare G. Foisy, as known to the writer under the ever changing vicissitudes of life, was a frank, true, and generous man.

What wonderful changes have been wrought in the lifetime of the first generation of Anglo-Americans, who formed an isolated settlement in this ending west. There is no parallel to be found in this new world that will compare with the settling of Oregon. No community of people, men and women,

whether they were advanced in life or young in years, either in war or peace, who have stood more firmly united or left a better record of frontier life than have the pioneers, who in the early years pitched their tents on the Pacific Shores. Nobly have they done battle in defense of liberty and substantial truth, the factors in chief that have broken the power of ancient superstitions and raised our race above the cruel barbarities of the untutored tribes, whose sachems and prophets claiming miraculous power had, down through the ages, played the tyrant over a weak and deluded people.

The writer knew many score of those brave, generous pioneers, when they were strong in health and full of hope; yea, while yet in the morning starlight of youth and early manhood; long before their sun of ripened maturity had reached its meridian power, but where are they now? The few who remain let us hope are wisely enjoying the afternoon of life. How natural in our lonely musings to cast the mind's eye back along the pathways that lead to the old cabin homes, where, in the morning of life, oft have we joined the cheerful circle and together sang, "Let our joys be one;" but when we ask where are they now? memory whispers, they are gone.

"The bridegroom may forget the bride,
Was made his wedded wife yestere'en;
The monarch may forget the crown,
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child,
That smiles so sweetly on her knee;"
But I'll remember you, my friends,
True friends that you have been to me.

JOSEPH C. GEER, SR.

At twelve o'clock on Saturday, August 27, 1881, Joseph C. Geer, Senior, died at his home in Clackamas county. The funeral took place Monday afternoon at the family burial ground near his farm, and was attended by a large concourse of friends. Hon. Willard H. Rees delivered the following address, which we deem such an excellent tribute to the memory of deceased that we copy it from the Oregonian:

"Friends and Fellow-citizens: Again have we assembled upon this well-chosen eminence, made sacred by these tombs of departed friends, to perform a solemn duty which the living owe the dead. We who now look upon this open sepulchre, behold the last resting place of all that is mortal of Father Joseph C. Geer, Sr., who, at midnight's hour, on the 27th of August, 1881, surrendered his life to the God of his fathers, and his body returns to the earth from whence it came. Full of years, coming down to us from the last century, and after having fought a good fight for liberty, righteousness and truth, he expired at the old homestead yonder by the river side, at the venerable age of 86 years, 6 months and 22 days. It is rare, indeed, in these times that we have an opportunity of fixing our eyes upon one like the venerable deceased, whose span of life linked together the administration of all the Presidents of the United States. While no former period or like age has been so productive of great results, through scientific investigation, or by the study and invention of means for the application of natural laws, as were the years in which he lived—marking an epoch in the history of human progress unparalleled in the past—an epoch introducing changes that have completely revolutionized the old methods of labor, triumphed over space, and in a very conclusive manner swept from the pathway of reason and truth much of the superstitious mysticism that enslaved the public mind in the ages that have gone before.

"Mr. Geer was a native of Windham county, Conn., born February 5, 1795. He remained with his parents on the farm until reaching his 18th year, and soon thereafter volunteered in the defense of his country, serving in the late war against Great Britain. In grateful remembrance of the service of those who perilled their lives in defense of our rights and national honor, Mr. Geer's name

was a few years since placed upon the pension roll of the surviving veterans who answered their country's call in the war of 1812. Leaving the tented field when peace was restored, he returned to his parental home, and at the age of 20 years married Mary Johnston, a native of Rhode Island. In 1818 he removed to freedom's favored home, the old northwest territory, located in Madison county, Ohio, where for 12 years he was a successful farmer. Then joining again the migratory throng in its irresistible march to the fast receding border of civilization, he could have been seen in the fall of 1840 admiring the unsurpassed beauties of a new found home on the broad prairies of Western Illinois. But prior to the building of the railroads throughout the great interior country, the people were without a remunerative market for their produce, and farming was but little more than an irksome routine of unrequited labor. For this reason he was not long satisfied to remain in a country so remote from the sea while there yet remained far away at the ending west, a wild, unsettled land whose shores were laved by the waves of the grandest ocean of the globe. So, in 1847 Mr. Geer completed the overland journey from ocean to ocean in the springtime of life with his young wife Mary, who sleeps here by his side. They had commenced together 30 years before.

"Our departed friend was endowed with a clear, thoughtful mind, having been much devoted to reading, but had the misfortune a score of years ago to lose his sight, yet through his great native energy and power of self-control, he bore himself manfully till the evening's lengthening shadows closed over the landscape of life.

"Father Geer leaves an aged widow, his third, with seven sons, four daughters, and his line of descendents, all residing on the Pacific Coast, number 150 souls. Leaving his Atlantic home at the age of 23, he spent nearly 64 years among the pioneers of the great Northwest, taking an active part in the stirring events that have given to civilization the late vast wilderness extending from the Mississippi valley to the land's end in the west."

"Mr. Geer was, in the best sense of the term, a truly religious man. Having walked in faithful obedience to the requirements of conscious duty, the "Golden rule" was beautifully exemplified in his every relation of life, as husband, father, neighbor and friend, in the practical observance of this most ennobling of life's duties he was as unwavering as the polar star. He lived and died in the belief of one fatherhood and one immortal destiny for all the sons and daughters of men. On this most charitable faith he leaned his head and breathed out his life serenely there. It is truly a source of great comfort to know that throughout a long and laborious life, he wore upon an unsullied brow the insignia of honest worth, the brightest jewel in the crown of life. Since the death of Capt. L. N.

English, which occurred in 1876, Mr. Geer has been the oldest person whose name is recorded on the register of the Oregon Pioneer Association. Bowed down by the weight of nearly a century, his weary head will henceforth rest on the bosom of her who is the mother of us all. Thus time, like the flow of these limpid waters at the base of these green clad hills, bears us on year by year, and generation after generation to the ocean of eternity, where 'there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away.' How consoling to be assured in heart and mind that the all-sufficient laws which control life, growth and destiny were most wisely fixed, beyond the puny power of mortal man to change.

"Farewell, father, patriot and fellow-pioneer. Wheresoever repose the souls of the departed generations of earth, there also, in peace and harmony with the laws of eternal truth, shall thy spirit abide forevermore."

A PIONEER GONE.

A LONG AND EVENTFUL LIFE ENDED.

DIED.—At his home near Butteville, Oregon, August 28, 1881, Joseph Carey Geer, Sr., aged 86 years, 6 months, and 23 days.

Joseph Carey Geer, Sr., was born in Windham, Connecticut, February 5, 1795. At the age of eighteen years he enlisted in an artillery company then being raised for the war of 1812, by Captain Hibbard. The company was stationed at New London. His father was stationed at the same place in another company, at the time of the burning of that place.

After the war he worked on the farm summers and taught school winters; until 1818. In the meantime he married Mary Johnson, and, to use his own words, "I found after working hard from daylight till dark for over three years, I could never make anything on that poor worn out land. I concluded to go to the far west, as Ohio was then called, and on the 10th of September, 1818, with my wife and two little tow-headed boys, less than \$100 in money, a few yards of fulled cloth, a light wagon and a light team, I bid farewell to the old Geer farm and joined a company of about forty, Burnham's, Hathaways and Howards, and crossed the mountains into the Mississippi Valley, being the first Geer to venture so far west, as far as I can learn."

He outlived all that company of over forty but his two sons, R. C. and F. W. Geer. Landing in Ohio he settled in Union county, and taught school two winters, and worked by day's work the balance of the time—was such a good hand he could always get work, but wages were only \$8 per month in Ohio at that time.

In the spring of 1821, he leased a piece of land of Gen. McArthur, near where Woodstock now stands, for six years. In 1822 he sold that lease and took another on the same terms, about three miles from that, in Union county, on Big Darby. He built the house, fenced the land, and raised two crops; but he and his family were taken sick in July of both seasons, and remained sick until November of each year, and in December, 1824, he left the Darby plains and took another lease of six years in Madison county, and in about six years

bought the best farm in that neighborhood, and lived on it twelve years. He was a great lover of fine stock of all kinds, and always kept the best that could be obtained in the country. When he went to Madison county he was \$300 worse off than nothing, caused by sickness, but in four years he was called pretty well off in that country. In 1840 he sold his farm in Ohio and with his children went to Knox county, Illinois, where he bought a farm, built a fine house and barn and otherwise improved it until 1847, when he again sold out, and came to Oregon.

He had a very hard trip across the plains. His wife had been very sick with winter fever in Illinois, and on the plains she had a severe shock of palsy which made her nearly helpless, and being a very large woman, it would have worn out an ordinary man to lift her in and out of the wagon. She died a few weeks after arriving at Butteville. On June 24th, 1849, Mr. Geer married Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, mother of Mrs. Rev. P. S. Knight, of Salem. She bore him three sons, and died March 14, 1855. On June 6, 1856, he married Mrs. Mary Strong, who survives him. He had his eyes operated on by a quack, who pretended to be an oculist, for cataract, and has been totally blind for 25 years. He leaves seven sons and four daughters, viz.: Hon. R. C. Geer, Fruit Farm, Marion county; T. W. Geer of Clackamas county; J. C. Geer of Portland; Mrs. J. W. Grim of Hubbard; Isaiah Geer of Chico, Cal.; H. J. Geer of Cove, Or.; Mrs. R. V. Short, of Clackamas county; Mrs. Elizabeth Kent of Portland; Mrs. John Kouse of Clackamas county; Lucien Geer of Butteville, and Joel Palmer Geer of Butteville, with their families, numbering in all, children, grandchildren, and down to great-great-grandchildren, 167.

He was a fond husband and an indulgent father. He always governed himself by the Golden Rule. In religion, a believer in universal salvation.

REMINISCENCES

OF FORT VANCOUVER ON COLUMBIA RIVER, OREGON, AS IT STOOD IN 1832, AND
SOME ACCOUNT OF THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY'S FARM THERE AT THAT
PERIOD; THEIR MODE OF TRADE WITH THE INDIANS, AND PERSONAL
RECOLLECTIONS OF DOCTOR JOHN MCLAUGHLIN AND
OTHERS BY A THEN RESIDENT OF THAT PLACE.

Extract from a letter written in 1832 from Fort Vancouver to a firm in London.

"Fort Vancouver is situated on the northern bank of the noble Columbia, which about ninety miles below, falls into the Pacific. On the east side of the Fort there is beautiful plain, great part of which is under cultivation and about sixty miles further to the eastward we have a splendid view of Mount Hood, which is covered with snow more or less all the year round. To the north the country is thickly wooded, but now and then relieved by pretty small plains, two of which we have cultivated, though one of them is about six miles distant. The Fort itself is surrounded with high stockades and consists of a Governor's house, stores, an office and houses for the gentlemen who conduct the trade. On my arrival at Vancouver I was appointed Indian trader, entered the Indian shop, and was left alone to deal with the natives as best I could. I soon, however, acquired sufficient knowledge of their language to enable me to trade with ease. The mode of trade is simple; there being a regular tariff comprising all the articles in which the natives deal; blankets forming a main item. Liquor we never sell them; and to ammunition they are confined to a certain number of loads; in fact, I consider the Company's manner of dealing with the Indians strictly just and has gained them the influence they possess in the country; as, should a native commit a murder on one of their people, which is sometimes the case, the company do not pursue vengeance indiscriminately upon the tribe of the criminal, but follow up the individual until he pays the penalty of his crime with his life.

Having served my probation to the Indian trade, about a twelvemonth, I was next placed in charge of the farm, which consists at present of about seven hundred acres of land under cultivation, and we raise in great quantities peas, bar-

ley, Indian corn, buckwheat, wheat, oats and potatoes. The garden produce is apples, peaches, some grapes in front of the Governor's house, and all sorts of vegetables. There are a threshing mill, flouring mill and saw mill, the two last about six miles above the Fort. The lumber is exported to the Sandwich Islands. My duty as Superintendent of the farm consists mainly in seeing the wishes of the gentleman in charge of the establishment carried into effect, and I am therefore almost constantly on foot or on horseback during the day. The two tribes of Indians in our neighbourhood are called Chinooks and Clikitats. The Chinooks support themselves by fishing and the Clikitats by hunting."—End of extract.

Doctor John McLaughlin, who was in charge of Fort Vancouver in 1832 and for many years afterwards conducted the whole of the Hudson Bay Company's business of the Columbia District, as it was then called, has since become a kind of celebrity in Oregon, and merits some description both of person and character as he appeared to me at that period, 1832. The Doctor indeed in personal appearance was a man once seen not easily forgotten; he was over six feet, well and powerfully built, with a commanding countenance and, generally, long flowing grey hair, which greatly added to his striking appearance, which even the Indians noted by calling the white-headed eagle—old man Doctor. Doctor McLaughlin was born in Canada, of Scottish ancestry, in what year I am not aware, but his Grandfather immigrated to Canada. The Doctor although a true Canadian used to tell anecdotes of old Scotland probably furnished by his grandfather; one I can remember of a certain Highland Chief, who was in the habit of carrying a yellow cane and of drumming the unwilling of his clan to church with it, so that it came to be called the religion of the yellow stick. I suspect the Doctor kept this story in good remembrance by the way in which he made the men attend divine service at Vancouver. Dr. McLaughlin was a man of strongly marked characteristics and, like many generous tempered men was somewhat passionate, but as said of a celebrated man, Fletcher of Satton, the passion was no sooner on than it was off, and the doctor always regretted any thing of that kind and endeavored to make up for it by kindness to those whom he might have offended. He assisted very materially the early immigrants to Oregon, as will be vouched for by many of the oldest American settlers. Dr. McLaughlin, take him all in all, was an excellent man, and his memory by those who knew him will long be respected. His likeness was painted in a very life like manner by an American artist, Mr. Stanley, and is, I believe, still in his possession.

Among other clerks in the Company's service at Vancouver in those times was rather a curious compound, Thomas McKay, or Tom, as he was generally called, a half breed son of that Mr. Alexander McKay, who came out in the

Tomquin to Astoria and from thence sailed to Puget Sound and was cut off by the Indians, as described in Mr. Washington Irving's Astoria. Tom had remained at Astoria, and so escaped his father's fate. He was an original in his way and amused us young fellows greatly by the tales of his wonderful escapes and feats among the Blackfeet Indians into whose country he had led many a trapping party. Tom with a rifle was a dead shot, but in telling a story he often drew a long bow and almost invariably introduced one with "it rained, it rained, and it blew, it blew," and frequently in his excitement would throw in by way of climax to his tale, regardless of all consistency, "and my G—d, how it did snow." I regret now that I kept no note of Tom's tales, which I can recollect were very amusing and lost nothing in his way of telling them. He was very young when out in the Tomquin, but I can well recollect his details of the passage and loss of life on the Columbia bar. He was a very good and amusing personage. Peace to his ashes.

Another man of note at Vancouver in those early times and who with Mr. Douglas, afterward Sir James Douglas, Governor of British Columbia, succeeded Dr. McLaughlin in charge of the Hudson Bay Company's affairs in Oregon, was Chief Factor Peter Skein Ogden, native of Canada, who had passed many years in the Indian country. Mr. Ogden bore the reputation of having been a pretty wild youth before leaving Canada and carried his love of fun and frolic with him I may say almost to the grave. One of his tricks played at home was, as I have often been told, and played, too, on his own mother, was to send notes to all the midwives in Montreal asking them to repair to the house of Mrs. Ogden at a certain hour, greatly of course to the astonishment and indignation of that lady. Mr. Ogden possessed considerable ability as a writer or literary man and wrote some very interesting sketches of his adventures in the Indian country, which I perused in manuscript and partly copied for him in 1849. I believe they were afterwards published, but I have never seen the book.

During my earliest years at Vancouver our intercourse was almost entirely confined to the Company's people when in, I think, 1835, Captain Wyeth of Boston, arrived with his party across the plains; an excellent man and duly appreciated by us all. When he returned home he sent out a keg of choice smoking tobacco, with a handsome letter to the gentlemen of Bachelor's Hall, as we called our smoking room. The doctor and he became great friends and corresponded for many years afterwards. The doctor was fond of argument, and especially on historical points connected with the first Napoleon, of whom he was a great admirer, and often entered into them with Captain Wyeth, and upon one occasion which I well remember he happened to be dressing my hand which I had lately got hurt, and when in the height of debate on the Peace of Amiens he treated my poor hand so roughly that I heartily wished Napoleon

and the Peace of Amiens far enough. To show how attentive the doctor was to every matter appertaining to strangers and which he conceived might involve the honor or reputation of the Company whom he represented, I may here mention that a young American gentleman, Mr. Dwight of Salem, Mass., having crossed the plains and been rather imposed upon by the Hudson Bay Company's then agent at Fort Hall by having to leave his rifle in deposit for provisions supplied him there, complained or rather spoke of the matter to me, then at the Sandwich Islands. I wrote and explained the case to Dr. McLaughlin, who immediately sent orders to Fort Hall and had the rifle forwarded to Mr. Dwight free of all charge, and I had the pleasure of returning it to him.

The months of June and July were generally a busy time at Vancouver, when from the 1st to the 10th of June, at which season the Columbia is high, the Brigade of Boats, as they were called, descended from the interior with the furs and carried back the winter supplies. Then the men composing the crews, principally Canadians, Iroquois and Half-breeds, would be indulged, after their long abstinence, with an allowance of liquor, pork and flour, as a *regale*; then would come the tug of war, with many bloody noses and black eyes, but never with any fatal result. After the departure of the boats, the Snake party of trappers would arrive, headed by Mr. Work, who had then succeeded Mr. Ogden, formerly mentioned as leader of trappers into the Snake and Blackfeet countries, often a perilous undertaking, as during my time at Vancouver those parties have returned with wounded men, and left several killed behind them. The mode adopted with the trappers was to furnish their supplies at a moderate rate, and allow them a fair price for their furs. A large beaver skin, so far as I recollect, was eleven shillings sterling. The horses and traps were also furnished them, and on being returned, placed to their credit. A good hunter often made it a profitable business, and many of those men were the first settlers in the valley of the Willamette, who when they began to raise wheat the Company received it, and gradually, as settlers increased, dropped their own farming at Vancouver. All trapping parties were accompanied by an officer of the H. B. Co., who regulated the encampments, kept accounts, etc. Mr. Work, an Irishman by birth, a kind-hearted and generous man, often amused us by his murder of the French tongue, but the men generally managed to understand him. On one occasion Mrs. Work, who also spoke French, left her husband in the tent in charge of the baby, who, becoming rather unruly, tried the patience of its father, who asked his wife on her return where she had been, when she laughingly replied that she had been looking for a beau, to which Mr. Work rejoined in French, *si vous choisissez les garcon apportez toujours le petit avez vous*, and which meant, when you again look for a beau, pray carry the baby with you.

The business of the Hudson Bay Company is conducted on a regular system throughout. When a young man enters the service as a clerk, his wages are small for some years, but he has no expense except in clothing. The salary, should he conduct himself well, is increased from year to year until it reaches £100 sterling, when he becomes eligible to a Chief Tradership, a partner in the concern, and from thence a Chief Factor. Their system in regard to the trade with the natives is much the same on the east as it was on the west side of the Rocky Mountains, only with this difference—that the Indians on the east side are allowed outfits like the trappers, in the fall, and bring in their returns of furs in the spring.

In the fall of the year 1832, the fever and ague was very prevalent at Vancouver, and at one time we had over 40 men laid up with it, and great numbers of Indian applicants for La Medicine, as they called it; and as there was then no physician at the Fort, Dr. McLoughlin himself had to officiate in that capacity, although he disliked it, as it greatly interfered with his other important duties, until he was himself attacked with the fever, when he appointed me his deputy, and I well remember my tramps through the men's houses with my pockets lined with vials of quinine, and making my reports of the state of the patients to the Doctor. It proved, therefore, a great relief, both to him and to me, when the annual ship arrived from London, bringing out two young medical men, Doctors Gardiner and Tolmie, one of whom was immediately installed in office at Vancouver, and the other despatched to the northwest coast, where the Company had lately established several forts.

One rather curious, and, as it turned out, laughable reminiscence of my doctorship, as it now strikes my memory, I may state here: One day, in making my rounds to the numerous patients, I paid a visit to a half-breed Kanaka boy, and handing him a vial of quinine mixture, pointed with my finger to how much he was to take at one dose, but the fellow, mistaking, swallowed the whole concern at once—eight or ten doses in one. I was a good deal alarmed for a time, but need not have been, for he soon got well, and never had the ague again as long as I remained at Vancouver.

The Indians in 1832 were still numerous, and used to assemble near the Fort on Sundays and dance in rings, a sort of religious ceremony, accompanied by singing, and as there were no Handels nor Mozarts amongst them, the music was anything but charming to a delicate ear.

The fever and ague first broke out on the river in 1829, and as there happened then to be an American ship in the Columbia, of which Capt. Dominis was master, the Indians superstitiously believed that he had introduced it. The first and second years the fever carried off great numbers of natives all along the river, and in fact cleaned out whole villages; and there was then no quinine

in the country, the Doctor being obliged to use the dogwood root as a substitute. From that shock the Indians never recovered, and probably it was better for the whites, when settlers began to come in, as in former times it was dangerous to ascend and descend the river in canoes or boats without a strong crew, well armed. When administering medicine to the Indians in 1832, through the directions of Dr. McLoughlin, I never thought of the danger attached to a doctor or medicine man amongst them. They often kill an unfortunate medicine man, as they called a doctor, and indeed the Klickitats shot one a short distance below the Fort, during my residence there. But the doctor killing brings to my mind a melancholy case in point, which happened at Fort Camloops in 1841: Chief Factor Black, of the H. B. Co., in charge of that post, and who had been over forty years in the Indian country, and consequently well acquainted with their habits and superstitions, incautiously gave medicine to a sick Indian, who died soon after. Poor Mr. Black, all unconscious of danger, was one day pacing back and forward in his room, when the brother, I believe, or some relative of that Indian, shot him through the back. On intelligence of this murder reaching Vancouver, the Company, agreeably to their usual custom on such occasions, immediately dispatched a strong party, who did not return before the criminal was brought to justice. I have no doubt in my own mind but that the melancholy murder of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman occurred in the same manner. Mr. Ogden, already mentioned, was the person through whose exertions the captive whites were redeemed from the hands of the Cayuse Indians, on that sad occasion, he having gone to their country for that purpose—and for which he deserved more credit than he ever received.

I have lately heard of some published remarks reflecting on the conduct of the H. B. Co., and on that of individuals, in their services to the early American Missionaries. I can only remark from my own experience, that while in the Company's service the gentlemen of the missions were invariably treated with kindness and attention; and in fact, so anxious was Dr. McLoughlin to accommodate them and their families, that I can well recollect some of the young clerks grumbling at their being turned out of their quarters, and crowded into others, in order to better accommodate the strangers.

Another man of mark at Vancouver, in my early days, was Mr. Francis Ermatinger, a clerk in the service, a regular jolly, jovial Cockney, whom we sometimes styled Bardolf, from the size and color of his nose. He was full of humor and had a great fund of talk, of which he was no niggard, and would address himself to the doctor in all his humors, when others took care to stand aloof, so that it was often said he bearded the lion in his den; but sometimes the lion would give a growl, and say that Frank did nothing but bow, wow, wow. Frank, however, was a capital trader, and was despatched to the Snake and Flathead countries to encounter the American fur traders. He was also frequently engaged escorting the Missionaries, and from his constant good humor would often make the most staid and long-faced of them laugh heartily, and I am pretty certain that many of them to this day remember kindly the frank and jovial Ermatinger. He afterwards retired from the Company's service and joined a brother in business in Canada, where he died.

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

TENTH ANNUAL RE-UNION

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association

FOR

1882;

AND THE

ANNUAL ADDRESS DELIVERED BY HON. JAMES K. KELLY,

TOGETHER WITH

THE OCCASIONAL ADDRESS BY HON. F. A. CHENOWETH, REMARKS BY
MRS. A. S. DUNIWAY,

AND

AN HISTORICAL LETTER BY HON. J. QUINN THORNTON, LL. D.,

AND OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST.



SALEM, OREGON :

E. M. WAITE, STEAM PRINTER AND BOOKBINDER.

1883.



SOCIETY AND DIRECTOR'S MEETINGS.

OREGON STATE FAIR GROUNDS,

JUNE 15th, 1882.

At the annual election of the Oregon Pioneer Association held on this day, the following officers were elected to serve during the ensuing year :

President—J. W. Nesmith.

Vice President—J. W. Grim.

Secretary—T. B. Odeneal.

Corresponding Secretary—W. H. Reese.

Treasurer—J. M. Bacon.

Directors—E. M. Waite, F. X. Matthieu and Joseph Watt.

Pursuant to a call of the President, the officers and directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met at the office of the Clerk of the Supreme Court, in Salem, on Wednesday, the 14th of February, 1883, at 2 o'clock P. M.

Present—J. W. Nesmith, President ; J. W. Grim, Vice President ; F. X. Matthieu, Joseph Watt and E. M. Waite, Directors, and T. B. Odeneal, Secretary.

The object of the meeting having been stated by the President, the following business was transacted :

It was resolved that the eleventh annual re-union of the Oregon Pioneer Association be held at the State Fair grounds on Friday, the 15th day of June, 1883.

Al. Zeiber, Esq., of Portland, was elected Grand Marshal.

It was resolved that Hon. W. Lair Hill, of the Dalles, be

chosen and invited to deliver the annual address; and that Rev. Edward R. Geary, of Eugene City, be chosen and requested to deliver the occasional address.

John G. Wright, Daniel Clark and Jasper Minto, were appointed a general committee of arrangements, to make all needful preparations, and arrange a programme for the celebration.

A resolution was adopted authorizing E. M. Waite to print 1000 copies of the transactions of the re union of 1882.

It was resolved that the President and Secretary be authorized to select and arrange for publication such historical matters and biographical sketches as they may deem proper.

Joseph Watt was appointed to negotiate with the officers of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company relative to the terms of a pioneer excursion when the road shall be completed.

Medorum Crawford was chosen and given general authority, in conjunction with the treasurer, to collect dues from members of the Association.

E. M. Waite was appointed committee on printing.

The meeting adjourned subject to the call of the President.

OPENING ADDRESS.

BY HON. MEDORUM CRAWFORD.

The tenth annual re-union of the Oregon Pioneer Association, was held at the State Fair grounds, June 15, 1882, and was largely attended. The procession was formed by Al. Zieber, Chief Marshal, with the Capital Guard band in the lead, followed by the pioneers under their different banners. The procession moved around the park once, and then entered and took their seats near the platform. After music by the band, prayer was offered by Rev. J. L. Parrish.

Hon. Medorum Crawford, President of the Association, then stepped forward and delivered the following opening address:

Pioneers of Oregon: In opening the exercises of the day, I can only take time, after giving you cordial greeting and expressing my gratification in meeting you again here, where so many pleasant re-unions have been held, to refer hastily to such reminiscences as pioneers are always pleased to hear and talk about.

Just thirty-six years ago to-day Great Britain relinquished her claim to Oregon, and by treaty conceded to the United States the right* to the land which some of us had already taken possession of at risks unparalleled in the history of this century. This is an anniversary that should be sacred to every Oregonian, and especially to those pioneers who shared in the perils of occupation and the anxiety concerning the settlement of the title to this then disputed territory.

Nine years ago a few of the early settlers desiring to perpetuate history and incidents connected with the settlement on the Pacific coast, organized this society to promote social intercourse and collect from living witnesses facts worthy of preservation.

Annual meetings have been held and able speakers have volunteered to deliver, and furnish for publication, addresses pertaining to the general history of the country, and also the special history and incidents of each immigration from 1842 to 1848. These addresses and proceedings of our society, together with

much valuable historical and biographical information contributed by the most able writers of the Pacific coast, with extracts from the journals of distinguished members of the late Hudson's Bay company, have been published in pamphlets suitable for binding, and altogether will make a volume of near seven hundred pages of interesting and valuable information, which will doubtless furnish the basis of the future history of Oregon.

This is the tenth annual reunion of our Society, and I am pleased to see so many old pioneers take interest enough to congregate on the occasion which should, and I hope will, long be the pioneers' holiday.

Looking back over the forty years since I came to Oregon, a poor immigrant boy in buckskin garments, I find many of my comrades have fallen out of the ranks to rest by the wayside.

Now and then I meet some old grey-beard like myself, who still lingers in the fight, unwilling to be carried to the rear, who remembers the days of boiled wheat and salmon, of pea coffee and trail-rope tobacco, of wooden plows and hickory shirts—when the pony and the canoe furnished the principal means of transportation, an Indian trail the thoroughfare, with a drift log or a dug-out for a ferryboat. But the ranks are thinning. Almost every day we see the announcement, "Another pioneer gone." A few years more and the earliest pioneers will be laid away, and not one in a hundred will be farther remembered or thought of than "my father" or "my mother knew him. They crossed the plains together before the gold mines were discovered in California."

Crossing the plains, going to the mines, and serving in the Cayuse war are especial episodes in the lives of the earliest pioneers, who, growing garrulous in their old age, find no end of incidents, then regarded as mere trifles, but which have been so improved by time and age as to become hairbreadth escapes, fearful privations and deeds of valor.

And, indeed, looking back and contrasting the prosperity, the ease and the luxury enjoyed by the present generation with the poverty and hardships of their ancestors, it is but natural that the trials and privations then encountered should magnify in the minds of those whose lot it was to endure them.

To attempt to describe the changes that have taken place in our country, or pay proper tribute to the multitude of brave and generous comrades that have fallen from our ranks to their final resting places, would require more time and an abler pen than I can command. Nor is it profitable to dwell too much upon the vicissitudes of life. Let us rather contemplate the prosperous present and promising future of our adopted home. The sun of heaven shines upon no spot of earth equal to Oregon, and whatever suffering and privation may have been endured in its settlement and reclamation from its native savages, has been amply compensated by the comforts and blessings now enjoyed.

ANNUAL ADDRESS.

BY HON. JAMES K. KELLY.

At the close of the President's address, and after music by the band, Hon. James K. Kelly, of Portland, was introduced and delivered the following interesting address on the early pioneer life of Oregon, and important information relative to the formation of the Provisional Government of Oregon:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Pioneer Association:—We have met together on this pleasant day of June—a day which marks an epoch that is memorable in the annals of Oregon; a day on which was removed the great cloud that for twenty-eight years hung over the title of the United States to the country in which we have our homes. It is a day fit for us to commemorate while the Oregon Pioneer Association shall endure.

We meet within sight of the capital of a young but growing and prosperous State, where a government of our own choice makes, administers and executes the laws of a free and happy people. We are citizens of a commonwealth where we can now procure all the necessities, comforts and luxuries of civilized life. We have our homes in a land where liberty and law prevail instead of the anarchy which existed when the early pioneers first placed their footsteps upon the soil.

Coming together then as we do on occasions like this, it is natural that our minds should turn back to the days of trial and hardship which every pioneer endured. Memory is busy with the past, and dwells upon the incidents connected with the great journey over the plains to this land of promise, with all its attendant dangers and privations, its sufferings and sorrows. And then, too, how different was the condition of the pioneers from what it is now. When the weary days of travel were over; when their toilsome journey was ended, they found themselves dwelling, in a land without government or laws to protect them in their rights or redress their wrongs.

Again and again had the early settlers forwarded their petitions to Congress, asking in simple and touching language that the laws and the protecting care of the United States government might be extended over them, but all in vain.

Until 1848 every appeal was disregarded ; and every supplication of the neglected pioneer was unanswered, and died out as though it had been spoken to the heedless air. Aroused at length to the necessity of adopting a system of law for their own protection, the settlers in the Willamette valley, in 1843, established what in history is known as the Provisional Government of Oregon. And it is upon this subject that I will address you to-day ; that is,

GOVERNMENT AS ESTABLISHED AND ADMINISTERED BY THE PIONEERS AND
ITS RESULTS.

From the 20th day of October, 1818, to the 15th day of June, 1846, the vast country known as the Oregon Territory was in dispute. The title to it was claimed both by the United States and Great Britain, and by treaty stipulation between them was "free and open to the vessels, citizens and subjects of the two powers." While it was thus open to settlement alike by both, yet it is a fact that until within ten years prior to the close of that joint occupation, the advantages of trade, commerce and colonization were decidedly in favor of Great Britain. The Hudson's Bay Company, one of her most powerful and aggressive corporations, had extended its sway from the Rocky mountains to the Pacific ocean ; from California to Alaska. By its great wealth and superior skill it had crushed out all its rivals in the fur trade, and thus acquired unmolested dominion over the whole country west of the Rocky mountains. Its principal factory was established at Fort Vancouver, an eligible and accessible point for sea-going vessels and foreign commerce, while it had its subordinate trading posts throughout the vast interior wherever a successful traffic could be had with the Indians for their furs, in exchange for its goods and merchandise. It had its factors, agents, traders, trappers, voyagers and servants all working in perfect harmony, to advance the interests and increase the power of the giant monopoly, and to destroy every competitor who attempted to trade with the natives for their peltries and furs. Its policy was one of uncompromising hostility towards every person or company who interfered with its traffic or who questioned its exclusive right to trade with the natives, within the territory of Oregon. It had at the time the treaty of 1846 was made, twenty-three forts and trading posts judiciously located for trading with the Indians and trappers in its employ. It had fifty-five officers and five hundred and thirteen artied men under its control, all working together to maintain its supremacy and power.

Besides these men in its actual employ, the Hudson's Bay Company had under its control about fifty Canadians, who had settled in the Willamette Valley on what is known as the French Prairie, and were engaged in agricultural pursuits. These men had formerly been artied servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, and it was bound under heavy penalties not to discharge any of them

in the Indian country, but was under obligations to return them, at the end of their services, to the places where they were engaged. And as is stated by Dr. McLaughlin, in a document found among his private papers after his death, for this reason these Canadian Frenchmen were still retained on the company's books as its servants, although no service was exacted from them and they were permitted to work for themselves. They were, however, still under the control of the Hudson's Bay Company, and still inclined, as British subjects, to uphold and maintain the supremacy of Great Britain in the country where they lived.

The Hudson's Bay Company and all its servants within the limits of Oregon were, moreover, under the protecting care of the British Government. Parliament, at an early day after the joint occupation of the country commenced, had extended the colonial jurisdiction and civil laws of Canada over all British subjects within the disputed territory. Magistrates were appointed to administer and execute those laws, who exercised jurisdiction in civil cases where the amount in controversy did not exceed £200 sterling; and in criminal cases the same magistrates were authorized to commit persons accused of crime and send them to Canada for trial.

This was the condition of affairs in the country under the treaty of joint occupation so far as it related to the Hudson's Bay Company and all British subjects within the territory.

Let us now take a retrospective view and see how and to what extent the country was occupied by citizens of the United States under the treaty of joint occupation.

In the year 1834 the Rev. Jason Lee and his nephew, Rev. David Lee, Cyrus Shepard and P. L. Edwards were sent by the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church to establish missionary stations among the Indian tribes on the Pacific Coast. This party crossed the great plains in company with Captain Nathaniel Wyeth, who had started on an exploring expedition with the view of establishing a permanent trade in Oregon. So far as Captain Wyeth's venture was concerned, it proved in the end a failure, as similar ones had done before. The heavy hand of the Hudson's Bay Company was laid upon him, as upon all rivals in the fur trade, and they disappeared.

The missionaries who came that year under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church, established their first missionary station in the Willamette Valley, about ten miles below where Salem now stands, on the right bank of the river. Their object in coming to Oregon was not to form a settlement in the country; it was not to occupy it as colonists, but to convert the Indians to the Christian faith. Their work was in the cause of their Divine Master; not for secular purposes, or to accomplish political ends.

In 1840 the effective force of the mission was increased by the arrival of a number of missionaries with their families, who came by sea around Cape Horn. But with their increase in number the character of the mission itself soon underwent somewhat of a change. It assumed more the character of a religious community or association, than of simple missionaries actuated with the zeal of its founders to preach the gospel to heathen Indians. Instead of devoting themselves exclusively to teach and Christianize the natives, they began to look upon the country as an inviting one for settlement, for trade, for commerce and to make permanent homes for themselves and their children. And in this they acted wisely and well. They saw the necessity of devoting more of their time to the interests and welfare of the white settlers than to the Indians. Schools were established and churches were built by them, and thus a nucleus for a colonial settlement was created, which in after times was of essential benefit to the community at large. This missionary society was still governed by its own rules and regulations, which, in the absence of established government, conducted greatly to the preservation of order, not only among the missionaries themselves, but also among the independent settlers in the community.

In the great valley of the Columbia, east of the Cascade mountains, other missionary stations were established under the care and control of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. One of these was located among the Cayuse Indians, at Wailatpu, in the Walla Walla Valley, and was under the supervision of Dr. Marcus Whitman and wife. Another was among the Nez Perce Indians, at Lapwai, under the superintendence of Rev. H. H. Spalding and wife, and a third among the Spokane Indians, was established a year or two afterwards, under charge of Rev. Cushing Eels and the Rev. Elkanah Walker and their wives. All these missionaries were zealous in the good work which they had undertaken. Not only did they teach the Indians among whom they were stationed the great truths of revealed religion, but instructed them in the rudiments of agriculture and some of the simple mechanic arts as well. These stations were widely separated from each other, and the missionaries at each were necessarily dependent upon the good faith of the Indians by whom they were surrounded, and for whose welfare they devoted their labors and their lives. Engaged in such a calling, it could hardly be expected that they would give much attention to the settlement of the great question as to which nation, the United States or Great Britain, should ultimately acquire the title to the country in which they lived. They were, perhaps, too much engaged in their Master's work to give heed to the political questions of the day. Yet to this there was one notable exception in Dr. Whitman. While he was sincere and zealous in the discharge of his duties as a missionary among the Indians, yet he was all

alive to the importance of securing Oregon as an American possession against the claims of Great Britain. He was intensely American in all his feelings ; a man of indomitable will and perseverance in whatever he undertook to accomplish ; whom no danger could daunt, and no hardship could deter from the performance of any act which he deemed it a duty to discharge. And perhaps to Dr. Whitman, more than to any other man, are the people of Oregon indebted that to-day we are living under the stars and stripes, instead of the banner of St. George.

Besides the missionary societies to which I have referred, there were in Oregon, prior to the formation of the provincial government, a number of American citizens who were not connected with either the Methodist or the Presbyterian missions. Some of these were of the class known as free trappers. Men who had been in the employ of Captain Wyeth, Wilson G. Hunt and other independent fur traders. Some had come to Oregon from California, and some found their way here on trading vessels that had occasionally come from the Atlantic States. And in addition to these, quite a number came across the plains in the first immigration of 1842.

These men, after various wanderings, had come to the beautiful Willamette Valley to make it a home for themselves and their children. And as they were not connected with either of the missionary societies, nor with the Hudson's Bay Company, they were known in the community as *independent settlers*.

This was the condition of the people of Oregon prior to the time when the provisional government was first organized, in the year 1843. So far as the American population were concerned, they were, through the inattention and neglect of Congress, absolutely without government or laws of any kind. It is true, as I stated before, that the missionaries and those connected with them had rules and regulations established by themselves which governed them in their social intercourse with each other, and united them in a common cause for their mutual protection. But the *independent settlers* had not even that security for their lives or their property. By their own government, which ought to have thrown around them its protecting ægis, they were treated literally as political outcasts, who had placed themselves beyond its reach or its care. In this emergency they had to rely on their own stout hearts and strong arms to vindicate their rights and redress their wrongs.

On January 28, 1839, Hon. Lewis F. Linn, one of the United States Senators from Missouri—and always the devoted friend and champion of Oregon—presented to the Senate a petition of J. L. Whitcomb and thirty-five other settlers in Oregon, which in simple and touching language set forth the condition of the country, its importance to the United States, its great natural resources, and the

necessity of civil government for its inhabitants. Among other things in their petition they say :

“But a good community will hardly emigrate to a country which promises no protection to life and property. * * * We can boast of no civil code. We can promise no protection but the ulterior resort of self-defense. * * * We have thus briefly shown that the security of our persons and our property, the hopes and destinies of our children, are involved in the subject of our petition. We do not presume to suggest the manner in which the country should be occupied by the government, nor the extent to which our settlement should be encouraged. We confide in the wisdom of our national legislators, and leave the subject to their candid deliberations.”

This petition was read, laid on the table and neglected. In June, 1840, Senator Linn again presented a memorial signed by seventy citizens of Oregon, praying for the extension of the jurisdiction and laws of the United States over that territory.

In this memorial the petitioners say: “That they have no means of protecting their own and the lives of their families, other than self-constituted tribunals, organized and sustained by the power of an ill-instructed public opinion, and the resort to force and arms.” And again they besought Congress to extend its jurisdiction and laws over them.

This memorial, like the preceding one, was laid on the table and quickly forgotten by a majority of the Senators to whom it was addressed. But not by all. Senator Linn remained the tried and true friend of Oregon till his untimely death. He had, during three terms of Congress, introduced and urged the consideration of bills for the purpose of extending the jurisdiction and laws of the United States over the Territory of Oregon. He had also introduced and urged the passage of bills granting donations of the public lands in Oregon to citizens of the United States who had settled there. His speeches in the Senate, in advocacy of these measures, show his earnestness and zeal in behalf of the early pioneers of Oregon.

Senator Linn died suddenly on the 3d day of October, 1843, in the forty-eighth year of his age, and by his death the pioneers lost their most steadfast friend, their most faithful advocate, and their greatest benefactor. Pronouncing a most touching eulogium in the Senate upon his dead colleague, Senator Benton among other things, said of Dr. Linn :

“In the character and life of such a man, so exuberant in all that is grand and beautiful in human nature, it is difficult to particularize excellencies, or pick out any one quality or circumstance which could claim pre-eminence over

all others. If I should attempt it, I should point among his measures for the benefit of the whole Union, to the Oregon bills."

The Oregon bills to which Mr. Benton alluded, died with the Senator who introduced them. And eight years after his death, the legislative assembly of Oregon, in a spirit of gratitude, and out of affectionate regard for the memory of the illustrious Linn, gave his name to one of the largest and most productive counties in the Territory.

Why Congress suffered the petitions of the settlers in Oregon to lie unheeded and unanswered; why it failed to protect them by the extension of the laws over the Territory, as the English government had done for British subjects, must, of course, remain a matter of conjecture. I fear, however, it was the result of moral cowardice; the dread that any action of this kind on the part of our government would provoke hostilities with Great Britain. Even as late as 1846, when the Oregon question was under discussion, in regard to giving notice to Great Britain of our desire to terminate the treaty of joint occupation, this craven spirit crept into the debates of Congressmen. For illustration, I quote from a speech made by Mr. Pendleton, of Virginia, as to the propriety of extending the laws of the United States over Oregon, in order to give protection to American citizens who had settled there. Assailing the policy of Mr. Polk's administration in regard to Oregon, and the possibility that, if carried out, it would result in war with England, Mr. Pendleton said:

"I am for making our title (to Oregon) good by prudent means, by wise and judicious policy, by 'masterly inactivity,' if that be best, as I think it is. The President of the United States speaks of our obligation to facilitate emigration to Oregon and to protect our 'patriotic pioneers' who are there, and gentlemen tell us of the attachment of these people to their dear native land. Why do they leave it, sir? Why is it they retire before civilization, preferring the wild excitement and rugged discomforts of the wilderness, to the repose, the security, and the refinements of civilized life? They manifest their attachment by disregarding the influences that bind ordinary men to the place of their nativity; by snapping recklessly the ties of blood and kindred and social connections, and calmly, and of their own free choice, deserting a generous soil and a genial clime, abandoning their hearths and the altars of their childhood and youth, to toil through a vast and perilous wilderness, where savage man and savage beast meet them at every turn. * * * And it is for these restless and wayward wanderers that the distinguished gentleman from Alabama would have our government endeavor to realize the fabulous ubiquity of the Roman power, sending its ægis throughout the world for their protection.

"Sir, I am against any such principle. It is easier for these people to stay

at home, than for us to go to war. If they will go upon territory the title to which is unsettled, let them go at their own risk. A few men have no right to involve millions in war. It is not the policy of our government to be running over the world looking after citizens whose allegiance is manifested only by acts of expatriation."

These were sentiments uttered in debate by a distinguished member of Congress, towards the Oregon pioneers, as late as January, 1846. Sentiments prompted by a fear of England's wrath and a dread of England's power, if our government should attempt to assert the right to protect its citizens in the disputed territory. To a much greater extent did this feeling prevail in Congress prior to the year 1843. And it was for these reasons, I fear, that a majority of that body allowed the petitions of the early settlers, presented to the Senate by Dr. Linn, to lie on the table unheeded and unanswered.

Wearied and disappointed at length by the neglect of Congress to give them that protection for which they petitioned, the people of Oregon resolved to establish a temporary government for themselves. The increasing immigration across the plains required that this should be done, in order that anarchy might not exist among the settlers, and in order that life and property might be protected.

The first attempt to organize a temporary government by the American settlers was made in 1841. On the 17th of February of that year, a meeting of some of the inhabitants of the Willamette Valley was held at the Methodist mission house, for the purpose of consulting about the propriety of preparing laws, and electing officers to execute them, in order to preserve peace and good order among the people. The Rev. Jason Lee was chosen chairman, and Rev. Gustavus Hines secretary. After transacting some preliminary business the meeting adjourned to meet the next day. On the 18th of February Rev. David Leslie was elected chairman, and Rev. Gustavus Hines and Sydney Smith were chosen secretaries. A committee was appointed to frame a constitution and draft a code of laws. It consisted of the following persons: Rev. F. N. Blanchet, Rev. Jason Lee, Rev. Gustavus Hines, David Donpierre, Mr. Charlevon, Robert Moore, J. L. Parrish, Etienne Lucie and William Johnson.

The meeting then appointed Ira L. Babcock Supreme Judge, with probate powers; George W. Le Breton Clerk of the Court, and William Johnson High Sheriff. The meeting then adjourned to meet on the 1st day of June, to receive the report of the committee appointed to draft a constitution and code of laws.

When that day came it appeared that no meeting of the committee had been held, and consequently no report had been prepared.

Rev. F. N. Blanchet requested to be excused from serving on the committee. His request was granted, and Dr. W. J. Bailey was chosen in his stead.

The committee was instructed to meet on the first Monday in August, and to make their report to an adjourned meeting on the first Tuesday in October. They were also further instructed to consult with Commodore Wilkes, of the American squadron, then in Oregon, and Dr. John McLaughlin, chief factor of the Hudson Bay Company, with regard to the propriety of forming a constitution and code of laws for the community.

This meeting also rescinded its action taken on the 18th of February in regard to the appointment of officers, and then adjourned to meet again on the first Tuesday of October, to receive the report of the committee appointed to prepare the constitution and code of laws. But that committee never met to fulfill its duty, nor did the meeting ever assemble again. The whole thing amounted to nothing. It was an entire, pitiful failure. The disappointment among the people, especially among the independent settlers, was very great. Some of them attributed the result to the influences of the Hudson Bay people. Some to the advice of Commodore Wilkes, given to the committee to refrain from organizing an independent government in Oregon; while some of them were ill-natured enough to say that there were too many preachers connected with the affair; and too many of them were aspirants for the office of Governor, for the project to succeed. Certain it is that the projectors of the proposed government were entitled to no credit for what they did; and they certainly received none from the people.

Although these meetings, gotten up by the missionaries for the purpose of establishing a temporary government, proved an utter failure, and the settlers were sorely disappointed at the result, yet they were by no means discouraged or despondent, and resolved to make another effort to accomplish that in which the missionary meeting had failed.

This time the independent settlers—I mean those disconnected with the missions and the Hudson Bay Company—were determined to take the matter into their own hands. Among the most active of these was Wm. H. Gray, now a resident of Clatsop county. And perhaps to him, more than to any other one, belongs the credit of the formation of the Provisional Government. He had come to Oregon in 1836 with Dr. Whitman's party of missionaries, but having severed his connection with them, came to the Willamette Valley in 1842, and made his home there.

It was at his house that a meeting of a number of the citizens was called on the 2d day of February, 1843, ostensibly for the purpose of taking measures to protect the herds of the settlers from the depredations of wild animals, but

actually the object of the meeting was more for the purpose of concerting measures for the formation of some kind of civil government, than the protection of herds from the ravages of wolves and other wild animals. At this meeting a committee of six was appointed to give notice to the people that a general meeting would be held at the house of Joseph Gervais on the first Monday in March, "in order to take into consideration the propriety of adopting some measures for the protection of our herds, &c., in this country"—in the "&c." lay the hidden object of the call; but it was not then intended to disclose it, lest opposition to the proposed meeting should be aroused. The committee appointed to give the notice to the people consisted of Messrs. Gray, Beers, Gervais, Wilson, Barnaby and Pierce.

On the first Monday in March, in pursuance of the resolution adopted at the previous meeting, a general meeting of the citizens of the Willamette Valley was held at the house of Joseph Gervais. James A. O'Neil, who had come to Oregon in 1834 with Capt. Wyeth's party, was called to the chair, and understood what was the real object of the meeting.

Resolutions were adopted setting forth the necessity of taking immediate measures to provide for the destruction of wolves, bears and panthers and such other animals as are known to be destructive to cattle, horses, sheep and hogs. Specific sums of money were offered to all persons who would destroy them, and subscriptions of money or property were authorized to be collected to pay for their destruction.

The ostensible object for which the meeting was called having thus been disposed of, the real purpose was disclosed by the following proceedings :

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to take into consideration the propriety of taking measures for the civil and military protection of this colony.

Resolved, That said committee consist of twelve persons.

Messrs. Dr. Babcock, Dr. White, O'Neil, Shortess, Newell, Lucie, Gervais, Hubbard, McKay, Gray, Smith and Gay were appointed said committee. The meeting then adjourned.

The committee so appointed first met at the Willamette Falls, to discuss such measures as were deemed important, to be presented in a report to a general meeting of the inhabitants of the Willamette Valley. They consulted with leading citizens and endeavored to harmonize such conflicting views as existed among them, concerning the propriety of establishing a temporary government of the people. Having sufficiently considered the matter, a general meeting was called to take place at Champoege on the second day of May.

In the meantime the people had become much interested in the question as to the propriety of the proposed government. The American settlers were

nearly all in favor of the project, while it was known that the Canadians who had been in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company, and who were still British subjects, were decidedly opposed to the measure.

At length the second day of May, 1843, arrived, when the general meeting of the people was to be held at Champoege, a day that was to be memorable in the annals of Oregon; a day on which was to be decided the great question whether the American settlers were to have civil government established for the protection of their rights, or whether every man in the community was to continue to be a law unto himself.

Dr. I. L. Babcock was chosen the Chairman, and Messrs. Gray, LeBreton and Wilson, Secretaries of the meeting, which was held in an open field. Both parties were well drilled, active and alert, and when the committee of twelve made their report, it was read, and a motion was made to accept it. A vote having been taken, it was declared by the Chairman to be lost. Much excitement and confusion existed at this unexpected result. A division was immediately called, those in favor of the objects of the meeting arranging themselves on the right, and those opposed on the left, and upon a count being had, it was ascertained that there were fifty-two in favor of receiving the report of the committee and fifty against it; at least this was the count as declared by Gray and LeBreton, who exercised the important privilege of tellers on this memorable occasion. A shout of triumph on part of American settlers, led off by Joe Meek, carried dismay into the ranks of their opponents. The greater part of them left the meeting and returned to their homes, taking no further part in the proceedings of the day.

The meeting then took up the report of the committee and adopted it article by article, thereby authorizing the following officers to be elected:

A Supreme Judge, with probate powers; a Clerk of the Court, a Sheriff, three Magistrates, three Constables, a Treasurer, a Major and three Captains.

The persons to fill these various offices were then chosen, but it was provided that they should not act in the discharge of their duties until a code of laws was made and adopted.

The most important proceedings, however, was the adoption of the committee's report, which read as follows:

"That a committee of nine persons be chosen for the purpose of drafting a code of laws for the government of this community, to be presented to a public meeting to be hereafter called by them on the fifth day of July next for their acceptance."

In this important resolution lay the germ of the future Provisional Government of Oregon.

This committee, known in the early history of the Territory as the Legislative Committee, was chosen by ballot, and as more responsible duties developed upon the gentlemen composing it than had been given to any other committee by the people of Oregon, I give their names in full. They were:

David Hill, Robert Shortess, Robert Newell, Alanson Beers, Thomas J. Hubbard, Wm. H. Gray, Thomas A. O'Neil, Robert Moore and William P. Dougherty.

The meeting adopted some further resolutions to the effect:

That the Legislative Committee be required to make their report on the fifth day of July next, at Champoege.

That the services of the Legislative Committee be paid for at \$1 25 per day, and that the money be raised by subscription, and

That the Legislative Committee should not sit more than six days.

On the 16th of May, two weeks after the time they were chosen, the Legislative Committee entered upon the discharge of the important duties imposed upon them by the people, and in six days, the time allotted to them, their work was done and ready to be submitted to the citizens at the public meeting to be held at Champoege. And for their labors they charged nothing.

Again, as the Oregon archives show, the inhabitants of the Territory met on the 5th day of July, 1843, pursuant to adjournment, to hear the report of the Legislative Committee.

That report was presented by Mr. Robert Moore, the Chairman, read article by article, and discussed by the people, and with some slight amendments, the whole of it was adopted and become the organic law of Oregon Territory. And thus, within five months and three days after the first meeting at Mr. Gray's house, the Provisional Government became an established fact.

The organic law thus adopted divided the Territory into four districts, and authorized the election of all officers, civil and military, to be elected by the qualified electors on the second Tuesday in May, 1844, and on the same day annually thereafter.

It provided that every free male descendent of a white man, of the age of twenty-one years and upwards, then residing in the Territory, or who should thereafter become a resident for six months, should be a voter.

The executive power was vested in a committee of three persons, to be elected annually.

The legislative power was vested in one body composed of nine persons, to be chosen annually by the qualified electors.

The judicial power was vested in a Supreme Court consisting of a Supreme Judge and two Justices of the Peace, a Probate Judge and Justices of the Peace.

A Treasurer was authorized to be elected, who should receive all sums of

money or orders which might be subscribed by the people for defraying the expenses of the government.

It provided a military code, and the manner in which the militia should be organized. And, what was of the greatest importance to the settlers, it provided for the occupation of the public lands.

It declared that no individual should be allowed to hold a claim of more than one mile square, or 640 acres, in a square or oblong form, according to the natural situation of the premises ; and that no individual should be allowed to hold more than one claim at the same time.

And finally it adopted for the government of the people certain enumerated laws of Iowa, passed by the Legislative Assembly of that Territory in 1838-9. These, thus briefly stated, were the salient features of the new government adopted by the people on the 5th day of July, 1843.

To carry into effect these laws, the people then assembled elected the Executive Committee for the ensuing year. The gentlemen composing it were David Hill, Alanson Beers and Joseph Gale. A. E. Wilson had been chosen Supreme Judge; G. W. LeBreton, Clerk; Joseph L. Meek, Sheriff, and W. H. Wilson, Treasurer.

And now on the 5th day of July, 1843, Civil Government was first organized, and went into successful operation in the Territory of Oregon.

On the second Tuesday of May, 1844, the first election was held under the organic law of Oregon Territory. William J. Bailey, Osborn Russell and Peter G. Stewart were elected the Executive Committee. The Legislative Committee then chosen consisted of the following gentlemen: From Tuality district, Peter H. Burnett, David Hill, M. M. McCarver and Matthias Gilmore; from Clackamas district, A. L. Lovejoy; from Champoege district, Daniel Waldo, Thomas D. Keizer and Robert Newell.

On the 18th day of June following their election, the Legislative Committee convened at the Willamette Falls, and was organized by the election of M. M. McCarver as speaker.

The legislation, during this year, was chiefly of a local nature such as pertained to the wants of the community, and it is unnecessary to refer specially to the business which was transacted during the session.

On the 24th of June, 1845, the second Legislative Committee convened at Oregon City, and was composed of the following members: From Clackamas county, H. A. G. Lee, W. H. Gray and Hiram Straight; from Champoege county, Robert Newell, J. M. Garrison, M. G. Foisy and Barton Lee; from Yamhill county, Jesse Applegate; from Taulity county, M. M. McCarver, J. W.

Smith and David Hill; from Clatsop county, John McClure. It was organized by the election of M. M. McCarver, speaker.

The Legislative Committee during this session was chiefly occupied in the preparation of an amended organic law to be submitted to the people of the territory for their adoption. This measure had been strongly recommended by Messrs. Russell and Stewart of the Executive Committee, at the preceding session, and owing to the great increase in the population since the adoption of the first organic law on the 5th of July, 1843, and the increased wealth and ability to maintain the government, seemed to require that its powers should be enlarged.

A committee, or rather a sub-committee, consisting of Messrs. Lee, Newell, Applegate, Smith and McClure was appointed to prepare the amended organic law. This was done chiefly by Jesse Applegate, reported to the committee and unanimously adopted on the 2d of July, and submitted to the people to be voted upon, on the 26th of July, 1845.

On that day it was adopted by a majority of 203 votes, and thus became the organic laws of the territory, and remained such until the Provisional Government was superseded by the Territorial Government established by the United States.

So well known to all, are the provisions of the organic law adopted on the 26th of July, 1845, and information concerning it is so easily to be obtained that I deem it unnecessary to say more than this—that the powers, duties and responsibilities of the legislative, executive and judicial department of the Provisional Government were more clearly and orderly set forth than in the organic law, adopted on the 5th of July, 1843. I may add, however, that one of the principal changes made was that which vested the executive power in one person instead of three, and fixing his term of office at two years.

I know it is wearisome to an audience to listen to the dry details of legislation, and yet I have thought it proper, even though considered irksome, to give the names and transactions of those who organized the Provisional Government in 1843, and those who remodeled that government in 1845. They were the great lawgivers who established civil government in Oregon, when our National Government neglected to provide for the welfare and safety of the people. It is for this they deserve honorable mention, that their names may not be forgotten by the pioneers.

Hereafter I shall not refer specially to the legislative proceedings of the Provisional Government, nor to the names of those who were actors in it.

I will state, however, that after the organic law was amended or remodeled, in 1845, George Abernethy was elected Governor by the people in 1846, and

re-elected in 1848, and remained such until the Provisional Government ceased to exist. He administered the affairs of the Provisional Government during the time he was in office faithfully and well, and died in the city of Portland on the third day of May, 1877, beloved and respected by the entire community in which he lived so long.

The establishment of civil government by the American settlers in Oregon, and the great increase of population from the Western States which followed, virtually settled the question of our right to the country, and won back for the United States the title to the undisputed territory, which their diplomacy with England had well nigh lost. The attention of the whole people of the United States was now directed to the little republic which the American pioneers had established on the shores of the Pacific, and which was prosperous, contented and happy. No one of our public men now thought of surrendering this community to the control of Great Britain. A great political party, at its national convention held in Baltimore, declared our title to Oregon to be clear and unquestioned, and under the battle cry of "fifty-four, forty or fight," achieved a victory, the result of which was of far-reaching importance to the settlers of Oregon.

The brilliant and eventful administration of James K. Polk came into power on the 4th of March, 1845, and soon afterwards the President in a message to Congress, called the attention of that body to the condition of affairs in Oregon, and recommended that notice be given to the British government of the desire of the United States to terminate the treaty of joint occupation. That lethargy and indifference which had hitherto prevailed in Congress in regard to its duty of extending the jurisdiction and laws of the United States over the settlers here, was gone. Protracted discussions in both branches followed the presentation of the President's message, and at length he was authorized by Congress to give the necessary notice to Great Britain to terminate the treaty of 1818 under which the Oregon territory was jointly occupied by both powers. The notice was given, and negotiations were then commenced at Washington by the representatives of the two governments, which eventually resulted in making the treaty of June 15, 1846, whereby the long disputed question of joint occupation was settled at last. The boundary line thus established was the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude. Mr. Benton in a speech delivered in the Senate upon the ratification of this treaty, stated that :

"It is a marvellously proper line. * * * Mr. Jefferson offered this line in 1807; Mr. Monroe made the same offer in 1818, and again in 1824; Mr. Adams offered it in 1826; Mr. Tyler in 1842 and Mr. Polk in 1845."

How comes it that the boundary line which our government had so repeatedly

offered, and which has been as often rejected, was acceded to at last? The true solution is this: The occupation of the country by the American settlers, and the establishment of a permanent civil government by them, was far more powerful and effective than all our diplomacy had been.

The treaty had been concluded amid the excitements of war. Gen. Taylor's army had crossed the Rio Grande a few days before, and very naturally the attention of Congress was wholly given to the subject of raising and equipping armies to be sent to Mexico, and to the prosecution of the war to a successful close. This, doubtless, is the reason why Congress did not extend the laws of the United States over Oregon, until two years after the treaty was made. Nor was there any just cause to complain that the people here were then treated with neglect. Congressmen well knew that we had a government of our own choice, and could wait until the country was at peace. And yet the people here were anxious that Congress should pass an act extending a Territorial Government over them because of threatened troubles with the Indians in Eastern Oregon. In the spring of 1847, Dr. Whitman had been in the Willamette valley and expressed anxiety concerning his own situation and that of his family, at Wailatpu, in their defenseless condition. It was his desire that some prominent and influential citizen should be sent by the authorities of the Provisional Government to Washington, to make known to the President and Congress, the exposed condition of our people, and ask for the necessary legislation to protect them from threatened danger. And it was owing to these representations of Dr. Whitman, that Governor Abernethy suggested the propriety of Hon. J. Quinn Thornton, then Judge of the Supreme Court of the Provisional Government, going to Washington for that purpose. Accordingly, in the fall of that year, Judge Thornton resigned his office, and with a letter from Governor Abernethy to President Polk, started on a long and somewhat eventful voyage around Cape Horn, and landed in Boston on the 2d of May, 1848, and at once proceeded to Washington to enter upon his duties, not as a delegate from Oregon to Congress, but rather in the capacity of an ambassador from the little republic of the Provisional Government, to the National Government at Washington.

Through the kindly influence of the President and leading Senators and Representatives, Judge Thornton was enabled to do as much for the people as if he had been an accredited Delegate on the floor of the House of Representatives. Suffice it to say, that on the 14th day of August, 1848, Congress passed the Act creating the Territorial Government of Oregon, which fully extended the jurisdiction and laws of the United States over the territory. One of the provisions of the Act was, that it recognized the validity of the Provisional Government and the laws passed by it, and declared that they should remain in

force until altered or repealed; and the officers of the government were authorized to exercise and perform the duties of their respective offices until their successors should be elected and qualified.

Judge Thornton also prepared a bill granting donations of lands to settlers in Oregon, which was substantially the same as that which, two years afterwards, was passed and known as the Donation Land Law, excepting that it did not contain the 11th section of the Act of September 27, 1850. This bill, owing to the want of time, failed to become a law.

It is necessary now to revert to events transpiring in Oregon. The Provisional Government which had been tried in times of peace, and not been found wanting, was now to be tried by the severe ordeal of war. The dangers apprehended by Dr. Whitman in the spring, while he was in this valley, were, alas! too well founded. He and his family, and a number of others at Wailaptu, were murdered in cold blood by the Indians, to whom he had always been a benefactor and friend. The massacre took place on the 29th of November, 1847, and the sad intelligence was received in Oregon City while the Legislative Assembly was in session. The Governor and Legislature at once took steps to send an armed force of volunteers to punish the murderers, and in thirteen days after the information was received, the little army was on its way to chastise the Indians. After a march of more than three hundred miles, in mid winter, it met, fought and subdued the hostile tribe, and restored peace to the settlement.

The administration of President Polk was now approaching its close. Great events had crowded each other throughout its course. Mexico was conquered by the brilliant achievements of our armies. A treaty of peace had been made by which California, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado and Utah had been added to our national domain. The title to Oregon had been settled, and a territorial government extended over it. A gallant soldier of that war had been appointed by the President to be its first Territorial Governor, and it was his desire that General Lane should organize the government during his own administration.

The Provisional Government was now near its end. The purposes for which it had been organized, and the time of its duration, are set forth in its preamble in these words:

We, the people of Oregon Territory, for purposes of mutual protection, and to secure peace and prosperity among ourselves, agree to adopt the following laws and regulations until such time as the United States of America extend their jurisdiction over us."

For more than five years it had exercised its powers for the public good. It

had secured peace and prosperity among the people. During its existence it had constructed public roads, bridges and ferries; it had organized counties; it had regulated and defined the extent of land claims; it had established post-offices; it had authorized the coinage of money, and regulated the value thereof; it had levied war and concluded peace; it had made treaties with Indian tribes, and, in fact, had done nearly all acts and things that an independent State may of right do. All these things the Provisional Government of Oregon had done by its own unaided power, and without any expense whatever to the National Government. It fulfilled its own legend—*Alis volat propriis*. And on the 3d day of March, 1849, Governor Abernethy, after an honest and faithful administration, turned over its records and archives to Governor Lane, and the Provisional Government of Oregon ceased to be

Is it any wonder then that the early pioneers look back upon the government which they had organized with feelings of pride and affectionate regard?

I have stated that Judge Thornton, while in Washington, in 1848, had prepared a bill which had been presented to the House of Representatives, granting donations of the public lands to the settlers in Oregon. The bill failed to become a law at that session of Congress, not from any opposition to its merits, but simply for want of time to enact it. Indeed, it seems to have been always conceded by members of Congress, from the time Senator Linn introduced his bills for that purpose down to the time the law was enacted, that the settlers who did so much towards securing our title to the country, should be entitled to donations of the land, which, by their settlements, they had earned.

When the Provisional Government was organized, on the 5th day of July, 1843, it provided that any person taking a land claim, should be allowed to hold a tract "of 640 acres, in a square or oblong form according to the natural situation of the premises." By this law the claim could be taken without the boundaries running north and south, east and west. When the organic law was remodeled, in 1845, it provided that thereafter the boundary lines of all land claims should conform, as near as may be, to the cardinal points. So, when looking upon the maps, we see a square or oblong donation land claim containing 640 acres, with boundaries which do not run according to the cardinal points, but as the claimant chose to establish them, we know that such claim was taken before July 5, 1845. The claims so located mark the homes of the earliest pioneers.

Hon. Samuel R. Thurston was the first delegate to Congress, elected after the Territorial government law was passed, and procured the passage of that just and beneficent act, known as the "Oregon donation land law," which was approved on the 27th day of September, 1850.

It recognized the settlements made under the law of the Provisional Government, and permitted the boundaries of claims to remain just as were originally taken by the claimants.

One of the most equitable provisions of the Donation Law was, that Congress, in making grants of lands to settlers, made no distinction between husband and wife, man and woman, where such settlers were residents of Oregon, or should become such on or before the first of December, 1850. Many words of commendation have been spoken of the men who were pioneers of Oregon, but all too little has been said in praise of the pioneer women, who shared with their husbands, all the toils and hardships, all the privations and dangers, all the sufferings and sorrows, of that dreary two thousand miles' journey from their old homes to their new ones here. And when that journey was over at last, the hard life of the pioneer women had only begun. Living with their husbands and children, in their rude log cabins, far away from the society of kindred and friends, the poor women's daily toil went on for years, with but few of the necessities and none of the comforts of civilized life. Surely the pioneer women were as much entitled to grants of land as their husbands were.

Mr. Thurston, our first delegate in Congress, the pioneer representative of Oregon, procured the passage of the Donation Land Law, so as to give to the husband and the wife an equal share in the land which they had jointly earned. It was the first law ever enacted by Congress, which placed both sexes on a perfect equality in this respect, and marked a new era in women's rights.

And it was in this same spirit of justice and equality that the pioneers of Oregon formed the Constitution of our State, seven years after the Donation Law was passed, when they declared:

"That the property and pecuniary rights of every married woman at the time of marriage, or afterwards acquired by gift, devise or inheritance, shall not be subject to the debts or contracts of the husband."

And in all subsequent legislation by the people of Oregon, the same perceptions of right and justice towards both sexes have prevailed in regard to their property. They have been maintained in the same spirit of equality as that in which the Donation Law was passed.

And in connection with this, it may not be amiss to refer briefly to an amendment proposed to be made to the Constitution of Oregon. I mean the one to confer upon women the right of suffrage.

Whenever this right or privilege, whichever we may call it, was asserted by them it was treated with ridicule, and sometimes answered only by ribald jests.

But it has got beyond that now. Thoughtful men are seriously considering the effects it may have upon political and social affairs. In the end I believe women will obtain the right to vote at all elections. They are working with earnestness and zeal in the cause which they have at heart. They are pressing forward, not going back. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum* is their motto.

The property of women is taxed to support the government the same as the property of men, and they can claim with justice that they ought to have a voice in choosing those who impose the burden of taxation upon them.

As I said before, I believe they will succeed in the end in obtaining the right to vote at elections, and I hope they may. Surely the votes of intelligent women will not have a tendency to corrupt and degrade the right of suffrage, but to purify and exalt it rather.

I return from this digression to the subject I was considering, to the donation land law of Oregon.

Just and generous as that law was to the people of Oregon, yet there was one blot upon it. I refer to the provision contained in the 11th section of the act by which the donation claim of Dr. John McLoughlin, known as the Oregon City claim, was taken from him and placed at the disposal of the Legislative Assembly to be sold and the proceeds applied to the endowment of a university. It was an act of injustice to one of the best friends and greatest benefactors which the early immigrants ever had. I do not propose to speak of the many estimable and noble qualities of Dr. McLoughlin here. They have been dwelt upon by others who have heretofore addressed the Pioneer Association, and especially by Mr. Rees in 1879. I concur in everything he said in praise of Dr. McLoughlin.

It was my good fortune to know him well during the last six years of his life, years which were embittered by what he considered an act of ingratitude after he had done so many acts of personal kindness to the early immigrants in their time of need. That Dr. McLoughlin was unjustly treated in this matter, few, if any, will deny. And I am very sure that a large majority of the people, in Oregon, at that time, condemned the act which took away his property, and tended to becloud his fame. And yet no act was ever done by the Territorial Government to assert its right to the Oregon City claim during the life of Dr. McLoughlin; and in 1862, five years after his death, the State of Oregon confirmed the title to his devises upon the payment of the merely nominal consideration of \$1,000 into the university fund.

And so five years after he was laid in his grave an act of tardy justice was done at last to the memory of the grand old pioneer.

Mr. President, many of us have seen Oregon grow up from a wilderness inhabited by a feeble band of missionaries and adventurous trappers, without any laws for their protection, to be a prosperous State with all the comforts of civilized life. This prosperous commonwealth whose foundations were laid by the pioneers amid sore trials and dangers, will soon be known no more to us forever. Since the last meeting of this Association many connected with it, have dropped by the wayside never to unite with us again. Year by year our ranks are thinned, and the gray hairs and stooping forms of those who remain tell us all too plainly that our days are far spent, and that we are on the sunset declivity of life. To our children and to our children's children, we will soon leave the heritage secured to them by their fathers; and our hope is that when we go hence the names and the memory of the pioneers may not be wholly forgotten by those who come after them.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

BY HON. F. A. CHENOWETH.

After a recess of one hour, Mrs. Duniway appeared and read the Occasional Address on the emigration of 1849, prepared by Judge F. A. Chenoweth, of Corvallis, Judge Chenoweth being confined to his home by sickness:

The year 1849 was eventful as a period of intense excitement, on account of the rich discoveries of gold in California. It is true the rich deposits of gold in some parts of the State had been discovered in 1848, and the latter part of 1847; but communication at that time was slow, and little was known of California—to what country it belonged; whether its natives were hostile, or of the means of reaching that distant and unknown land—or whether the remarkable and astounding reports of the gold discoveries were true.

At first these reports were listened to like the reports of the discovery of perpetual motion, or angels' visits, or the elixir fountain. But by and by a solitary traveler from the Eldorado returned, bearing specimens of the shining ore, or samples of the gold-bearing quartz. At that time a man who had met, face to face, a live Californian, was a distinguished character; and the man whose eyes were permitted to fasten and feast upon the glittering sand, "was privileged above the common walks of life." Large prices were paid for small pinches of the glittering sand, or a peck of the auriferous rock—to be had and held a veritable messenger from the heavenly land.

All this consumed time, and it was not until late in 1848 that the richness of the gold deposits became fully and satisfactorily confirmed.

A month to six weeks was then the shortest possible time to hear from that country; as then, neither the rattling stage, the pony express, the iron horse, or the tamed, obedient lightning, were known, or believed to be among the possibilities, for communication across this desert land. The richness and extent of the gold deposits being established and confirmed, the excitement became intense throughout the United States and Canada. Then, how to reach the land of hope became the all-absorbing question. Those of the Atlantic who were

possessed of money or credit, had two chances—such as they were. One was by sea and the Isthmus of Darien; the other was “the plains across.”

The sea voyage at that time was neither certain or comfortable. All kinds of vessels were gathered up and placed on the line, and herds of men without regard to comfort or safety, drifted down the coast and were thrown upon the isthmus to scramble for transportation to the Pacific shores at fabulous prices and then run the desperate chance of some kind of conveyance to San Francisco.

All kinds of vessels except comfortable steamers were employed to transport the eager adventurers from Panama to San Francisco. Old rotten hulks were employed for the purpose, and while they could promise neither safety, comfort or speed, they made it all right by charging five times the usual price for transportation.

The other mode of travel was the land, with its accompanying annoyances—sage-brush and Indians.

The seething mass of anxious adventurers was a multitude that no man could number. This burning, insatiable desire to reach California assumed the form of an epidemic. It was not bounded by the Atlantic and western border. This yellow fever prevailed wherever humanity existed. But between them and the gold a great gulf was fixed. The frowning winter, the desolate plains; the utter want of transportation across the unknown, untried wilderness, were all that prevented men, women and children from a stampede that would have depopulated and left vacant and tenantless, the happy homes of America. The ties of home and sweet domestic bliss were now engaged in fierce and deadly conflict with the lion powers of Avarice. The old and the young, the rich and the poor all were victims of the prevailing malady.

It was now the dead of winter. No steps towards the golden sunset could be taken until the vernal zephyrs should call to life the tender vegetation. The shivering, ice bound earth must first be clothed and warmed with living coats of green.

What a fearful suspense it was to lie down at night and know that great heaps of gold were lying loose upon the plains of California, liable to be picked up by some stranger more fortunate than yourself. To think that from four to six months must elapse before you could be made happy amid the golden sands was agony untold. There was great struggling among the large numbers of respectable men of youth and health, but destitute of means, who desired to fit themselves out for the voyage. Many turns were made. The old and wealthy, the halt and the blind—those with whom migration was impossible—formed partnership with the young and impecunious. None could forego the prospect of an indefinite amount of gain. They must have a finger in the pie. To be

there in person was impossible, but to be there by representation was possible. The great thing to be accomplished was to have some one on the spot to fill up the empty sacks and carry back the precious treasure. As to finding—no one could go amiss.

The principal fruit of most of these compacts was bitter disappointment. With many no returns were ever made. Some died on the way, or perished through exposure in the mines; while others engaged in wild speculations and their substance passed off by insensible perspiration. A few clung to their property and their contracts, and made money, and did well for themselves and their patrons.

One incident to this great excitement was the great and unprecedented rise of certain property. Mules of suitable size and age were in great demand at double their usual prices. Strong, light wagons were subject to the same rule. Cows, of mature age, and well formed for traveling and giving milk, commanded fabulous prices. An idea prevailed that a large number of milk cows made the most desirable team for the plains. They were valuable for the milk they gave on the road, as well as their excellent traveling qualities.

Active preparations were kept up during the winter, and when at length winter broke, the swarming legions appeared at all the chief points of embarkation. The busy frontier teemed with life and activity. At that time the west and northwest of Iowa and Missouri were a portion of the unsettled wilderness. The wild Indian and the buffalo yet held undisputed sway. A rude flat-boat propelled by oars was all the means of crossing the Missouri river. An Indian agency and a rude mission were all there were at Omaha. Except the mountain trader, there was not a single habitation between Omaha and Oregon. However the Mormons had made a small beginning at Salt Lake, but not on the road to Oregon. Independence and Omaha were the chief starting points. Persons coming from all parts of the United States, Canada and Europe, did not consider they had started until they reached one or the other of these places.

In reaching these frontier places, the people traveled by all conceivable modes, whether by land or water. Many, according to the distance they had to make, started early, and with short and easy marches with their teams by day, and lodging at hotels or private residences at night, leisurely consuming winter, contrived to reach one or the other of these frontier places in time to start with the early spring travel, or as soon as with safety they could throw themselves upon the howling wilderness, abandon shelter and take exclusively to camp life.

Here a new life opened upon them. The wife and little ones, as well as the hardy husband, were now to live upon what was in the wagon for five or six months. The concave of heaven was their roof. But few men had tents.

Sleeping in the open air or in the wagon was the ultimatum from now on. In early spring there was more or less cold and wet weather.

These new and untried exposures put to severe test the tender forms of wife and little ones. But the greatest test of endurance was in baking in the unclouded sun during the warm days of summer, with this light shining from 5 A. M. to 7 P. M., without shrub or tree, and can only be fairly estimated by being tried.

Grass was all the animals had to subsist upon. Being worked during the day they must have an opportunity to graze at night. This required a portion of the men to stand guard to prevent the animals from straying or being stampeded by the Indians.

The comfort of fires in wet weather was out of the question. The only fuel for cooking was buffalo chips. The bards of the prairie in immortal verse have explained what buffalo chips are; and these explanations are as familiar as household words. Buffalo chips in dry weather would make sufficient heat to boil coffee and fry bacon. Wet weather brought the absence of coffee and utter want of fire, and reduced the pilgrim to a nibble at hard cracker and perhaps a drink of milk. On this meager fare the shivering crowd must quietly wait for sunny weather.

Companies of twenty to thirty wagons often organized for mutual protection and assistance, and elected a captain with subordinate officers. These organizations were often gotten up in the most elaborate manner, with laws and the most solemn compacts, attended with usual penalties. All this looked well on paper but the sad want of adhesive qualities soon became apparent. Movements were too slow for some and too fast for others. Men on the plains remembered the divine right of revolution. They also seemed to understand that successful revolution was not treason. In most instances revolts were successful, and the greater number of these organizations experienced rapid disintegration. Life upon the plains evolved some remarkable traits of character; so much so that but for the situation, those traits would have been all the same as if they had never been. Men noted for meek and quiet temper, suddenly discovered great explosive material in their composition. Ladies of pure and unmixed gentleness, became more or less noisy. Men of piety sometimes indulged in the luxury of profanity.

Perhaps no process in nature or condition of society, could do more to strip off every mask or cover of society, and make perfectly plain and transparent the real character of both men and women. It was a perfect leveler of all grades and distinctions. Ladies and gentlemen met on a common dust and alkali plain, and often recognized each other without the form of introduction or any regard for previous condition of servitude. Men of well established piety, who

always commenced the day with the song of praise to God and family prayer, had all this changed to a service in harmony with the wolf, the Indian and other wild surroundings. It would be hardly proper here to enquire whether this new surrounding made men worse, or whether it simply brought to view the real inwardness of the man.

One great lesson that ought not to be lost was effectually taught upon the plains. It taught how very few and simple are the real wants of life. Most persons started with many articles not at all necessary to support life; and the deep study soon became, not what we *have* or what we can *get*, but what can we do without? The severe toil of loaded teams, and labor of taking care of a large amount of property not absolutely necessary, began to have relief by throwing away this or that article so carefully stored for an emergency. These abandoned articles became more common as you got far out on the plains. Boxes of clothing, bacon, tool-chests, many things of great value, and often extra wagons were left by the wayside, and with the actual necessities of life and the two teams hitched on to one wagon—when they had two—the resolute emigrant could make better time with less labor and exhaustion to both man and beast. The most important question on the plains was the question of endurance.

This applied with great force to man and beast. There were many examples of heroic endurance among the women of 1849.

Women often walked and drove stock and teams during the day, after cooking breakfast and caring for children at all hours of the night and day; arising at 4 o'clock in the morning and retiring—if at all—when all the work was done and all others were gone to rest. From these ever-faithful mothers very few complaints were heard.

This mode of life lasted from early spring until late in the autumn, and often ended in the deep snows of winter.

But the incidents of hardship which I have noticed were the merest trifles compared to the terrible calamity that marked with sadness and trailed in deep desolation over that ill-fated emigration.

Very soon after the assembled throng took up its march over the plains the terrible wave of cholera struck them in a way to carry the utmost terror and dismay into all parts of the moving mass.

The number of the fatally-stricken after the smoke and dust were cleared away was not numerically so frightful as appeared to those who were in the midst of it. But the name of *cholera* in a multitude—unorganized and unnumbered—is like a leak in the bottom of a ship whose decks are thronged with passengers. The disturbed waters of the ocean, the angry elements of Nature, when aroused to fury, are but faint illustrations of the terror-stricken

mass of humanity, when in their midst are falling with great rapidity their comrades—the strong, the young and the old—the strength and vigor of youth melting away before an unseen foe. All this filled our ranks with the utmost terror and gloom. This terrible malady seemed to spend its most deadly force on the flat prairie east of and about Fort Laramie.

One of the appalling effects of this disease was to cause the most devoted friends to desert, in case of attack, the fallen one. Many a stout and powerful man fought the last battle alone upon the prairie. When the rough hand of the cholera was laid upon families they rarely had either the assistance or the sympathy of their neighbors or traveling companions.

There was one feature mixed with all this terror that afforded some degree of relief, and that was that there was no case of lingering suffering. When attacked, a single day ordinarily ended the strife in death or recovery.

A vast amount of wagons, with beds and blankets, were left by the roadside, whom no man, not even an Indian, would approach or touch through fear of the unknown, unseen destroyer.

While there were sad instances or comrades deserting comrades in this hour of extreme trial, I cannot pass this point of my story without stating that there were many instances of heroic devotion to the sick, when such attention was regarded as almost equivalent to the offering up of the well and healthy for the mere hope of saving the sick and dying.

The State of Oregon is indebted to the scourge of cholera for a diversion of a considerable portion of the emigrants of 1849 from the California road to that of the trail to Oregon. It was only in the dense crowd that this disease appeared to find food for subsistence.

Altogether the number that came to Oregon overland was not large.

That year the rifle regiment under Col. Loring came to Oregon across the plains.

Hon. M. P. Deady came with the troops that year. He was then a young man unknown to politics or official position. As to how he has grown with Oregon's growth, and strengthened with her strength, you are all perfectly familiar.

There was quite an immigration that fall and winter from California. Miners flush with gold and famishing for fresh vegetable food, made our little villages active.

Oregon City was then the chief town of importance, though there was talk of a town on the west bank of the Willamette among the brush where Portland now stands.

Many old residents of the Willamette Valley returned that year from Cal-

ifornia, most of whom with gold as the reward of their enterprise, and the price of leaving their homes in this valley for the allurements of the mines.

At that time the troops occupied Oregon City and made it look more like a military camp than a city of civilians. A portion of troops also occupied Fort Vancouver.

General Joseph Lane, the Marion of the Mexican war, was then Governor of the territory of Oregon.

At that time money was plenty. Goods of most kind were brought in by ships from the East, and indeed from all ports of the world. The few farmers that had got their places under way could fix their own prices. Hogs, beef cattle and poultry were worth what people asked for them.

It was here, commencing with 1849 and ending with 1856, that *flush times* and high prices begot such *extravagance* and *sloth* in many of the people then residents in Oregon, and those that came about that time, that led to their future ruin and bankruptcy.

For fear of tiresome prolixity, I have passed over many incidents of deep and thrilling interest, a tithe of which cannot be told in a lecture. Suffice it to say that from various causes I arrived in Oregon late, in company with some thirty employes of the government, connected with the Quartermaster's Department. We arrived at the Grand Ronde late in November, with some fifteen wagons, and good, strong and powerful oxen and horses. While in the valley the snow fell to the depth of three feet, and on the Blue mountains it was five feet deep. The road over the mountains, which at that time was difficult in good weather, was now utterly impassable with wagons. Our only alternative was to leave wagons, teams and other property, and make our way across on foot, which we did; abandoning our boots and using moccasins, which were much better for walking in the snow. Those wagons, oxen and horses "went to that home whence no ox or horse ever returns."

After three days hard toiling through snow, we reached the camp of the chief band of Cayuse Indians. They received us kindly; warmed us by their fires; fed us with dried meats and berries; lodged us in their wigwams and hired us their fleet horses to ride to The Dalles.

We hurried forward expecting to descend the Columbia river in canoes. But the river became closed by ice before we arrived, and we were detained about twenty days at the Dalles until a Chinook wind cleared the river about the 20th of December.

There was nothing at The Dalles but the deserted mission building that had stood tenantless from the time of the murder of Dr. Whitman and party, where we took shelter.

A mile below was the Catholic mission occupied by Bishop Blanchet and Father Rosseau.

On learning that we were there, these Fathers brought their fat oxen and made us welcome to plenty of good beef as long as we stayed. We all had more or less money, and could have paid for these animals, but the good Bishop refused to accept a cent, saying that the animals were not for sale, and that money would not buy them; that they were there to serve God by doing good to his needy children. Of course we felt more gratitude than words can express. I afterwards formed quite an extended acquaintance with the Bishop, and found that such acts were the spontaneous outgrowth of his large heart and manly soul.

ADDRESS.

BY MRS. A. S. DUNIWAY.

At the conclusion of Judge Chenoweth's address, Mrs. Duniway said that as permission had been kindly granted by the President, she would now attempt to represent the pioneer women of Oregon, a duty accepted the more cheerfully because she had already demonstrated the fact in reading Judge Chenoweth's address that a woman could sometimes represent a man. She proceeded as follows:

Mr. President: I have here a copy of the "Transactions of the Ninth Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association," published last year, in which I find the following testimonial from the pen of Hon. Jesse Applegate to the memory of his faithful wife, who came with him to Oregon among the first of the pioneer women who crossed the plains in wagons, and who died in April, 1881. Mr. Applegate says: "She was a safe counsellor, for her untaught instincts were truer and safer rules of conduct than my better informed judgment. Had I oftener followed her advice, her pilgrimage on earth might have been longer and happier; at least, her strong desire to make all happy around her, would not have been cramped by extreme penury."

Mr. President, we see before us the serried ranks of women who survive Cynthia Applegate, who, like her, have bravely fought the pioneer battle of life; who, unlike her and many others, as noble and self sacrificing as she and they, yet live to bear their part of life's burdens—some of whom survive their lamented husbands and are left to

"Walk the road of life alone."

I was glad, when in concluding his able and elaborate address, the distinguished ex-Senator who preceded me made favorable mention of the progress already made in Oregon, in relation to the recognition of the equal rights of women, and I deem it most appropriate to supplement his timely words of encouragement with a woman's feeble words of exhortation.

Think, gentlemen, of the many pioneer women of Oregon, who like Mrs. Ap-

plegate, have gone down to their graves in deep penury, "whose untaught instincts were truer and safer rules of conduct than the better informed judgments of men." It was a tardy recognition of a noble woman's worth that brought forth the deep wail of regret that I have quoted. But no tongue or pen can depict the hopeless anguish that wrung the heart of the bereaved husband who frankly confessed, in his hour of desolation, that "her life might have been longer and happier" if she had always been equally free and independent with himself. There was, there is, no kindler, manlier man than Jesse Applegate; and if, with his great scul and manly goodness of heart, he has been so unjust to the best and dearest friend God ever gives to man, what shall we say of the lives of many—alas, how many—other women, with husbands less noble than he, whose toil has brought them no recompense, very little appreciation and far less of liberty?

The distinguished gentleman who preceded me, alluded briefly to the memory of Samuel R. Thurston, Oregon Territory's first Representative in Congress, who succeeded in securing the passage of the Donation Land Act in the year 1850, thereby placing this commonwealth on record as the very first in all our proud confederacy to recognize the inalienable right of woman to ownership in fee simple of other lands than those that might or might not have been bequeathed to her before marriage by gift, devise or inheritance.

The Oregon pioneers were a noble race of freemen. The spirit of enterprise that impelled them to seek these shores was a bold and free spirit; and the patient heroism of the women who accompanied them was an example as inspiring as salutary. There are lessons of liberty in the rock-ribbed mountains that pierce our blue horizon with their snow-crowned heads and laugh to scorn the warring elements of the earth and air; lessons of freedom in the broad prairies that roll away into illimitable distances; in the gigantic forests that rear their hydra heads to the very zenith and touch the horizon with extended arms; lessons of truth, equality and justice in the very air we breathe, and lessons of irresistible progress in the mighty waters that surge with irresistible power through the overshadowing bluffs where rolls the Oregon.

It is not strange that noble men living in such a country should have early learned to preach and practice the grand gospel of equal rights. And when the full history of the Oregon pioneers shall take its proper place among proud annals of the nation, the fact that equal property rights for women were among the very first of its recorded statutes while it was yet a Territory, will be recognized in its true significance.

Men of Oregon, the fact that you have taken the lead in the past in recognizing woman's equal claim with yourselves to a share in the landed domain of the

commonwealth, coupled with the significant truth that you have already granted your wives and mothers partial political recognition through legislative assemblies, emboldens us to hope, and encourages us to believe that you will go yet further; that you will not stop short of the final recognition of our free and equal right with yourselves to a full voice in the government which we are taxed to maintain and to whose laws we are held amenable. We know the incoming Legislature will proudly ratify our proposed amendment to the State Constitution. Thoughtful, intelligent men everywhere admit that our cause is just; and no man with brains enough to vote at all will deny that women will be enfranchised. But we do not forget that, after the Legislature has for the second time spoken—after the picked men of all parties have carried our work as far as they can constitutionally go, it will then be submitted, not to the *people*—would to God it might be—but to one-half of the people, to the voters of Oregon, by whose fiat the wives and the mothers of the men of Oregon must stand or fall. We are not afraid of the votes of wise men, moral men, intelligent, liberty-loving, progressive men; but we know, alas! that every ignorant, vicious, drunken, law-breaking or tyrannical man has a vote which counts at the polls as surely as the vote of a thinker, statesman and philanthropist. Women cannot reach the prejudiced, ignorant and vicious voting elements to educate and enlighten them. Such men consider themselves *superior* to these Oregon pioneers—these wives and mothers of orderly and law-abiding citizens—and we must look to the leading men of the State, like those around me, for protection from the proscriptive ballots of the lawless, ignorant and wicked hordes who presume to dictate our destiny.

Gentlemen, did you ever know a wife-beater who was a woman suffragist? Did you ever see a man who is inferior to his wife in intellect who believed that wife ought to vote? Every besotted and degraded man, every ignoramus who will sell his vote for a drink of whisky or a two-and-a-half piece; every tramp and every fugitive from justice will vote against woman suffrage every time.

But the women of Oregon have faith in the enlightened manhood of this proud young State. We believe you all echo the sentiments expressed by my friend, Senator Kelly, and that you will make the movement for woman's full and free enfranchisement so popular that it will be able to stem the current of opposition, and thus place Oregon in the lead in the great galaxy of States that will gladly follow her grand example.

A word now to the ladies present. I am told that a few of you may yet be found who say you have "all the rights you want." I know what you say that for. You don't believe it; but you foolishly fancy that men will applaud you for it. I don't blame you for liking men, and honorably coveting their good

opinion. I like men myself—much better than I like women. But, let me tell you that while it may tickle their vanity—and they are just a trifle vain—to hear you make such silly speeches, they will say of you, when your backs are turned, “What a pity Miss or Mrs. So-and-so is not as intelligent as Mrs. Such-and such, who wants to vote!” Let me tell you further, ladies, that every one of you who strives to hinder your own enfranchisement by such ridiculous insincerity of speech, will attempt to be among the very first at the ballot-box as soon as the gates that lead to the temple of liberty are opened wide for you by the grand good men who pity, even if they praise, your lack of patriotism. I have seen this experiment tried. I saw how it worked at our last school election in Portland, when many scores of ladies voted eagerly and gladly, not one in ten of whom had ever thanked—and most of them had censured—your humble speaker for knocking that the gates might be opened unto them. Ladies, if there be those among you who have made that silly declaration sometimes, you won't make it again, will you?

In conclusion, men of Oregon, who have so patiently heeded my earnest utterance, let me exhort you to be vigilant in our cause. We trust you, we confide in you, we depend upon you to grant us the great boon of political representation under the laws of a country at whose tribunals we are tried, to whose governmental expenses we pay tribute. Surely you are not afraid to trust the mothers, wives and daughters of the pioneers with the same boon of liberty that you so highly prize for yourselves? Would a wife like Cynthia Applegate abuse the ballot? Have we not always been your best friends? Grant us equal rights with you before the law, good men and brethren, and we will do you good and and not evil, all the days of our lives.

Thanking you, Mr. President, for the honor conferred upon the pioneer women of Oregon, in thus permitting our plea to be heard, I bow and subside, possessed of an abiding faith in the near approach of the good time coming, when the women of Oregon will become, as they of right ought now to be, free and independent.

In the evening, the camp fire was lighted, around which gathered those who crossed the plains in an early day and founded our present flourishing State. Many incidents of the days gone by were told, and much enjoyed by the old, gray-haired founders of Oregon.

The exercises were pleasantly concluded with a grand ball at the pavilion, which was largely attended. The music, by Varney and Bray's string band, was excellent.

HISTORICAL LETTER.

BY HON. J. QUINN THORNTON, LL. D., D. C. L.

BEING A COPY OF A LETTER IN REPLY TO ONE FROM REV. GEO. H. ATKINSON, D. D.

SALEM, March 31, 1882.

Rev. Geo. H. Atkinson, D. D.:

DEAR SIR: In compliance with your request as made in your letter just received, I write to you, giving the facts which enter into the history of my connection with the Act of Congress of August 14, 1848, for organizing a Territorial Government in Oregon, and especially those facts which relate to the provision contained in the 20th Section of that law, by which Congress appropriates the sixteenth and thirty-sixth section of each township of the public lands for the support of "schools in said Territory, and in the States and Territories hereafter to be created out of the same."

The information for which you ask I will impart as far as I am able to do so; and yet my efforts in this direction will be embarrassed by several circumstances. Among these as especially potential, is the fact that being sent to Washington by the Provisional Government of Oregon, I did not stand in such official relations to Congress as gave me a place in the House of Representatives with the right to either propose measures or to even speak upon the subject of such as might be introduced by others. I was therefore constrained to act through others on all subjects upon which I desired Congressional action. Hence, my name never appears except as a memorialist, May 20th, 1848, (Congressional Globe, p. 1030.) This was offered by Mr. Benton, and ordered to lie on the table and be printed. This memorial is herewith sent and may be considered a part of this letter, since it contains official evidence on the main questions to which you desire answers.

Another memorial of mine, much later in the session, was offered by Mr. Douglas, and was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs. But this not being important to the object you have in your mind, will receive no further attention.

Another circumstance which embarrasses me in an attempt to furnish you

the information you seek, is the burning of my office in Oregon City, November 19, 1851, which destroyed, as I then thought, all my memoranda made while in Washington City. In consequence of this fire, I have been compelled, until a recent period, to rely upon my memory only as to very many facts possessing an historical value, when I either wrote or spoke upon any subject pertaining to my mission to Washington. This betrayed me into the error of saying that I prepared the bill which afterward became a law for organizing a Territorial Government in Oregon. But on the occasion of removing my library, papers and office furniture into another place, my attention was drawn to an old box of papers that had evidently come together in haste, and had settled down among things which had never been neighbors before. With these I found the copy of a letter written at Washington in which I said among other things that I had prepared a memorial to Congress, which had been presented by Mr. Benton, May 25th, and that it had been ordered to lie upon the table and be printed. That I had also prepared a bill for organizing a Territorial Government, and another for granting lands to actual settlers. But that on further reflection it was deemed best to seek to so amend the bills already pending as to incorporate into them whatever there was in my bills that had not been provided for in the bills which, being then on the calendar, would be reached sooner than any which might be introduced later in the session.

Soon after my memory was refreshed in the manner I have indicated, I addressed a letter to H. H. Gilfrey, Esq., at Washington, desiring him to send to me such official documents as would enable me to correct any errors into which the loss of my papers had led me when speaking of events that had happened more than thirty-three years ago. But he was not able to obtain any thing except the accompanying memorial. By means of this and of the 18th volume of the Congressional Globe, which after months of inquiry I found in the Odd Fellows' library in this place, I believe that I can accurately state the prominent facts which enter into the history of my connection with the law in question, and especially that part of it which gives the thirty-sixth section in addition to the sixteenth, of each township of th^e public land for the support of common schools.

But I must premise here that the Congressional Globe, to which I shall have occasion to refer, is the 18th volume; and that when a day of the month shall be named by me the year will be 1848.

At page 789 of the Globe is the following under date of May 25th, in the Senate:

"Mr. Benton presented a petition from J. Quinn Thornton praying for the

establishment of a Provisional Government in the Territory of Oregon."

"Mr. Benton said that this petition contained matter of much interest, and he would therefore move that it be presented, which motion was agreed to."

By turning to page 11 of this memorial (found in volume of Senate Documents, 1st session 30th Congress,) is the following, under head of

"GROUNDS FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES":

"Your memorialist humbly prays that your honorable body would make suitable provision for educational purposes by setting apart for that object the sixteenth and thirty-sixth sections of each township."

Immediately after my arrival in Washington, I very fully communicated to prominent members of Congress my opinions on the various subjects upon which it was my intention to seek Congressional legislation. Among the gentlemen whose influence I thus sought to win over to the side of my general policy, and to whom I communicated my desire that the previously mentioned sections of land be reserved for the purpose of being applied to schools, was Mr. Rockwell, of Connecticut. He expressed a doubt whether Congress would do more than grant the sixteenth section, as already provided for in the bill then pending in the House; and he further expressed the opinion that this would be granted because such had been the policy when providing for the organization of territorial governments. I reminded him that a bill was then pending in the House of Representatives for admitting Wisconsin into the Union, and at length prevailed upon him to propose such an amendment to the bill as would serve to bring clearly into view the sense of the House upon the principle of the provision I desired to have incorporated into the Oregon bill. To this end, I suggested that he seek to have the Wisconsin bill so amended as to set apart the thirty-sixth section of the public lands for the support of public schools. I did this because I believed that the Wisconsin bill so amended would be a precedent that would probably exercise a controlling influence in getting the Oregon bill amended as I desired.

In pursuance of my suggestion, Mr. Rockwell moved, May 10th, to amend the Wisconsin bill by adding to one of the sections the following:

"In addition to the land hereby appropriated, sections numbered thirty-six in each township of the public lands of the United States in said State be and the same is hereby appropriated in support of common schools."
[Globe, p. 753.]

By the Enabling Act of August 6, 1846, the sixteenth section of each township of the public lands had been so appropriated. Mr. Vinton

opposed it because it was, as he affirmed unequal, and would not be satisfactory to the States that had received only the sixteenth section for educational purposes, as had already been granted to Wisconsin by the said "Enabling Act."

"Why," Mr. Vinton asked, "make this provision for Wisconsin and deny the same to Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and other States?"

"Mr. Thompson, of Mississippi, then objected to the proposed amendment as irrelevant and therefore out of order."

"The chair sustained the objection."

Mr. Rockwell appealed from the decision of the Chair, but it was sustained by the House. [Globe, p. 753.]

I desire to call your attention to the very important and significant fact that at the time (May 10th, 1848), at which Mr. Rockwell proposed to amend the Wisconsin bill in the manner I have indicated [Globe, p. 749] he said that the new States had gotten no more than *one* section in each township for educational purposes.

"He thought all our new States ought to have larger grants toward this object than they enjoyed under our present land system." "In the Oregon Bill" [then pending in the House] "*one* section out of each township had been set apart to this use." [Globe, 749.]

The italicising of this word "one" is my own, and is so emphasized because this word conclusively proves that on the 10th May, 1848, the Oregon bill, as reported to the House by Hon. Caleb Smith, Chairman of the Committee on Territories, provided for giving no more than the sixteenth section as had been continuously done from the time at which the late Nathan Dane, LL. D., had succeeded in getting Congress to establish the policy of setting apart the sixteenth section of each township for the support of schools.

As we passed out of the Hall of Representatives, Mr. Rockwell said to me that the spirit of hostility which had been manifested (and which the report of the Globe only imperfectly shows) had not surprised him; and he repeated his expression of the opinion that I would fail to get the Oregon bill so amended as to set apart two sections in each township of the public lands for schools, instead of *one* as already provided for in the Oregon bill. But I replied that I was not discouraged by the result of the late effort to amend the Wisconsin bill, and that I hoped to win over Mr. Vinton before the Oregon bill would come to a vote.

On the first of August, the House, on the motion of Mr. Smith, of Indiana, resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, and resumed consideration of the bill to establish the Territorial Government of Oregon. [Globe, 1017.]

In the second column of page 1,020 it appears that;

"Several verbal amendments were moved and agreed to."

In the third column of the same page it appears that:

"Verbal amendments were also made to the 16th and 11th and 12th sections at the suggestion of various gentlemen."

Again: "Certain verbal amendments to the section were proposed by Mr. Mullin, some of which were agreed to and others rejected."

Such verbal amendments were not infrequently made and reported in this general way; and on this occasion, as on like occasions on other bills, it is probable that the Oregon bill was amended as I desired, for I nowhere find in the history of the debates on this bill any more definite information as to who proposed the amendment for me. My impression is that it was Mr. Rockwell. But this impression as to what happened thirty-four years ago may be no more than an inference from the relations existing between us. That even much dropped out of my memory through the many intervening years that have swept away a whole generation of mankind, is probable and ought not to surprise any one. But if you will turn to my book entitled, "Oregon and California in 1848," vol. 2, p. 48, published by Harper and Brothers very soon after the Act of August 14, 1848, became a law, containing the said provision for the support of common schools, you will find the following language:

"The subjects which have been treated of at length in the preceding chapter were thought materially to affect the interests and welfare of the people of Oregon. They are briefly the following:" Then these subjects are named under several heads, the 9th being :

"Grants of land for educational purposes."

What particular lands "for educational purposes" will be seen at page 25 of the same book, where I say :

"So likewise it was deemed important to obtain, if possible, a grant of the sixteenth and thirty-sixth sections of each township for educational purposes."

On page 11 of my Memorial of May 25th, and published in Senate Miscellaneous Documents, 1st session, 30th Congress, I say:

"Your memorialist respectfully prays that your honorable body would make suitable provision for educational purposes by setting apart for that object the sixteenth and thirty-sixth sections of each township."

This quotation is repeated here because I deem it advisable that it shall appear in this connection also as illustrating and making the main point more clear.

The bill to which my remarks have up to this point been confined is that which was reported by Mr. Smith of Indiana, as Chairman of the Committee on Territories, February 9, 1848, [Congressional Globe, 322] and known I believe as House Bill, No. 201. But on the 10th of the preceding month, Mr. Douglas had asked leave of the Senate to bring in a bill establishing a Territorial Government in Oregon, which was read a first and second time and referred to the Committee on Territories. [Globe, p. 136.] To this bill I now desire to call your attention for the purpose of grouping the facts constituting the outlines of the history of another bill which succeeded the Douglas Senate bill as a Compromise bill, which by means of my personal labors with the Special Committee having charge of it, was so framed that it contained a provision which goes very far to prove that to me are the friends of common schools indebted for the thirty-sixth section of each township of the public lands being added to the sixteenth for the support of common schools.

On the 13th July, the bill introduced by Mr. Douglas was referred, together with so much of the President's Message as related to New Mexico and California, to a select committee consisting of Clayton, Bright, Calhoun, Clarke, Phelps, Dickinson and Underwood. I soon had a protracted interview with Mr. Clayton, the Chairman, in which I most earnestly presented my reasons for urging Congress to grant the two named sections of each township of the public lands for educational purposes. Believing that I had favorably impressed Mr. Calhoun also, I subsequently conversed with the other members of the committee. A majority finally agreed that in reporting a bill for organizing a Territorial Government in each of the Territories of Oregon, New Mexico and California they would make provision for setting apart the two named sections for the support of common schools in Oregon without making a like grant for the other two territories. And I did not deem it expedient to press the subject upon the committee beyond what seemed to relate to Oregon, the interests of which I feared might receive harm by my volunteering to champion those of New Mexico and California. And I the more cheerfully acquiesced in what seemed to be a necessity, by reflecting that if I succeeded in getting the sixteenth and thirty-sixth sections of each township of the public lands set apart for educational purposes in Oregon, other territories and new States would, in virtue of this as a legislative precedent, finally obtain like grants.

On the 26th July, the bill passed the Senate [Globe, p. 1002] with a provision for giving the sixteenth and thirtieth sections of each township of the public lands in Oregon for the support of common schools within its bound-

aries, without a like provision for either of the other territories. because probably, there was no one to represent their interests and to personally press their claims.

Why the committee took the thirtieth section instead of the thirty-sixth for which I had asked in my memorial, I never sought to know, because it made no practical difference in the value of the grant.

The bill thus reported was passed by the Senate, and went down to the House July 28th, and, on motion of Mr. Stevens, of Georgia, was laid on the table. [Globe, 1007.]

A brief *resume* will, I believe, prove the following facts:

1st. In my work entitled "Oregon and California in 1848, vol. 2, page 45, published by Harper & Brothers in 1848, soon after the adjournment of the Congress that passed the law, I say in explanation of the objects I had in accepting the mission to Washington—

"So likewise it was deemed important to obtain, if possible, a grant of the sixteenth and thirty-sixth section of each township for educational purposes."

My work has passed through several large editions; it has been before the public for thirty-three years, and it is in very many of the public libraries in the United States; and yet the claim that I caused the grant in question to be incorporated in the Act of August 14th, 1848, Section 20, has never been challenged, although many thousand copies of the book were sold within a few months after the adjournment of the Congress that passed the law.

2d. In the third chapter, p. 49, I say that among the reasons for my going to Washington, was that of obtaining

"Grants of land for educational purposes."

3d. The debates on the bill for the admission of Wisconsin [Globe, 749-752, May 10th] show the following facts:

A. That up to that time it had been the policy of Congress to grant the sixteenth section to the territories and new States—but *no more than the sixteenth*.

B. That on the 16th May, 1848, Congress would not grant more than the sixteenth section because of an alleged inequality. [See the debate on the bill for the admission of Wisconsin.]

C. That on the said 16th May, the Oregon bill contained *only* the usual provision for setting apart the *sixteenth* section of each township of the public lands for schools.

4th. My memorial to Congress, printed by order of the Senate May 25th, fifteen days after the debate on the Wisconsin Bill, shows on page 11 that I

prayed Congress to set apart two sections, which the same book shows was among the objects I had in view when I accepted the mission to Washington. In my memorial I say:

"Your memorialist respectfully prays that your honorable body would make suitable provision for educational purposes by setting apart the sixteenth and thirty-sixth sections of each township."

5. The compromise on Senate bill which displaced and succeeded the Douglas Senate bill contained a section (18) granting two sections in each township for school purposes in Oregon, but none to either New Mexico or California.

6. The Congressional debates show that in every session of Congress, as these debates are reported, that the making of verbal amendments is a thing frequently done; and the Congressional Globe, p. 1020, shows that this was done in the House, August 1st, during the debates on the Oregon bill, to which

"Several amendment were made and agreed to."

And, again, on the same page :

"Verbal amendments were also made to the 10th, 11th and 12th sections at the suggestion of various gentlemen."

I believe that the foregoing and indisputable facts, make it well-nigh certain that it was during this debate that some one verbally moved to amend section 20 of the bill by adding the words "and thirty-six" after the word "sixteen" in the third line of the section.

On the 14th August, the House bill became a law, with *two* sections of land granted for educational purposes instead of "*one*" as ever before; and this was done two months and a half after the Senate had ordered the printing of my memorial containing the *first* prayer for such a grant.

I hardly need to say that I regarded the securing of this grant by the passing of the bill as the supreme moment of my life, and that my heart was full to overflowing with gratitude to God, whose guiding providence had enabled me to reach a position from which I could look back and see that, whatever the future of my personal history might be, the past, at least, was safe in the magnitude of the good secured to unborn millions.

In reply to your question as to how far this grant contained in the 20th section of the Act of August 14, 1848, has influenced subsequent Congressional legislation, I will reply by a simple reference to dates, etc., of the laws which followed the one last named as their precedent.

2. Minnesota, March 3d, 1849, sec. 8.

3. New Mexico, September 9, 1850, Ch. 47, Sec. 15, Vol. 9, of the U. S. Statutes at large, p. 452.

4. Utah, September 9, 1850, Ch. 51, Sec. 15, Vol. 9, p. 457.

5. Washington Territory, March 2, 1853, Ch. 90, Sec. 20, Vol. 10, p. 179.

6. Kansas, May 30, 1854, Sec. 16.

7. California was admitted into the Union, September 9, 1850, at which time no one appears to have given any thought to a land grant for the support of schools. But an Act was passed September 28, 1856, declaring that "All laws which are not locally inapplicable shall have the same force and effect within the said State of California, as elsewhere within the United States." It is probable that this has been construed as embracing the grant in question.

8. Colorado, February 28, 1861, Sec. 14, and the Act of March 3, 1875, Sec. 7.

9. Nevada, March 2, 1861, Sec. 14, Ch. 26, Vol. 13, p. 91.

10. Idaho, March 3, 1863, Ch. 10, Sec. 14, Vol. 12, p. 814.

11. Montana, March 26, 1864, Ch. 26, Sec. 14, Vol. 13, p. 91.

12. Nebraska, April 19, 1864, Sec. 7.

13. Wyoming, July 25, 1868, Ch. 235, Sec. 14, Vol. 15, p. 183.

On the subject of the effect of this grant as a legislative precedent, you was pleased to say, in your address before the Pioneer Association at Portland, June 15, 1880:

"It opened the way for a grant of 28,823,040 acres of land as a permanent fund for education, instead of half that amount, in the nine States including Oregon admitted to the Union since 1848. It opened the way for a grant of 30,879,360 acres for public education in the eight territories not including Alaska yet to be admitted instead of half as many acres. This magnificent donation of about 60,000,000 acres vested and forever inalienable, as a fund for the education of youth, and committed as a sacred trust to eighteen or twenty new States now existing or yet to be, was a guarantee of knowledge to all future generations."

I will not withhold the expression of the pleasure I feel in thus knowing that there are at least a chosen few who comprehend and appreciate the value of the land which the law of August 14, 1848, sets apart for the support of common schools. And I cannot doubt that you will feel interested in learning that in recognition of my well meant efforts in this matter, I was made a corresponding member of the American Institute; that the degree of A. M. was conferred upon me by one university; that of D. C. L. by another; and that of LL. D. by two others.

The Congressional Globe shows, page 1024, that on the 1st August the following proceedings were had in the House:

"In the 20th Section, Mr. Hunt said he had been directed by the Committee on Commerce to move amendments read as follows," &c.

It is not necessary for me to encumber these pages with the exact verbiage of the several amendments. It is enough to say that all of them, with very slight changes, became a part of the law for organizing a Territorial government; that they now stand as sections 23, 24, 25, 26 and 27 of the Act, and that they were drafted by me, and at my request made to Mr. Hunt, as Chairman of the Committee on Commerce, by him first submitted to his committee, and afterward (August 1st) offered in Committee of the Whole House.

My memorial presented by Mr. Benton in the Senate over two months before, most earnestly called the attention of Congress to every subject provided for by the amendments. [See Memorial, pp. 12-17.]

On page 12, I say: "Your memorialist would further represent that the failure to extend the revenue laws of the United States over Oregon, to establish a port of entry at the mouth of the Columbia river and to appoint a Collector, have operated injuriously."

On page 13, I say:

"Your memorialist prays your honorable body to adopt some measures for facilitating the arrival and departure of vessels trading into the Columbia river."

On page 13, I also ask for an appropriation for pilots.

On page 17, I say:

"Whatever may be the extent of the obstruction to the entrance of the mouth of the Columbia, it is certain that pilots, lights, buoys and a steam tugboat would make it, for vessels that can pass the bar, *one of the finest harbors in the world.*"

On page 18, I say, that

"Lighthouses, beacons, buoys and breakwaters or sheltered anchorages have uniformly received the attention of your honorable body as affecting the commerce and general welfare of the country and the revenue of the Government."

I had called the attention of Mr. Smith, of Indiana, to the propriety and even necessity for making provision in the bill for appropriating a reasonable sum for my services and to meet expenses incurred by me. By referring to my memorial, p. 7, you will see that I say, when speaking of myself in the third person:

"And he was therefore urged to proceed immediately to the seat of the National Government and to rely upon your magnanimity and sense of justice for a compensation in some manner for his time and the money he might expend in the discharge of the duties imposed upon him by entering upon the mission."

I had left Oregon early in the autumn of 1847, and arriving in Washington, prepared my memorial before the arrival of Joseph L. Meek, who had been sent overland as a bearer of dispatches respecting the Whitman massacre, which was perpetrated some time after my departure from Oregon. Before Meek reached Washington, I had called the attention of Mr. Smith, of Indiana, to the subject of making an appropriation suggested in the foregoing extract from my memorial. When Meek arrived, it was at once obvious that he should be provided for in any appropriation which might be made for me. In accordance with this view of the subject, Mr. Smith, on the 1st August, when the House was in Committee of the Whole, moved a new section by which \$10,000 was appropriated "in payment for the services and expenses of such persons as have been engaged by the Provisional Government of Oregon in conveying communications to and from the United States." This stands as Section 13 of the law of August 14, 1848.

At every session of Congress since the treaty of June 15, 1846, it had before it one or more bills having for their object the establishment of a territorial government in Oregon. But there being no one at Washington especially charged with the duty of representing the interests of Oregon, the proslavery element, which had always domineered Congress and controlled the government in all its departments, continued from session to session, to obstruct any action favorable to Oregon; and this was the policy the leading statesmen of the South had adopted as their guide; in giving shape to their action it became necessary to provide governments for the inhabitants of two territories when at least one of them should have slavery as a counterpoise to freedom in the other.

Any one who will thoughtfully read the debates on the Oregon bill, as reported in the supplement to the Congressional Globe, will rise from that reading impressed with the conviction that the great battle which really settled the future of American slavery was fought during the first session of the 30th Congress on the field of the Oregon bill. And I hope our thirty years of intimate, friendly relations will shield me from any imputation of vanity and egotism, when I express to you the opinion that the Oregon bill would have failed, as had all previous bills, to become a law, but for untiring personal labors with members of Congress. No evening, save that of the

Sabbath, passed in which I did not spend at least an hour with some member of Congress whose opinions I sought to mould to the shape of my own; and sometimes when I seemed to be nigh losing courage, I gathered new strength and energy from the thought that He who holds in his hands the hearts of all men, can use even the most humble instrument in the accomplishment of great good.

Very respectfully yours, &c.,

J. QUINN THORNTON.

The following is the memorial referred to in the foregoing letter :

30TH CONGRESS, [SENATE.] MISCELLANEOUS.
1st Session. No. 143.

MEMORIAL

OF

J. QUINN THORNTON,

PRAYING

The establishment of a Territorial Government in Oregon, and for appropriations for various purposes.

MAY 25, 1848.

Ordered to lie on the table, and be printed.

To the Honorable, the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America :

Your memorialist, a citizen of Oregon Territory, respectfully asks your honorable body that he may be permitted to call your attention to the rise, progress and present condition of the Territorial Government of that interesting and important country, and to the circumstances surrounding its inhabitants. This your memorialist respectfully asks permission to do, in order that he may be able to call your attention to the pressing necessities and wants of the people.

[Historical notice of the colonization of Oregon.]

With a title to Oregon the government of the United States became involved in a protracted and intricate diplomatic controversy with the government of Great Britain respecting it. Through how many years of doubtful negotiation the correspondence proceeded, and how often the two nations were believed to be upon the eve of a rupture, are now subjects which have become a part of the history of both countries. At length, while the honorable the Secretary of

State was laboriously engaged with his pen in a masterly vindication of our title to Oregon, the hardy and enterprising emigrant, unaccustomed to the forms and distinctions of diplomacy and the laws and usages of nations relating to such questions, resolved upon terminating the dispute in his own way, and according to his own views of right and wrong, by means of his rifle, ax, and ox goad. It may not become your memorialist to express even an opinion as to the extent of the influence which was thus exerted upon the negotiations which finally resulted in the settlement of the controversy by the establishment of the Oregon treaty, signed at Washington June 15, 1846, and ratified at London July 17th, of the same year. It is, however, certain that during the pendency of the negotiations our citizens were forming prosperous settlements in the rich and beautiful valley of the Willamette, and were thus giving strength to our title resting upon occupancy. Whatever may have been the strength of the American title resting upon dis-

(PAGE 1.)

covery, exploration, cession, and contiguity, an actual possession of the country by an agricultural people was wanting to render that title clear and indisputable. Nothing was complete without this, and this the immigrants into Oregon gave to the nation with a firm reliance upon its sense of justice, for such liberal grants of land as would in part at least remunerate them for their pecuniary sacrifices and exhausting toil in performing the journey. In exchanging their former places of residence for a habitation in the wilderness between three and four thousand miles distant from the capital of that country to which they were still attached by the ties of duty, not less than those of admiration, kindred, and affection, they not only proposed to improve their condition by providing homes for themselves and for their offspring, but they believed that they would thus assist in bringing to an honorable and satisfactory termination a protracted and harassing dispute. And if, impressed with the solemn conviction that territorial disputes have at all times been found a fertile source of national hostility, and that most of the wars that has desolated the earth have thus originated, they have in any degree been instrumental in averting strife between two great nations, the language, laws, and commercial interests of which should unite in a lasting peace, they ought not to be made to feel that even their most pressing wants are neglected or forgotten.

The immigrants also flattered themselves that in forming settlements upon the distant shores of the Pacific, that they would be made the honored instruments, in the hands of the Great Ruler of nations, for establishing the institutions of Christianity, civilization and liberty, in

“ the continuous woods

Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save its own dashings.”

Without intending to expatriate themselves from their country, or to renounce their citizenship in the land of their nativity for a home in Oregon, they cheerfully exposed themselves in small parties to the dangers and perils of a long and exhausting journey of many months, through hostile Indian tribes, and over arid deserts and bleak mountains. Having arrived at the end of their journey, with their little fortunes wrecked by the difficulties of the way, and with their bodies broken down by the fatigues of their long continued travel, they were at once exposed, not to the hardships and privations incident to the settlement of all new countries, but to those which were peculiar to their isolated condition; cut off as they were from the society and sympathies of civilized life, far distant from the inhabited borders of their native land, between which and them there was a vast region traversed by roving tribes of Indians, whose hands are against every man, and whose predatory habits are the source of continued annoyance and danger.

The thievish propensities of the savages of the country, also, in which the immigrants settled, were likewise a cause of unceasing irritation and disquietude, and especially so since they were without an arm of the national defense to protect them, and without the weapons and ammunition necessary to enable them to protect themselves. In their immediate vicinity, too, were the subjects of a Princess, claiming the right to exercise a sovereign jurisdiction over the country, and possessing the power to crush the rising colony in its infancy, either by the force of arms, or by refusing to sell to them the supplies necessary to their existence. If political considerations prevented the former, and benevolence and good will a

(PAGE 2.)

resort to the latter expedient, the immigrants nevertheless felt that they were in the power of a people whose interests were inimical to their own.

In addition to these embarrassing and untoward circumstances, while the subjects of the British empire were covered by the protecting ægis of its laws, the American immigrants, although from year to year they hoped to see the paternal care of their government extended over them, were from time to time doomed to bitter disappointment, and to realize that they were without just and equitable laws to govern them, and to feel that they occupied the extraordinary and in every way anomalous position of a people who, without having either renounced their country, or been renounced by it, were nevertheless without one.

We love to dwell with something more than even classic reverence upon the story of our pilgrim fathers, who, landing upon the bleak coast of New England, established a State, without a king, more lasting than the rock upon which they disembarked. The heart of the patriot, too, swells with emotions of a just and honorable pride, and with gratitude to a watchful and guiding

Providence, as he reads the history of the colonization of Jamestown, and observes so many instances of self-sacrifice, and of hardships and privations, borne with a high degree of the most heroic fortitude. But your memorialist trusts that he may be permitted to express the opinion that all history, both ancient and modern, may be challenged to furnish an instance of colonization so replete with difficulties met and overcome, so fraught with circumstances of discouragements sustained and submitted to, as those which characterized the settlement of the beautiful and fertile valley of the Willamette. Distant from the land of their nativity, surrounded by restless tribes of Indians, who clamorously and insolently demanded of the immigrants pay for lands which the immigrants had neither the means nor the right to purchase; still ardently desiring to have their names and their destiny connected with that of the republic; and yet, often pierced to the heart by the thought, which would sometimes, unbidden, obtrude itself upon the mind, that they were the victims of their country's neglect and injustice; and suffering all the inconveniences and embarrassments which are necessarily felt by a resident and civilized community without a system of laws for the conservation of peace and order, they were at length compelled to organize and put in operation a provisional form of government.

In performing this arduous and difficult labor, so necessary to the removal of a suspense that rendered the people discontented and unhappy, and of an uncertainty that discouraged their efforts, and depressed their energies, they had to meet and remove obstacles to the administration of a temporary system of government which are unknown in establishing one of a permanent form; yet, fully impressed with the solemn conviction that it was better to unite the sinews of government in the hands of even a single despot and tyrant than to encounter the anarchy and confusion of a multitude without law, they addressed themselves to the task, difficult as it was, feeling that they merited the respectful consideration of your honorable body, and that at least they would no longer be wanting in duty to themselves.

The first effort which was made with a view to the organization of a civil government in Oregon was made at Champoege, which at that time was the seat of the principal settlement in the Willamette valley. This was on the seventh of February, 1841, when, as the record shows, "a (PAGE 3.)

meeting of some of the inhabitants was held" "for the purpose of consulting upon the steps necessary to be taken for the formation of laws, and the election of officers to execute the same." The late Rev. Jason Lee, at that time the superintendent of the Methodist mission among the Indians of Oregon, was called to the chair. He advised the selection of a committee for the purpose of

draughting "a constitution and code of laws for the government of the settlements south of the Columbia river."

The names of persons regarded by the meeting as suitable were recommended to the people at large for governor, and for all other necessary officers. A resolution was also passed "that all settlers north of the Columbia river, not connected with the Hudson's Bay Company, be admitted to the protection of our laws, on making application to that effect." On the 18th of the same month, persons were elected to fill the various offices, and they were instructed "to act according to the laws of New York," until other laws were adopted. They did not, however, enter upon the discharge of their duties. At a meeting held on the first of July, of the same year, the committee which had been appointed at the meeting of February 7th to draught a constitution and laws were instructed to confer with Capt. Wilkes, U. S. N., and John McLaughlin, Esq. After this conference it was decided by a majority to be inexpedient, at that time, to proceed with the contemplated organization, and that the moral sense of right and wrong, by which the people had up to that time been held together as a community, was sufficient. The real cause, however, of this diversity of expression did not, perhaps, arise so much from the conviction that a civil government was unnecessary as from a sense of an inability to pay the officers a just compensation. The people were few in number, greatly reduced in their pecuniary circumstances, occupying portions of the country remote from each other; engaged in felling forests, cultivating fields, and in other ways giving their utmost attention to supplying the pressing wants of themselves and their families. They were, too, without either books (excepting one copy of the Iowa Statutes), to which to refer for assistance in framing their laws, or a press upon which to print them when framed.

The difficulties and inconveniences incident to the peculiar condition of the colonists being more sensibly felt, and all realizing, at length, that something more efficient than a moral sense was requisite to the suppression of wrong and the maintenance of right, a meeting of the citizens was held on the first Monday of March, 1842, to consider "the propriety of taking some measures for the civil and military protection of the colony," and for the purpose of taking "into consideration" "measures for the protection" of the herds against wolves and panthers. At this meeting civil and military officers were elected, the latter being instructed to form one or more companies of mounted riflemen. A legislative committee, consisting of nine persons, was also appointed to draught a constitution and code of laws, with instructions to report at Cham-poeg on the fifth of July. This committee having finished the task assigned to it reported a constitution establishing a provisional government, with a triumvirate executive styled "the Executive Committee."

The laws reported by this committee, although subsequently amended, prove that while they were not faultless, yet that the "legislative committee" had not proceeded rashly in laying the foundation of the civil (PAGE 4.)

superstructure. The great and only very material error committed was in the peculiar form given to the Executive.

The deliberations of the committee seem to have been characterized by dignity, moderation, and a respectful deference to each other's opinion. Their previous habits had not fitted them for debate; they received no compensation, and the condition of their domestic interests made it necessary for them to hasten away from the log cabin in which they legislated, and to return to their respective farms. Receiving no per diem allowance for their services, and the community which they represented being small and possessing but little political consideration, neither lucre nor glory allured to office, and they were therefore not under the influence of the seductions of either interest or ambition, prompting them to consume time in making speeches for effect upon a constituency that felt itself obliged to men of integrity and capacity who would accept of office. It is not wonderful, therefore, that "the legislative committee" addressed itself to its labor with energy and in good faith.

The following extract from the laws passed at that session will show the method proposed for defraying the expense of sustaining the provisional government during the fiscal year commencing July 5th, 1843, and ending June 18th, 1844: "That subscription papers, as follows, be put in circulation to collect funds for defraying the expenses of this government.

"We, the undersigned, hereby pledge ourselves to pay annually to the treasurer of Oregon Territory the sum affixed to our respective names, for the purpose of defraying the expenses of government; *Provided*, That in all cases each individual subscriber may at any time withdraw his name from the said subscription upon paying up all arrearages, and notifying the treasurer of the colony of such desire to withdraw."

The large immigration that came into the country in the autumn of 1843 assisted in effecting alterations in the face of the country, and in subsequent legislation. The organic law was regarded as being in some respects defective, and the land law was objectionable in some of its provisions.

In May, 1844, the people elected a second "executive committee" and a second "legislative committee." About that time the public records began to assume a connected form.

On the 18th June, 1844, "the legislative committee," having assembled at the falls of the Willamette, and received the first message of "the executive committee," proceeded to reconstruct the government. The executive power

was united in a single hand, the legislative powers were regulated and defined, a judiciary system was established, and an act was passed, the object of which was to create a revenue equal to the wants of an economical administration of the government.

The organic law thus passed by the legislative committee was adopted by the people, and is the present basis of the municipal regulations of the people of Oregon. Your memorialist having been informed that your honorable body is already in possession of a copy of this organic law, deems it unnecessary to make a more particular reference to it.

The second legislative committee having reorganized the government, and performed much labor during a session of nine days, adjourned June 20th.

The legislative committee again assembled at Oregon City December 16th, and continued in session eight days. Much important business was (PAGE 5.) transacted; but as the laws enacted do not particularly relate to the present wants of the people, so far as these would probably be affected by the action of your honorable body, your memorialist does not believe it to be necessary to refer to them with more minuteness. It may not, however, be improper to state, in this connection, that a few persons, respectable for their character and influence in Oregon, discussed about this time the question of the expediency and necessity of an independent instead of a provisional government. It was said that the geographical position of the country being such as to place it at so great a distance from the seat of the national government as to make it almost impossible to present the wants and wishes of the people, rendered the measure not only expedient, but necessary. The real cause, however, for this movement, was the discontent and even resentment felt in consequence of their seeming to have been left without protection, and in a state indicating abandonment by their country. They could not realize the difficulties with which the negotiations upon the subject of the title were beset, and hence they were not in a condition to appreciate the motives of the general government for the delay; but happily for them and the people of Oregon, the proposition was not favorably received. The people very generally looked forward with honest pride and hope to the time when the flag of their country would again wave above them, a visible sign that they had not been forgotten in their distant homes.

In the spring of 1845, his Excellency George Abernethy was elected the first governor of Oregon.

The appearance upon the Columbia of the United States schooner Shark, in 1846, cheered the hearts of our citizens in that distant territory; and upon the stars and stripes being displayed, they were greeted by the spontaneous shouts of our people, whose minds were filled with a thousand glorious memories

which clustered about the emblem of their country's nationality. An ensign and union-jack being among the few articles preserved from the unfortunate wreck of that vessel, these were, with peculiar appropriateness, presented to the provisional government of Oregon, through his Excellency George Abernethy, by Lieut. Niel M. Howison, the late commander of the Shark. This was emphatically the first flag of the United States that waved over the undisputed and purely American territory of Oregon, for it was about the 22d of February, 1847, that a confirmation of the news of the Oregon treaty was received. Powder sufficient for a national salute having with great difficulty been procured, the flag of our country was flung to the breeze on the anniversary of the birthday of Washington, and at midday a national salute was fired from an old rusty and dismounted gun, which had been given to us by a merchantman.

Every reasonable obstruction to the extension of the laws and jurisdiction of the United States over Oregon, arising out of the pendency of negotiations upon the title, having been removed by the Oregon treaty, our citizens expected, and they had a right to expect, that they would no longer be permitted to occupy their anomalous and extraordinary position. They could not believe that any local causes would be permitted to operate so as to prevent them from receiving that protection which was not a favor to be granted, but a right, which was not the less a right because of the circumstance of that weakness which has rendered it necessary for them to beset your honorable body again and again with memorials, which up to this time are unheeded. It was with grief and astonishment, therefore, (PAGE 6.)

that the people were informed by the immigrants who arrived in September, 1847, that your honorable body had adjourned without having done anything to relieve them from their peculiarly embarrassing, and, considered with reference to the Indians, even dangerous position. Your memorialist refers to it as a peculiarly embarrassing position, because the Provisional Government having a right to expect that the jurisdiction and laws of the United States would be extended over Oregon, it could not legislate efficiently and usefully so long as it was believed that a few brief months would bring in a new government, and perhaps entirely new measures and laws. A multitude of evils, which no one who has not lived in the country can understand or appreciate, sprung out of this uncertainty. Had the general government of the United States informed the Provisional Government of Oregon that nothing would be done within the next ten years, then, while the people would without doubt have expressed their profound regret, yet they would at least have been relieved from that uncertainty and doubt which had previously so greatly paralyzed their efforts. They would immediately have commenced a useful and permanent system of legislation; and

at the termination of the ten years, Oregon would have been ready to enter the American constellation as one of the very brightest stars in it. As it was, however, the intelligence was received with the profoundest sorrow, and a universal gloom pervaded the community as the conviction forced itself upon the mind, that they were again left to the serious inconveniences arising out of their extraordinary position, and to the perilous circumstances in which they were involved by being without arms and ammunition in the midst of savages clamorously demanding pay for their lands, and not unfrequently committing the most serious injuries by seizing property and by taking life, in consequence of the people having neither the ability nor the right to buy.

[For an act establishing a Territorial government in Oregon.]

A number of individuals from different portions of the Willamette valley at length met in Yamhill county, when a committee was appointed to draft a memorial praying for the passage of a law establishing a Territorial government in Oregon. That memorial was addressed to the Hon. Thomas H. Benton, and placed in the letter-bag of the barque *Whiton*, then in the Willamette, and about to sail. Some time afterwards it was proposed to elect a delegate to Congress. This was at length decided to be impracticable, because, 1st, we had no law authorizing such an election; 2d, because, if we had, there was not then time to give the notice, and do it before the only vessel would sail that could convey the delegate to the United States; 3d, because Congress not having passed a law establishing a territorial government, there was no law of the United States under which a delegate could demand to be received; and, 4th, it was not deemed expedient to elect a delegate with the expectation that a seat in the House of Representatives would be yielded to him from courtesy and the necessity of the case. Under the circumstances, therefore, the question was solemnly asked—Can nothing be done? To your memorialist it was said, that his position as judge of the supreme court of the Territory would probably cause your honorable body to confide in his representations and statements, and he was therefore urged to proceed immediately to the seat of the national government, and to rely upon your magnanimity and sense of justice for a compensation, in some manner, for his time, and the money which he might expend in the discharge of (PAGE 7.)

the duties imposed upon him by his entering upon the mission. I need not say that there was not a dollar in the treasury to meet these expenses. Your memorialist having received a letter from the Governor of Oregon to the President of the United States, stating the nature and objects of the mission, and, for reasons already mentioned, written not as an official but as a private letter, your memorialist proceeded without delay on board the barque *Whiton*, to St. Jose,

Lower California, from which port he was conveyed to Boston on board the United States sloop-of-war Portsmouth. With these explanations as to the position which he occupies, your memorialist prays your honorable body for the immediate passage of a law establishing a Territorial government in Oregon.

Your memorialist believes, when your honorable body shall have been made acquainted with the embarrassing circumstances in which your fellow-citizens of Oregon are situated, that, although you have done nothing for them up to this time, yet you will not—nay, you cannot—be guilty of the monstrous injustice of permitting an omission to extend to them the protection of the laws of their native country to mark another year. You have hitherto permitted this unhappy omission because of the impossibility of your knowing the real condition and wants of your brethren in that distant land. But now that you may obtain this information through one who has been an observer of the wants and condition of the country, he is sure that you will do that which will show how unreasonable were the allegations which some of the desponding immigrants have made, of cold indifference, and even of a criminal neglect.

Your memorialist is also encouraged to hope for prompt and efficient action upon this subject, from a consideration of the additional fact that the Oregon treaty has removed every obstacle which could be referred to as a reason for not granting to the colonists of Oregon the protection of the laws of their country, and the means of defence against the Indian tribes. And your memorialist would respectfully suggest, that it would ill-comport with the character of a great nation to urge, that protection could not be *afforded* to a people whose duty and allegiance have been tested by almost every variety of circumstance. Surely it will not be said that because the people of Oregon have done well in establishing a government in the administration of which internal order has been maintained to an extent equal to that of any State of the Union, that therefore they may be neglected, and exposed to the brutal outrages of ruthless savages upon their borders and in their midst. This would be making their well doing a misfortune, by withholding their rights. The continued expectation that their government will be superseded, prevents them from doing for themselves what their exigencies demand, and that which they might otherwise do. They are, therefore, weary of a *quasi* independence, and would rejoice to yield it up for something that may not be changed by the arrival of the next vessel that enters the Columbia.

Had your fellow-citizens of Oregon and the subjects of her Britannic Majesty who reside in the Territory, by cherishing for each other a feeling of hostility and rancorous enmity, become embroiled in an unnatural strife, instead of cultivating a spirit of benevolence, friendship, and good will, honorable alike to

both, the jurisdiction and laws of the United States would have been extended over that distant territory. This would have been done also, if the country, instead of now presenting an example of industry and (if the depredations of the Indians be excepted) tranquility, also unpar- (PAGE 8.)

alleled in the history of new colonies, had exhibited a scene of anarchy, confusion and bloodshed, unworthy of their origin and of the destiny of the country of their adoption. But how much better is it to extend the laws over a people already in the enjoyment of many of the blessings of a peaceful and well ordered State, than to be under the necessity of interposing your authority as a shield to prevent them from staining their hands with fraternal blood. Although they have felt an unconquerable desire for self-government—a desire nurtured and educated under the republican institutions of the land of their birth—yet their position has been so peculiar that they have felt the impossibility, under the circumstances, of making full provision for their present and future protection; and they have, therefore, husbanded their resources under a temporary government, cherishing a hope which they believed to be reasonable, that as soon as a suitable opportunity presented itself, a law would be passed establishing a Territorial Government. The settlement of the boundary question seemed to present that opportunity for the fulfilment of their most ardent hopes and the consummation of their most devout wishes. The extension of the laws of the United States over the people was an event looked to as promising a remedy for evils growing out of the fact that there were many important subjects upon which the provisional government had not, under the circumstances, the power to legislate. It was an event looked for, also, as one that would give additional importance to the country and a new impulse to trade and commerce, and would satisfy the mind upon the subject of a grant of lands.

That this anxiety was both reasonable and natural, would appear by advertising to the peculiarly interesting history of the country. For several years without any government except that which reason imposes, and without a law of any kind except the law of love, the penalties for the violation of which were inflicted by the conscience only, the people peacefully pursued their occupations during six days of the week, and on the seventh quietly assembled to listen to the preaching of the late Rev. Jason Lee, or to that of some of his fellow-laborers in the missionary field. It might be said of Oregon, with peculiar truth and propriety, "In those days there was no king in Israel, but every man did that which was right in his own eyes." But time brought changes, and in these changes originated the absolute necessity for that provisional government under which has grown up a prosperous and virtuous community, mature in its development, notwithstanding the population is a mixed one.

These facts connected with the history of the colonization of Oregon being made known to your honorable body, your memorialist cannot believe that the wants and the wishes of the people will be any longer disregarded.

[For a recognition of all private contracts, and all legislative and judicial acts, and for the transferring of suits, &c., to the new courts.]

Your memorialist would further represent that, under the organic law of Oregon and the enactments of the provisional legislature, contracts have been made, marriages have been entered into, divorces have been granted by the legislature and the judicial tribunals of the country; that judgments in courts of law have been rendered, and decrees in courts of chancery have been made, some of which have been satisfied, while (PAGE 9.)

others remain unsatisfied; and that actions and suits are still pending in the courts.

In order, therefore, that inextricable confusion and remediless wrong may not result from a change of government, your memorialist respectfully prays your honorable body that by the act establishing a Territorial government in Oregon, provision may be made for all suits, process, and proceedings, civil and criminal, at law and in equity, and all indictments and informations which shall be pending and undetermined in the courts established by the provisional government of Oregon, within the limits of said Territory when the said act shall take effect, being transferred to be heard, tried, prosecuted and determined in the district courts thereby established, which may include the counties where any such proceedings may be pending; and for all contracts, bonds, recognizances and obligations of every kind whatsoever, valid under the existing laws within the limits of said Territory, being in like manner valid under the act which may be passed to establish a Territorial government in Oregon; and for all crimes and misdemeanors against the laws now in force within said limits being prosecuted, tried and punished in the courts which may be established by said act; and for all penalties, forfeitures, actions and causes of action, being recovered under said act, in like manner as they would have been under the laws in force within the limits of said Territory at the time the said act shall go into operation.

And your memorialist further prays that all justices of the peace, constables, sheriffs, and all other judicial and ministerial officers, who shall be in office within the limits of said Territory when the said act shall take effect, be authorized and required to continue to exercise and perform the duties of their respective offices, as officers of the Territory of Oregon, until they or others shall be duly appointed and qualified to fill their places in the manner therein directed, or until their offices shall be abolished.

[For the continuance of existing laws and offices until a regular change.]

Your memorialist prays that in the act which your honorable body may pass to establish a Territorial government in Oregon it may be declared that the existing laws in force in the said Territory, under the authority of the provisional government established by the people thereof, shall continue to be valid and operative therein, so far as the same be not incompatible with the principles and provisions of the said act, and until the end of the first session of the legislative assembly of said Territory; and that the laws of the United States be thereby extended over and declared to be in force in said Territory, so far as the same or any provision thereof may be applicable.

[For extinguishment of Indian title.]

Your memorialist prays that measures may be adopted for extinguishing the Indian title to western Oregon, and to such other portions as may be deemed necessary for future settlements.

[For grants of land to the immigrants now in the country.]

Your memorialist further prays that your honorable body will pass an act making provision for the immigrants now in the Territory, obtaining (PAGE 10.) liberal grants of land in said Territory upon condition of their continuing to reside therein during five years consecutively from the passage of the said act. This condition is necessary to prevent lands from passing into the hands of men who have no intention of remaining permanently in the country. The inhabitants now in the country believe that they have some claim to a confirmation of the title to the homes which they have made, based upon the promises implied in your repeated legislation, in the fact that they have overcome many of the difficulties of the journey to Oregon; and by their settlements have introduced agriculture and civilization upon our shores on the Pacific, and by doing so gave to the nation an actual occupancy, which was the only circumstance wanting to make the title to the country clear and unquestionable.

The people of Oregon believe that they have a claim to land, derived from the provisions of their organic law, also. It should be remembered that they found themselves without government of any kind, and that they were thrown back upon the original elements of society. Thus situated, they organized a civil government, put it in operation, and have ever since continued to maintain it. They have acquired rights under the third article of the organic law, which your memorialist prays your honorable body to recognize in their principle at least.

And your memorialist prays that the civilized half-breeds of the country, who may become naturalized citizens, or who may declare their intention to become naturalized citizens, may receive the fostering care of the government; for there

is too much reason to believe that if their rights of property should not be guarded by law, they would be wronged, and their homes would be taken from them.

[For other grants during a limited period.]

Your memorialist also prays that like grants of land may be made to persons immigrating into the country within a reasonable number of years, upon condition of a residence in the country of five consecutive years from the day of the commencement of said claim. And he prays your honorable body to make this continued residence at least five years.

Many reasons might be referred to for making these grants to future immigrants during a limited number of years. All who are conversant with the wants and wishes of the people, know that they desire that these grants may be made. And those who are acquainted with the geography and condition of the country cannot but know that colonization, rather than revenue, should be kept in view in all legislation having regard to the Pacific coast.

[For grants for educational purposes.]

Your memorialist respectfully prays that your honorable body would make suitable provision for educational purposes, by setting apart for that object the sixteenth and thirty-sixth sections of each township, and also one entire township on the north side of the Columbia, and one on the south side of the same river, being so located, under the authority of the Territorial legislature, as not to interfere with the rights of actual lawful claimants. (PAGE II.)

In a government like ours, resting upon the suffrages of the great body of the people, who not only in semblance, but in reality, have the care of their political institutions, the general diffusion of knowledge is necessary, in order that they may exercise their rights in a manner the most conducive to the prosperity of the nation, the preservation of its laws, and the purity of its legislative and judicial tribunals. The education and mental training of the youth of the country is absolutely necessary, to qualify them for the care of our political institutions, and that they may possess the ability to exercise the powers of government in a manner the most conducive to the preservation of their civil and religious liberty. All history shows that where the people have not been educated they have always been the dupes of political demagogues, who were selfish rather than sagacious, and who learned to ruin by hollow pretences and professions of patriotism. Believing that the generous and ennobling sentiments to which his own breast is a stranger is a worthless and wicked pretence in others, he justifies himself in caressing a deluded and uneducated people he means to scourge as soon as they transfer their power to him.

If an uneducated people do not fall into the hands of demagogues, yet they

are sure, in time, to become the victims of the rapacity, avarice, and a thirst for power of another class who are even yet more dangerous, because they worship cunning, betray with a kiss, counterfeit wisdom, and so adroitly work upon the weakness, ignorance, and prejudices of their victims, that they at length obtain place as slimy reptiles are sometimes known, by a slow and laborious process, to arrive at the tops of pyramids.

But these political evils and social wrongs can be prevented by training the youth of the country in proper studies, and by animating them with a love of country and of virtue by the habitual contemplation of the character and example of distinguished American statesmen and warriors. Enlightened and instructed, they may set at naught the wicked designs of the hypocrite, who flatters and caresses those he means to sell as soon as he discovers that they are sufficiently debased to pass quietly and without resistance under the yoke of a new oppressor. But, if properly educated, the people will be able to sustain the institutions of the country not only against their own temporary excesses, but when their rulers contemplate wicked enterprises, and would cast down the ark of their country's liberty, they can extend their hands to stay that ark without danger of being smitten by death for presumption.

[For the extension of the revenue laws.]

Your memorialist would further represent that the failure to extend the revenue laws of the United States over Oregon, to establish a port of entry at the mouth of the Columbia river, and to appoint a collector, has operated injuriously. British subjects, engaged there in merchandise, have a greater amount of capital, more widely extended connexions, and cheaper and better goods, than the American merchants. But the collections of duties upon foreign goods, so far as this can be done consistently with the Oregon treaty, would place the American merchant in a better position, and, by affording an adequate protection as between the native and foreign merchant, create competition, and thus increase the amount of goods brought to the country, while it at the same time would reduce the prices. Under the present system, prices are enormously high, (PAGE 12.)

being from three to four hundred per cent. in advance of the retail prices of the western States, after goods have paid a land and water carriage thither from the Atlantic seaboard.

[For an appropriation for a library.]

Your memorialist prays that the sum of ten thousand dollars may be appropriated, to be expended in the purchase of a library, to be kept at the seat of government for the use of the governor, secretary, legislature,

judges, marshal, district attorney, and such other persons and under such regulations as may be prescribed by law. The fact that the inhabitable part of the Territory is so remote from the seat of the national government, and that access cannot be had to any books or libraries, is a circumstance rendering it expedient to make this appropriation much larger than might, under other circumstances, be necessary. The necessary books of reports in the departments of law alone would cost a large sum, to say nothing of books upon the science of government, general politics, history, education, agriculture, horticulture, &c.

[For an appropriation to pay the public debt.]

On the first day of October, 1847, the public debt of Oregon was \$3,242 31, for which the treasury notes of the provisional government are now outstanding, having been issued to the officers of the government, to be held until redeemed in specie or absorbed by taxation. This debt, it was believed, would necessarily be increased to about \$10,000, by the legislature, which was expected to convene on the first Tuesday in December last. Your memorialist prays that a sum equal to the latter amount may be appropriated for the redemption of this debt. Oregon does not bring with her a large debt, a sanguinary war, and an expenditure of many millions; she is encumbered with a debt of a few thousand dollars incurred in the peaceful and rigidly economical administration of the civil government. She asks you to pay it. Justice demands it. The sum is far less than that which you would have expended had you governed the country yourselves.

[Columbia river.]

Your memorialist prays your honorable body to adopt some measures for the purpose of facilitating the arrival and departure of vessels trading into the mouth of the Columbia river. This is a subject of great importance to the people of Oregon; and the welfare of the country is intimately connected with it and essentially dependent upon it.

There can be no doubt in the minds of those personally acquainted with the geography of the country, that the people inhabiting it must be a commercial as well as an agricultural people. Preparations should therefore be made, at an early period, for shipping to enter the mouth of the Columbia.

[Appropriation for pilots.]

That the first requisite to this end is two experienced and sober pilots, there can be no doubt. There is now at the mouth of the Columbia river a bold and skilful pilot, but the number of vessels entering the river [PAGE 13.]

being few, his compensation is probably too small to induce him to remain. Your memorialist prays that an appropriation of two thousand dollars may be made, so as to give a salary of one thousand dollars to each of two pilots. This would, by creating competition, cause them to be always vigilant, so as to obtain from vessels the usual compensation in addition to the salary.

But that something more is necessary cannot be questioned. An exhibition of facts will assist in determining what improvements are necessary to the removal of a great obstruction to the rapid advancement of the country in commercial prosperity. This object it is certain cannot be attained by concealing real difficulties to the entrance of that river, instead of pointing them out and suggesting the means of surmounting them.

[Accidents at the mouth of the river.]

In 1792, Captain Gray, of the American ship *Columbia*, from Boston, entered the river and attained to a position fifteen miles within the cape. This was the first ship to enter this river, which in consequence received the name of the vessel. The channel was found to be "neither broad nor plain," and the captain upon getting to sea again seemed to feel relieved from much anxiety. The discovery having been communicated to Captain Vancouver, he sent Lieut. Broughton in the *Chatham*, who, after exploring, attempted to pass out, in doing which his vessel shipped a sea.

In 1811, the *Tonquin*, owned by the late John Jacob Astor, arrived off the mouth of the river. Her captain sent a boat to sound out the channel. The crew perished in the breakers. Another boat was sent to rescue those in the first boat, but the crew of this boat all likewise perished, with the exception of one man.

In 1817, Captain Biddle, of the United States sloop-of-war *Ontario*, was sent to take possession of Astoria; but the sight of the breakers upon the bar caused him to regard its passage as hazardous.

In 1829, the Hudson Bay Company's brig *William and Anne*, was wrecked at the entrance and all perished.

In 1831 the *Isabella*, belonging to the same company, was wrecked, but the crew survived.

In 1839, Sir Edward Belcher surveyed the bar in his *Britannic Majesty's* ship *Sulphur*, which grounded several times.

In July, 1841, the United States sloop-of-war *Peacock* was wrecked. Captain Wilkes, in his sailing directions, describes it as "exceedingly dangerous, from the force and irregularity of the tides, shifting character of the sands, and great distance of any landmarks as guides."

In September, 1846, the United States schooner *Shark* was wrecked in an

attempt to pass out. Her late commander, however, says, that "the introduction of steam, and the presence of good pilots, would render the passage over the bar comparatively safe."

In addition to the usual calms, the mouth of the Columbia river is likewise subject to those caused by Cape Disappointment and the adjacent highlands. It is also subject to currents, the direction of which varies with the rise and fall of the tide. The difficulties attending the taking of vessels up that river during the rainy season are greatly increased by the winds, which then usually blow down it. These, however, are all the difficulties capable of being entirely removed by the use of appropriate [PAGE 14.]

and obvious means; without these, it will be conceded that real dangers exist. Indeed, the historical facts to which your memorialist has briefly referred, are in themselves sufficient to prove that the dangers are not imaginary.

It ought not to be concealed that, in the rainy season, vessels are sometimes prevented from entering the river during thirty or forty days; and that others, during the same season, are prevented during an equal length of time from departing from the river. The currents of the Columbia are strong, and the channels little known, except to those who make it their business to become acquainted with its important changes. The repugnance to entering that river, which has been felt in consequence of the loss of the Peacock, is almost invincible. The effect of all these causes, when combined, has been a very great injury to Oregon. The unfortunate loss of the Shark threw another obstacle in the way of the commercial advancement of that Territory. But these vessels were not lost because there was not a channel sufficiently deep and broad for them, but because that channel was not known, and could not be supposed to be known, to the respective commanders.

[Remote consequences of these dangers]

Nothing perhaps has tended more to retard the growth and prosperity of the country than the unwillingness of the whalers and merchantmen to enter the river. The people have, in consequence, been unable to dispose of the produce of their lands, whilst, at the same time, they have been under the necessity of paying the most exorbitant prices to merchants who, being without competition, are charged with establishing their own prices.

The following list will enable your honorable body to see the prices of Oregon generally, and not those of the merchant only:

Flour per barrel, \$7 to \$8.

Pork per barrel, \$10.

Beef per cwt., \$6.

Beans per bushel, \$4.

Coarse split-bottomed chairs, without paint, per dozen, \$24.

Plain rocking-chairs, without paint, \$15.

Butter per pound, 25 cents.

Lard per pound, $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents.

Tallow per pound, 10 cents.

Oats per bushel, 50 cents.

Day laborers, \$1 to \$1 50.

Rails per 100, \$1.

Hauling per 100, \$1.

Mechanics per day, \$3 to \$5.

Horse hire per day, \$1 50.

Horses, small and indifferent, \$40 to \$80.

Wood per cord, \$3 to \$4.

Oxen per yoke, \$50 to \$80.

Wagons, second hand, \$100 to \$200.

Flour barrels, \$1.

Fir lumber per 1,000 feet, \$20.

(PAGE 15.)

Pine, \$40.

Potatoes per bushel, 75 cents to \$1.

Turnips per bushel, $62\frac{1}{2}$ cents.

Common wash-stand, \$10.

Plain dining table, \$15.

Stocking plough, \$4 to \$6.

Pickled salmon per barrel, \$10.

Boarding per week, \$3 50 to \$4 50.

Cows, \$20 to \$50.

American work horses, \$100 to \$150.

Sheep per head, \$5.

Cheese per lb., 25 cents.

Shingles per thousand, \$4.

Hewed timber, square and delivered, per foot from 6 to 9 cents.

Medium Irish linen, \$2 to \$3.

Coarse gray cassimere per yard, \$5.

Coarse gray cloth, \$7.

Fine blue, \$13.

Medium hand saw, \$3 50.

Wood saw, \$3 25.

Second and third quality of felling axes, \$3 75.

Medium white flannel per yard, \$1 25.
 Coarse calico per yard, 40 to 75 cents.
 Lead per lb., 20 cents.
 Powder, coarse and indifferent, 50 cents.
 Coarse brown sugar per lb., 12½ cents.
 Syrup per gallon, indifferent, 75 cents.
 Molasses, indifferent, per gallon, 60 cents.
 White lead, in oil, per lb., 28 cents.
 Window glass, such as would not sell here at any price, per box, \$8 to \$10.
 Putty per lb., 20 cents.
 Coffee, indifferent quality, 33⅓ cents.
 Cast steel spades, \$3.
 Iron per lb., 12½ cents.
 Wrought iron ploughs per lb., 50 cents.
 Indifferent salt per bushel, \$1.
 Russia duck, \$1.
 Hyson tea, \$1 50.
 Rice per lb., 12½ cents.
 Cradling scythes, \$3 50.
 Smoothing irons, \$2.
 Writing paper per quire, 75 cents.
 Medium silk pocket handkerchiefs, \$2.
 Fine shoes, at the shop, \$5 50.
 Fine boots, at the shop, \$12 to \$15.
 Very coarse bcots, made in the States, \$8.
 Coarse cotton handkerchiefs, 50 cents.
 Coarse half hose, \$1.
 Percussion caps per box, \$2.
 Drawing knives, \$3 to \$5.
 Tools of every kind very high. (PAGE 16.)
 Nails per lb., 25 cents.
 Cooking stoves, medium size and pattern, \$70 to \$80.
 Cast iron ploughs, stocked, \$30 to \$45.
 Long coarse wool hats, \$3.

But the absence of competition has not been the only element of the high prices of the merchant. The great length of the voyage to Oregon, the hazards to which they have been exposed in entering the river, and the time which said vessels lose in proceeding to their places of destination up the river, necessarily

increasing the expense, are probably also important elements of the high prices complained of.

[Means by which these evils may be avoided.]

Whatever may be the extent of the obstructions to the entrance of the mouth of the Columbia, it is at least certain that pilots, lights, buoys, and a steam tug-boat, would make it, for vessels that can pass the bar, one of the finest harbors in the world. It is conceded that nature has not done everything which art and human industry can do to make it all that it is desirable that it should be, or to make its present entrance safe and easy; yet if the labor and expenditure of money to which necessity excites is recompensed by the attainment, to the fullest extent, of the object sought for, that labor and expenditure should not be withheld.

At the time your memorialist left the Columbia river, for the seat of the national government, Mr. Reeve, the skillful and enterprising pilot at that place, was exerting himself to procure by subscription a sum of money that would enable him to build a small log light-house upon the high land of Cape Disappointment. But your memorialist is not yet prepared to believe that your honorable body will permit a handful of men, in a small, distant, and poor community in Oregon, still laboring under all the inconveniences incident to their peculiar, isolated, and neglected condition, to build light-houses for you.

Your memorialist asks leave to call your attention in this place to an extract from the report of the late Lieutenant Niel M. Howison, United States navy, to the commander of the Pacific squadron, printed by order of the House of Representatives, February 29, 1848. He says:

“The granaries are surcharged with wheat; the saw-mills are surrounded with piles of lumber as high as themselves; the grazier sells his beef at three cents per pound to the merchant, who packs it in salt and deposits it in a warehouse, awaiting the tardy arrival of some vessel to take a portion of his stock at what price she pleases, and furnish in return a scanty supply of tea and sugar and indifferent clothing, also at her own rate. I feel it particularly my duty to call the attention of government to this subject. This feeble and distant portion, of itself, is vainly struggling to escape from burdens which, from the nature of things, must long continue to oppress it, unless parental assistance comes to its relief. The first measure necessary is to render the entrance and egress of vessels into the mouth of the Columbia as free from danger as possible; and the first step towards this is to employ two competent pilots, who should reside at Cape Disappointment, be furnished with two Baltimore-built pilot boats, (for mutual assistance in case of accident to either,) and be paid a regu-

lar salary, besides the fees, which should be very moderate, imposed upon each enter- [PAGE 17.]

ing vessel. A light-house and some beacons, with and without lights, would aid very much in giving confidence and security to vessels approaching the river; but more important than all these would of course be the presence, under good management, of a strong and well-built steam-tug. The effects of these facilities would be to render certain, at least during the summer months, the coming in and going out of vessels, subtract from the premium on insurance, and give confidence to the seamen, who now enter for a voyage to Oregon with dread, reluctance, and high wages. It is not for me to anticipate the boundless spring which the vivifying influence of an extended organized commerce would give to the growth and importance of this country; its portrait has been drawn by abler hands, in books and in the Senate, but I must take leave to suggest that good policy requires the parent government to retain the affections of this hopeful offspring by attentions and fostering care; it needs help at this moment; and if it be rendered, a lasting sense of dependence and gratitude will be the consequence; but if neglected in this its tender age, and allowed to fight its own way to independent maturity, the ties of consanguinity may be forgotten in the energy of its own unaided exertions."

It cannot be doubted that something is necessary to be done which shall make the Columbia river at all times easy of ingress and egress; it only remains to show at how very small an expense, when compared with what has been expended in harbors or at the mouths of rivers on the Atlantic coast, this can be accomplished. Lighthouses, beacons, buoys and breakwaters, or sheltered anchorages, have uniformly received the attention of your honorable body, as affecting the commerce and general welfare of the country and the revenue of the government. The revenue cutter service, designed originally for the mere protection of the revenue against smuggling, is often employed during a considerable portion of the year in the direct assistance of vessels of all classes approaching our Atlantic coast. This service has been eminently approved by the great body of the nation, because it recommends itself to the humanity of the people, and to private interest not less than to the interest of the general government. And the system of lights, beacons, buoys and steam tugs, whether ordered by the general government, or the results of a sense of private interest, all tend directly to the same end, by lessening the dangers of the seas and of the approaches to our Atlantic coast.

Although the people of Oregon have been living a long time upon the Pacific side of the coast without the protection of the laws of their country, your memorialist believes that humanity is the same, or very nearly the same, there

that it is here, and that men there, as here, when they are by any means enabled to discover in what their interest consists, will usually approve of whatever tends to promote it.

To make the Columbia safe at all times in entering and departing, it is only necessary to combine these safeguards in such a manner as the present improvements and experience will permit.

A revenue cutter will be needed at the mouth of the Columbia. Since steam vessels are now coming into general use in this service, it is only necessary to combine the revenue cutter with a steam tug, combining all the qualities required in a steam coast guard with those of a powerful tug or tow-boat, and to keep it usually stationed in Baker's bay, for the purpose of not only preventing smuggling, but also for towing merchant vessels and whalers in and out at that season when they are most exposed to de- (PAGE 18.)

lays and dangers. The same vessel could also take out the buoys for indicating the channel, and the lanterns for the light-houses, and the officers could be employed in superintending the erection of those houses.

[Remote advantages resulting from the use of the necessary means.]

The advantage resulting from affording these facilities to a country, which, in addition to its commercial importance, must always be the great agricultural section of the Pacific coast, would be immense. It would afford the people a remedy for the evil of enormous prices by encouraging merchantmen to come into the Columbia. It would, by encouraging industry, increase a production equal to the supply of the wants of your navy on the Pacific station. In two years from the time of placing a steam tow-boat and buoys at the mouth of the Columbia river, the beef, bread, flour, beans, &c., for the entire Pacific squadron, could be purchased in Oregon as cheap as they could be bought upon this side of the continent. This would, by creating a market, stimulate production. It would save shipment; and in addition to this, the provisions being always fresh, would not, as is frequently now done upon that coast, be condemned and thrown overboard. A call for information from the honorable the Secretary of the Navy would show that immense quantities of bread are annually condemned upon the Pacific coast as spoiled.

That Oregon would within two years, in addition to furnishing food for land troops, produce enough to supply the navy upon the Pacific station, is rendered probable by the following table of the productions of Oregon for the year 1846, as in part ascertained by assessors, and in part being estimates :

	Wheat—bush.	Oats—bush.	Peas—bush	Potatoes—bush.
Polk.....	20,000	14,720	5,200	6,100
Yamhill.	24,546	5,217	1,009	10,076
Twality.....	33,000	21,000	5,400	13,000
Clatsop.....	8,000	5,217	6,400	7,000
Lewis	12,450	9,250	4,475	5,760
Vancouver.....	21,000	15,700	6,200	7,080
Clackamas	19,867	12,140	4,900	9,000
Champoeg	6,000	36,000	12,420	21,400
	<hr/> 144,863	<hr/> 129,244	<hr/> 46,004	<hr/> 73,416

In the month of April, 1847, there were exported 1,736 barrels of flour.

When your memorialist left Oregon, November 4th, it was believed that 180,000 bushels of wheat had been produced. The Whiton was principally laden with Oregon flour. The Janet was spoken off the mouth of the river, and was going in for a load that was in readiness for her to carry away. The brig Henry sailed about the same time, having a considerable portion of her cargo in flour. It was estimated that 4,000 persons had just arrived in the country, and yet flour was selling no higher than \$7.50 per barrel.

It will be observed that no notice is here taken of beef and salmon, both of which, and especially the latter, may be put up to a large amount.

Nor are mills wanting, at which to grind the wheat when grown, there being at least eight. (PAGE 19.)

The capacity of the country for future production will be estimated by a little attention to a few facts. Dr. Marcus Whitman, who formerly resided in the great wheat growing county of Genesee, New York, and who has been during several years a missionary in Oregon, expressed to your memorialist the opinion that Oregon as a wheat producing country was, to say the very least, not inferior to the Genesee valley. He regarded middle Oregon as perhaps better adapted to the raising of sheep than any country in the world. The farmer in Oregon possesses many advantages over those in the States. The latter, with an ordinary stock of cattle, is usually compelled by the severity of the winter to feed to them in that season all, or nearly all, that he has grown during spring, summer and autumn. In Oregon the winter is much milder than it is on the Atlantic side, several degrees farther south. The grass frequently grows all winter. The Rev. George Gary, the late superintendent of the Oregon mission, informed your memorialist that on the 25th of December, 1845, he ate green peas grown in the open air in his garden in Oregon City, and taken from it on that day. Oregon City, if your memorialist is not mistaken, is in latitude 45 deg. 20 min.

north. The winter, commencing November 1st, 1846, and ending March 1st, 1847, was more severe than any that had preceded it in 36 years. The mercury in Fahrenheit's scale fell at one time, at Oregon City, to 2 deg. above zero; at Nisqually, Puget Sound, to 6 deg. below zero; and at the Dalles of the Columbia, to 8 deg. below. The snow remained upon the Willamette valley a foot in depth during three weeks.

An early extension of the jurisdiction and laws of the United States over Oregon would not only rapidly increase the agricultural productions of the country, but would develop mineral resources it has hitherto not been supposed to possess. No scientific explorations and surveys having yet been made, nothing of course is known beyond what is learned from a few casual observations. Minerals are usually found in mountainous portions of the country; but those in Oregon have been traversed by trappers and hunters only, who were incapable of making any examinations of the mineral resources of the countries over which they wandered. It is believed, however, that as the country becomes well populated by a civilized people, and scientific surveys are made, many valuable minerals will be discovered. Many persons, judging from the volcanic appearance of the country, believe that when metals shall be found, they will not be in their oxyds, but reduced by intense volcanic heat to a massive state. But there are some facts connected with the geology of the country which do not warrant this as a necessary conclusion. Your memorialist has found impure dark limestone, lying in thin sheets upon each other, and filled with a multitude of small fossil shells. In the immediate neighborhood he found basaltic rocks; and at a place a little more remote, scoriated basalt. At another locality he examined an immense bluff of yellow friable coarse sandstone. In the immediate vicinity was basalt; a little more remote, scoriated basalt. Near the mouth of the Columbia river a species of limestone is found, which, when burned and slacked, presents various colors, including orange, slate, yellow, and blue; near the place is basalt. At another locality, up the Willamette river, gray granite and basalt were found, very near to each other. The soil in many parts of the valley is colored by the oxide of iron; and your memorialist often found a species of the ore known as shot ore. (PAGE 20.)

Red and yellow ochre and plumbago are brought down the Columbia by the Indians. Lead is reported to have been found in small quantities among the Blue mountains. Fibrous gypsum is found in immense bodies at the head of the Willamette valley, in the side of the Callapooiah mountain, where a branch of the Willamette comes out. Dr. Marcus Whitman, the gentleman in charge of the mission at Walla Walla, informed your memorialist that a remarkably fine and beautiful species of gypsum may be obtained

in inexhaustible quantities on John Day's river, not far from the way leading from the Dalles to Walla Walla. He stated that it was also found upon Thompson's river. He also informed your memorialist that the Indians not unfrequently bring copper from a place north of his station, but south of 49 degrees. Specimens of platina ore have been brought from the country of the Flat Heads, and south of 49 degrees of north latitude. A Mr. Lattee, who was for a long time in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, informed your memorialist that the Indians often brought to the trading post platina and silver ore from the northern extremity of Queen Charlotte's island. There are coal indications near the Dalles of the Columbia, and also upon the Cowlitz river. An inexhaustible supply of bituminous coal of a good quality may be had upon Vancouver's island. It lies near the surface, is gotten out with crowbars, and it is near to good anchorage.

Although these facts are necessarily very imperfect and meagre, yet they are sufficient to show that it is probable that metals, when found, will be found in their oxyds, and not reduced to a massive state by volcanic heat, as has generally been believed.

[A good wagon road.]

Your memorialist would respectfully state that the immigrants endure great fatigue, and are exposed to losses and perils, which might be avoided by surveying, marking out, and making a good wagon road from the western settlements of Missouri to the Willamette valley. Such road being once made, and small military posts established along the line of communication, many of the most formidable obstacles to the performance of the journey would be removed.

There is reason to believe that a nearer and better route into the settlements of Oregon may be had by leaving the Oregon road on Bear river, and then passing north of the great Salt Lake to Ogden's river, and by crossing the Wyhee river and the Blue mountains north of Tlamath lake, so as to cross the President's range of mountains near some streams flowing into the Willamette. This route would probably conduct the immigrants into the Willamette valley a little south of Mount Jefferson, which is one of the great snow peaks of the President's range. Trappers in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company affirm that the valley of the Malheur river makes a good pass through the Blue mountains. Crooked river, which is a branch of the De Chutes, heads with Malheur river, and runs in a westerly direction. A road following these streams might, perhaps, be found, having sufficient grass.

That a pass may be found in the President's range, near to Mount Jeffer-

son, is made probable by the observations of Lieut. Fremont, in 1843, while traveling upon the river De Chutes. He says in his journal, page 119, that "a small trail takes off through the prairie, towards a low (PAGE 21.) point in the range, and perhaps there is here a pass into the Willamette valley." His camp that night was in latitude 45 deg., 2 min., 45 sec., north, and longitude 125 deg., 2 min., 43 sec.*

[A cordon of military posts.]

A wagon road from the western settlements of Missouri being established and graded, and facilities being provided for crossing the principal streams, the next measure in the magnitude of its importance, as affording assistance and protection to the immigrants, is the establishment of military posts upon this road, and at points so selected as at the same time to keep the Indians in check, and to form the nucleus of settlements for production of supplies to the posts and to immigrants. In addition to their ordinary duty, the soldiers might be employed with advantage in the transportation of the mail, or at least in the protection of those who might be engaged in that service. This would secure a more rapid, easy and less perilous communication between the settlements west of the Rocky mountains and those east of them, and would vastly increase the number of immigrants from the latter to the former. Considered, then, as a purely political measure, tending to a rapid colonization of our possessions upon the Pacific, the establishment of a cordon of military posts is important and necessary.

Although your memorialist could indicate the places at which, in his judgment, it would be proper to establish said posts, and assign the reason for this his judgment, yet, knowing that if they are ever established, the fixing of their location will become the duty of competent officers appointed for that purpose, he deems it inexpedient to remark upon this subject, aware as he is of a very natural and even commendable professional jealousy. Yet, there being one location of which mere professional skill and science cannot enable their possessor to speak *ex cathedra*, or with so much authority as a very humble immigrant, who has made it his business to make practical observations, your memorialist most respectfully beg leave to say that there is no place upon the whole line of communication so important for the establishment of a military post as the Grand Ronde. Mere scientific travelers and explorers have, in consequence of their want of a sufficiently practical acquaintance with the wants, the toils and dangers of the immigrants, as such, have hitherto wholly failed to see the importance of the position.

*This is probably what is now known as Minto's Pass.

The Grand Ronde is one of the most beautiful and fertile valleys in Oregon, and is eminently adapted to agriculture and grazing purposes, if any reliance can be placed upon the statements of gentlemen who have passed through it. It lies in Middle Oregon and is surrounded by the Blue mountains, upon which there is an abundant supply of fir, pine and cedar. It is circular in form, as is denoted by its name. It is very productive and is sufficiently watered by streams running through it, and these are also said to have timber upon them. The Oregon road passes through it. A settlement cannot now be made in it in consequence of the opposition of the Indians. The presence of a comparatively small military force here would remove every obstacle, by affording protection to immigrants, who would immediately fill it. Its extent is sufficient for a large county.

Immigrants who had been detained until the coming on of the rainy season, or whose teams were broken down, might remain here during (PAGE 22.) the winter, or they might finally determine upon making it their place of residence. Others, who might require it, could obtain fresh supplies at this place, and then continue their journey into the Willamette.

Immigrants could usually arrive at this point without encountering any difficulties which could not be surmounted by using a little more than ordinary prudence and diligence.

Did not your memorialist feel that in presenting the condition and wants of the people of Oregon, he had already occupied more time than would be expedient under other circumstances, he could present many reasons for the establishment of a military post at this place, and could call the attention of your honorable body to other circumstances which indicate this as being the most important point on the Oregon road for the establishment of a military post, if it be at all an object with the general government to afford protection and facilities to the immigrants.

[General effects of colonizing our possessions on the Pacific coast.]

Considered purely as a political measure, it cannot be otherwise than an important object to colonize our possessions on the Pacific coast as rapidly as possible. A flourishing State or States upon the western side of the continent would, by means of an armed occupation of the places at which an enemy could debark, effectually resist his approach. The nature of the coast and of the country is such that the possession of certain points command the whole.

But a flourishing State upon the Pacific is important, not only as a military defence, but as opening the way for American enterprise and capital to

the commerce of Asia, which would be turned to our western coast as soon population and increased facilities for overland carriage will render it expedient for men of capital to send their commodities and merchandise through this channel rather than round Cape Horn.

[For an appropriation for purchasing seeds and agricultural implements.]

Your memorialist is aware that your honorable body, moved by the high and noble impulses of humanity, were very recently about to appropriate many millions of the public treasure for men and arms for the benefit of the people of Yucatan, who are strangers to you in blood and interest, in feeling, in language, and in laws, and who have never done anything to extend either your territory or your institutions. He is encouraged, therefore, to ask your honorable body to appropriate a few thousand dollars to be expended in purchasing seeds and fruits, and implements of husbandry, for the benefit of your distant, neglected, and forgotten brethren in Oregon, who are one with you in blood, interest, feeling, language and laws, and who, by removing to Oregon, and encountering all the toils and dangers of a long and exhausting journey, and the hardships and privations incident to a residence in that remote wilderness, have done much to extend both your territory and your institutions. There is not probably a gill of the seed of either red clover or blue grass in all Oregon. Nothing would give your memorialist more satisfaction than to be authorized to purchase seeds, fruits, and implements of husbandry, to be shipped on a vessel of war for the people of Oregon. While such a gift would be of infinite value to your distant (PAGE 23.)

and (as they feel) neglected colonists, it would be in the highest degree honorable to your wisdom and humanity.

[Conclusion.]

In conclusion, your memorialist would observe, that although he has referred to several particular wants of Oregon, yet while it was necessary to say at least as much as he has upon these, he earnestly begs that you will never cease to feel that the first great want of the people whose wishes and interests he is faithfully laboring to present to your view, is an act establishing a Territorial government of some sort. Your memorialist beseeches you to pass a good act; but at least let the people of Oregon have a bad one, rather than none—any law, rather than no law. They have a right to your protection, and they need it at this moment. The Indians demand pay for their lands. Early in the autumn, several persons were wounded, and one

was killed. His Excellency, George Abernethy, Governor of Oregon, despatched a letter to your memorialist, after he left Oregon City for the purpose of entering upon this mission, informing him that the Indians had renewed their outrages up the Columbia. Are your fellow-citizens thus to be any longer exposed to be robbed and butchered? Will you neither protect them, nor yet permit them to take a position in which they can provide permanently for their own defense against merciless savages?

The circumstances existing when your memorialist left Oregon, were such as to cause the most serious apprehension of a general Indian war. It is incredible that twelve thousand American citizens, more than three thousand miles distant from the seat of the national government, should neither be governed by you nor yet be permitted to make a declaration of independence, so as to place themselves in a position to discharge those duties incumbent upon them, and to enjoy those rights which are not denied to any of their brethren on the eastern side of the Rocky mountains; but which, if withheld, would deluge this country, and even this capitol, with fraternal blood. Your memorialist would adopt the language of a report made by the lamented late Lieutenant Neil M. Howison, and published among your documents: "I must take leave to say, that good policy requires the parent government to retain the affections of this hopeful offspring, by attentions and fostering care. It needs help at this moment; and if it be rendered, a lasting sense of gratitude and dependence will be the consequence. But, if neglected in this its tender age, and allowed to fight its own way to independent maturity, the ties of consanguinity may be forgotten in the energy of its own unaided exertions."

J. QUINN THORNTON.

FUNERAL ORATION.

DELIVERED BY COL. J. W. NESMITH AT THE TOMB OF GEN. JOSEPH LANE, AT ROSEBURG,
OREGON, APRIL, 22, 1881.

FRIENDS: A great and good man, full of honors and of years has paid the debt of Nature and gone to his final account; we, his neighbors and friends, are assembled to pay honors to his remains, by consigning them to their final resting place. We now look the last time upon the kind and genial face of one of Oregon's oldest and best friends. The great heart that has beaten responsive to our welfare so long, is still in death, and the body that contains it bears the scars of honorable wounds received in defending our country's honor and in the protection of the early settlers of our State. A short time before our friend passed away, I received a letter from him filled with expressions of kindness, and from which I copy the following: "When it shall come my time to cross over, I shall expect you to be present at the laying away of all that remains of your old friend." Subsequently, when too feeble to hold the pen, he dictated, and the hand of affection wrote the request that I should speak a last kind word to his neighbors and his friends over his remains. With a sorrowing heart I shall attempt to comply with the last request of an old friend and comrade in arms, who was once my commanding officer. Conscious that our deceased friend's best eulogy is to be found in the somber history of his long and eventful life, and in the virtues that adorned his character, I shall attempt no fulsome panegyric, but will confine myself to the narration of a few historical facts connected with the services he has rendered to his country and to his adopted State.

Joseph Lane was born in North Carolina, on the 14th of December, 1801. His father removed to Henderson county, Kentucky—then a frontier State—in 1804. The educational advantages of the son were meagre. From early boyhood until he attained the age of twenty years, he was alternately employed upon the farm, in the office of the county clerk, and in a country store. In 1820 he was married to Polly Hart, and settled upon a farm in Vanderburg county, Indiana. The following year he was elected to the

legislature. For twenty-five years, almost continuously, he represented his county in one branch or other of the State legislature. When the war commenced with Mexico in 1846, he resigned his seat in the State senate and enlisted as a private soldier, his company, with several others, having assembled at New Albany and formed a regiment. Lane, the private soldier, was elected Colonel. Shortly afterwards he received from President Polk a commission of Brigadier General. He immediately set out for the seat of war in command of three regiments of Indiana volunteers, and in two weeks' time landed at the Brazos and reported for duty. His brigade was assigned to Major General W. O. Butler's division. At the battle of Buena Vista he commanded the left wing of the army, and commenced the action by attacking a division of the Mexican army numbering 50,000, commanded by General Ampudi. In the course of the battle he was in the hottest of the fight, and was severely wounded by a musket ball, which passed through his right arm near the shoulder, but remained upon his horse and in command of his troops until the enemy were routed and driven from the field. That night he received complimentary congratulations from the "Rough and Ready" old soldier, General Taylor, who never wasted words in undeserved praise. Thus within a few short weeks after the farmer was engaged in peaceful pursuits upon the banks of the Ohio, he had "set a squadron" in the field and developed the able General, successfully commanding a division of the army in one of the hardest fought and bloodiest battles of the war. In June, 1847, he returned to New Orleans, where the Indiana regiments were disbanded. Returning to General Taylor's line he was ordered to join General Scott. Landing at Vera Cruz September 16th, he took up the line of march for the City of Mexico, in command of 3,000 troops. On October 9th he defeated Santa Anna at Humantilla. On the 19th he attacked a strong force of guerillas at Alixco and took the place. On the 29th he dispersed another guerilla force at Tlascala. On November 22d he took Matamoros, which was strongly fortified, capturing a large amount of ammunition and military stores; and on December 14th reached General Scott's headquarters in the City of Mexico and was highly complimented by the hero of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane. The brilliant exploits of General Lane and his brigade of 3,000 men on this memorable march from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, have but few parallels in the annals of modern warfare. Their line of march was over the same general route pursued by Cortez in his conquest three hundred and twenty-eight years before, and which Prescott has so graphically described. To successfully conduct an aggressive campaign, with a mere handful of troops in the heart of an enemy's coun-

try, gives evidence of a high order of military talent possessed by the commander, who had but a few months' experience in the art of war. On January 15th, 1848, General Lane left the City of Mexico under orders to scour the country between the capital and Vera Cruz, to rid it of guerilla marauders. After an unsuccessful attempt to surprise and capture Santa Anna, he took Orizaba, and was engaged in other successful partisan operations. On February 16th he was sent out by General Scott in pursuit of the robber, Jarauta, and on the 21st reached Tulacingo, where General Paredes narrowly escaped capture. On the 24th he came up with Jarauta at Tehautaplan, where a severe fight ensued, in which Jarauta was wounded. This was the last fighting in the Mexican war. From the mere, brief mention that I have made of General Lane's career in Mexico, it must be conceded that he exhibited soldiery qualities of no ordinary character. By the secrecy and celerity of his marches, the quick, hard and unexpected blow, together with his plain and unassuming demeanor, he gained the sobriquet of "The Marion of the Mexican War," and all adventurous, enterprising soldiers, who sought distinction by hard service, desired to serve in "Lane's Brigade." He had great natural talent for the military profession, which, with wider and broader opportunities, would have developed the most brilliant of soldierly qualities. No officer of his rank, who served in that war, rendered so important services to his country, or gained greater fame by his courage and intrepidity, than our deceased friend.

Of all the generals who served in that war, he was the last survivor. Scott, Taylor, Worth, Wood, Butler, Kearney, Patterson, Pierce, Kerney, Pillow, Shields, Cushing, Cadwalder, Quitman, and last, Lane. All have fallen into line, in waiting for the bugle call.

" On fame's eternal camping grounds,
 Their silent tents are spread,
 And glory guards with silent rounds
 The bivouac of the dead."

In 1848, Congress having passed an act organizing a territorial government for Oregon, General Lane was appointed the first Governor. He crossed the plains with a small escort by the way of New Mexico and Arizona, arriving in San Francisco in February, 1849, where I made his acquaintance, and was his fellow-passenger on board the old fast India brig *Jannett*. On his arrival at Oregon City, March 3d, he issued a proclamation, and at once assumed the duties of the office, which he discharged until August, 1850. As Governor he was prompt and efficient in the discharge of his duties, and during his administration he caused the arrest, trial and execution of the Indians who had participated in the Whitman

massacre of 1847. In 1851 he was elected Territorial Delegate to Congress, and was successively elected until the State was admitted into the Union in 1859, when he was chosen United States Senator, and was an unsuccessful candidate for Vice President in 1860. In 1861 his senatorial term expired, when he returned to private life. For the next fifteen years, with his book and gun, his life of quiet and dignified retiracy was passed near the summit of a neighboring mountain. During the recess of Congress in 1853, General Lane was engaged in gold mining in the Rogue River Valley, when suddenly the Indians assumed a hostile attitude, killing many persons and burning nearly all the houses from Cow Creek on the north to near Jacksonville. He at once rallied the settlers, and was placed in command, and driving the Indians north in the direction of the Umpqua. On the 24th he fought the battle of Evan's Creek, where he was severely wounded. Subsequently, and through his efforts, the treaty of Table Rock was concluded on the 10th of September, and under it peace was maintained for the succeeding two years.

I served under his command in the Rogue River campaign of 1853. We had in 1849 explored together the regions of the Siletz and Yaquina Bay, and I believe we were the first white men that crossed out over the bar at Yaquina. We made the passage in an Indian canoe, and imperfectly sounded the channel to the sea. In other explorations and associations I had ample opportunities to know General Lane well. During the ten consecutive years that he represented the Territory and State in the national councils, he was always prompt and efficient in the discharge of his duties, and Oregon is indebted to his efforts for much valuable legislation. His name is honorably engraven upon the pages of our early history, while his reputation is of a national character. As an officer in command of troops, he was strict in the enforcement of discipline, while his thoughtful care for those under him, and the inherent kindness of his nature, caused his subordinates to regard him with the affection of a father. As the swift messenger, that mocks at time and space, spreads the news of the death over the broad republic, many a war-worn veteran will drop the silent tear.

When the brave guardians of a country die,
The grateful tear in tenderness will start,
And the keen anguish of the reddening eye
Discloses the deep affection of the heart.

In all the exalted positions that General Lane occupied, he never forgot his origin as one of the toiling people; his respect for the dignity of labor was such that the humblest farmer or mechanic always found in him a sympathizing friend ready to aid and advise. He led a life of remarkable ab-

stemiousness and frugality, coupled with industry, to which may be attributed his preservation of bodily health and sound intellect to the age of four-score years.

During the latter years of his life, when advancing age and the pain of his old wounds disqualified him for great physical exertion, he became a hard and constant student, devoting the most of his time to the study of the works of the best authors, and thus acquired a great fund of scientific and valuable information, for the acquisition of which opportunities had been denied him in his youth. In private life he was a man of pure and noble sentiments, eminently kind, sociable and agreeable. He was generous to a fault, and suffering humanity never appealed to his pocket in vain, as long as there was anything in it. I recollect that when the government sent out a paymaster with funds to pay us for our services in the Rogue River war of 1853, he signed the pay-roll, and directed that every cent of his pay should be turned over to some destitute orphan children, survivors of the Boise massacre; and then borrowed money from a friend to purchase a suit of clothes and pay his expenses to Washington city, from whence he promptly remitted payment as soon as he drew his mileage. In his association with the world he was always the gallant, chivalrous, polite and modest gentleman. Those were inherent qualities which the rough garb of the farmer, miner, hunter, frontier Indian fighter, gold-bedizened epaulets and uniform of the general, or the habiliments of the governor, or the senator, could never change or obscure. He always treated ladies with the greatest deference, while children rarely escaped his caresses. In old times we used to joke him about his fondling with children, as a means of obtaining popularity, but those of us who know him longest and best came to regard it as an evidence of the gentle kindness of his great heart. He had associated much with the distinguished men of his time, and among those were Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Marcey, Buchanan, Douglas, Seward, Chase and others known to fame. He personally knew General Jackson, and was at the impressible age of fourteen when the battle of New Orleans was fought. Many of his Kentucky neighbors and friends had marched to the aid of Jackson, and the defence of the imperiled city, under General John Adair, and when they returned home were full and overflowing with the praises of Jackson, who had long before won the admiration of the people of the southwest by the brilliancy of his Indian campaigns. Those things made an impression upon the boy's mind that death alone could eradicate. Jackson's honest, plain, simple political creed, coupled with his superb achievements and dauntless courage, made him Lane's beau ideal of the soldier-statesman and patriot. It was the homage that one honest and

brave man pays to those qualities in another. I have often thought that General Jackson furnished the model after which Lane's character was formed. We know that they possessed many splendid traits in common. Both were the product of frontier civilization, and Nature had been more lavish in her bounties with them than the schools. Each had gained great distinction in the military services of the country, while simplicity of character, honesty and directness of purpose, and sympathy with the people, were their common characteristics. Perhaps by some intuitive process each had adopted and adhered to views upon the great questions of tariff and finance which were in accord with the master minds of the world that have attempted to elucidate those recondite subjects. Both were brave and unselfish patriots, whose chief desire was the welfare of their fellow-citizens.

Gen. Lane was always exceedingly scrupulous about the large sums of public funds at different times entrusted to his care for disbursement, and no complaint was ever made of his appropriating to his private use a dollar not his own. Rings, lobbyists and jobbers never had his aid, while he despised every form of speculation and frequently denounced the speculators. He sincerely believed that all moneys wrung from the hands of the toiling people in the form of taxes should be honestly appropriated to public uses. I never knew of his being engaged in litigation, and he would as soon thought of compromising his honor as an honest debt. In danger or in battle he was always cool, discriminating and alert, and as brave as a lion. I do not think that the man knew what fear was when he had a duty to perform.

I speak of his dauntless courage by the light of experience I had in standing by his side under the frowning shadows of Table Rock on the 10th of September, 1853, when our little party of eleven men, unarmed, and the General badly wounded, were surrounded by seven hundred hostile and well armed savages, who threatened our lives in retaliation for the death of one of their tribe. It was then that the eyes now closed in death seemed to emit sparks of fire, and the now paralyzed tongue poured forth words of natural eloquence, mingled with a haughty and dignified defiance that seemed to inspire our enemies with an awe and admiration due to some superior being. But for the coolness, the defiant courage evinced by our commander, I believe our little party would have furnished another illustration of the barbarous instincts of the savage for the treacherous shedding of blood.

During our friend's illness, he had all the loving sympathy, kind care and attention that most devoted filial affection could bestow, and sank to rest surrounded by three generations of sorrowing descendants. Our friend has

departed to "that undiscovered country whose bourne from whence no traveler returns," and we are sadly admonished that "the paths of glory lead but to the grave." His good deeds will survive and his memory will be cherished. As we review his long and honorable career his friends will have no occasion to invoke protection from the charitable maxim, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. Whatever of enmity has ever existed between him and others, on account of ephemeral political differences, are silenced, however, in the solemn presence of death. How sorry and contemptible would those transient asperities appear if paraded at the portals of the tomb; and for my own part I contemplate their past existence with emotions of sorrow and regret.

Farewell! good, brave and generous old friend. With heavy hearts we consign your honored remains to their last, long home. May they rest in peace!

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF GEORGE GAY

BY J. W. NESMITH.

George Gay died near Wheatland, Oregon, on the 7th of October, 1882, aged 72 years. Mr. Gay's early life was full of adventure. He was born near Berkley, in Glostershire, England, August 15, 1810. At the age of eleven years he went to sea as an apprentice, and served for four years. After following the sea for eleven years and making voyages to different parts of the world, in 1832 he shipped on board of the whaler Kitty, of London, for a cruise in the Pacific ocean, and the next year left the ship at Monterey, in California, and joined Ewing Young in a trapping expedition along the coast to the mouth of Rogue river. In 1835, he started overland from California with a small party under the leadership of John Turner—one of the three survivors of Jedediah Smith's party of (18) eighteen men who were murdered by the Indians near the mouth of the Umpqua in July, 1828. The other members of the party were Dr. Bailey, John Woodworth, Daniel Miller, — Saunders, "Big Tom" (an Irishman), and another man, whose name is forgotten, and a squaw belonging to Turner.

The party had 47 head of good horses and a complete outfit for trapping. About the middle of June, 1835, the party encamped for the night near a place known as "The Point of Rocks," on the south bank of Rogue river. Early the next morning the Indians commenced dropping into camp, a few at a time. Gay was on guard, and not liking the appearance of the Indians, awoke Turner, who was the leader of the party, and the latter conversed with the savages through his squaw, who spoke Chinook. Turner concluded that there was no harm to be apprehended from their dusky visitors, and, forgetting the fearful massacre which he so narrowly escaped with Smith's party seven years before near the Umpqua, the party became careless. In the meantime, some four or five hundred Indians had assembled in and about the camp of the little party, and at a signal, furiously attacked the white men with clubs, bows and arrows and knives. The attack was so sudden and unexpected that the Indians obtained three of the eight guns with which Turner and his party were armed. The struggle of the trappers for life was desperate and against fearful odds.

The eight men seized whatever they could lay their hands on for defense. Some of them discharged their rifles in the bosom of their assailants and then clubbed their guns and laid about them with the barrels. Turner, who was a herculean Kentucky giant, not being able to reach his rifle, seized a big fir limb from the camp fire and laid about him lustily, knocking his assailants right and left. At one time the savages had Gay down and were pounding him, but they were crowded so thick as to impede the force of their blows. Old Turner, seeing Gay's peril, made a few vigorous blows with his limb which released him, and the latter, springing to his feet, dealt fearful cuts, thrusts, slashes and stabs with his long, sharp sheath-knife upon the naked carcasses of the dusky crowd. The other men, following Turner's and Gay's example, fought with the energy of despair and drove the Indians from their camp. Dan Miller and another trapper were killed upon the spot, while the six survivors of the *melee* were all more or less seriously wounded. While the fight was going on, the squaws drove off the herd of horses and carried off all of the baggage and camp equipage, together with three rifles. Three of the remaining guns were rendered useless by having their stocks broken off in the clubbing process. The six badly wounded survivors took to the brush and kept the Indians at bay with their two remaining rifles. By traveling in the night-time and hiding in the brush in the day-time, they managed to elude the Indians, but suffered terribly from their wounds and for want of provisions and clothing. Dr. Bailey had received a fearful wound from a tomahawk, which split his lower jaw from the point of the chin to the throat. From want of proper treatment, the parts never properly united, and many old pioneers will recollect the unsightly scar that disfigured his face for life. Saunders' wounds disabled him from traveling, and he was left on the South Umpqua, and "Big Tom" was left on the North Umpqua. The Indians subsequently reported to Dr. McLaughlin that both men had died of their wounds where they were left. Turner, Gay, Woodworth and Dr. Bailey, after reaching the head of the Willamette valley, differed about the route. Turner mistook the Willamette for the Columbia. Gay, in his sea voyages, had seen a map or chart showing that the Columbia ran *west*, and determined to strike due north in search of the great river, upon the banks of which he expected to find Hudson's Bay trappers and traders. Turner, Bailey and Woodworth followed down the Willamette river until, in a famishing condition, they struck the Methodist mission below Salem. Gay kept along the foot-hills on the west side of the valley and crossed the Rick-real about where Dallas now stands, and crossed the Yamhill river at the falls near Lafayette, passing along on the west side of Wapattoo lake, and crossing the Tualatin plains, reached Wythe's trading post on Sauvie's island some time in August. Before separating from his companions, Gay had cut up his buck-

skin breeches to make moccasins for the party and made the most of the journey in a naked condition with the exception of the tattered remnants of an old shirt. The mosquitoes nearly devoured him in the Columbia bottoms. This perilous trip of nearly 500 miles was made nearly fifty years ago, and was a terrible test of the endurance of a naked, wounded, starving man. In 1836, Gay returned to California with Slacom and brought the first band of Spanish cattle to Oregon. While returning on this trip he received a fearful wound from an Indian's arrow in the Siskiyou mountains and carried the stone arrow-head embeded in his flesh for five years. When the writer made the acquaintance of George Gay, forty years ago, he was a handsome, athletic man, of a powerful physical organization combined with great activity, being as fine a horseman as ever bestrode a steed and as expert a *vacquaro* as ever swung a lasso. Along in the early 40's he was the wealthiest man in Oregon outside of the Hudson's Bay Company, his herds of cattle and horses roaming over what is now the southern end of Yamhill and the northern end of Polk counties. In 1843 he built the first brick house in Oregon. He entertained Commodore Wilkes and his officers, and subsequently the officers of the American men-of-war Peacock and the Shark, and the officers of all the British men-of-war that visited the Columbia in early days. His house was a general resort for travelers and emigrants in early days. He dispensed a rude but unbounded hospitality, to which all comers were welcome. I have known him to slaughter a bullock for the breakfast of his guests, the remnants of which were eaten for supper. Gay was kind and gentle in his deportment, but always retained a dash of rollicking *bon homme* which more or less pertains to the sailor, the trapper and mountaineer.

His property gradually slipped through his hands. The wily arts and tricks pertaining to a higher civilization were too much for his unsophisticated nature, and like many of the old, generous and hospitable pioneers, he died poor.

The old Kentucky giant, John Turner, so well known and famed for his herculean strength, good nature, quaint oddities and dauntless courage, through the Rocky mountains, New Mexico, California and Oregon, from 1823 to 1847, was killed in the latter year in California by the accidental discharge of his own rifle.

Dr. Bailey was a well-educated English physician and surgeon, and was for many years the principal doctor in the Willamette valley. He died a few years since near Champoeg.

George Gay was the last survivor of that little party of pioneers that marked their trail to Oregon with their blood and reached here under so many difficulties nearly half a century ago.

TRANSACTIONS
OF THE
ELEVENTH ANNUAL RE-UNION
OF THE
OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION

FOR

→* 1883 *←

AND

THE ANNUAL ADDRESS BY HON. W. LAIR HILL,

TOGETHER WITH

OPENING ADDRESS BY HON. J. W. NESMITH,

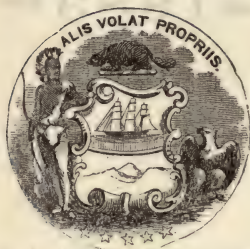
AND OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST.



SALEM, OREGON :

E. M. WAITE, STEAM PRINTER AND BOOKBINDER.

1884.



PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETY AND BOARD.

OREGON STATE FAIR GROUNDS,
SALEM, June 15, 1883. }

At the annual election of the Oregon Pioneer Association, held on this day, the following officers were elected to serve during the ensuing year:

President—J. W. Nesmith.

Vice President—J. W. Grim.

Secretary—T. B. Odeneal.

Corresponding Secretary—W. H. Reese.

Treasurer—J. M. Bacon.

Directors—E. M. Waite, F. X. Matthieu and Joseph Watt.

SALEM, February 21, 1884.

Pursuant to a call of the President, the officers and directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met at the office of the Clerk of the Supreme Court, in Salem, on this day at 2 P. M.

Present—J. W. Nesmith, President; J. W. Grim, Vice President; T. B. Odeneal, Secretary; J. M. Bacon, Treasurer; E. M. Waite, F. X. Matthieu and Joseph Watt, Directors.

The object of the meeting having been stated by the President, the following proceedings were had:

On motion, the State Fair Grounds were selected as the place, and the 17th and 18th days of June as the days for holding the Twelfth Annual Reunion of the Association.

On motion, it was resolved that Hon. Joseph S. Smith*, of Portland, be invited and requested to deliver the Annual Address, and that F. O. McCown, Esq., of Oregon City, be invited to deliver the Occasional Address.

On motion, Medorum Crawford, T. McF. Patton and L. E. Pratt were appointed a General Committee of Arrangements, with power to appoint such sub-committees as they deem necessary.

The President was authorized to select persons to deliver addresses in case those invited should decline.

On motion, Joaquin Miller was requested to write a poem to be read at the reunion.

E. M. Waite was appointed Committee on Printing.

On motion, Daniel Clark, of Salem, was appointed Grand Marshal.

On motion, it was resolved that the gates of the Fair Grounds be closed, and that an admission fee of 25 cents be charged to all except the families of Pioneers.

J. M. Bacon read the following verified letter, which was ordered to be printed with the proceedings of this meeting:

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY,
OFFICE OF THE GEN'L TICKET AND PASSENGER AGENT,
CHICAGO, October 9, 1883. }

Mr. Joseph Watt, Chairman, Oregon Pioneer Association, Palmer House, Chicago, Ills.

MY DEAR SIR: I am advised that Mr. W. H. Dixon, representing the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, made the statement while en route from Portland, Oregon, to Minneapolis, Minn., on the Pioneer Excursion Train, that you had been bought by the representative of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway to bring your people (the Oregon Pioneers) from Minneapolis or St. Paul to Chicago by our line, and I hasten to say in this connection that such

*Declined on account of ill health, and H. Y. Thompson, Esq., was selected in his stead.

statement is absolutely, positively and wickedly false, and that I cannot believe for a moment that any member belonging to the old and honored Association, which has elected you its Chairman, would do otherwise than resent such an accusation against one of its members and chief officers. For their benefit, and without your knowledge, I now make the statement that beyond the contract which was jointly signed by you and myself at Portland, Oregon, on September 10th, I never make you even a promise of any kind, character or description; I did not even extend to you the courtesy of free transportation, and no one can know better than yourself that you traveled over our line on a ticket purchased with your own money, as it is presumed the others have done. At our meetings in Portland, Oregon, there were always others present belonging to your Association besides yourself, and with a map before us I showed you what I thought then (and believe that you have now found) to be the advantages of our line, and after discussing it with other members of your Association, I presented you a form of contract for signature. This you also discussed with others, and at a time when I was absent, and at the last meeting it was agreed to and signed. I took you and the other gentlemen representing your Association, whom I had the privilege and honor of meeting at Portland, to be gentlemen, and am sure that any effort on my part to have tried to buy either you or them (which never entered my mind) would have met with disaster to our interests, and as an official of this company, I could not for a moment have thought of such a thing, and am wholly unwilling that such charge should be made against you without doing you the justice of branding it as wilfully and maliciously false in every particular.

I ask that at your meeting this may be read to the Association as a body. Trusting that you and the others who came with you from Oregon, and who passed over our line have found it all that I represented it to be to you and others when in Portland, and that we shall hereafter have the pleasure of meeting you and them frequently. I beg to subscribe myself

Yours very truly,

F. N. JOHN,

General Ticket and Passenger Agent.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of October, 1883.

JAMES C. HUTCHINS,

Notary Public Cook County, Illinois.

On motion, the meeting adjourned subject to the call of the President.

OPENING ADDRESS.

BY HON. J. W. NESMITH.

The Eleventh Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association was held at the State Fair Grounds on the 15th day of June, 1883, and was very largely attended. Al. Zieber, Esq., not being in attendance, Capt. L. S. Scott was elected to serve as Grand Marshal. The procession was formed and marched around the grounds to music furnished by the Capital Guard Band. After the seats around the platform were taken, prayer was offered by Rev. J. L. Parrish.

Hon. W. Nesmith, President of the Association then delivered the following

OPENING ADDRESS.

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Oregon Pioneer Association, and fellow-citizens:

We are assembled to hold our Eleventh Reunion in commemoration of the 15th day of June, 1846. Thirty-seven years ago to-day it was definitely determined by and between the United States of America and Great Britain that the soil upon which we now stand should thenceforth be subject to the sole and exclusive jurisdiction of the United States, and that all of that vast region of territory upon the Pacific Coast from the 49th parallel of latitude on the north to the 42d parallel of latitude on the south—and which now embraces the State of Oregon and Washington Territory—should become an integral portion of the great American republic. By the most solemn official act known to or exercised by nations, England yielded her claim to an empire. Prior to that date a few of us who are here to-day were residents of Oregon, and at the time when the country was subject to joint occupancy by the citizens of the United States and the subjects of Great Britain. It is scarcely necessary for me to remind the pioneers who were here thirty-seven years ago of the anxious

solicitude with which we watched and waited for the results of the treaty, involving as it did the important question to us as to whether we were to remain under the protection of the stars and stripes or become subjects of the British monarchy. It was a time of great rejoicing among the few scattered residents here when we came to know for a certainty that Oregon was firmly established as an integral portion of the American Union, and our allegiance to the old flag had not been sacrificed or bartered away by wiles of diplomacy. The importance of the event to us who were then settlers in Oregon can scarcely be appreciated by those of our fellow citizens who have more recently arrived here. To us who were here under the treaty of joint occupancy, the 15th day of June became a sort of localized Fourth of July, and we still contemplate its annual recurrence with a feeling akin to that with which we regard the glorious achievements of our ancestors on the Fourth of July, 1776. The Declaration of Independence was the initial point in establishing our great free democratic republic, and the treaty of June 15, 1846, was a conveyance in the nature of a warranty deed executed by the two greatest nations of the earth, covenanting and guaranteeing to the Oregon pioneers that they and their posterity forever should remain under the protection of the government established by the toil, sufferings and patriotic perseverance of their ancestors. It is, therefore, not strange that we should annually assemble to commemorate the important event in our history so full of interest to us and to our descendants. There are but a few of us left who were here to rejoice at the results of the treaty concluded thirty-seven years ago to-day. The most of our comrades have joined the great majority and have gone down to "the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust." Pioneers, let us to-day kindly remember the good fellows who have crossed over, and who were a generation ago our friends, neighbors and compatriots. Though the treaty was concluded on the 15th of June, the facilities for the transmission of news were so few and uncertain that no information as to the results of the negotiations reached Oregon until the following 12th of November, and then the news came by sailing vessels by the way of the Sandwich Islands. This fact of itself illustrates the wonderful triumphs of progress and civilization that have taken place within our memory. Now it would require less than five minutes to transmit the news for which we then waited five months. At the time the treaty was signed the American settlers west of the Rocky Mountains consisted of a few people scattered over the lower Willamette Valley. They were destitute of commercial facilities, isolated from the rest of the world, poor in worldly effects, and dependent for news or associations with the civilized world upon the slow progress of ox teams making a six months'

toilsome march across nearly 3000 miles of desert wilderness, inhabited by wild and hostile savages.

I am quite sure that none of us expected to live to see the wonderful developments which we now witness in every portion of what, at that date, appeared to us an uninviting wilderness. As an illustration of the rapidity with which news was transmitted at that time, I may state that the Democratic Convention which nominated Mr. Polk for the Presidency, met in Baltimore on the 27th of May, 1844, after the emigrants had left the Missouri frontier, and the emigrants of 1845 brought us the news of the election. Polk had been nominated, elected and inaugurated President of the United States for several months before we knew who the candidates were. How discouraging it would be to those of us in Oregon, who dabble in politics and like to be on the popular side if we had to wait a year to know whether we were to be sharers in the spoils or suffer the humiliations of defeat. Under the then existing condition of affairs and before lightening had been harnessed to run in opposition to the ox teams, it is not strange that many public men were to be found in and out of Congress who derided the idea that there ever would be an American State west of the Great American Desert and the Rocky Mountains. But there were at that time two frontier Senators in Congress, representing the western verge of civilization, who knew of what sort of material the men of the frontier were made, and whose patriotism was so broad that it spanned the continent from ocean to ocean. I refer to Dr. Lewis F. Linn and Col. Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri. Linn was cultured, kind, yielding and amable, but none the less hopeful and patriotic, and full of anxiety to encourage emigration to Oregon. Benton, in addition to his great learning, was arrogant, fearful and aggressive, and with prophetic vision saw what were to be the results of scientific experiments then in their infancy. With proud and imperious mien he stood up before an immense assemblage of people at St. Louis on the 19th day of October, 1844, and uttered the following predictions:

"I say the man is alive, full-grown, and is listening to what I say (without believing it, perhaps), who will yet see the Asiatic commerce traversing the North Pacific ocean, entering the Oregon river, climbing the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, issuing from its gorges and spreading its fertilizing streams over our wide extended Union. The steamboat and the steam-car have not exhausted all their wonders. They have not yet found their amplest and most appropriate theaters—the tranquil surface of the North Pacific ocean, and the vast inclined plains which spread east and west from the basis of the Rocky Mountains. The magic boat and the flying car are not yet seen upon this

ocean, and upon this plain, but they will be seen there; and St. Louis is yet to find herself as near Canton as she now is to London, with a better and a safer route by land and sea to China and Japan than she now has to France and Great Britain."

Grand "Old Bullion," with all his arrogance and foibles, was the greatest, most true and hopeful friend that the Oregon Pioneers ever had. We have given a slight recognition of the services of Benton and Linn in our behalf by giving their names to two of the counties of our State. Pioneers, a few of us have lived to witness the consummation of the predictions that Benton, in his hopefulness, made of our country thirty nine years ago. The magic boat and flying car of which Benton spoke, and the electric telegraph and telephone, of which he had no conception, are at our doors, and are familiar objects. The days of our pioneer toil and privations are past; progress and the wonderful developments of science have brought us in contact with the civilized world, and we are in the enjoyment of blessings unknown to our immediate ancestors. May our posterity long enjoy these advantages under a free and enlightened government of their own choice.

ANNUAL ADDRESS.

BY HON. W. LAIR HILL.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Pioneer Association:

The address which I have the honor of presenting to-day will be a departure—and I fear an unacceptable one—from the line of those which have preceded it; it will not be, in any accurate sense, historical. In stating the reasons for this departure I shall be compelled to inflict upon you both an apology (which, though always in order, is not always useful), and a confession personal to myself (which is, in most cases, out of order). Shortly after receiving the invitation with which your Society honored me, to address you upon this occasion, I was prostrated by a severe illness; so severe, for some time, as to make it impossible for me to give even a thought to the matter, much less to attempt anything in way of collecting and arranging historical notes from the already well gleaned field of Oregon's Pioneer period. When I recovered sufficiently to remember that I had engaged to entertain you for a little while at this reunion, but was not yet able to begin the collection of such facts as might be useful to the future student of the history of Oregon, and interesting to those whose lives form the story of the infancy of our beloved commonwealth, my first impulse was to advise the officers of the Association of my condition, and ask them to excuse me from appearing before you. But I hesitated, because—and here is the confession—I could not easily give up the wish to have some active part in the recorded transactions of a Society composed entirely of the men and women of a generation rapidly passing away, in whose lives and actions my youth and early manhood saw its only living models, and found, in the main, all its inspirations; and as there remained some few weeks of time, I hoped still to be wholly recovered in time to prepare something that would at least furnish you with a few moments of pleasant entertainment. But health and strength came slowly, and thus, day by day, impatiently hoping to-morrow would find me able to do something toward gathering historical matter worth preserving, I let the time slip by until it was too late for your officers to secure another to fill my place. I now realize, and am mortified to think how much you will re-

alize, in this hasty and underdone course in your bill of fare, the mistake I committed in not acting promptly on the first impulse and passing the task over into stronger hands. It is a sense of obligation, and not of pleasure, that prevents me from trusting your generosity to allow this explanation to stand for the whole address, and retiring at once.

After the heavy immigration of 1853, there was but slight increase of the population of Oregon Territory until some time after the transition from territorial tutelage to the full dignity of Statehood, which took place February 14, 1859. By the census of 1860, one year after her admission, the population of Oregon numbered a little over 52,000. Some years before that time the discovery had been made that not the extraordinary fertility of the soil of western Oregon—which was about the whole of Oregon in those days—nor the exceeding mildness of the climate, nor the perennial pasturage of the valleys, nor yet the gold mines of the southern section, would give wealth to any seeker, except in exchange for sweat of brow or brain. A voyage of adventure brought not back the golden fleece, and the arogaunts no longer poured over the Sierras into California, nor overflowed her northern hills to seek fugitive fortune in Oregon. The home-builders, too—blessings on them everywhere and forever!—whose caravans, freighted with the precious burden of wife and children and household goods, the *lares* and *penates* of a gentler than Trojan race, had whitened the desert with a constantly increasing stream direct to Oregon, till 1852, and with little falling off in 1853, came in smaller numbers afterward; for most of the lands in the Willamette, Umpqua and Rogue river valleys, which were then and for long years supposed to be the only lands in the territory suitable for homes, had been occupied. The home builder of Oregon was not a gold hunter. He was not in any sense an adventurer. If he sought fortune in the mines while his devoted wife worked the garden, milked the cows, and kept the children, it was to enable himself and her to realize their dream of home. To him the seeking of gold was an incident, the finding of adventure an accident. His home once established—the primitive house constructed, the hearthstone warmed, the well dug, and the kitchen provided with the few and simple necessities to meet the few and simple wants of the pioneer family, he might go to the gold fields with pick and pan, or, turning freighter and merchant, both in one, he might deliver flour and bacon, coarse clothes and mining implements to the argonauts of northern California; but wheresoever he went, whatsoever he did, he always felt the firm, safe earth of home beneath his feet.

Such was the character of the great body of the people who settled in Oregon

in the pioneer days; and when from their letters, and other sources of information, their friends and acquaintances in the States beyond the Rocky Mountains, were advised that it was no longer easy to obtain or create better homes here than in the then opening regions near the Mississippi, the tide of home-builders ceased to flow in any considerable volume into the territory. Meanwhile the mines of southern Oregon, limited to a comparatively small area, were fully occupied as early as 1852, and the northwest held out no inducements to the gold hunter, nor to the adventurer. Thus it was that the people of the territory, at the end of the year 1853, together with their children born in Oregon, comprised nearly the entire population of the State when admitted into the Union.

Parenthetically, I take the liberty of remarking here, though not the object of referring to the fact that in the main the Oregonians of 1859 are identical with the Oregonians of 1853, that the admission of the State into the Union would form a natural, convenient and conspicuous landmark at which to close the pioneer period; and to add that the circumstances connected with the Indian wars of 1855-6 do themselves constitute a just claim of all who were residents of the territory at that time to the same position as pioneers with those, at least, who came subsequently to the establishment of the territorial government by the act of Congress of August 14, 1848. There was never anything in the idea of fixing upon 1849 as the end of the pioneer period, unless the right to be considered a pioneer of Oregon is a distinction arising from events that occurred in California; and I see little in the claim that an immigrant of 1852 is more a pioneer than an immigrant of any year between that and the admission of the State into the Union. But this, as before suggested, is merely incidental.

The class I have denominated home builders comprised the vast majority of the immigrants to Oregon in the pioneer period. True, there was a comparatively small number of mere adventurers, most of whom left the country as society became settled and took on the appearance of permanency, and a still smaller proportion of aimless, wandering spirits, some of whom left, while others betook themselves to the quiet pursuits and steady habits of the majority, married, established homes and lived thenceforth to a purpose. So the people who form the great column of Oregon pioneers to-day are they who constituted the pillars of social and civil government in the infancy of the community and of its institutions. They are the people whose energy, courage and constancy settled the dispute with England, and made this an American land, without aid from the United States government, and left nothing for diplomacy to do but to secure acceptance and ratification by Great Britain of an accomplished

fact; and those whose intelligent attachment to the principles of law and order and the institutions of civilized society finally moulded and fashioned the wholesome system of laws under which we live.

But the inference which has been too often drawn from these premises, that the Oregon pioneer was prompted to undertake the toilsome and weary march across the continent, in the face of dangers, seen and unseen, by a patriotic desire to save this goodly land to the United States, and plant the banner of republican liberty on the shores of the Pacific, is contradicted by patent facts and contrary to common reason. Their grand achievements has confused the reason and misled the judgment of the intelligent writers and speakers, who have indirectly assigned so high a motive and so great foresight as the inspiration that sustained them through the trials and hardships of the overland journey, and through the deprivations and sacrifices to which they submitted with such heroic cheerfulness after reaching their destination. The truth is, and historic criticism will so settle it, no such thoughts engaged the mind of the early immigrants or of the later, till after their pilgrimage was accomplished. When they looked forward, as some of the more intelligent of them doubtless did, to the establishment of civil government in the land, toward which they had set their faces, it is more than probable that in a vague and indefinite way they thought only of the same sort of government with which they had been familiar—the only sort in fact, of which they had any practical knowledge. But they were not mere missionaries of civil liberty, nor patriots voluntarily sacrificing themselves in unselfish devotion to the extension and aggrandisement of their mother land. To their love of liberty and equality; and their filial regard for that form of government under whose benign sway they and their ancestors had enjoyed these blessings, we owe the fact that the flag that floated over our revolutionary sires is nailed to the mast of our own good ship. But it was not for this they left kindred and friends and native land and turned their faces to the vast wilderness which lay between them and the sundown seas; not for this they toiled and suffered thro' the weary journey, to endure further hardships and privations at its close. Their splendid achievement was the incident, not the object, of their migration to this far away land. Seeking a country where the restraints and compromises of civil and social institutions would press less hard upon individual freedom, they found an empire soon to be the conquest of those institutions. Building their primitive cabins remote from each other, with the stream at one side and the wide meadow on which their cattle grazed, at the other, they laid the foundation of city and town and villa. Meeting in little groups of two, three or five around their firesides and talking over the incon-

veniences and perils of living where there was no law but individual conscience, and no means of repressing vice or protecting virtue save in the common sentiments of a people too few and too widely scattered to make their sentiments a force sufficient to stand in place of the sanctions of law, the earliest pioneer settlers unconsciously prepared the ground and sowed the seed from which the civil government established by themselves on July 5, 1843, was the first harvest; and the constitution and laws under whose protection we meet here to-day are not to be the last. They have lived to see the work which was thrust upon them by their surroundings become an enduring monument to commemorate their struggles and privations, their patriotic intelligence, their love of justice and good order, their sterling worth in all the walks of life. I may without immodesty speak thus in praise of those brave men and women, for I claim no part in their fame save as it is the rightful heritage of their children, the pioneer period having passed away before I was old enough to begin even the rehearsal of my little part on the stage of action. But speaking thus in praise, looking back in admiration of their intrepidity, intelligence and virtue, I can not conceal from myself that manifest connection of events, which, viewed with sober judgment and not through the dazzling halo of subsequent history, puts down as mere romancing all the stories that place the Oregon pioneer on an eminence of patriotism far above the people of his class in other times and countries. Coming to this remote and almost unknown clime with the same strong courage that has characterized the enterprising frontiersman in all countries, and with no higher motive than those that have actuated the pioneers of all the other States, old and new, he was thrown into circumstances that called upon him to act a part which in the light of subsequent events is shown to have been of the utmost importance, securing to his country dominion over a vast empire. He builded better than he knew. Entitled to the loving remembrance of his descendants and those who enjoy the blessings his toils and privations purchased, he receives sometimes—and even at intelligent hands—credit that is founded on no merit, praise which the future historian of Oregon, with vision unobscured by admiration, will pronounce a fable.

Leaving out the small element of gold-hunters and the smaller one of reckless adventurers—classes inconsiderable in number in comparison to the true Oregonian of the earlier days—the pioneers were strong and brave. “Only the brave started, and only the strong got through,” says Joaquin Miller, the poet pioneer of Oregon, whose fame as poet has traveled as far as the English language. But strong and brave though they were—I claim these qualities for the fathers and mothers, leaving their children to wear spurs where they have won

them—strong and brave though they were, and home-builders in the texture of their mental constitutions, and as to most of them, in the definite purposes of their migrations, they were not of the cultured race who loved the amenities of polite society. The greater number of them were pioneers by nature and occupation, as their fathers had been before them. In childhood the story of their ancestors' migrations from the east to the west, and then to the newer west was their handbook of history. Homer and Virgil, of whom few of them had ever heard, could have rehearsed no epic half so thrilling to their ears as the narratives of daring adventure and hair-breadth escape, which, half true and half false, ever form the thread of frontier history. They knew nothing of Hector and Achilles, but they knew of Daniel Boone, who, Lord Byron said,

"Was happiest among mortals anywhere,"

Whom civilization drove out of Pennsylvania by destroying the red deer and the black bear, and who, after some years of solid comfort in his log cabin amid the wilds of Kentucky, was again persued and overtaken by the same relentless enemy and compelled to retire into the Missouri wilderness, beyond the Mississippi; and who, even in that distant retreat, was soon forced to say to his friend and companion, according to current anecdote, "I was compelled to leave Kentucky because people came and settled so close around me I had no room to breathe. I thought when I came out here I should be allowed to live in peace; but that is all over now. A man has taken up a farm right over there, within twenty-five miles of my door." Of Boone, and such as Boone, most of them who founded the commonwealth of Oregon knew much more than of the great names of literature, statesmanship or arms, and their minds dwelt fondly on the exploits of the frontiersman, whether in contests with the savages or in the chase. More familiar with the log cabin than with the palace, with the rifle than with the spindle and loom, with the saddle than with the railway, they felt cramped when the progress of empire in its westward way put restraint upon those habits of life to which they were accustomed. The picture of Boon's life drawn by Byron was but a more distinct representation of what lay unexpressed in their lives and longings :

"Crime came not near him, she is not the child
Of Solitude; Health shrank not from him, for
Her home is in the rarely-trodden wild,
Where if men seek her not and death be more
Their choice than life, forgive them, as beguiled
By habit to what their own hearts abhor—
In cities caged. The present case in point I
Cite is that Boone lived in hunting up to ninety."

And, what's still stranger, left behind a name
 For which men vainly decimate the throng;
 Not only famous, but of that *good* fame
 Without which glory is but a tavern song—
 Simple, serene, the antipodes of shame,
 Which hate nor envy could e'er could tinge with wrong—
 An active hermit; even in age a child of Nature.

* * * * *

'Tis true he shrank from men, even of his nation;
 When they built up unto his darling trees,
 He moved some hundred miles off for a station
 Where there were fewer houses and more ease.
 The inconvenience of civilization
 Is, that you neither can be pleased nor please;
 But, when he met the individual man,
 He showed himself as kind as mortal can.

He was not all alone; around him grew
 A sylvan tribe of children of the chase,
 Whose young, unawakened world was ever new;
 Nor sword nor sorrow yet had left a trace
 On her unwrinkled brow; nor could you view
 A frown on nature's or on human face;
 The free-born forest found and kept them free,
 And fresh as is a torrent or a tree.

And tall, and strong, and swift of foot were they—
 Beyond the dwarfing city's pale abortions,
 Because their thoughts had never been the prey
 Of care or gain; the green woods were their portions.
 No sinking spirits told them they grew grey;
 No fashion made them apes of her distortions;
 Simple they were, not savage; and their rifles,
 Though very true, were not yet used for trifles.

Motion was in their days, rest in their slumbers,
 And cheerfulness the handmaid of their toils,
 Nor yet too many nor too few their numbers;
 Corruption could not make their hearts her soil;
 The lust which stings, the splendor which encumbers,
 With the free foresters divide no spoil:
 Serene, not sullen, were the solitudes
 Of this unsighing people of the woods.

Such was the picture floating vague and nebulous in the minds of many of the pioneer immigrants from their childhood. The hunt, forest and stream,

cattle roaming unrestrained over the meads, freedom and action, broad lands--this was the lure they followed across the wide extended desert and through the dark forest to the Willamette; and I know there are those present to-day whose minds dwell affectionately on the memory of that brief period, full of hardship and not without actual suffering, during which the vision was a reality. How they turned their faces and bent their steps to the mountains and prairies of eastern Oregon, as their Willamette homes were invaded by the influence the town, and their livelihood came to depend on orderly and economical farming! Deep down, under the giving up of the homes they built at first and around which affectionate memories clustered, there was something more than the desire to make money; there was a feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction, with the pressure that came when they were overtaken by the telegraph and the railway.

A western orator, flying the American eagle in upper heavens on Independence Day, observed very near him a man with a slightly aquiline cast of countenance, which he at once recognized as that of a foreign-born individual. The stranger was paying such attention to his eloquence as indicated lively appreciation. The orator addressed him directly somewhat in this wise: "My foreign friend who sits before me would testify that even across the Atlantic the people are looking to the stars and stripes as the source of their ultimate deliverance from kingly tyranny. You left the fatherland and braved the storms of the surging seas in order that you might enjoy the blessings of liberty under the ægis of this ever glorious old flag, did you not, my foreign friend?" "Vell, no, mein freund," answered the man with the foreign face, who had not been long in America and had a little hatchet in his breast pocket. "I can nicht dell you no lies; and to dell de drood Ich come to dis coundry to sell scheap ready-made clodings."

The orator made the same mistake that some of the eulogists of the Oregon pioneers make; nevertheless the foreign individual got naturalized, made an exemplary and enterprising citizen, served his State well in the Legislature and was Mayor of a city in which for a generation his children were the controlling people. The application is plain and the parallel perfect.

I have dwelt thus at length upon the character and purposes of the pioneer immigrants because it seems not well that a story—even by implication—which has its only precedent in the charming fable about "Pious Æneas," should go down unchallenged to the future historian, to cast discredit on a record that has truth enough in it to place the Oregon pioneer in the high niche to which he is justly entitled. A little band of fifty thousand people, who, after a third

of a century has passed away and the population of the country has increased to more than 200,000—after the telegraph and the railway, in hands of “new comers,” have come among them, revolutionizing business and changing the geography of the earth’s surface—can still say that out of seven Governors which the State has had, they have furnished six; an Attorney-General of the United States; out of twelve Senators, nine; out of twelve Congressmen, eleven; a majority in every Legislature, and, nearly all the Judges of the Supreme and Circuit Courts, besides a Judge of the United States Court, distinguished throughout the Republic, is not in need of poetic fictions to bolster up their claim to strength of character, intelligence and zeal in serving the public.

Many of the immigrants, too, were poor people before they came to Oregon, and, as they were of a race who knew not the ways of the city nor how to live unless upon a plot of land they could call their own, they came simply to better their condition in that respect—to “get a chance in the world;” and some, young and possessing education enough to make them aspire to leadership, saw in the settlement of Oregon a field for future operations—knew they could make and hold their places, no matter under what form of government. But only the pioneer missionary, Dr. Whitman, appears to have had clear views from the first of the possibilities of the northwest and its importance as a part of the United States. He and Thomas H. Benton were the prophets of Oregon. The story of Whitman’s far-seeing efforts to make this an American country has been so often told that it is familiar to Oregonians. Benton had as clear a vision of the future of Oregon as did Whitman. When Calhoun thought it not best to insist upon our right to the country against the claim of Great Britain, characterizing Oregon as a “Go-forsaken Asiatic region,” the great Missourian was swift to take up the challenge; and he was always and in every emergency, either in the United States Senate or in other places, the fast friend of the Oregon pioneers. A letter written by the old “Emperor of Missouri” a year before Congress passed the act establishing the territorial government, I cannot refrain from presenting in full, as it exhibits not only his love for and faith in Oregon, but his views upon a question which was destined soon to agitate the people of the Territory, and later to make the National Government tremble from center to circumference with the shock of war:

WASHINGTON CITY, March, 1847.

My friends (for such I may call many of you from personal acquaintance, all of you from my thirty years’ devotion to the interest of your country)—I think it right to make this communication to you at the present moment when the

adjournment of Congress, without passing the bill for your government and protection, seems to have left you in a state of abandonment by your mother country. But such is not the case. You are not abandoned! Nor will you be denied protection unless you agree to admit slavery. I, a man of the south, and a slaveholder, tell you this.

The House of Representatives, as early as the middle of January, had passed the bill to give you a territorial government; and in that bill had sanctioned and legalized your Provisional Organic Act, one of the clauses of which forever prohibited the existence of slavery in Oregon.

An amendment from the Senate's committee, to which this bill was referred, proposed to abrogate that prohibition; and in the delays and vexations to which that amendment gave rise, the whole bill was laid upon the table and lost for the session. This will be a great disappointment to you and a real calamity, already five years without law or legal institutions for the protection of life, liberty and property, and now doomed to wait a year longer. This is a strange and anomalous condition, almost incredible to contemplate and most critical to endure! A colony of free men, 4,000 miles from the metropolitan government to preserve them! But do not be alarmed or desperate. You will not be outlawed for not admitting slavery.

Your fundamental act against that institution, copied from the Ordinance of 1847 (the work of the great men of the South, in the great day of the South, prohibiting slavery in a territory far less northern than yours) will not be abrogated! Nor is that the intention of the prime mover of the amendment. Upon the record the Judiciary Committee of the Senate is the author of that amendment, but not so the fact. It is only midwife to it. Its author is the same mind that generated the "Fire Brand Resolutions," of which I send you a copy, and of which the amendment is the legitimate derivation. Oregon is not the object. The most rabid propagandist of slavery cannot expect to plant it on the shores of the Pacific in the latitude of Wisconsin and the Lake of the Woods. A home agitation for election and disunion purposes, is all that is intended by thrusting this fire brand question into your bill, as it ought to be. I promise you this in the name of the South, as well as of the North; and the event will not deceive me. In the meantime, the President will give you all the protection which existing laws can enable him to extend to you, and until Congress has time to act, your friends must rely upon you to continue to govern yourselves as you have heretofore done under the provisions of your own voluntary compact, and with the justice, harmony and moderation which is due to your own character and to the honor of the American name.

I send you, by Mr. Shively, a copy of the bill of the late session, both as it passed the House of Representatives and as proposed to be amended in the Senate, with the Senate's vote upon laying it on the table, and a copy of Mr. Calhoun's resolutions (posterior in date to the amendment, but nevertheless its father); also a copy of your own Provisional Organic Act, printed by order of the Senate; all of which will put you completely in possession of the proceedings of Congress on your petition for a territorial government, and for the protection and security of your rights.

In conclusion, I have to assure you that the same spirit which has made me the friend of Oregon for thirty years—which led me to denounce the joint occupation treaty the day it was made and to oppose its renewal in 1828, and to labor for its abrogation until it was terminated; the same spirit which led me to reveal the grand destiny of Oregon in articles written in 1818, and to support every measure for her benefit since—this same spirit still animates me and will continue to do so while I live—which I hope will be long enough to see an emporium of Asiatic commerce at the mouth of your river and a stream of Asiatic trade pouring into the valley of the Mississippi through the channel of Oregon.

Your friend and fellow-citizen,

THOMAS H. BENTON.

Mr. Benton lived to see a State Constitution framed and adopted by the pioneer people of Oregon, by which the slavery question was settled in accordance with his wishes. The Constitution was adopted November 7, 1857, and Benton died April 10, 1858—nearly a year prior to the admission of the State into the Union.

As the mind lingers on the passing panorama of pioneer days, it seems as if we were thinking of some period in the remote past—that the deeds and scenes that pass before us could not be those in which men and women still among us were the actors. The change that has come over the face of the country, the cities that have sprung up, with their palaces and colleges and churches, the noisy throng that moves and surges up and down the thoroughfares of trade, the rumble of the locomotive and shriek of the steam whistle—all call us into another age, and the story that has been represented on the canvas is the legend of the long-fled past.

It is hard to realize that those assembled here are the same men and women whose deeds make the record found in the archives of your Association. Many have, indeed, gone over to the great silent majority, whence they send back no word to guide us along the dark way they have trodden; but many of the very

earliest immigrants are still among us with strength and vigor for further service. They have taken their places in the progressive ranks of the new age and are still abreast of their times. Your President, however, crossed the plains earlier than any other man who has ever occupied a seat in the Senate of the United States, and Gov. John Bidwell, of California, once a member of the House, is the only man crossing before him who has served in either branch of Congress. Nesmith crossed in 1843, Bidwell in 1841.

Your historic records, fellow pioneers, do no justice to the pioneer women of Oregon. Excepting some general tributes to their noble sacrifices and patient help in the trying scenes through which the immigrants were called to pass, little has been done toward gathering up and preserving a record of their part in the drama. They are deserving of something better. You had the posts that attract general attention; theirs it was to do and suffer in comparative obscurity. But they met the trials and vicissitudes of their hard position with more than man's fortitude and patience. I do not know there ever was a life ennobled by high purpose and worthy performance but was inspired and sustained by a noble women; but I do know the pioneer women of Oregon were felt as a sustaining power in all the struggles and privations of the early days, and that many a time they bore the greater hardships themselves. It ought to be a labor of love for some capable hand to gather up the scattered materials and erect a monument to the pioneer mothers of Oregon. Year by year their ranks are decimated by the hand of death, and the task of raising a fitting monument is becoming more and more difficult, for there is no written record of their lives. In loving, virtuous, unostentatious labors for the happiness of others have their lives been spent, and their story will never be told unless it is first obtained from living witnesses.

These desultory remarks are closed. The past is behind us. Around us is the busy present, demanding nerve and action; before us the future, challenging faith and hope. To live too much in the past is to die; to love the present too well is to become selfish and sordid; to expect too much of the future is to dream. But contrasting the past with the present, and noting the progress of our own times, it seems impossible that imagination can dream a dream too dazzling for realization. We owe it to ourselves and our children that there shall be no lagging behind. The world moves on, whether we will it so or not; and it will be as truthfully said hereafter of the sharp contests of this stirring period, on which we are now entering, as it was of the march across the desert, "Only the brave started, and only the strong got through."

SOUTHERN OREGON NAMES AND EVENTS.

BY

HON. MATTHEW P. DEADY.

(*Daily Oregonian*, December 7, 1889.)

The correspondence published in the *Daily Oregonian* by "Pioneer," Colonel Nesmith and Mr. C. Fullerton, on the 15th and 23d of November, concerning the origin of the name of the creek, which, running west between the two stony ridges in the northern part of Jackson county, called "Grave Creek Hills," crosses the old trail and road between Oregon and California and empties into Rogue River about twenty miles from there, tempts me to add something by way of addition and correction, but not controversy.

The first immigration that entered Oregon from the south was the ill-fated one of 1846. Among the number was a young woman named Leland Crowley. She died at the crossing of this creek, and was buried there by her family and friends, who took the precaution, as I am informed by an eye witness of the scene, to burn brush over her grave and then corral the cattle upon it, so as to prevent the Indians from discovering and opening it upon the supposition that it was a cache.

Thereafter the travel on this trail increased, particularly after the discovery of gold in California, in 1848; and this beautiful stream, which was a favorite camping place, from the circumstance of this lone grave upon its bank, came to be called "Grave Creek," and the noted ridges on either side of it the "Grave Creek Hills."

In the winter of 1853-4, the Territorial Legislature engaged somewhat in the business of changing the names of places and streams. For instance, Marysville was changed to Corvallis; Albany to Takenah; Rogue River to Gold River, and Salem came within one vote, I believe, of being changed to Chemeketa, the old Indian name for the creek on which the Mission mill was built and the Wallamet woolen mill was afterwards erected.

On January 6, 1854, an act was passed declaring "That the creek commonly

called 'Grave Creek' be changed to the name of Leland Creek, in memory of Miss Leland Crowley."

The bill for this act was introduced into the Council on January 5, 1854, by Judge Fulkerson of Polk county; and the *Statesman* of the 10th of that month, in its report of the legislative proceedings, contains the following reference to it:

"Mr. Fulkerson moved to change the name of 'Grave Creek' to Leland Creek, in honor of Miss Leland Crowley, a lady who died and was buried on the said creek from the first emigration that ever camped upon it. It originally took its name from this circumstance."

I first saw this isolated and romantic spot on Saturday, September 3, 1853.

There had been a sudden Indian outbreak on the upper Rogue River in August of that year, which had, so far, ended in a fight and a truce at Battle or Evans Creek, on the 24th of that month, in which the Indians were led by Chief Joseph and the whites by General Joseph Lane.

On September 1, I left my farm in the Umpqua and started for Jacksonville on horseback, to hold the United States District Court there. At the Umpqua canyon I overtook Lieutenant, now ex-Senator, Grover, with the advance of Colonel Nesmith's company, hastening to the scene of war. He shared his blankets with me that night on the bank of the South Umpqua. The next night we slept at Levens', on Cow Creek, after a day of drenching rain. Late on the morning of Saturday, the third, I left Levens'—Grover remaining behind to await a portion of his command.

At Grave Creek I stopped to feed my horse and get something to eat. There was a house there, called the "Bates House," after the man who kept it. It was a rough wooden structure without a floor, and had an immense clapboard funnel at one end, which served as a chimney. There was no house or settlement within ten or twelve miles or more of it.

There I found Captain J. K. Lamerick, in command of a company of volunteers. It seems he had been sent there by General Lane after the fight at Battle Creek, on account of the murder of some Indians there, of which he and others gave me the following account:

Bates and some others had induced a small party of peaceable Indians, who belonged in that vicinity, to enter into an engagement to remain at peace with the whites during the war which was going on at some distance from them, and by way of ratification of this treaty, invited them to partake of a feast in an unoccupied log house just across the road from the "Bates House," and while

they were partaking, unarmed, of this proffered hospitality, the door was suddenly fastened upon them, and they were deliberately shot down through the cracks between the logs by their treacherous hosts.

Near by, and probably a quarter of a mile this side of the creek, I was shown a large round hole into which the bodies of these murdered Indians had been unceremoniously tumbled. I did not see them, for they were covered with fresh earth. Doubtless this is the grave which Col. Nesmith saw as he came along some days later with his company on the way south, and which I think he mistook for the old grave of Miss Crowley. At least this is how these Indians came to their death. There was no fight there, or thereabout, with any Indians, and never had been. Fitzgerald and his dragoons were not there; and he did not even come to this country until the summer of 1855.

About this same time, these same parties by some device captured an Indian chief and his boy, and agreed with the boy that if he would go into the mountains and hunt down an Indian chief who had refused to come in and treat with them, and bring in his head, they would liberate his father, otherwise they said they would kill him. The filial young savage, for his father's sake, undertook the task, and taking his rifle went alone upon the trail of the old chief, and in due time returned with his head a la Judith, which Bates hung by the hair to the roof-tree of his house, as an Indian trophy, where I saw it with my own eyes. But this was not all. Instead of liberating the captive, they killed both him and his son. Bates left the country soon after, and went, as I understood to South America. The place passed into the hands of Mr. James Twogood, who afterward in partnership with Mr. Harkness, made it a famous resting place for man and beast.

From 1853 to 1859 I passed there on my way to and from Jacksonville, to hold court, from four to six times a year; and I either took dinner or slept there each time; and I never heard the story of the massacre of these Indians, as I have related it, questioned by any one, though I have spoken of it often.

On that same Saturday, I rode in the afternoon from Grave Creek to Dr. Ambrose's at the Dardenelles, as it was then called, but now Rock Point, accompanied by a son of Mr. Thomas Stephens of this county, as a guide who then belonged to Captain Lamerick's company. The next morning, Sunday, I rode with Dr. Ambrose to General Lane's headquarters on Rogue River, about twelve miles north of Jacksonville, with the expectation of accompanying him and his party to meet Chief Joseph and his warriors for a "peace talk," as arranged at the truce at Battle Creek, on the 24th of August. When I reached the camp I

found the General had gone, but I followed alone and was present at the pow-wow where the terms of the treaty were settled. The final execution of the instrument was postponed until the 10th, because I informed Lane that I had left the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, General Palmer, at Hardy Elliff's, on Friday, and that he would certainly be up in a few days, and was authorized to make a general treaty, including cession of lands, reservations and the like.

The scene of the famous "peace talk" between Joseph Lane and Indian Joseph—two men who had so lately met in mortal combat—was worthy of the pen of Sir Walter Scott and the pencil of Salvator Rosa.

It was on a narrow bench of a long, gently sloping hill, lying over against the noted bluff called Table Rock. The ground was thinly covered with majestic old pines and rugged oaks, with here and there a clump of green oak bushes. About a half mile above the bright mountain stream that threaded the narrow valley below sat the two chiefs in council. Lane was in fatigue dress, the arm which was wounded at Buena Vista in a sling from a fresh bullet wound received at Battle Creek. Indian Joseph, tall, grave and self-possessed, wore a long black robe over his ordinary dress. By his side sat Mary, his favorite child and faithful companion, then a comparatively handsome young woman, unstained with the vices of civilization. Around these, sat on the grass Captain A. J. Smith—now General Smith of St. Louis—who had just arrived from Port Orford with his company of the First Dragoons; Captain Alvord, then engaged in the construction of a military road through the Umpqua Canyon, and since Paymaster General of the U. S. A.; Colonel Bill Martin of Umpqua, Colonel John E. Ross of Jacksonville, Captain, now Gen. John F. Miller, and a few others. A short distance above us on the hillside were some hundreds of dusky warriors in fighting gear, reclining quietly on the ground.

The day was beautiful. To the east of us rose abruptly Table Rock, and at its base stood Smith's dragoons, waiting anxiously with hand on horse the issue of this attempt to make peace without their aid.

After a proposition was discussed and settled between the two chiefs, the Indian would rise up and communicate the matter to a huge warrior who reclined at the foot of a tree quite near us. Then the latter rose up and communicated the matter to the host above him, and they belabored it back and forth with many voices. Then the warrior communicated the thought of the multitude on the subject back to his chief; and so the discussion went on until an understanding was finally reached.

Then we separated—the Indians going back to their mountain retreat, and the whites to the camp.

That evening I rode up to Jacksonville through what I thought was the most picturesque valley I ever saw. The next morning I opened in due form the United States District Court for the County of Jackson—the first court that was ever held in Oregon south of the Umpqua—and the word of the law superseded the edge of the sword.

GEN. EDWARD HAMILTON.

(From the Daily Oregonian, December, 14, 1883.)

BY JUDGE MATTHEW P. DEADY.

This distinguished citizen and pioneer breathed his last at his residence in this city on Wednesday night, the 10th instant, and will be buried from Trinity Church at 11 o'clock to-day.

He was born in Culpepper county, Virginia, on October 3, 1801, and was therefore in his 83d year when he died. He studied law in Virginia, and was there admitted to the bar. Prior to 1830 he moved to Ohio, and in that year married Katherine Royer, and settled at Portsmouth in that State, where he lived until he came to Oregon in 1850. During this time he edited and published the Portsmouth *Tribune* a Whig paper of note in its day and locality, and was a member of the Legislature that commenced the work of Ohio's magnificent State Capitol.

When war was declared with Mexico, like many other whigs, his patriotism got the better of his politics, and he volunteered and served in the first Ohio regiment as captain of a company of his fellow townsmen.

He was with General Taylor on the Rio Grande, and participated in the desperate assault of some days on Monterey, which resulted in the capture by 6500 Americans, mostly untrained volunteers, of a strongly fortified and stone built town, defended by 10,000 regular troops.

In response to this heroic action a shout of triumph and admiration went up through the United States, the echo of which is well preserved in Charles Fenno Hoffman's "Monterey," beginning :

We were not many—we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day;
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if but he could
Have been with us at Monterey.

And ending :

We are not many—we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed
We'd rather share their warrior rest
Than not have been at Monterey.

In 1848 General Hamilton was a delegate to the Whig General Convention that met at Philadelphia and nominated General Taylor for the Presidency. He, alone, of the delegates from Ohio, supported Taylor from the start.

In September, 1849, he was appointed by President Taylor Secretary of the Territory of Oregon, and removed here with his wife and daughter Genevieve—now Mrs. Lloyd Brooke. They were seven months on the voyage around the Horn, and arrived in Oregon in August, 1850, where the General has ever since resided.

While he held the office of Secretary, and for a few years, he resided at Oregon City, where I first saw him on the evening of December 3, 1850, in the hall of the House of Representatives, and took the oath of office from him as a member of that body. Thereafter he removed to Portland and engaged in the practice of the law, and held the office of County Judge for two terms, or eight years.

He was a member of the Episcopal Church—an intimate and trusted friend and counsellor of Bishop Scott in his missionary labors in this diocese—a member of the standing committee, and for many years after its organization, a warden and vestryman of Trinity parish.

General Hamilton was a gentleman of the old school and had little sympathy with the strife and labor for wealth and luxury that characterize the society of this day. His tastes were simple and elegant, his life pure and unselfish, while his heart and hand were ever open to the call of need or friendship.

For the past few years he has practically withdrawn from the world and given his time to his books and his grandchildren, with whom he has occupied and enlivened his gently declining years.

But he has gone to his rest at last, and we who knew him best will miss him most. Yes! we will miss his kind and cheerful greeting—the facetious chaff and badinage he sometimes blew in our faces, and the earnest and irascible scorn with which he occasionally denounced an idea, action or individual that ruffled his sense of propriety or right.

Indeed, our departed friend might in some salient features have sat for Sir

Henry Wotton's "Character of a Happy Life"—particular in the following stanzas :

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will,
Whose armor is honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill;

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of public fame or private breath.

* * * * *

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

MRS. HARRIET HAWN.

BY JUDGE MATTHEW P. DEADY.

On April 17, 1883, Mrs. Harriet Hawn, a pioneer woman of marked character and natural ability, departed this life in Wasco county, near The Dalles, where she had lived since 1861.

Mrs. Hawn was born on August 30, 1818, in New Jersey, and married Mr. Jacob Hawn in Western New York, in 1833. In 1834 she moved to Green Bay, Wisconsin, then one of the very outposts of the slowly advancing army of western emigration; and from there to Caldwell county, Missouri, in 1836 or 1837.

In 1839 she started for Oregon, and went to New York, expecting to come around the Horn in the *Lausanne*—the same vessel that brought the large and last delegation of Methodist missionaries here in 1840; but finding after arriving at New York that the vessel would not sail for six months she went to Texas. This climate not agreeing with her, she returned to Missouri, and settled in Franklin county, where she remained until May 10, 1843, when she started with her husband and children across the plains to Oregon. She arrived at Vancouver on November 18, of the same year, and settled at Oregon City. In 1846 she removed to Yamhill county where she remained until she removed to Wasco in 1861.

During the fifteen years of her residence in Yamhill county she lived either in Lafayette or on the farm near by, and never failed to welcome the weary traveler and social neighbor to her warm hearth and good cheer.

According to her light and opportunity, she was a faithful and devoted woman, and through her long toilsome life, probably never shirked a duty or slighted a task. Within her field of labor she wrought well, and did her full share to make this once wilderness to bud and blossom as the rose.

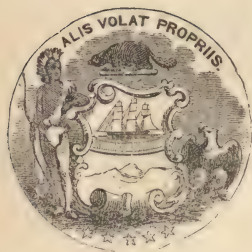
She left eight children, and grand and great-grand children behind her. Her husband died in 1859 or 1860; and she is buried on the picturesque North Yamhill, by his side.

Rest to her weary soul and honor to her good name!

TRANSACTIONS
OF THE
TWELFTH ANNUAL RE-UNION
OF THE
OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION
FOR
→*1884*←
AND THE
ANNUAL ADDRESS BY H. Y. THOMPSON, ESQ.,
TOGETHER WITH
ADDRESS BY HON. F. O. McCOWN,
AND OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST.



SALEM, OREGON :
E. M. WAITE, STEAM PRINTER AND BOOKBINDER.
1885.



TRANSACTIONS.

OREGON STATE FAIR GROUNDS, }
SALEM, June 17, 1884. }

The Twelfth Annual Re-union of the Oregon Pioneer Association was held at the State Fair Grounds near Salem, on the 17th day of June, 1884.

The officers of the Association present were:

James W. Nesmith, President.

J. W. Grim, Vice President.

T. B. Odeneal, Secretary.

J. M. Bacon, Treasurer.

E. M. Waite, F. X. Mathieu and Joseph Watt, Directors.

Immediately upon the arrival of the morning train from Portland, which brought with it a goodly representation from the metropolis and intervening towns, the procession was formed under the chief marshalship of Col. L. S. Scott, with Capt. J. J. Briggs and John C. Booth as aides. The procession was formed in the following order:

The Home Amusement Band of Salem.

President and Vice President.

Standard Bearers.

Orators of the Day.

Members of Oregon Pioneer Association, who came into the territory prior to 1841, followed by the twelve divisions to 1853, each with appropriate banner.

Friends of the Association, male and female.

The procession moved through the principal avenues of the ground and terminated in the grove where the grand stand was erected. This was handsomely decorated for the occasion, and in it was seated the President, Hon. J. W. Nesmith, surrounded by the orators, Hon. H. Y. Thompson, Hon. F. O. McCown and other celebrities. Order was restored without difficulty. The Home Amusement Band played a choice selection which was warmly applauded. The blessing of Divine Providence was then invoked by Rev. T. H. Small, of the Waldo Hills, after which the President, Hon. J. W. Nesmith, delivered the opening or welcoming address.

After delivering the opening address, the President introduced Mr. H. Y. Thompson, of Portland, who delivered the following annual address:

ANNUAL ADDRESS.

BY H. Y. THOMPSON, ESQ.

Mr. President and Ladies and Gentlemen of the Pioneer Association :

Upon receiving an invitation to address you at this time, I was tempted to forego the pleasure of participating in these exercises on the ground that the purposes of your organization, in so far as they relate to "the collection from living witnesses of such facts relating to the pioneers and history of the territory of Oregon, as the association may deem worthy of preservation," would be better served by the selection of a speaker from the survivors of those who were the pioneers, and who made the history of the Oregon territory. It was the suggestion of a pioneer, however, that a view of the past from the standpoint of one who had no share in its history, and who, therefore, has no interest which can be promoted by unjust criticism, or by undeserved praise, might be a more correct indication of the estimate which future generations will place upon the labors of that which is so rapidly passing away. Hoping that such a review might not be entirely devoid of interest to you, I have endeavored in the time which has elapsed since my acceptance of your invitation to perform this duty, to gather from such sources as have been accessible to me, some of the material facts concerning the early history, settlement and final recognition of the title of the United States to the Oregon territory.

My only sources of information have been such as are common to all; conversations with the survivors of the pioneers, such books as I have been able to obtain, and the valuable records of your society; so that in the matter of historical information I have nothing new to present, and can only hope that I may be able to represent a few facts of interest, and to draw therefrom some just conclusions concerning the labors of those who came to view the land, and open its gates to that civilization under whose benign influences their children now live.

The migrations of people, the settlement of new countries, the development of society, and the establishment of government, have ever been enchant-

ing subjects for consideration, and they form no inconsiderable part of the history of our race. In the reclamation of the earth from a state of nature, every part has had its pioneers. The ambition to discover, the love of adventure, the hope of improving conditions, and many other motives, have from time to time operated to call men away from the centers of population, and the arts of trade, into uninhabited and unexplored countries; and thus through courage, enterprise, and much suffering, has mankind become at last possessed of most of the earth's surface. Among all the people who have thus detached themselves from society, friends, and home, and migrated to strange lands, I know of none whose history is more interesting than that of the Oregon pioneers; whether we consider it with relation to the motives of the actors, the romance and incidents of their lives, the great moral and physical courage exhibited amidst the hardships they endured, or the results of inestimable value to the world with which their labors were crowned.

Prior to the final settlement of what has come to be known in history as the Oregon Question, many claims, resting on many grounds, were made to the sovereignty and jurisdiction of the great country lying between the Rocky mountains and the Pacific ocean, and drained by the Columbia and its tributaries. The discovery of America in 1492 was the beginning of a series of discoveries and explorations, which continued for more than three hundred years; and which, during that period, were participated in, and at times vigorously prosecuted by the then leading nations. Spain, Portugal, England, France and Russia, in the great race for empire and wealth in the west, fitted out, or authorized expeditions, the purposes of which were to discover, explore, and in the name of their respective sovereigns to claim, the lands and the waters to which they might come.

In 1494 Spain and Portugal entered into a treaty by the terms of which the entire ocean was partitioned between them. Spain was confirmed in the right to make discovery and conquest, and to exercise exclusive dominion over all lands and waters lying west of the line agreed upon; while Portugal was confirmed in the exercise of the same rights and powers over the lands and waters east of the partition line. Under this arrangement Oregon would have fallen to Spain, the agreed line being a meridian three hundred and seventy leagues west of the Cape Verde Islands.

As soon as the wonderful discoveries made by Columbus came to be known, and the marvelous stories of the wealth and grandeur of the new world were spread abroad, a struggle ensued among the nations for the possession of domain in the newly discovered country; and for the discovery of other lands as yet unknown to civilized man. Ambitious and enterprising navigators found

new fields for their genius, and soon there was suggested to the commercial world the idea that around the newly discovered continent, to the northward, lay the future highway of commerce with the Indies; and at once expeditions were sent out by the nations to locate and to ascertain the practicability of the northwest passage. Since that time, and in the pursuit of that idea, the northern shores of our continent and its adjacent islands have been strewn with the wrecks of crushed and shattered ships, while their officers and men sleep in the solitudes of that dreary waste.

Whatever the opinions of mankind may be concerning the usefulness or the uselessness of the sacrifice, the historic fact remains that the efforts made to explore an ocean highway around our continent to the northwest contributed much to the discovery and exploration of the western side of the continent, and of the waters which wash its shores, and hastened those events, doubtless, by many years.

Cortes had conquered and had established himself in Mexico; but his unsatiated ambition was not satisfied with the acquisition of that noble empire, and he formed and partially executed plans for more extensive explorations and discoveries. "Alarmed at the attempts of the English to discover a northern passage to China and Cathay, Cortes resolved to make a careful survey of the whole coast on the Gulf of Mexico, and north of Florida on the Atlantic side, for the purpose of ascertaining whether there might not exist in that quarter a communication with the South sea." At the same time a squadron on the Pacific was to sail along the western coast of America, and by these simultaneous researches he hoped to find a strait affording a far shorter and easier route to India and the Moluccas, and connecting together the vast dominions of the Spanish crown.

In pursuance of the plans thus formed, the coast on the Pacific was more or less thoroughly explored between the years of 1596 and 1602 as far northward it is claimed, as the Columbia river, although the river itself was not discovered for many years.

It was at that time that the Greek pilot Juan DeFuca, in the service of Spain, is said to have conducted a Spanish ship beyond the mouth of the Columbia, and to have entered the straits which bear his name, proceeding as far northward as Queen Charlotte sound. The DeFuca theory was that he had, on that voyage, solved the problem of the northwest passage, and that he had passed from the Pacific to the Atlantic ocean. The voyage of DeFuca has been denied, and the story of his having discovered the straits which bear his name has been pronounced mythical; but whether true or false, it is certain that the publication of what purported to be a narrative of DeFuca's voyage

directed the attention of navigators to that quarter, and gave rise to several expeditions which subsequently visited these waters.

Geographical knowledge was then in its infancy, and while much of a general nature was added to it by these imperfect explorations, still there was but little accurate or definite information obtained beyond the mere facts of the existence of a great forest country inhabited by savages and abounding in game and fish.

For some reason, after the voyage conducted by DeFuca, the Spanish ardor cooled, and but little, if anything, more was accomplished by that nation in perfecting the explorations so bravely and so auspiciously begun, or in making further discoveries. From about 1602 to 1725 no enterprise of importance occurred in northwestern America. At a later period another great power whose conquests had recently extended until they embraced the whole of northern Asia, determined by a series of explorations to settle another question which for many years had been much discussed and concerning which there was a great difference of opinion among the learned men and navigators of Europe. That question was whether Asia and America were united at the north, or whether they were separated by an ocean. Thus Russia entered the field as discoverer and explorer and in 1726 the expedition which was to determine the truth of the matter, proceeded under the personal command of Captain Vitus Behring down the Lena river and out from the desolate shores of Siberia. The recent purchase of Russian territory at the north, gave to the United States the greater part of the lands and waters which Russia acquired as the result of Behrings' explorations and those connected therewith.

It would be a great pleasure to dwell at length upon the marvelous history of these explorers, and to recall the incidents of their voyages. They, too, were pioneers, and with great zeal and indomitable courage contributed largely to the previous store of the world's knowledge concerning our country.

In 1790 Great Britain, by treaty with Spain, acquired the right to trade with the natives and fish in the waters of the northwest; and out of the exercise of this right and the presence in the country of the British subjects who from time to time came to follow those occupations, finally grew the claim of Great Britain to the sovereignty and jurisdiction of the country, although the claim ostensibly rested upon "discovery."

In May, 1792, the Columbia river was discovered and entered by an American commander of an American ship, and the people of the United States, following the custom of nations, made claim "by right of discovery" to all that vast tract of country drained by that great river.

Thus appeared, from time to time, rival claimants for a vast domain which had recently been discovered, which had not been at all explored, and concerning which but little accurate information could be obtained. It was known, however, that this domain was of vast extent; that its rivers were large; that its forests were boundless, and that in fish and furs its wealth was great. It was even then a desirable territory for a country to own, and a thing much coveted by the people of the United States, as well as by those of Great Britain.

“By the treaty with France for the purchase of Louisiana in 1803, the United States acquired the French claim to all the territory between the Mississippi river—the former western boundry of the republic—and the Pacific ocean, extending north to the dividing line between the Hudson Bay territory and the French provinces in Canada, as established by the treaty of Utrecht in 1713. The American government further strengthened its right of jurisdiction to Oregon, by explorations of the Columbia river, from its source to its mouth, in 1804–5, by Lewis and Clarke, acting under public authority. After effecting the first settlement on the banks of this greatest tributary to the Pacific, the United States held in their own right, the three strongest muniments of title known to international law to all the territory drained by its waters—discovery, exploration and settlement. To make this right, if need be, complete and irrefragable, by a treaty of limits between the United States and Spain, concluded February 22, 1819, the former acquired all then existing rights of Spain lying north of the forty-second degree of latitude from the source of the Arkansas river to the Pacific ocean. Spain being the undisputed discoverer of the Pacific sea coast subtending the branches of the Columbia river in the interior, it can hardly be admitted that after the Spanish treaty any adverse claims of title could be pressed, unless based upon assertion merely.”

In 1818 the United States and Great Britain entered into a treaty concerning the disputed country, in which it was provided that any country claimed by either party on the northwest coast of America, westward of the Stony mountains, shall, together with all its harbors, bays and creeks, and the navigation of all its rivers, be free and open for the term of ten years to the vessels, citizens and subjects of the two powers. It was further provided that the treaty should in no event be construed to the prejudice of any claims which either of the contracting parties might have to any part of the country described therein

In 1827 the treaty of joint occupation was renewed, excepting that instead of a limit of ten years, it was provided that either of the contracting parties might

annul and abrogate the treaty, by giving to the other twelve months' notice of its intention so to do.

The questions arising out of the unsettled condition of the country naturally entered into American politics, and the discussions incident thereto, did much toward disseminating knowledge concerning the northwest territory. The prize was a valuable one; the contestants for it had recently measured swords with each other, and there was a belief, and on the part of many of the people a wish, that the god of battles would be again appealed to, to settle at once and forever the claims of the two nations to the Oregon territory. But happily, other councils prevailed, and on the 15th day of June, 1846, by treaty, the claims of the United States were acknowledged and confirmed.

This is a brief review of the historical facts, in so far as the several governments, in their sovereign capacity, participated in them from the discovery of the Pacific shores until the consummation of the great event which we this day celebrate. It is, however, a narrative of conclusions only. For the causes which brought about the great result; for the combination of circumstances which made it possible to maintain our claim of title; for the manner in which we conquered, without war, so valuable a domain claimed by a rival as great as Britain, we must look to the lives, the times, and the characters of the Oregon pioneers.

In a most excellent address delivered before your society in 1875 by one of the greatest of Oregon's pioneers and citizens, the speaker said: "Page upon page has been written to prove that Oregon belonged to the United States by right of discovery, and by virtue of the French cession of Louisiana of 1803, and the treaty of limits with Spain of 1819, by which the latter relinquished her rights to the country north and east of a line therein described and agreed upon. From the beginning the right to the country was to depend upon the successful occupation of it. The race for possession was between Great Britain and the United States; the former represented by its fur companies, with their hierarchy of educated and trained officers and clerks, and motley following of Canadians, half-breeds and Indians; the latter by the eastern trader and missionary, and particularly the western woodsman and farmer. Primarily, the English sought to occupy the country for the purpose of carrying on the fur trade with the Indians. It was to be kept from the plow, and the sickle, and preserved as a breeding ground for fur bearing animals, except so far as the limited necessities or convenience of the company might otherwise require. On the other hand, the American settler was always animated—often it may have been unconsciously—with the heroic thought that he was permanently engaged in reclaiming the wilderness, building a home, founding an American

State, and extending the area of liberty. He had visions, however dimly seen, that he was here to do for this country what his ancestors had done for savage England centuries before; to plant a community which in due time should grow and ripen into one of the great sisterhood of Anglo-American States, wherein the language of the Bible, Shakespeare and Milton should be spoken by millions then unborn, and the law of Magna Charta and Westminster hall be the bulwark of liberty and the buttress of order for generations to come."

That the United States is indebted to the pioneer for the confirmation of its title to the American possessions west of the Rocky mountains, will, perhaps, never be questioned. That mankind accords to the pioneer whatever of honor and credit are due to the founders of States, the creators of civilization in savage lands, and the extenders of republican government over a vast empire, is but simple justice accorded to a worthy people.

It must be remembered that the settlement of Oregon was a movement of the people in their individual capacity, and was not the work of the government.

Indeed, the government did more to discourage than to encourage the settlement of the country in those days when occupation was most necessary as a means of securing the title. True, the expedition of Lewis and Clarke in 1804-5 had been successful in exploring the Columbia under the authority of the government, and its consent had been given, or rather inferred, to the use of some other means, as trading and establishing posts for that purpose, looking to the obtaining of information and the final acquisition of the title, but no steps were taken to either encourage or protect the settlers of the country until they had become numerous enough and had demonstrated that they were strong enough to protect themselves.

"It was not an act of the government, leading the people and protecting them, but like all other great emigrations and settlements of the Anglo-Saxon race on our continent, it was the act of the people going forward without government aid or countenance, establishing their possessions and compelling the government to follow with its shield and spread it over them."

It was the pioneer who demonstrated the fact that the 3,500 miles of land lying between the nation's capital and the mouth of the Oregon could be traversed by the ordinary means of conveyance; and that therefore the possessions which we claimed on the Pacific were not foreign lands, but were the borders of those which we possessed on the Atlantic. They demonstrated the practicability of extending the protection and blessings of our form of government over all the great country lying between the two oceans. Through agents, appointed for the purpose, by letters to their friends, through communi-

cation to men holding high places in the nation's councils, and by petitions and appeals to the government of the country, which seemed for the time to have forsaken them, they disseminated a knowledge of the country they occupied, and gave the first and most reliable information concerning its wonderful extent, its yet undeveloped resources, and its inestimable value to the United States.

In 1884 it is most difficult to realize how little was known of Oregon only forty years ago. I may, I hope, be pardoned for taking time for a single illustration of that subject. In 1843, a bill having been introduced in the Senate of the United States providing for granting lands to the inhabitants of Oregon Territory, and containing some other provisions relative to military posts and the government of the country, a Senator, and therefore presumptively a man of more than the average reading and information, said in the discussion of the bill: "For whose benefit are we bound to pass this bill? Who are to go there along the line of military posts and take possession of the only part of the territory fit to occupy—that part lying upon the sea coast, a strip less than a hundred miles in width; for, as I have already stated, the rest of the territory consists of mountains almost inaccessible, and low lands covered with stone and volcanic remains; where rain never falls except during the spring; and even upon the coast no rain falls from April to October, and for the remainder of the year there is nothing but rain. Why, sir, of what use will this be for agricultural purposes? I would not for that purpose give a pinch of snuff for the whole territory! I wish to God we did not own it. I wish it was an impassable barrier to secure us against the intrusion of others. This is the character of the country."

The bill, however, passed the Senate through the influence, chiefly, of the western Senators, but it received a bare majority, and was not deemed worthy of attention in the House.

The immigration, however, not dispirited by the seeming indifference of the government, increased in numbers and importance. Out upon the great plains of the western territories, up the valley of the Platte, slowly and laboriously climbing the Rocky mountains across the great deserts; plunging into the mighty forests, and emerging upon the Pacific shores, came the sturdy immigrant with heroic soul, to rear the standard of the cross and to unfurl freedom's banner beneath Pacific's skies. With no pillar of cloud by day to mark their course, or pillar of fire by night to light their way, but self-reliant, persevering, courageous, and like Henry of Navarre, inspired by a consciousness "that the good God and good truth fight with me," they builded what we this day enjoy.

Great God, we thank thee for this home,
This bounteous birthland of the free,
Where wanderers from afar may come
And breathe the air of liberty.
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise,
And yet, till time shall fold her wing,
Remain earth's loveliest paradise.

The pioneers did more than build homes for themselves and develop what is now known as Oregon. To them should be accorded the honor of having saved to the United States not Oregon alone, but as I believe our entire possessions lying between the Rocky mountains and the Pacific ocean. It is indisputable that without occupation we never would have acquired the Oregon territory, and it is doubtful whether an attempt would have been made to add California to our national domain if we had not already secured large and valuable possessions adjoining it on the western ocean.

Senator Grover, who has given much study to the subject, says: "It is fair to claim that our government never would have ventured, with the small force it had at command, to push its arms to the Pacific through Mexican territory during the war with Mexico, if we had not already possessed a domain in that quarter, and a reliable American population in Oregon."

For many years Great Britain had been endeavoring to enforce her policy of acquiring territory in the northwest and upon the Pacific, including California; and at the time when she was compelled to relinquish her claims to the Oregon territory her arrangements were completed for the acquisition of California.

Benton says that three great operations were going on, fatal to American interests, and without remedy if not arrested at once. These were the massacre of the Americans and the destruction of their settlements in the valley of the Sacramento; the subjection of California to British protection; and the transfer of the public domain to British subjects. And all this with a view to anticipate the events of a Mexican war, and to shelter California from the arms of the United States. Juntas were in session to transfer the country to Great Britain; the public domain was passing in large grants to her subjects; a British fleet was expected on the coast; and but for the prompt action on the part of the American settlers, the country south of Oregon would have been lost to us. Such action probably would not have been taken, but for the fact that in Oregon was a strong and reliable population, and the further fact that out of the settlement of the Oregon question had arisen strong feelings amongst the people against England. Truly "the pioneers of Oregon were really the fathers of American jurisdiction over all that magnificent domain of the United States west of the Rocky mountains—an empire in itself."

I shall not enter upon any lengthy discussion of the motives by which the pioneers were governed in the work which they accomplished. Indeed, I suppose that if upon this anniversary occasion there should be a roll-call of those who have survived, and each should come forward and explain why he came to Oregon, as many reasons would be assigned as there are members of your society present. The love of adventure; the search for health; the monotony of a fixed abode, which seems incident to a frontier life; the ambition to acquire homes and lands; but whatever the reasons given or the motives assigned, they all had one aim and end—the improvement of the conditions of life. It has been said that such motives are but the ordinary and selfish motives which move mankind in common; and that to trace the stream of Oregon's early immigration to such a fountain, is to do injustice to the pioneers. Not so. It is honor enough to say of them, that while being impelled by the motives which ordinarily control the actions of men, they so pursued the course which they had marked out for themselves, that they reflected honor upon their generation, and conferred greatness and glory upon their country.

It is no doubt true that "the Oregon pioneer was not prompted to undertake the toilsome and weary march across the continent in the face of dangers seen and unseen by a patriotic desire to save this goodly land to the United States and plant the banner of republican liberty on the shores of the Pacific," and the statement of that truth is not derogatory to the character nor an impeachment of the patriotism of the pioneer; for history records the fact that during all the time which elapsed between the founding of the first American settlement and the establishment of the authority and jurisdiction of the United States over the country, the settlers regarded themselves as American citizens, and expected, and earnestly desired that the protection of the government should be extended to them.

When in 1843 the numbers of settlers had so increased, and their interests in the country had assumed such importance, that some kind of governmental system became a necessity, the preamble of the code of laws proposed and adopted was a declaration of loyalty to their country: "We, the people of Oregon Territory, for the purpose of mutual protection, and to secure peace and prosperity among ourselves, agree to adopt the following laws and regulations until such time as the United States shall extend their jurisdiction over us." The truth is that the Oregon pioneers were seeking to improve the conditions of their own lives, and were working out their own destinies, in loyalty and submission to and faith in the government to which they owed their allegiance. They believed that life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness were more surely guaranteed by that government than by any other which could be established; to it they looked for the full realization of their hopes and desires. Under its

protection they expected to build homes for themselves and their children, and that they and their children to the latest generations would, under republican government, enjoy the fruits of their labors. They were, in the best sense of the words, loyal and patriotic.

It is impossible to do justice to the pioneers in the way of making record of the hardships they endured and of the almost insurmountable difficulties overcome by them. We who now enjoy the benefits of law and of government, of enlightenment and of civilization, wrought out by them, will not justly appreciate these privileges until we fully realize what they cost. If we compare the achievements of the pioneers, and the moral courage, the physical endurance, the indomitable perseverance, and the incomparable ability with which they met trials and conquered what seemed to be impossibilities, with other great achievements of mankind, the pioneer suffers not by the comparison.

For more than 2,000 years the earth has resounded with the praise of the prowess of that body of the Greeks who marched under the banners of the commander of the retreating ten thousand. History has devoted her brightest pages to them; poetry has embalmed their memory; and the arts of the sculptor and painter have won great glory in perpetuating the memory of their heroic deeds. But they were 10,000 in number, while the immigrants of each of the early years were less than so many hundreds. They were soldiers, organized, disciplined, armed, marching under the leadership of the most skillful captain of his age; they were trained in the use of arms and learned in all the arts of war. The pioneers were undisciplined, unorganized bodies of citizens, skilled only in the peaceful pursuits of life. The Greeks were an army prepared for an attack and defense; marching, it is true, through an enemy's country, but their way led toward their own country and their homes. The pioneers were bodies of citizens who gathered together their household gods and went forth into the wilderness, surrounded on every hand by enemies more ruthless and more relentless than Mede or Persian. Their homes were behind them. But they were inspired with the great purpose of building for themselves new firesides in the enemy's country, and of lifting up the sign of Christianity and of civilization in the center of pagan forests. The far off country was full of yelling savages; the desert sands stretching away toward the land of the setting sun was the enemy alike of man and of the herds upon which he depended. The awful Rocky mountains stood between, rearing their gray, precipitous battlements high in the heavens. Weary and laborious travel, hunger and thirst, burning sands and pitiless storms, desolating fire and destructive flood—all these conspired with savage man to defeat the purposes of the pioneers; but

Perseverance is a Roman virtue
That wins each godlike act and plucks success,
Even from the spear-proof crest of rugged danger.

Within the year last past another great event has been celebrated which attracted the attention and elicited the praise of all mankind, the completion of railroad communication between Oregon and her sister States in the East. That was a great event, and the tribute which the nations paid to the genius of American enterprise and skill had been justly won. But in the matter of the exercise of courage, physical and moral; as an example of enterprise; as a contribution to the development of the hidden resources of a great country; and as giving to the United States an addition to her domain, wealth and grandeur, the silent and unostentitious landing of the first wagon on the shores of the Columbia was a greater achievement than the laying of the last rail or the driving of the last golden spike. The latter followed in the train, and was but one of the many great results of the former.

In the years which have gone, event has followed event in rapid succession. Under the guiding hand of the pioneer who has in the greater part made and administered the laws, controlled our policy and shaped our destiny, great States and Territories have grown and now flourish, and the desert places have been made to blossom as the rose. There has been accomplished in a single generation that which formerly could only have been wrought in centuries of time. Many of those heroic men yet live to reap the ripe harvest of the pioneer's sowing. All about us are the gray-haired men and women who braved the battle and the breezess of life in the wilderness; who traced out the course of the mighty Columbia, and who built happy homes and great States in the voiceless wilderness which was mirrored upon its throbbing bosom. Worthy men, noble women, brave pioneers! your names are already enrolled along with those whom the world delights to honor.

The generation of pioneers is fast disappearing. One by one those indomitable spirits which yielded not to the tempests and storms of life, answer the call of the dread messenger, and return to the God who gave them. But their memories will live to remotest ages; their deeds are a sublime monument which shall remain white and beautiful when marble itself shall be wasting under the mosses of time.

AFTERNOON.

Hon. F. O. McCown, of Oregon City, then delivered the following occasional address :

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

BY HON. F. O. M'COWN.

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Oregon Pioneer Society :

It has not been my good fortune to enjoy your annual reunions, but I have been none the less interested in your labors. I feel highly honored in having been solicited by you to put on record some of the many incidents of frontier life experienced by the immigration of 1852.

And in the outset let me say that personal recollections of the leading men and of the public affairs of our State is necessarily limited. I was but a boy of 13 years when I first trod this fair land in the fall of '52. My father was not ambitious for public life, and our home was not for many years nearer than sixteen miles to a postoffice. We were poor; settled in the timber and cheerfully and hopefully took up the task of founding a home in the great wilderness.

Being the humble representative of that very large class of immigrants who, in poverty and toil, have made Oregon "blossom as the rose," and who, though in every sense patriots of the first order, felt so secure under the ægis of American liberty that they knew little and cared less who administered the laws. I presume this is the reason I have the honor of addressing you.

The love of adventure, restlessness; a desire to better our condition in some other place, are innate qualities in the human race.

It is said that the ceaseless ebb and flow of tides is a wise provision of the great Creator to keep pure and make habitable for its living creatures the vast oceans of water.

Turning back the pages of history we find the tide of humanity has been for ages ever moving as ceaselessly and as irresistibly as the tide of waters.

It began, so far as our knowledge extends, to flow out from the high plateaus of central Asia westward over the mountains along the valleys into Egypt, around the shores of the Mediterranean through Greece, Rome, and then into central Europe and ever onward across the Atlantic, and finally across the American continent to its western limit.

With this stream followed the growth of human intelligence, and out of it was evolved the highest type of civilization and happiness at its extreme limit.

And in my enthusiasm for the laws of infinite wisdom, which, through the ages, have been slowly but surely working out His purpose, I fancy I see in this far northwest coast in the coming years the development, the evolution of the grandest possibility of humanity—a perfect manhood and womanhood.

The mighty Pacific whose waters lave the shores of the two extremes—Christian civilization and heathenish barbarism—mountain chains, “rock ribbed and ancient as the sun,” vast plains and fertile vales, bubbling waters, so pure that they might have come from the fountain life. A smiling heaven above us and a propitious soil beneath our feet, combined to make this a second Garden of Eden, where can grow and flourish in fullest vigor, the crowning glory of God’s creation—man.

That our children may know when enjoying what I have tried to picture to your minds who laid the foundations we meet and record the history of the past, we recount the story of an arduous, perilous journey over the plains, how in suffering and privation the pioneers, with a resolute heart and a noble purpose, made their homes on the shore of the Pacific ocean.

My birthplace is in what is now West Virginia, and my father, Hon. William McCown, now of Wasington Territory, with this restlessness of the race after ten years found himself, after about thirteen moves on the checker board, located at Wyandotte, at the mouth of the Kansas river.

During the summer of 1851, while suffering with fever and ague, he heard of Oregon as a country where a graveyard could not be started, because so healthful.

One of the many stories of that time I still remember. It was gravely told around our fireside that an old man had migrated to the Willamette valley and after a few years, his age being very great, he wished to die but could not, so he persuaded his sons to take him east across the mountains, and after a proper time he died, and his sons desiring to bury him at home brought home his corpse and he revived, and they were compelled to take him east of the mountains again and leave him there in order that he might not live.

During the winter of 1851, the Oregon fever had become an epidemic and by the first of the following April the steamers on the Missouri river came loaded with immigrants for St. Joseph, Kansas City, Weston and Omaha. These came from States east of the Mississippi river. Many of them came to the frontiers and there purchased teams and were ready, as soon as the grass showed itself, to move.

The white tent and covered wagon, with the usual outfit of a camp, were seen everywhere. By the 6th of May fifteen wagons, nearly all drawn by four yoke of oxen, had collected at our house, some by pre-arrangement, and others by that law not understood, which we sometimes unwittingly call chance.

There were also horses, cows and young cattle, just such a caravan as is needed by those who cut loose from old homes to build new ones.

Many of the cattle were unused to work and the labor of driving them was not a pleasant task. Out of eight yoke with which we started but three were broke to work, and the first day one team refused to go up a hill, but turned square off into the woods and broke the wagon tongue.

But to the brave, resolute men who had before them a journey of 2000 miles this only caused a delay of a couple of hours. A young hickory was quickly fashioned by the roadside and we were on our way again.

That night we encamped on the open prairie, and the old men with characteristic American instinct organized out of its medley of strangers a moveable form of government suitable to our condition.

Ira Hunter, an old and respected pioneer, now living with his good wife in Corvallis, was honored by being made captain.

Guards were posted and regularly relieved, and so continued during the whole journey. After passing Fort Leavenworth Indians were seen on their horses on the distant hills, watching the train close by. This made the old heads a trifle anxious, as we were in the Pawnee country. But we were cautious, and were not molested.

At Big Blue we came to three fresh graves, whose occupants had been killed in a border fight. One survivor still lingered near the spot with his right arm broken.

As these men were a law unto themselves, and there were no courts, it was a matter of no particular interest to the orderly, law-abiding members of our company.

Everyth ng worked smoothly with us, and we moved and camped with the regularity of a military company.

Just before we reached Fort Kearney a section of a battery of mountain howitzers galloped past us with a dozen Cheyenne braves as prisoners. This alarmed us, but on reaching the fort during the day we learned they had been on the warpath against the Sioux and not against the whites.

One of the prisoners had been shot through the arm and it was broken. I mention this to show the mode of surgery among the Indians. The broken

arm had been splinted, and was then closely and tightly lashed to the chest, so that the hand laid on the breast under the chin. Thus dressed the Indian galloped along without any apparent discomfort.

About ten miles west of Kearney, my brother, a child, fell from a horse and broke his arm, just as the train was ready to move in the morning. Here was a dilemma—a broken arm and no surgeon. But the pioneers are always equal to any emergency. Two old men got into the wagon, and as it rolled over the smooth road, reduced the fracture without stopping the train. They had not completed their surgical operation when we had our first stampede.

A bull being driven with the loose stock beside the rear team in which the surgeons were at work, was frightened by stepping over a prairie chicken. He bellowed like a bull of Basham, sure enough, and gored the oxen in the team beside him, which in turn became frightened, and in less time than it takes to tell it fifteen teams of slow plodding oxen were galloping pell-mell over the level Platte River bottom, flying hither and yonder as they willed; but as best we could they were brought to a halt with the loss of two wheels from behind one of the large wagons. How it was done no one could exactly tell, but there was a collision between two wagons.

After a council by the "deacons," it was decided to halt and send back to Fort Kearney for a wagon, which was done and we again started on.

One of the members of our company was a lady, whose father was a wealthy slave owner, and who was unused to labor as the matron of a household. She married, and leaving her slaves, with her husband, and a partially deaf Dutchman for a cook, joined our company.

The cook did not understand English very well, and her orders about domestic affairs were such as she used in her plantation home and were heard by the whole camp. John one day poured cold water into the hot skillet and it broke. Poor John was told so often in the next week of his misdeed that it became a byword of the camp, and he left; but one day a poor, forlorn, weary, footsore footman was found sitting on the bank of the river, and our good lady informed the whole train who he was by shouting in his ears at the top of her voice: "John, you broke my skillet!"

During the journey up the Platte, the cholera raged and many a poor mortal was laid to rest. Graves were to be seen every few miles.

Sometimes a family broken up by death would burn all the outfit of clothing to destroy the cholera germs, and then sadly and mournfully take up the return march.

It was to my boyish imagination the most melancholy spectacle of that long journey to watch the averted look, the weary, mournful face of fathers, and the little children as they sat in the slow moving wagon returning home without their mothers.

One fact in connection with this: I do not remember to have seen one woman thus retracing her steps.

Many wives buried their husbands after starting, but not one, of my knowledge, ever despaired so much as to turn back—they were braver than men.

The South Platte was forded, or rather partly forded and partly swam. Then Ash Hollow with its precipitous sides and its aroma of wild flowers, was like an oasis in the desert. Up North Platte, past Castle Rock, at Fort Laramie, we found a great number of Sioux Indians, but we were not molested.

Fourth of July we had an extra dinner at Pacific Springs. At Soda Springs our company halted and we debated anxiously whether California or Oregon should be our destination. But homes in a fertile region won the day over glittering gold fields, and we bent our way onward. One team gave out, belonging to Mathew Meritt, and he abandoned his wagon; and with a generosity characteristic of pioneers his family and effects were loaded into the wagons of Ira Hunter and William McCown and hauled through.

At the desert beyond Salmon Falls we camped all day and rested, and at sundown started across the desert. All night long through heavy sand and all next day we marched wearily till 4 o'clock, when the glad cry of "water" ran along the train.

These pioneers were not teetotalers, and I remember when the children were suffering from thirst, about 2 o'clock, they were furnished with whisky in homeopathic doses by their mothers. I can testify that it was very good.

Then came the ferrying of a train across the rapid Snake River, in wagon beds—a most perilous task. But after three days it was accomplished in safety.

On Powder River we ate the last of our parched corn, which we had saved to make soup from time to time.

At what is now Cayuse Station we were treated to an Indian scalp dance. The Cayuses had that day returned from a successful raid against their ancient foe, the Snakes.

On the first of October we reached Barlow's Gate. It was a beautiful day, and we were all joyful that the promised land was just beyond. Our provisions were reduced to the minimum and we anticipated soon a bountiful supply.

The snow came, and beyond we camped and seven of our oxen perished from cold and hunger. Ate supper of dried peaches and barely a taste of meat, a ham bone which had been closely trimmed; "only this and nothing more." But father with cheerfulness promised us a big dinner in Oregon for this scant one.

Next morning a supply train met us with flour, sent out by your generous pioneers to relieve the needy "without money and without price." We were asked if we had money, and getting an affirmative reply, were told to wait for another train which would supply us. It came, \$25 for 50 pounds of flour relieved our immediate wants. The mountains were full of suffering immigrants. In this storm hundreds of cattle that had toiled long months perished.

Rev. J. S. York was camped on Summit Prairie waiting the recovery of a sick child. The dead cattle were all around his camp, and there were too many for the besieged travelers to haul off with their starving teams. We abandoned wagons, threw away all property not absolutely necessary to existence, and pushed on down the never-to-be-forgotten Laurel hill, across ice-cold mountain streams, over boulders as large as a flour barrel, and emerged into the beautiful Willamette—as we then called it Will-am-ette, but as my learned friend, Judge Deady, would say Wallamett—at Phillip Foster's. Right royally did this pioneer treat his brethren. We were received more like friends than strangers. He has passed over the river of death. I love to honor his name for his kindness to our friends.

To various counties our people scattered—Presley Farens lives in Marion, Hagood at Dallas, Linvilles in Douglas, A. J. Young in Portland, L. W. Young at Olympia, Elgins near Salem, Burke to Portland, but has since died; McCowns to Clackamas, where with a numerous colony of immigrants of '52 they settled and appropriately named their first postoffice "Needy," and the community "Hardscrabble." Twenty-five dollars in coin, a few poor oxen, one cow, two horses, a family of eight persons in all, of whom six were children, your speaker being eldest, drove in the brush under a large fir tree, unloaded their household goods and began to build a home.

Pioneers, I need not describe the log cabin with its large fire-place built of clay; its mighty illumination by torches of pitch wood; its mahogany furniture made of fir timber, hewn from the green tree; its feather beds of fern or fir boughs. Just turn back the pages of your history and you have the picture vividly before you.

Well, anyhow, there was something to eat and a cheery, warm shelter that had a door whose latch string was never pulled in. Any poor wayfarer was

welcome to the humble board, and these pioneers gladly shared with each other in their needs.

Gentlemen and ladies, surrounded as we are to-day with the bounteous blessings of a good providence, I look back with a glow of pride on what these humble, unpretending homes have brought into the commonwealth from such homes by hundreds, no, thousands scattered as they were from the Columbia river to the Siskiyou mountains has grown our State of which none need be ashamed.

In the growth of communities there are always underlying principles which, after the days of prosperity have come, we are apt to forget. These Hardscrabble homes were just so many places for the growth and development of manhood and womanhood.

The Christian idea was the predominating one, and when the good weather of March, 1853, came, Rev. Jesse Moreland, whom many of you know to honor and respect, called his neighbors together. They cut the brush and split logs and laid them on other logs under a large fir tree with wide-spreading branches, and we had the first Methodist Episcopal church of Hardscrabble. Next, a school house of logs, then a teacher, then a Sunday school with its library. Court houses and lawyers were unnecessary in this primitive republic. From such a beginning under such homely civilizing influences were laid broad and deep the foundations for character, and out of these homes in that immediate neighborhood have grown conservative forces which go to build up and strengthen society.

And men could grow up and develop in strong characters for good. Hon. T. H. Brentz thrice and now member of congress, J. C. Moreland and Benton Killin, lawyers well known for their ability and success, Prof. C. T. Finlayson, for long years a leading educator of the State, since dead.

I am not a Methodist, and therefore may without egotism attribute results to their proper cause. There were pioneer preachers in those days, and I am not saying too much when I call your attention to the fact that such grand men as Fathers Waller, the two Hines, Pearne, Roberts and Hoyt, with their energy and mental powers strove to build up moral and religious homes as well as material ones.

In the sturdy yeomanry who made homes in valleys of Oregon, they had fine materials to develop.

My brother pioneers, I care not what your religious views may be; it would be ungenerous not to accord to the missionary pioneers of every sect their due meed of praise as so many factors in opening up the northwest coast, in build-

ing up the moral forces which after all are the bases of ever good and stable society.

It is not peace officers nor minions of the law that render life and property safe, but the respect, the sense of duty which man feels that he owes to himself and fellow-man has enabled us to grow up into a State of orderly and symmetrical proportions.

Broad as the foundations were laid by you for the material prosperity of our common country; grand as were your ambitions and hopes for the future of yourselves and posterity, they are not to be compared for a moment to the moral factors which enter into the complex organization of society and make possible the civilization of the nineteenth century.

Pioneers, death has been busy since your last reunion, many a weary toiler has grow tired of life's burdens and laid down to sleep, and your whitened hairs indicate that many of you have been warned by old Father Time that the years with ceaseless tread are sweeping along, and that soon your labor will be done.

I congratulate you, old men and women (I speak the words reverently), that though your life's labor will soon have ended, by opening up for settlement this northwest coast, you have laid the foundations for a mighty empire where may be developed all that is best in man.

You have earned the good fortune all about you. It is yours to enjoy while you live. May success and prosperity attend your declining years, and may you finally receive the reward of all your labor and sacrifice.

LETTER FROM DR. TOLMIE.

The following, written on the invitation of the President of the Association, was too lengthy to be read at the meeting of 1884, but was ordered printed with the proceedings of the Reunion of 1884. It is a valuable contribution to the story of pioneer days and of pioneers:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Oregon Pioneer Association:

Claiming to be a pioneer of Oregon since May 1, 1833, when I landed at Fort George, now Astoria, and having since successively been a pioneer in Washington Territory and British Columbia, I now respectfully present to you some facts and deductions, which may help the compiler of that calm and dispassionate history of Oregon, which, I regret to find, has yet to be written. That materials for such a necessary work are being collected, I have reason to believe.

Mr. W. H. Gray, of Astoria, in 1870 published a "History of Oregon," evincing such intense anti-British and anti-Roman Catholic prejudice, and such—unwittingly I hope—perversion of facts as to have carried with it its own condemnation, in the view of pioneers tolerably conversant with early events. So far as I know, thus has it been regarded by Hudson's Bay men heretofore when it issued from the press, and hence it has, until last year, escaped criticism.

Softening of prejudice, and general mellowing of mind, comes to man, often, with increase of knowledge and years, but it has not been Mr. Gray's good fortune yet to have undergone that wholesome change of heart. Last year he again "rushed into print" in the same old strain, and thereby drew on himself a trenchant and able criticism from ex-Senator Nesmith. To this, and to a letter of Mr. Lair Hill's, which I have not had the pleasure of seeing, Mr. Gray replies in the daily *Oregonian* of Sept. 3, 1883, reasserting his calumnies against the Hudson's Bay Company, of which, in the far west then known as Oregon, the late great and good Dr. John McLoughlin was for some twenty odd years (1824 to 1845) the head and front, the life and soul, the guide and chief

director. Seldom, indeed, does poor Mr. Gray "gently scan" his "brother man."

My friends, you know what an almost impossible thing the ascription of motives often is, and what full knowledge any of us should possess ere venturing on imputation of base motives to a fellow mortal.

Acute and penetrating as Mr. Gray evidently deems himself, and, no doubt, considers that the majority regard him, it seems never to have occurred to him that, from 1824 to 1844, in Oregon, whatever of praise or blame may be ascribable to the conduct generally of the Hudson's Bay Company must be shared by the London directors, Sir George Simpson and Dr. McLoughlin, as the Doctor could not have been acting otherwise than in complete accord with these, his superiors in office. When Mr. Gray, in his history and letter, speaks of "the combination and no harmony," he writes egregious nonsense. No such condition of things could have long existed. That, towards the end of his rule, the Doctor's advances to American immigrants may have been thought excessive, I am not prepared to deny, but of this I know little personally, or by authentic report. The Doctor, must have all along, been allowed much discretionary power. He, by calm and dignified firmness under difficult circumstances, yet without loss of prestige, preserved peace when provocations to local rupture were not infrequent.

In 1866, when, by permission of the late Daniel Harvey, examining Dr. McLoughlin's private papers, I found a letter to him from Sir J. H. Pelly, Bart., Governor of the London Board of Directors, approving of his affording from the company's stores, aid to needy American immigrants. This letter, to the best of my recollection, was written in 1843. It was my intention to have copied Pelly's short letter in the present communication, but the Doctor's grandson, Mr. J. McL. Harvey, of Portland, Or., writes that he has been unable to find the epistle.

My friend of forty-four years' standing, Archibald McKinlay, now, like myself, a septuagenarian, writes in answer to inquiry (April 28, 1884, from Laclahache, B. C.): "I have no recollection of ever having seen Pelly's letter, but never had any doubt of its existence, for I have always contended that the advances made the Americans were not so much the cause of misunderstanding between the directors, Sir George Simpson and the Doctor, as the trouble and bickering occasioned by the latter's holding so persistently to the Oregon City claim. The company were averse to meddling with any part of the country south of the Columbia."

McKinlay, in same letter, continues: "Sir George to myself verbally, in 1841, and by letter on more than one occasion after, strongly recommended the

cultivation of a good neighborly understanding with the American immigrants. Sir George held, as a fact not to be doubted, that the Columbia river would be the boundary, and that the company could, by good management, establish a very lucrative trade with the Americans." (Morrill, and other tariffs, were yet in the womb of futurity.) So much, now, from trustworthy McKinlay. He, from 1841 until 1846, having been in charge of the company's then very important post of Walla Walla, now Wallula, and for many years after at Oregon City, is better qualified than any surviving company's man, to report, as herein he has. I feel justified in generally corroborating my friend's statements.

What is above given, goes to disprove Mr. Gray's writing as to the Doctor's having been called to London, in 1844, he thinks, "on the charge of violating a rule of the company in furnishing supplies to naked and starving American emigrants coming to Oregon. Mr. Gray tries to make out the company to have been "a political combination of iniquity," and their action as of course villainous.

Neither "honest and true" John McLoughlin, nor his subordinates, middle aged or young, would for any corporation have ever thought of doing the vile work Gray, out of his one-ideal, *bizarre* imagination, has conjured up and charged against them. In 1829, the Doctor took his Oregon City claim, soon after commencing its improvement. In winter 1838-9, he was, in *harmonious combination* with the directors, in London, organizing the Puget's Sound Agricultural Association, which, on Nisqually plains, in what is now Washington Territory, came into full operation in 1840. As early as 1836, if not before, there were French Canadian settlers, then "Britishers," on the Cowlitz prairies. In autumn, 1839, after his long and tedious journey to London, going and returning, the Doctor resumed sole charge and undivided responsibility over the Columbia department, returning with "flying colors," much to the satisfaction of us subalterns of Bachelor's Hall, for we greatly liked him. Exacting as to strict performance of duty, outspoken to the slothful or negligent, the Doctor was yet genial, always high-toned, morally, and in the widest sense Catholic, as has been most eloquently set forth by Judge Deady in one of his pioneer addresses.

By the endeavor to develop, north of the Columbia, in what they supposed to be the really "debatable land," permanent settlement of British agriculturists, the company openly and honorably acted, in strict accordance with their treaty rights. Had they promptly adopted my suggestion, in 1844, their flocks of sheep might have overspread the unoccupied prairies between Nisqually

and Cowlitz ere the 15th June, 1846, in which case their rights would have been confirmed to these lands by the treaty.

But, in that time, there was a general British supineness, in retrospect, strongly contrasting with the enlightened, thoughtful energy of the natural leaders of the American pioneers, and the intelligent readiness of all for self government. Nothing else so much struck me, on becoming acquainted with the first comers. Far different, and much more successful, were the company's legitimate efforts as British merchants, to defend their fur trade, widely developed by years of risky enterprise and outlay; but here, also, they acted honorably, on the competitive principle, still in vogue among men.

On the northwest coast, where, as a junior, I was stationed from late in 1833 until early in 1836, while vigilantly opposing, we maintained pleasant social relations with, the Boston merchant captains, pursuing their time-honored avocation of getting furs on America's western shores for sale in China or Europe. Gladly accepting newspapers, we bought from them books and other things. After, in 1836, and later, the company's steamer "Beaver," by trading at the head of navigation on the far-extending firths or inlets, prevented the best furs from reaching the outer coast, these ships soon ceased coming.

Ordered to Vancouver early in 1836, and remaining there until March, 1841, I met the estimable N. J. Wyeth, preparing to leave the country. Did not fail to observe the friendly feeling he entertained for the Doctor, and others. With McLoughlin he afterwards corresponded, and the first production of Carlyle's I ever read, was a volume Wyeth sent from Boston to his white-haired, majestic-looking friend at Vancouver.

However intellectually able, no zealot, surcharged with either religious or national antipathies, could have succeeded in the onerous position so long honorably filled by John McLoughlin. True, most part of the country sought for was lost, but it must be remembered that, between 1834 and 1846, the United Kingdom had—besides several fighting and other troubles in various parts of the world—great embarrassment in regard to Canada, during 1837-38 in a state of open rebellion.

What seems more natural, in such a case than that apathy as to further acquisitions of territory in North America, should have prevailed in British councils? From this languid let-aloneism—not "masterly inactivity"—the government was probably roused by the incessant, and not unnatural, nudging of the Hudson's Bay Co., and by Polk's loud crow of "Fifty-four forty-or-fight" at the time so captivating to the unreflecting of your people. But for these agencies all might have been yielded. On the other hand, had our respected mother,

Britannia, been sufficiently warmed up on the Oregon question, she might have perhaps peaceably obtained the desired Columbia river boundary. Your government was then on the eve of war with Mexico, and a double war, at that time, might not have been thought advisable. "Greater Britain" is now, with her grand Fuca Strait boundary, clear of special interest in the Columbia's bar and inland navigation.

I have never yet heard a Briton deny that the United States' men have better developed Washington Territory since the treaty of 1846 than, all things considered, our people, British and Canadian, could possibly have done in the same period.

As it has happened, all has been for the best under the providential shaping of Him "whose ways are past finding out." In God, and in an improving future life for all of woman born, as a free religionist I devoutly believe. Some one has said that all sensible men decline to define what the religion of sensible men is. Such has never been my way. Frankness on such a matter is far better, for individuals and communities, than either reticence or the widespread hypocrisy of our own time. I respect honest faith, and honest doubt as well. Who can respect mealy-mouthed hypocrisy?

For us, British Columbians and Oregonians, the way is, as neighbors and no longer estranged kinsman, to aim at ever-increasing amity, "striving together in well-doing," trying, each and all, by individual and collective effort, to leave morally better than we found it that part, whether great or small, of our respective neighborhoods we can influence. Fitly now may be given the following poetical extract:

But by the names o' Love and Joy,
An' Common-Sense, an' Lear an' Wit,
Put back to back—and in a crack,
We'll mak' our world better yet!
The Knaves an' Fools may rage an' storm,
The growling Bigot may deride—
The trembling Slave awa' may rin,
And in his Tyrant's dungeon hide;
But Free and Bold, and True and Good,
Unto this oath their seal have set—
"Frae pole to pole we'll free ilk soul,
The world shall be better yet!"

The lines voice the fervid democratic outburst, ensuing in the old land, after the passage of Britain's first reform act of 1832. The author, Robert Nicoll, of humble parentage, died young, editor of a liberaled paper in a large town in the north of England. He has been called "Scotland's second Burns."

When, last year, first contemplating addressing you, my intention was limited to giving some gossipy items about the big doctor and his early friends. These I will now present:

Of John McLoughlin's father, I have never heard him speak. Of his maternal grandfather, he spoke often. Most likely John and his brother David were brought up in their maternal grandfather's house. In 1840, at Vancouver, the Doctor, turning over the leaves of Stewart's *History of the Highland Regiments, &c.*, belonging to Archibald McKinlay, at page 83, Vol. 2d, giving names of officers of the 78th regiment or Fraser Highlanders, (embodied and commissioned in January, 1757) pointed out, amongst the names of the ensigns, that of Malcolm Fraser as his grandfather's. Malcolm, becoming by 1763, or perhaps sooner, Captain in the 81th regiment, settled, with several of his countrymen, officers and men, in the province of Quebec, selecting a tract of country more remarkable for picturesque scenery, like that of the "land of their sires," than for fertility of soil and other solid advantages. This, with his hearty laugh, I have heard the Doctor tell of more than once. The Doctor's only maternal uncle, Simon Fraser, M. D., as I gather from the *Canadian Parliamentary Companion* of 1874, page 371, was Lieutenant in the Royal Highland Regiment (Black Watch) and he "took part in all the engagements fought by that corps from 1795 to 1803," when Napoleon's star was on the ascendant.

Probably through their uncle Fraser's influence, both the young McLoughlin's studied medicine. David served in the British army, and, after Waterloo, practiced in Paris. There, in 1842, I had much kindness from him. John, the elder brother, joined the Canadian Association of Fur Traders, termed the Northwest Company, rising, probably, soon to prominence. When in charge of that company's great depot at Fort William, Lake Superior, the Doctor had for his apprentice-clerk (as the term was) the young James Douglas, afterwards, for nearly twenty years, his able second "through thick and thin" at Vancouver; and, latterly, the successful and popular first Governor of British Columbia, while yet a crown colony.

In 1821, after really fierce opposition, the Hudson's Bay and Northwest Companies coalesced. Our friend strove sturdily "for better terms for those bearing the burthen of the work in the fur countries," as against the London directors. It was, in fact, a struggle between labor and capital. Not, by the pusillanimous, supported as he should have been, McLoughlin refused to sign the deed-poll or agreement between the London shareholders, then few in number, and their commissioned officers in Rupert's land "and the far Columbia." Notwithstanding this self-assertion, McLoughlin, on account of his high char-

acter and known practical ability, was detailed for the Columbia in 1823. Then and later this, by the timid, was looked on as a sort of banishment.

I have heard it said, too, that the Doctor was sent west, as the old Hudson's Bay magnates, who had been slow coaches until roused by the Northwesters, did not want so stirring a man near them—so he was sent where he would have enough to do and to think about.

The need of farming at Vancouver (named by the Tshinook Skit-so-to-ho, and by the Klikitat Ala-si-kas, or the place of mud turtles) must have been great. In the journal of an old friend, I find that the English ship not having duly turned up in the summer of 1823, he, with a junior officer, having goods and some forty men in boats, was from Astoria sent up river to the different Indian fishing camps to feed the men on fresh salmon; and, these failing, on Indian dogs, or such deer as the hunters of the party could shoot. In the journal, mention is made on different days of the number of dogs traded, as required. Ten years after, at Vancouver, there was good cheer, altho' the Doctor, "autocrat at the breakfast" as well as the dinner table, was said by some, Ermatinger for one, to have abstained too long from the general use of beef and mutton.

By 1836, a circulating library of papers, magazines, and some books, set on foot by the officers, was in "full blast." To myself, the removal to Vancouver, that year, was like restoration to civilized life. With Rev. Samuel Parker I had interesting interviews, also with P. L. Edwards, J. K. Townsend, ornithologist, Courtney, Meade, Walker and the Lees, uncle and nephew. Being general physician and Indian trader, had, of course, to do with all. In autumn we were cheered by the society of Dr. Whitman and his worthy partner, not forgetting Mr. and Mrs. Spalding. By these good people the vocal powers of the young and of the school children were developed and improved. Poor Mrs. Whitman was prima donna. I still remember a hymn tune learnt from her, and also one that Mr. Parker, ere he left, taught us: "Watchman tell us of the night." Like his true friend McLoughlin, Whitman, indeed, was one of nature's noblemen, much enjoyed o' nights in Bachelor's Hall discussions on various topics. There often came, and were heartily welcomed, missionaries and traveling Americans I cannot now enumerate. Grieved I was, on returning from London, in 1843, (May), to hear of the sad end of my valued friend, and, in Indian tongues, fellow-student, Cornelius Rogers. To come down to a later time I must not omit mention of Robert Newell, with whom, in the Provisional Government Legislature of 1846-7, "shoulder to shoulder" I opposed the "fiery" TVault and his following, strong in numbers if not in argument. I could run on thus, but your space forbids. My estimate of the facetious,

sound-headed Newell, totally dissenting from Gray's, agrees with that of Burnett, Nesmith and McKinlay, whose *dictum* lately came to me in pen and ink, altho' I well precognized what it would be. Many a hearty laugh Newell has given me. We last met in Portland, in 1856, when he was evidently breaking down. Not long after, he passed on.

Very recently I have glanced over *Oregon, the Struggle for Possession*, by the Rev. Dr. Barrows, who admits large indebtedness to Mr. Gray's book, and also to letters, etc., received from that gentleman. Finding, from the general tenor, that the Reverend Doctor of Divinity has been largely indoctrinated by Mr. Gray, I have been led into exposing the basal errors as to facts, and the unsound imaginings as to hypotheses out of which Mr. Gray has spun his "strange story," from first to last traducing the Britons and Roman Catholic clergy, once in Oregon altho' now almost all "gone to the majority." Equally, in the dense mist of his bamboozlement of self-contradiction, does Mr. Gray represent John McLoughlin, whom he terms "the noblest of men," as having for, say, to be very exact, thirteen or fourteen years, operated in direct opposition to the, as by Gray alleged, stringent instructions of those who ranked him in the Hudson's Bay service. If our worthy departed friend, McLoughlin, could or would speak now, his word would be: "Save me from my much bewildered, mistaken friend, Gray." Presumably, he "recks not."

Not once does the Rev. Barrows, that I have observd, mention McLoughlin's name. Neither does he quote aught in the H. B. Co.'s favor from Parker, Greenhow, Wilkes and Montgomery Martin, whose work, *The Hudson's Bay Territories and Vancouver Island* (London, 1849) by quotation, and otherwise says much that is true, though in parts over laudatory of the much maligned company.

Dr. Barrows devotes his thirty-first chapter, the last but two, to the "Whitman Massacre." To this subject will be directed my concluding remarks.

It would be hard to say in what age of early European progress men were as grossly superstitious as, a quarter of a century ago, the aborigines of the Columbia river and Puget's Sound continued to be. Sorcerers were held in intense dread, and often assassinated. It gave a young man renown to have killed one or more, his relatives in each case making cus omary compensation. At Vancouver, in summer 1840, a young hunter from Kiesno's village, Wakana-sissi, known to the whites as "the fishery," a few miles below Vancouver, very early one morning paddling up stream in quest of deer, observed in a sleeping camp of Calapooyas on Vancouver beach, lying still, under a faded green blanket, a middle-aged woman he was, under contract with the Tuality Indians, to kill at sight. He shot the woman, and coolly continued his hunt. The

Doctor got Kiesno to bring the murderer to the fort, and had him in irons; for it was considered an affront to the whites for Indians to fight or to kill each other near a company's post. Everywhere such acts were frowned on, but in this single instance, to my knowledge, was the murderer meddled with. From 1836 to 1841, at Vancouver, and until 1859, when I removed from Nisqually, W. T., to Victoria, B.C., the evil practice continued.

Experience has satisfied me that, in those early days, white physicians ran great risks among the Indians. To illustrate this, my own case must be in brief detailed. On return from England, in May, after a business trip to Marion county, I was, in July, 1843, placed in charge of the P. S. A. Assn's and the H. B. Co.'s business at Nisqually, where I remained for sixteen years. That fall, the Indians, as was their custom with a new comer, were trying to discover what manner of man I was. Consequently misunderstanding ensued with two young Indians, one the recognized chief's son, the other his nephew. Some time after, the nephew's oldest brother called at the post to see how I felt. Received him (Lashinia) kindly, and gave him some tobacco. The two young men, cousins, took to spitting blood and died of lingering consumption. I often sent food to and saw the chief's son, who lived near by; most likely I also gave him tonics and cough mixtures. Just after the death of the young men the nephew's surviving able bodied brother killed an Indian sorcerer and healer, who had been in attendance on both, and gave out his intention of killing some one else.

About this time I had notice from Vancouver, sent by a French Canadian, to look out, that the Indians were talking of assassinating me. This man, long in the company's service, had a half breed family at Nisqually, and was in the way of knowing. Made no sign of suspicion, although keeping watch on the second brother, Snanahal. One day, seeing some one in the midst of the yet unpicketed buildings at Nisqually, coiled up under a blanket as if sound asleep, I touched him with my foot, and, on his springing up, at once authoritatively ordered him to go and sleep elsewhere. This was Snanahal, who, not long after, while in the act of thrashing his new wife, he had another, was shot dead by his last father-in-law. Now must be mentioned that, months or more before, when Lastinia got from me the tobacco above mentioned, the first smoke of it he had in his lodge, five miles off, so stupefied him that, falling into the fire, he got severely burnt, and was laid up a cripple until after his surviving brother's sudden taking off. I invited him to camp near the fort, promising to get him on his legs again. By dint of attention and good feeding, I succeeded, and found him useful afterwards. In time I got from him the admission that in 1843, when he got the tobacco, he had come to see me with the view of ascertaining how my *tum tum*, or disposition, was towards himself and

brother, and that his getting burnt immediately thereafter had been by all attributed to my supposed magical power. Having in London, in 1842, at Dr. Elliotson's (he then had practice worth \$25,000 a year) seen exhibitions of animal magnetism in which manipulation, as in Indian "tamanowas," was the only ostensible agent, and having, on the passage out, read fully on the subject, I never after looked on the sorcerer's work as altogether humbug, and in doctoring Indians, as I did very often, instead of ridiculing tamanowas, I allowed it full swing as well. A sick man's hope cannot be too much encouraged.

In early 1840, chief trader Black, much liked by his Indians, was shot because he refused the loan of a gun to an aged Indian, said gun having been left at Kamloops, Thompson's river, B. C., in Black's charge. The elderly applicant soon after died, and his nephew, spurred on by his own mother, shot Black in the post dining hall. Panic-stricken savages are very impulsive, and in case of suspected evil eye work or the like, equally revengeful.

Much has been said, in print and in conversation, about Dr. Whitman's having been supposed by the Cayuse to be poisoning them. With friend McKinlay, who left Walla Walla in 1846, and who was a bosom friend of Whitman's, whom I also thought much of, I have at different periods conversed on the Wailatpu catastrophe. Remember well Mac's telling me that W. H. Gray had once boasted to him of the smart way he had hit upon, by neatly inserting tartar emeti: into ripe ones, to prevent the Cayuse from stealing melons from the Wailatpu gardens.

Mac., in two epistles, 28th April and 12th May, 1884, has written me as follows, on the melon business: "The drugging of the melons, to the best of my recollection, occurred in 1841. Gray spoke of the act as a clever method he had taken to prevent the Indians from stealing melons. After this, Whitman was suspected of being a dangerous *medicine man*. I left Walla Walla in February, 1846, and assumed charge at Oregon City in March." "The melon affair occurred in 1841. The seriousness of the act was little thought of at the time, but it became known to the Indians, and they frequently referred to it not only to me but to Whitman also. Another curious incident occurred at Wailatpu, (I am sure I must have told you about it) in the summer of 1844, which worked on the native superstition about doctors, and caused both Whitman and myself no little anxiety. I shall mention it again. In the summer of that year about all the principal men of the Cayuse and Walla Wallas went to California to buy cattle. During their absence the son of one of the absent Cayuse chiefs headed a party of young men and proceeded to the Dalles to levy blackmail on that tribe by obliging them to give horses, dried salmon,

blankets, etc. The young Rob Roy, on his return with his booty, called at Whitman's. The latter refused to give his hand, saying he did not shake hands with robbers. That night the young man went to bed as usual. About midnight he roused his wife, asked for something to eat, saying he felt hungry. She handed him some dried buffalo meat. While in the act of eating this, he fell down and expired. Whitman's ill will (medicine) was considered the cause, of course. In the spring of 1845 the California expedition returned without cattle. Elijah Hedding, Pies Pis Mochs Mochs' educated son, had been killed by an American at Fort Sutter. As might be supposed, they were not in the best of humors. The father of the young man whose death was so sudden (a very good Indian) made a feast, invited Doctor and Mrs. Whitman; when the invitation was given, Mrs. W. was very anxious and begged of me to come to the feast also, so, being invited, I did so. It was a grand affair. The old father in his speech alluded to the opinion formed by the superstitious, but declared such an idea never entered his head, called the Doctor his best friend, etc. Still, the superstitious and evil disposed held to their own opinions, and would express those opinions when it suited their purpose to do so. The foregoing, with many other incidents with minor import, combined, in my opinion, to work on their feeble and suspicious natures. Of all the Indians I ever met, none equalled the Cayuses and Walla Wallas in superstition. They shot seven of their own medicine men right by the fort during my five years' stay there, and probably over three times that number altogether."

The foregoing is left without comment. I regard the Catholic priests as blameless. The evil-disposed, ignorant people about the mission at the time did much to precipitate the sad event.

With much respect and best wishes, I am, Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, yours for the truth.

W. FRASER TOLMIE.

Postscript to W. F. Tolmie's communication of 3d June, 1884, to the Oregon Pioneer Association, Salem, Oregon:

"Trifles light as air" coming fresh to mind after the massacre of Wailatpu, and some more alarming incidents in the Cayuse country, such as the burning of the sawmill belonging to the Whitman mission, might have warned whites having much to do with Indians from 1843 to 1847 that the natives were becoming uneasy as to the ever increasing number of immigrants. In 1844, Owhai (ai as in aisle), the most stirring of the Upper Yakimas, said to me at Nisqually that the trans-Cascade chiefs and leading men felt troubled at the great influx of Americans (Shooiapo), that a company's post such as Walla Walla or Nisqually they liked, intimating plainly, although in a sly, obscure

way—perhaps he was in a measure thinking aloud—that the Indians, on a pinch, could do what they liked with such weakly manned places. In these days Nisqually was not palisaded, such a precaution being thought unnecessary. In 1845, Michael T. Simmons, George Bush, S. B. Crockett and a few others settled on the south end of Puget's Sound, calling their settlement Newmarket, and by bringing cedar shingles to me for the Victoria and Sandwich Islands' markets, got useful supplies in return. To help them the more, the Hawaiian market was more than once by the company glutted with shingles.

Of course, settlement increased subsequently to June 15, 1846, and as people scattered more, certain ruffians of the Snokwalimi Indians became more saucy and troublesome. The first check was, in 1849, the hanging, after jury trial by U. S. troops, of two Snokwalimi murderers, at Fort Steilacoom, W. T. One of the fellows had, wantonly I may say, shot, at Nisqually, an excellent young American, Wallace, a shingle maker. The other had mortally wounded a young Indian, who, with many men, women and children had rushed tumultuously into the fort on the approach of what seemed to them a war party.

The fortifying of the post happened as follows: In December, 1847, probably at an early date, although this I cannot now make certain, an interview was sought with me at night by an Indian sorcerer, who had prolonged his threatened life, as it came about, only for a few months, by flying in haste from a Sinahomish village, south end of Whidby Island, to his relatives working at Nisqually. This man told excitedly that at a late gathering of various northern tribes at Nugwadso the village in question, a proposal had been favorably discussed for killing all the whites on the Sound. The plan for Nisqually was, to post themselves well at night, to set fire to the bark roofs of the men's cottages, and from darkness to shoot us all as we rushed forth. He named principal men of the Sinahomish as present, who, since the building of Fort Langley, Fraser's river, (1827) some twenty years earlier, had been professing great friendship for the whites. Not unaccustomed to palpably false alarms from Indians I yet reported this notice to the Board of Management at Vancouver (Messrs. Ogden and Douglas), and had from Mr. Douglas a reply dated January 18, 1848, penned in haste, of which the following is an extract: "The Legislature has passed a law prohibiting the sale of powder, lead and caps to all Indians. I consider it a dangerous measure, which will excite the Indians more and more against the Americans; they will starve without ammunition, and distress may drive them to the most dangerous courses. They will prey upon the settlements, and slaughter cattle when they can no longer hunt the deer. Represent this to the Newmarket men, it is oppression, and not kindness, that will drive the Indians into acts of hostility. Use all your influence

to protect the Newmarket people from harm, and tell them to be kind and civil to the Indians. Use your own discretion about the powder and lead prohibition; you need not enforce the law if it endangers the safety of the country. The Americans about this place are all exclaiming against it, and are serving out powder to the Indians themselves to protect their stock. You ought, in my opinion, to get the fort enclosed immediately, and bastions put up at two of the corners. If your own people are not sufficient, hire hands to assist you; the sooner that precaution is taken the better. The occurrence described in your letter proves most forcibly the necessity of putting the place in a defensible state." (Signed) JAMES DOUGLAS.

In 1848, heard from Victoria, V. I., and Langley, Fraser's river, of the disquieted state of the Indian mind in consequence of the epidemic sicknesses that had prevailed amongst them. On the lower Columbia, until I left, in 1841, it was firmly believed by the natives that the remittent fever in 1828 and after, so decimating them, had been left by a Boston shipmaster, Dominis, because they had not sold him all their furs. Talked with D. on the coast about this, in after years.

When, in the month of June, the "Doctor" used to have a graduated painted pole set up on the water's edge, when the summer freshet was thought to be near its maximum, at Vancouver, the natives concluded that the pole was so placed to stop the river's further rise.

W. F. T.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Mahala Wilson died June 28th, 1884, was born in Kentucky, August 15th, 1813; was married in the State of Indiana, in the year 1833, to Mr. John Wilson who was born in Kentucky, March 8th, 1813, and who died in Linn county, Oregon, March 17th, 1868. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson removed from Indiana to Missouri in the year 1842, and from thence to Oregon, crossing the plains in 1851, and settled in Linn county, on their farm about three miles from what is now the town of Halsey, and living there up to the time of their death.

Mrs. Wilson went to Eastern Oregon, about two weeks previous to her death, to look after some business interests she had there, intending to return in a few weeks, but was attacked with paralysis and never spoke afterwards. Her remains were brought to this place by her son, Pryor Wilson. Her funeral took place from the residence of her son-in-law, Hon. T. J. Black, July 10th, 1884, when she was buried by the side of her husband in Pine Tree Cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson leave a large estate; also a large family of children living in this State and Arizona, all of whom are in good circumstances. Mrs. Wilson also leaves two sisters in this State, Mrs. John Stewart and Mrs. Pryor Scott, of Corvallis, Oregon, who, together with a large circle of friends, mourn her very sudden death.

W. J. S.

HALSEY, July 20th, 1884.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The election of officers then took place, with the following results:

Hon. J. T. Apperson, President.

Hon. J. W. Grim, Vice President.

Hon. R. P. Earhart, Secretary.

W. H. Rees, Corresponding Secretary.

John M. Bacon, Treasurer.

F. X. Matthieu, Medorum Crawford and F. R. Smith, Directors.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved—That the Honorable O. C. Pratt, of California, who was an early Oregon pioneer, be and he is hereby made a member of the Oregon Pioneer Association for life, and that the Secretary furnish him notice in writing to that effect, and that printed proceedings of the Association be sent to him.

Resolved—That the Hon. James Fields, now of New York, but a former resident and pioneer of Oregon, be made a life member of this Association.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

REGULAR AND SPECIAL MEETINGS.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS,
CAPITOL BUILDING, SALEM, June 18, 1884. }

The Board of Directors met in their office for the transaction of business, R. P. Earhart, acting Secretary of the Board.

Treasurer J. M. Bacon presented the following report of the transactions of his office for the past year, which was examined and approved:

TREASURER'S REPORT.

OREGON CITY, June 14, 1884.

To the President, Officers and Members of the Oregon Pioneer Association:

I hereby make my annual report again of the receipts and disbursements of cash received as Treasurer for the year past:

1883.

RECEIPTS.

June 15,	To balance on hand.....	\$ 12 55
	To amount collected, per self.....	130 00
	“ “ by Secretary.....	176 00
	To cash, I. R. Moores.....	1 00
	“ W. H. Harris.....	1 00
	“ J. F. Miller.....	5 00
	“ J. T. Apperson.....	1 00
	“ J. M. Bacon.....	1 00
Oct. 2,	“ Excursion, per Bacon.....	161 00
	“ Odeneal.....	223 00

\$711 55

DISBURSEMENTS.

June 16, By warrant, Waite	\$ 47 47
“ Waite	198 85
“ J. F. Miller	10 00
“ T. B. Odeneal	5 25
“ J. M. Bacon	10 00
“ F. X. Matthieu	5 00
“ J. W. Nesmith	5 00
“ T. B. Odeneal	10 00
“ J. W. Grim	5 00
“ Joseph Watt	5 00
“ E. M. Waite	20 00
1884 “ J. M. Bacon	80 00
“ T. B. Odeneal	80 00
“ Joseph Watt	80 00
“ J. W. Nesmith	20 00
“ E. M. Waite	24 00
“ J. G. Wright	13 00
By cash to balance	92 98
	————\$711 55
June 17, By cash on hand	\$ 92 98

J. M. BACON, Treasurer.

REPORT OF SECRETARY.

There was no report received from the Secretary of the Association.

The following bills were audited and ordered paid:

Bennet, labor	\$ 4 00
Standard, advertising	6 50
Conover & Co., advertising	3 50
Waite & Co., printing	86 40
Oregonian, advertising	6 00
Parrish, hauling	3 75
John Green, services	10 50
Willamette Farmer	2 00
Whitney Boise, services	5 00

Vidette, printing.....	2 00
Statesman, advertising.....	7 50
Wood.....	3 50

The Board authorized the Secretary to adjust on best possible terms the claims of the Board and draw warrants for the amount.

The Board of Directors then adjourned.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY,
CAPITOL BUILDING, SALEM, February 18, 1885. }

The Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met at 2 o'clock P. M., the following officers and members being present:

J. T. Apperson, President.

R. P. Earhart, Secretary.

Jno. M. Bacon, Treasurer.

E. M. Waite, F. X. Matthieu and F. R. Smith.

Absent—W. H. Rees, Corresponding Secretary, and Medorum Crawford.

Mr. Bacon moved that the Association hold its next annual reunion at Oregon City, which motion prevailed.

The following committee was appointed on programme and exercises for the reunion:

Jno. M. Bacon, W. Carey Johnson and E. L. Eastham.

The committee was further authorized to appoint such sub-committees as they might deem proper to assist them in arranging the exercises for that occasion

Upon motion Hon. George H. Williams, of Portland, was selected to deliver the annual address, and Mr. E. L. Eastham, of Oregon City, the occasional address.

Col. W. L. White, of Oregon City, was elected Chief Marshal, and Rev. George H. Atkison, of Portland, Chaplain.

The President and Secretary were, upon motion, authorized to fill any vacancies that might occur in the matter of orator, etc.

The following resolution was presented and upon motion adopted:

“Resolved, That all members of this Association who shall pay their annual dues for the year ending June 15, 1885, shall be considered in good standing, and entitled to all the privileges of membership.”

The Secretary was, upon motion, authorized to procure all necessary printing, and to arrange for rates of fares on the various lines of transportation.

There being no further business, the Board, on motion, adjourned.

R. P. EARHART, Secretary.



TRANSACTIONS
OF THE
THIRTEENTH ANNUAL RE-UNION
OF THE
OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION

FOR

—≡1885;≡—

The Occasional Address by E. L. Eastham, Esq.

AND THE

ANNUAL ADDRESS BY HON. GEO. H. WILLIAMS,

WITH OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST.



SALEM, OREGON:

E. M. WAITE, STEAM PRINTER AND BOOKBINDER.

1886.



THIRTEENTH ANNUAL RE-UNION.

OREGON CITY, }
June 15, 1885. }

The Thirteenth Annual Re-union of the Oregon Pioneer Association was held at the Pavilion near Oregon City, on the 15th day of June, 1885.

The officers of the Association present were:

J. T. Apperson, President.

J. W. Grim, Vice President.

R. P. Earhart, Secretary.

J. M. Bacon, Treasurer.

E. M. Waite, F. X. Mathieu, Medorum Crawford and F. R. Smith, Directors.

The rain continued to fall until eleven o'clock, and the trains and boats brought only tens, whereas if the weather had been pleasant, they would have brought hundreds. Those that come, however, were so delighted with the welcome that the citizens gave them and the fine grounds prepared, that they voted to come again next year. At about eleven o'clock Col. W. L. White, Chief Marshal, formed the procession, and after marching through Main street, headed by the Oregon City brass band, proceeded to Falls City Park, followed by the citizens of this county. The pavilion had been well prepared with seats, and after all were seated, the President called the assembly to order. The band played "Auld Lang Syne."

Then the audience arose and Rev. G. H. Atkinson, D. D., de-

livered an eloquent and fervent prayer. He thanked the Creator for the fair land that was preserved to the American nation by the efforts of the hardy and God-fearing men and women who braved the hardships and perils attending the long journey across the plains, and who patiently waited in the wilderness for the coming of the flag they loved so well. He also praised God for the provisional though republican government that was early given to those adventurous men and women, and for the present government and its attendant advantages, and in conclusion invoked a continuance of the manifold blessings that had been showered upon the people of the Pacific coast.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

Mr. J. T. Apperson, president of the association, then delivered the opening address, as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE PIONEER ASSOCIATION OF OREGON, AND FRIENDS.—On this, the thirteenth annual re-union of this association, it is with great pleasure we welcome you to this place—a place made memorable from the fact that here was organized the provisional government in 1845. This place was the capital of the vast territory then known as Oregon. It was also the capital of the territorial government under the general government of the United States for several years. Here, you who in early days encountered the dangers and difficulties incident to a trip across the great American continent, were received and congratulated by those who had preceded you, upon your safe arrival “the plains across.”

Each, as you westward turned and bid adieu to relatives, friends and the associations of early life, looked anxiously forward to the time when this place should be reached, and as day after day, week after week and month after month you continued your journey surrounded by great dangers and many privations, you anxiously anticipated the time when this place should be reached and those dangers and privations should be over.

It seems to me that this meeting in Oregon City would revive in the minds of pioneers many events and incidents that were almost faded from your minds, in the lapse of time since your arrival at this place. While here calling to mind those events and associations incident to the early settlement of this vast territory, you will contrast in your minds the great changes that have taken place. Still the great changes that have or may take place, will never drive from your memory while life lasts the scenes and incidents that you, my pioneer friends, encountered many years long since past.

Time is calling from our midst many of those with whom we were acquainted and associated. We miss many who one year ago were with us. It reminds us of the fact that we, the pioneers of Oregon, will have in a few more years all passed away.

The great number of our members who during the past year have been gathered from among us, never again to be met in our re-unions on earth, bring sad and melancholy reflections. Let us treasure up and cherish those names, not only in our hearts, but upon the pages of the history of this association.

We feel thankful that it is our privilege to meet with you on this day, and on behalf of the good people of this place extend a welcome to you, the pioneers of Oregon, and our friends. We trust this may be a pleasant meeting for all. May it be cherished in our memory as one of the pleasantest and happiest annual re-unions of our members, and our friends. I bid you all welcome.

THE OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

BY E. L. EASTHAM, ESQ.

Mr. E. L. Eastham, of Oregon City, who delivered the occasional address, was then introduced to the association, and spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN —The pioneers of civilization have in all ages been too modest to sing the story of their own achievements, or to claim the honors and rewards so justly their due. But the sweet sentiment of fraternity is a flower that pilgrims have ever loved to cultivate. Doubtless the perils and unspeakable privations endured by the children of Israel in their wandering emigration from Egypt to Canaan served in large part to bind them and their descendants together for many generations; and it pleases the imagination to believe that the memories and traditions of that journey of journeys have been religiously treasured and handed down from generation to generation, and have served to knit together in bonds of enduring brotherhood a race of men, in all else like other men, whose spirit of universal fraternization among themselves continuing for many centuries is even to this day a matter of profound wonderment and admiration to all other civilized races. The crusaders long preserved the traditions of their journeyings and their dangers, their successes and dire defeats; and for generations their descendants kept alive the orders and organizations and the chivalrous spirit that were born to their ancestors and grew to living strength on a thousand battle-fields with Turk and Saracen, and through years of journeying in the land of the far east. Even to this day many of the tribes now enrolled under the national banner of the great white Czar proudly remember and boastfully repeat the story of that emigration invasion of their ancestors upon imperial Rome, which resulted in the dismemberment of the greatest empire known to history. And so the Oregon pioneers feel their hearts drawn together by memories of untold privations and countless dangers endured standing faithfully together,

shoulder to shoulder, in an argonautic expedition of so long ago that of the travelers none are now young and hundreds are known no more save to shining memory. And the sentiments of fellowship and fraternity these reunions are primarily intended to cultivate and renew, may well be supplemented by proud remembrance of grand results, the hard-won fruits of their bitter toil.

These later argonauts have fallen lately into a long disused custom of getting together around an improvised camp-fire and having an old-time friendly visit. You may remember that for many of the first years of pioneer life in Oregon every man's latch-string was always out; and the fashion of continual visiting kept green the memory of their emigrant experiences. In those days, men's wants were simple and easily supplied, and contrary to the usual order of things, leisure and plenty went merrily hand-in-hand.

But later on, the country came to be more civilized, and with increasing wants and decreasing leisure it came also to be far less neighborly and fraternal. We had about lost our reputation for being the most hospitable of communities when somebody proposed to make up for lost time, and to have all the old-time barn-raising, and long visits with the ox team for the whole year in one, and to call it a pioneer re-union.

The idea was carried out; and let us hope that the pioneer re-union will, in its turn, while rejuvenating the memories of the trip across the plains, serve also to recall the less selfish and more neighborly customs of the early days in the backwoods of Oregon.

But the pioneers of the far west will get food for the soul at these meetings, and will renew their youth in discussion of the adventures of the early days—adventures which in those days of active youth and high hope served for little more than to whet their appetites for the feast of untrammelled action and glorious excitement they—or many of them—had long looked forward to; but which adventures now, after the lapse of many years passed in uneventful quiet, loom up in the distant past assuming, even in their eyes, somewhat of the splendid proportions long since discovered by their far off kinsmen across the continent.

For, whatever the object of that wonderful journey of 2,500 miles among hostile tribes, across unexplored plains, under the desert sun, among snow-capped peaks of the highest mountain ranges on the continent, it is not to be denied that these pioneers of civilization in the far west, both in their personal achievements, and in the results obtained, are fairly entitled to re-

gard their exploits proudly as does the soldier who bivoucks the night after the battle on the hard-won field. For were not the toils of the journey from the Mississippi to the Columbia greater than those of any campaign? Were the dangers to half-armed emigrants, with their women and children, in a country infested with hostile and merciless savages, less than to the full-equipped army in quest of battle and thirsty for spoil? Were even the horrors of the march from Moscow not equaled by those of Donner lake and Whitman station?

Where else in the history of man, civilized or not, do you read the story of a 2,500-mile march through hostile country, over unexplored desert and mountain? The host led by Moses and Aaron wandered for years, but only accomplished a direct journey of a few hundred miles. Xenophon in his famous retreat from the Euphrates had a less distance to go before he reached safe harbor at home. No crusade ever extended over so great a distance, and most of the way through Christian and friendly countries. Napoleon on his disastrous trip to Moscow only essayed a march of 1,500 miles. Truly it was a performance of which all mankind may well be proud. Time is yet too young for the story to be fairly told. The descendants of Oregon pioneers shall yet hear their ancestors' glories sung as we now teach our children to glorify the heroes of the past.

And the bravery and hardihood of the effort was only equaled by the substantial fruits of the achievement. As a result of the pilgrimage of the pioneers, England, ever on the alert to extend her domain, was deprived of a vast and fruitful territory. And so much of the continent as she failed to grasp was added to the dominion of our own country. Out of this splendid extent, one state has already been carved and two territories, destined some day to be added to the original thirteen states. And if the women of Washington territory shall be as successful in dealing with President Cleveland and his administration as they have so far been with territorial bachelorhood, and if the territory and the women shall get their just deserts, then another state will soon be added to the Union, a further offering of the pioneers of the far west upon the altar of the national prosperity.

It was worth while for men and women to undertake a pilgrimage, the like of which the world scarce ever saw, and to brave the known dangers and hardships of a journey from the regions of the Alleghany mountains to the very Ultima Thule of the great Oregon River, that they might proudly offer to mother country the first fruits of their perilous victory in the shape of sovereign states and magnificent territory out of which empires might yet

be carved. The splendid triumphs of the Cæsar boasted no grander trophies.

At this distance in time from the occurrence of these events, we habitually speak of the pioneers of the far west as a body—a unit. And in according the honors of the final triumph we can do no otherwise; for it is not individual effort but the grand total effort and achievement that will appeal to the latest posterity. But the mass was composed of individuals as diverse in aim as in former occupation and character.

The doctrine of the conservation of force in nature was never illustrated better than by this seemingly accidental bringing together of all the varied and various elements necessary to found a new community and put almost at once in motion in the wilderness the complex machinery of modern government. It had been a simple matter enough if a whole community, already organized, had emigrated as did the Puritans to New England; but a doctor came from one county, a preacher of the gospel from another; a farmer from one state, a wagonmaker from another; a lawyer of one nationality, a blacksmith of a different one; and when this heterogeneous mass came together at its final destination it was found that every trade, profession, business and occupation was represented, and all the materials for an enlightened government were ready at hand. And while there was little material wasted or to spare, yet there seemed to be enough of every essential element, and a full-fledged modern society sprang almost at once into existence.

While according the highest praise for their achievements, and the personal qualities that render them possible, it is no matter of demerit that these people were not originally moved by the exalted idea of conquering empire or founding states. Their aims were far more modest; their achievements none the less praiseworthy. Nor does their object seem to have been a very selfish one. Indeed, it seems sometimes difficult to account for the migrations of civilized men. Scarcely any of the early pioneers can give an explanation, satisfactory even to themselves, why they braved the known and certain perils of an unknown and uncertain journey from the center of the continent to its western verge; from a land where there was plenty, peace, good government and bright prospects, to a land that could not possibly offer them much more, but which might furnish them much less than this, even if it did not provide them with bloody graves at the hands of treacherous savages, at the end of a journey they knew only well enough to dread. Some came to find health, but health might be court-

ed in a less dangerous atmosphere; and it seems incongruous and mirth-provoking now to think of the invalid of forty years ago attacking an ox-team journey across a continent, through desert sand and over mountain ranges, in search of health. It reminds one of Ponce de Leon's search after the fountain of eternal youth; or of the man who went abroad seeking to coax mild-eyed Peace with a club. Others undertook the journey to get land; but there were yet vast regions of vacant and accessible land east of the Missouri river, and in the very garden of the world. Some say it was climate that lured them westward; but in the wide range of vacant or very cheap land from Minnesota to Arkansas it would seem that the most fastidious climate-seeker in the world might have found the exact shade suitable to his fancy. Some wanted to take a new start in the world, having met with reverses and disappointments; but the world was wide and roomy enough, it would seem, without crossing the Missouri river, and certainly without piercing the Rocky mountains. Nor were they lured hither by the fabulous stories of the wealth of western goldfields; for the real pioneers of the country came before the California Argonauts.

Who can say why they came? When Bishop Berkeley wrote that "Westward the star of empire takes its way," he only stated a fact established by the observation of men. He stopped not to philosophize or theorize upon moving causes. That were an endless task, and as fruitless now as then. And what if they had come in search of the golden fleece? Who cares to stop to inquire into the primary causes that led or impelled these heroic men and women to leave a civilization which they knew and loved to attack a far-off wilderness hard by the Pacific ocean—a land almost as far off to them as the moon? But whatever their original quest, they failed to find the fountain of eternal youth; and the gray heads and bent forms of the the same active youths who, with high hopes, started out forty years ago to thread the trackless wilderness that lay between them and the Pacific ocean, admonish us that these re-unions cannot long be attended by great numbers of the Oregon pioneers; and that in a few years these re-unions must be a thing of the past. But the pioneers will not die—they shall live in story. Their struggle was a grand one, the final victory was complete; and the benefits to the United States government and to all mankind were such that they who wrought the good work shall not be forgotten for generations yet to come.

ODE TO THE PIONEERS.

BY S. A. CLARKE.

The President announced that at the request of many members of the association, Mr. Samuel A. Clarke had written a poetic address to the pioneers, which Mrs. J. DeVore Johnson, of Oregon City, had kindly consented to read to the association. The poem, as here given, necessarily loses much of the interest with which Mrs. Johnson's talented delivery endowed it; but it is worthy of preservation by every one who takes an interest in the early history of the northwest.

Oh, watcher by the western sea,
Where orient are the winds and waves,
An ocean's wildest minstrelsy
Wakes as these shores the wild surf laves!

Oh, dweller by the western tides,
Where fresh the breath of early morn
Comes o'er the blue sea-depths and bides
The walking of a day unborn!

Oh, worker on the western fields,
Where all her bounty Nature fills,
And overflowing harvest yields
The tribute of our plains and hills!

Oh, singer by the western main,
Whose lark-song greets the flush of day,
Whose music thrills the hill and plain
Like bridal morn and nuptial day!

What think ye of the olden days,
When white sail did not fleck yon sea,
When lodge fires, 'neath night's silver rays
Gleamed where to-day our cities be?

In times of old, invading Huns
Swept over Europe's storied lands,
And Xenophon, ten thousand strong,
Retreated with his hero bands.

Poets sang many a famous story
Of times of old and men of might,
Who swept the Trojan plain for glory
And mingled there in deadly fight.

We treasure songs of ancient days
By Virgil and by Homer told;
So lyres to wake shall sing the lays
Of pioneers with hearts of gold.

See yon gray heads who lean upon
The staff of age; their brows of care
Tell us of victories that were won,
Rather than of the joys that are.

'Twas long ago. Long, long ago
When they were young, a world of pains
They were predestined, as with slow
And patient step they crossed the plains.

Ho, for the west! The farthest west!
This starry flag did not then float there;
They joined the long march, to never rest
Until that flag should kiss this air.

They knew no half way right! They felt
'Twas theirs to win this fair domain,
The Briton's hopes began to melt
When freemen 'gan to cross the plains.

In freedom's name they journeyed on,
To claim this region for their own,
Where rolled the silvery Oregon
And only British rule was known.

And on they came, by weary ways,
For many weary months they trod,
Westward, until the autumn days,
For home, for country, and for God.
They found the Indian here before;
They risked the danger of his hate
To plant upon this farthest shore
The hearths and homes decreed by fate.
Armies of old marched but a span;
They fought campaigns upon a space
So narrow, that a western man
Would count the limits a disgrace.
You gathered on the far frontier
And there equipped for distant wilds;
To you the vistas that appeared
Were changing for two thousand miles.
Footsore and weary you might be;
Hunger and thirst were worse than pain,
Your dreams, like mirage, seemed to see
Loved scenes restored to sight again.
By fear and danger oft beset,
Still westward went the pioneer;
By hills and plains he oftentimes met
Unthought mishaps, yet year by year
Were formed new ranks of stalwart men,
Brave women ever by their side;
This western land saw founded then
The state that is our hope and pride.
Now far and near are many homes,
Orchards and fields that turn to gold,
And where the Indian dwelt, we come
To tell again the tales of old.
We look down on yon rising mist,
That sunlight spans with rainbow hues;
And so the Siwash stood, I wist,
At morning's sun and evening's dews.

His wigwam crowns this sunny cliff,
And here the thunder of the falls,
Eternal sounding, seems as if
'Tis great Sahullah's voice that calls.
Gone is the lodge, the red man too,
Melted away, while the pioneer
Founded his home, no longer new—
Planted the mill that we see from here.
Money and muscle made a fund;
Built mills upon the vortex dread.
Cut the canal we see beyond—
So waves work our passage and grind our bread.
Methinks if a siwash should now drop down
And seek tum-water as 'twas of old,
His dusky brow would wear a frown
At sight of the river earning gold.
Of old our congress heard debate,
By great men of the age that's gone,
False oracles who spoke to state
The uselessness of Oregon.
How could they dream that two score years
Would see, replacing cattle trains,
What to our vision is so clear—
Swift iron coursers cross the plains.
Nor dreamed they of the hidden ores,
Of gold and silver, slumbering long,
Iron and coal, whose long repose
Should wake to make the nation strong.
That forest wealth should gather in
Fleets that should come at commerce's call;
That mills, with ever-clashing din,
Should furnish cargoes for them all.
When the old flag of Hudson's bay
Was flaunting in the western wind,
When light canoes in constant play
Left broad Columbia's flow behind—

When Indian lodge alone was seen
Along the ever-winding shore,
And the long lines of vivid green
Closed on the water's rushing store--

When snowy summit looked upon
One wild, unchanging wilderness,
And in his daily course, the sun,
Found no fair home to warm and bless.

When wild deer ranged in grazing herds
Upon these western vales and hills,
And the glad songs of myriad birds
At morn and eve the woodland fills.

Even then the fates were gathering
Earnest yeoman for the fray;
Then were frontier trains preparing
To commence their westward way.

Time has known heroes since the dawning
Of life itself upon the earth;
Men have been brave since the glad morning
When man received his primal birth.

Cruel deeds were once awarded
Claim to be of heroic mold;
Olympian honors were awarded
To the brutal men of old.

But, when the pioneers are counted,
And the deeds they did are sung;
When the dangers they surmounted
Are rehearsed by old and young;

When our brave shall find in story
Place as have the great of old,
Living and dead will shine in glory--
Thews of steel and hearts of gold.

Gone now, for many a silent year,
Are the days of which we tell;
Gone, too, is many a pioneer,
From the scenes they loved so well.

Gathering here we tell the story
Of the men we knew of old,
And we crown with meed of glory,
Those who had true hearts of gold.
Welcome give we to the living—
Brothers, sisters on the way—
By their honored presence giving
Re-union that becomes the day.
But, alas! Some who are sleeping
Mingle with us never more;
Mind we, that they once were keeping
Watch and guard from shore to shore.
Let the starry flag float o'er them
For they planted it upon
Shores where we still live who love them,
And won for it fair Oregon.
We who are left—The way seems lonely,
So many have gone on before;
We have not lost them—they are only
Waiting on the other shore.

THE ANNUAL ADDRESS.

BY HON. GEO. H. WILLIAMS.

After a musical selection, Hon. George H. Williams, speaker of the day, was introduced by the President, and delivered the annual address, which was frequently applauded.

MR. PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE PIONEER ASSOCIATION OF OREGON:— You have honored me with an appointment to address you upon this occasion, expecting, no doubt, that I would contribute something of the early history of Oregon to the recorded reminiscences of your association. I have been very much perplexed to know what I should say about those who are justly entitled to be called pioneers, without repeating what has been said at your former meetings, in the varied forms of narrative, eloquence and song. To avoid gleanings in a barren field, I have concluded to make some remarks upon the political institutions founded by the pioneers, which they have helped to rear, and under which we have grown to be a great and prosperous community.

Publicists and philosophers, with great elaboration of argument and diversity of views, have discussed the origin of human government—the advantages and disadvantages of its different forms and the respective duties and obligations of the citizen and the state. Society for the purpose of these discussions is resolved into its original elements, and men are supposed to be in circumstances where they are subject to no laws except the laws of nature. Hobbs, a celebrated philosopher and eminent writer, contends that the primeval state of human beings is a state of war, and that government is the result of an agreement among them to keep the peace. Locke, another distinguished writer, controverts this proposition and holds that the primitive state of man is a state of equality and liberty and that government is instituted by the voluntary agreement of individuals to submit themselves to its authority. Our Declaration of Independence affirms that all men are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights

and that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, and the fact is now generally admitted that the social compact is the foundation of all just systems of government. Whatever may be true of savages the early settlers of this country furnish a practical exemplification of the origin of human government among civilized men. When the vanguard of civilization came to Oregon it was a most suitable place for the exhibition of man's capacity for self government. Vast and trackless regions, stretched themselves away for thousands of miles toward the eastern horizon, and on the west the Pacific ocean spread its boundless waste of waters. Northward, penetrating the citadels of eternal snow and southward to the reign of perennial summer was a country, whose native mildness was only disturbed by traders, trappers and employes belonging to the service of trans-Atlantic nations. All the associations of early life, of kindred and of home were cut off by a practically impassable barrier. All the encouraging and restraining influences of educational, religious and social institutions died out upon the confines of the distant plains, or lingered only in the recesses of a loving memory. Surrounded, excluded and isolated in this way, Oregon with its mountain solitudes, its unshorn meadows and its deep and solemn woods, seemed to be fitted up by almighty wisdom for the implantation of those elementary principles which form the basis of a just and free government. Coming as they did from the different states of the union, each settler naturally brought with him the prejudices and predilections of the locality from which he emigrated, and therefore there were many possibilities of conflict and contention in their thoughts and actions.

Various motives have been assigned to the pioneers of Oregon for their action in organizing a provisional government, but it is altogether probable that different persons were actuated by different motives. Some may have thought that a government would be necessary in case of a war between the United States and Great Britain, or a war between the settlers and the Indian tribes. Others may have thought a government necessary to protect their rights of person and of property from the aggressions of other individuals; but whatever their motives may have been, they were sufficient to lead the people to the creation of a civil community. Primarily in the inception of this movement, there must have been a meeting of two or more minds. Individuals must have agreed to come together for the purpose of interchanging views and consulting with each other as to their future action.

This is the germ of the social compact. To assemble is an easier thing than to agree upon the resolves of the assembly. Personal ambition obtruded itself upon the pioneers at the very threshold of the discussion as to the establishment of a civil polity. To organize a government implies the investiture of some individual or individuals with extraordinary distinction and power, and human nature is so constituted that it is not probable that any government was ever attempted upon earth without difficulties growing out of rival aspirations for the offices of the government. Many times in the history of mankind these differences have been settled by an appeal to arms, and some individual more able and daring than others has been chosen by the wager of battle to be the chief of a tribe—the law-giver of a people or the ruler of a country. Every association of men in church or state, to be permanent and effective, must designate some one or more persons to execute its will, and the selection of one of a number by his associates implies confidence in his wisdom and integrity, and is therefore justly regarded as a position of eminence and honor. When the little band of state builders first came together in 1843 to initiate a political organization none of them wanted to be a Moses, a Cæsar, or a Cromwell, but more than one of them wanted to be the Governor of the proposed community, and for this reason, with others of less moment, their first attempt was a failure. Subsequently, however, and presumably to secure harmony in their proceedings, an executive committee of three was appointed. Theoretically and under ordinary circumstances this was an unwise arrangement, but as a temporary expedient it may be regarded as the exercise of good judgment. All governments must be organized in a spirit of compromise. Unity of action can only be accomplished by mutual concessions. Anarchy is the necessary result of a stubborn adherence to individual views and interests. Devotion to what is called principle in matters of state is generally praiseworthy, but sometimes it may become but little more than a display of extreme obstinacy. He is a statesman who knows when to yield and when to stand firm.

Law is indispensable to the existence of all organic bodies in nature and among men, and therefore it was necessary to have a law-making as well as a law-executing power in the new community. Simple as the ceremony seems to be, it is a sublime spectacle to see men voluntarily take upon themselves obligations and restraints with an agreement that whoever disregards these self-imposed duties shall suffer punishment even unto death if the circumstances of the case so require. Nine persons were appointed to make

laws, and this little parliament laid the foundation stones of a political edifice within whose strong and symmetrical walls countless generations shall enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Notwithstanding society is the result of an agreement among its members, individual contentions are inevitable and the existence of a disinterested tribunal for their settlement becomes a public necessity. Accordingly a judicial system was devised consisting of a supreme judge and two justices of the peace, whose decisions as to the suitors in their courts though perhaps not so learned, were as binding as those of a Mansfield or a Marshal. To separate the executive, legislative and judicial departments of a government and make them independent of each other is one of the great safeguards of freedom and justice. Despotism is essentially the unification of all these departments in the hands of one man. No credit is due the Oregon pioneers for any discovery in this matter, but they are entitled to commendation for adhering to safe precedents when it was so easy and natural with but few people to control for one person or one official to absorb an undue proportion of governmental authority. Plato says that "Nothing great is easy." and it is no easy task under any circumstances to construct the framework of a good government, and the persons of whom I am speaking found many obstacles to overcome in this work. Religious differences, prejudices of nationality, and personal likes and dislikes were potent antagonisms to harmony of action; but their good sense, self-control and charity were equal to the emergency and crowned their labors with complete success.

Underlying every form of government there are certain fundamental principles which are as necessary to its character and vitality as living fountains are to the rivers that run into and replenish the sea. Emperors, kings, princes and potentates rule by hereditary, or, as they impiously claim, by divine right, and without any personal or direct responsibility to the subjects—cabinet ministers, consellers and courtiers may err, but the king can do no wrong. There is a high wall and a deep ditch between the rulers and the ruled. Power is lodged in privileged classes. Birth and not merit is the badge of distinction. These conditions are essential to the existence of a monarchy or an aristocracy, but the conditions of a democracy or a republic are of a different nature and tendency.

"Provisional" was the name applied to the pioneer government to signify that it did not sustain those relations to the general government which were applicable to the organized localities in the Union, but it was not expected that the principles established or rights acquired under the govern-

ment would be disturbed by any federal or other authority. States, schools of doctrine and systems of religion must stand or fall according to the principles upon which they are founded. Our Saviour illustrates this idea by the parable which represents the foolish man as building his house upon the sand, and when the floods came and the winds blew and beat upon that house it fell, but when the floods came and the wind blew and beat upon the house that the wise man had built it fell not, because it was founded upon a rock. Builders in wood and stone lay their foundations deep and strong and the builders of our state commenced their work upon the enduring principles of equality and justice, as the following brief abstract of their resolutions will show:

They resolved that no person should be disturbed on account of his mode of worship or religious sentiments; that the inhabitants of the country should always have the benefits of the writ of habeas corpus and the right of trial by jury; that they should have the right of just representation in the legislature and of judicial proceedings according to the course of the common law; that no man should be deprived of his liberty but by the judgment of his peers or the law of the land; that no man's property or services should be taken for public use without just compensation therefor; that private contracts should be sacred, and schools and the means of education encouraged, with freedom of discussion and freedom of the press; that slavery or involuntary servitude should not exist; and that good faith should be observed towards the Indian tribes.

I feel safe in saying that a government established and administered upon these principles with their legitimate amplifications, would be the perfection of human government. All the institutions of man are imperfect, and the best of governments is a comparative evil made necessary by the weakness and wickedness of mankind.

No problem has been presented to the political world more difficult of solution than the determination of the proper relations of a government to the religion of a people. Statesmen, scholars and churchmen from the days of Constantine have discussed this question, some contending that it was the right and duty of the state to take charge of the religion as well as of the education and morals of the people—others holding that it is the right of every person to choose for himself his own belief upon such matters, without any interference by the state, and this discussion in many instances has been carried on the field of battle. Assuming that the religious interests of the people are of more importance than any other, which is the Christian

doctrine, there is force in the argument that the state ought to provide for such interests, but experience shows that a state religion is apt to become the passive tool of selfish and ambitious prelates and politicians. Political power in the hands of religious bigotry is dangerous to human liberty. Religious convictions seem to be of such an absorbing power that when church and state are united, magistrates who ought to be impartial, phrensied by their zeal make decrees of intolerance and kindle the fires of persecution. Citizens of a state may be forced by law to an outward conformity with a prescribed religion, but the state can not by compulsion destroy the belief of the human mind, or change the convictions of an honest conscience. When the pioneers came to Oregon they found no church establishment to which they were compelled to submit, nor any dogmatic creed which they were forced to acknowledge, but they found a temple prepared by an almighty architect, whose rituals were as pure as its eternal snows, and as free as its varying winds, and this temple they dedicated forever to freedom of conscience, and when they are gone it can be said of them with more of truth than it was of the Pilgrim fathers:

“ They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.”

One of the great bulwarks of human liberty is the writ of habeas corpus. History affords abundant proof of this fact. There is a multitude of ways in which one may be deprived of his liberty. People of all countries are liable to arrest and imprisonment by the edicts of arbitrary power—the violence of popular passion or the machinations of wicked men, and to the end that such persons may not be condemned or punished without a hearing before an impartial tribunal, the writ of habeas corpus was brought into existence. Once it was the practice in all countries, and so it is now in some, as in Russia for example, for the public authorities to seize a citizen and hurry him away to a dungeon or into exile without any hearing and without his knowing who his accuser was or of what he was accused. Some spy or detective reports what he considers an act of disloyalty or delinquency to the government, and upon this secret representation the suspect is thrown into prison or banished from his country. Where the writ of habeas corpus obtains, the bastiles of France and the towers of London can never come to serve the purposes of despotic power. No matter how humble or obscure the petitioner may be, the court is bound to inquire into his case and determine whether or not he is lawfully restrained of his liberty. Cognate to this high privilege of the citizen is the right of trial by jury. The necessity and value

of the jury system has been the subject of much discussion of late years, and there are many good reasons for dispensing with a jury in civil cases involving alone the right of property, but when the life or liberty of the citizen is involved, its utility ought not to be questioned. Whether an act is criminal or not, depends in very many instances, upon the motive with which it is committed. Men of practical experience in life can judge of this matter as well, if no better, than judges learned in the law. Sometimes when the law, by its strictness and rigidity, bears hard upon one who is technically but not morally guilty of crime, the sympathies of the jury for the accused may subserve the ends of justice; and again, the good common sense of a jury comes in play where guilt seeks to screen itself from deserved punishment through the technicalities of the law. When a man charged with crime is tried by his peers, there is not only a recognition of equality of right under the law, but the jurors in the spirit of the golden rule are expected to do unto the accused as they would have him do unto them if their circumstances were reversed. Criminal prosecutions are conducted by the state, and it frequently happens that the zeal of its officers overstep the bounds of right and duty, but injustice in such cases is prevented when the empaneled citizenship of the country holds the scales of justice with a steady hand, and interposes its deliberate will between the weakness of the individual and the power and influence of the government. No man shall be deprived of his liberty except by the judgment of his peers or the law of the land, is a declaration that sounds the death knell to tyranny, but rings in tones of silvery sweetness to the ears of freedom.

When the pioneers declared for the right of just representation they recognized the vital principle of republican institutions. Despotism, which is the absolute subjection of a country to the capricious will of a single individual, is unbearable, and democracy which is the absolute and direct sway of the people is impracticable, but republicanism is the golden mean between these two, and is intended to unite the vigor and efficacy of the one with the safety and justice of the other. Every citizen under a republican system has indirectly a voice in making the laws by which he is governed, and also a voice in choosing those who shall interpret and execute those laws. Man's capacity for self government is the basis of this system, and if these fail the whole superstructure falls to the ground. Some deep thinkers have expressed doubts upon this subject, but the tendency of enlivened thought everywhere is to the supremacy of this theory.

Civilization and education, however, are indispensable to its ascendancy

and perpetuity, and therefore the pioneers resolved to encourage schools and the means of education. Intellectual cultivation or the mere acquisition of knowledge is not the most essential part of the education which fits men for self government. Scripture tells us that "he who ruleth his spirit is better than he who taketh a city," and in so far as individuals control themselves they can with safety control the government. Knowledge is power, but power without moral restraint is like the wild elephant that hasteneth to his prey. To cultivate clear perceptions of right and wrong, a high sense of personal honor, a due regard for the rights of others, and an unfaltering legality to law and good order, are the saving qualities of a freeman's education. Republican institutions are not in danger from pioneers who subdued the wilderness, or their descendents who beautify the lands with fields of grain, and orchards and gardens, but the disorders of the old world bring to the surface a scum of population which drifting away to these shores are a constant menace to our domestic tranquility. Our welcome to the industrious and law abiding is not inconsistent with a vigorous repression of this disturbing element. Republicanism is liberty regulated by law, and is as much opposed to that licentiousness which some mistake for liberty, as it is to despotism which some mistake for a conservative organism.

The right of representation is the right preservative of all political rights. We are told that when the righteous are in authority the people rejoice, but when the wicked beareth rule the people mourn, and whether the wicked or the righteous shall rule is for the people to say under a representative government. They can have a patriotic, wise and honest administration of public affairs, or otherwise, as they choose. They can lift their country's standard to the mountain tops of greatness and glory, or lower it into the dark valleys of shame and dishonor.

Society cannot exist as an organized body unless the rights of property are respected, and therefore the pioneers resolved that private property should not be taken for public use without just compensation therefor, and that no law should be passed to impair the obligation of contracts, and that the people should be entitled to judicial proceedings according to the course of the common law. Personal liberty is carefully guarded by the resolves before referred to, and these provisions are intended to guard with equal solicitude the rights of private property. Lands, goods and contracts are alike property, and alike are to be protected from the aggressions of the government and the invasion of individuals. All men have instinctive convictions of their rights to possess and enjoy that which they acquire by

their own labor and skill, and this right is recognized among savages as well as among civilized people. Many communistic theories have been proposed, the most notable of which are Plato's republic and Sir Thomas Moore's Utopia and many efforts have been made to reduce these theories to practice, but the experiments in all cases have proved to be wretched failures. Social institutions as a general rule are not made but grow, and anything like the right of private property which originated in prehistoric times, and has been perpetuated in all ages and in all countries, must grow out of the natural wants and necessities of mankind. Consequent upon this right is the unequal, and what appears to be an unjust, distribution of property. Some are immensely rich and others miserably poor, and with this state of things many are greatly dissatisfied; but though it may be modified, it is one of those inherent conditions of human life which cannot be prevented. Any effort to make and maintain an equality of conditions between industry and idleness, energy and sloth, wisdom and folly, would be as impotent as an attempt to change the equinoxes, or control the tides of the ocean. There can be no peace in a community where private property is not protected. Laws may be created to control monopolies, corporations and accumulated wealth, but it is a law implanted in human nature no legislation can overcome, that every man has a right to enjoy the fruits of his own labor. Society would stagnate and sink into a state of dead uniformity if the incentive to action which the acquisition of property affords was removed. Associated with this right is the institution of the family; a laudable desire to have a permanent home, an ambition to be independent, and a feeling of devotion to country.

Among the things inducing an emigration to Oregon in an early day, was the expectation that each pioneer would become the proprietor of a piece of land upon which he could set up his household gods and live in peace and contentment. To multiply the landholders in any country is to promote the strength and purity of society and the stability of government. Laws were passed by common consent to confirm and protect the rights of settlers to their possessions; and under these laws the wild prairies and the dark woods have been converted into beautiful farms, and the homes of Oregon stand

"By thousands on her plains;
 They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks
 And round the hamlet fanes;
 Through glowing orchards forth they peep
 Each from its nook of leaves,
 And fearless there the lowly sleep
 As the birds beneath their eaves."

The pioneers resolved in favor of judicial proceedings according to the course of the common law. They doubtless intended by this that no man should be condemned without a hearing, and that parties to judicial proceedings should have their day in court, with a right of trial by witnesses before a fair and impartial tribunal, but in this matter it is probable that "they builded better than they knew." We hear much of the uncertainty of the law, and its administration is not always free from just criticism; but as a scheme for ascertaining, determining and vindicating the rights of persons and of property, the common law system is the best that has been devised, and I think it is safe to say can be devised by human wisdom. Theoretically this system proceeds upon the idea that where there is a wrong there is a remedy, or in other words, when one man injures another in his person, reputation or estate, the law will compel the wrong-doer, as far as practicable, to make reparation.

Millions of people inhabit the earth, and yet it is difficult if not impossible to find two human faces exactly alike, and so the infinitude of cases that arise to which this doctrine is to be applied vary more or less in their details and circumstances. The glory of the common law is its adaptability to these cases. It is as perfect a combination of certainty and elasticity as can be made. It struggles to maintain a rule once established, but yields to modification under imperative circumstances, and when the reason for the rule fails, it refuses longer to recognize the rule.

Common law is the logic of man's necessities verified by experience. Arguments borrowed from the civil and ecclesiastical law, customs whose value have been tested by immemorial use, traditions that have stood the test of time, treatises by men of great and varied learning, and the decisions of innumerable judges have contributed to the wisdom and justice of those rules which are administered in judicial proceedings according to the course of the common law. Our code and statutory enactments for the most part are declaratory of rules resulting from the processes of the common law. Taking into consideration its comprehensiveness, its adaptability to human affairs and its certainty, so far as the fallible judgments of men can make it so, the pioneers established for themselves and their posterity a system of jurisprudence kindred to that more universal law "whose seat is in the bosom of God and whose voice is the harmony of the world."

While both of the political parties in the east were bowing their heads to the power of the slave-holding States, the pioneers of 1844 boldly declared that human slavery should not exist in Oregon, and that good faith should be observed toward the Indian tribes. They sacrificed their race prejudices upon the altar of liberty and justice. I believe there has been a universal

acquiescence in all of the conditions of the compact made by the early settlers here for their government, except that determined efforts have been made to resist and overthrow the inhibition upon slavery. Among the first cases I was called upon to decide when I came to Oregon in 1853, was an application by a colored family in Polk county, to be liberated, upon habeas corpus from their Missouri owner, who had brought and held them here as slaves. They were held upon the claim that the constitution of the United States protected slave property in the territories; but it was my judgment that the law made by the pioneers upon the subject was not inconsistent with the spirit of the constitution, and was the law of the land, and the petitioners were set free; and so far as I know this was the last attempt at slaveholding in Oregon. When the State government was formed, strenuous efforts were put forth to make Oregon a slave State, but inspired by the example and sentiments of the early pioneers, we decided to go into the Union as a free State—

"With freedom's soil beneath our feet
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us."

Looking at the organic resolutions of the pioneers as an entirety, and it is evident that liberty and justice were the beacon lights of their policy. All their surroundings were favorable to an expansion and liberality of thought and action. Immensity, diversity and beauty were the characteristic features of the country. Mountains, rivers and woods were of vast proportions. There was a lofty grandeur in the scenery. The unadulterated breath of heaven sweetened the face of the earth and all the forms and forces of nature were full of freshness, life and vigor. There was no pressure of population; no crowded cities, towns or thoroughfares; none of the strife, tumult and rush of commercial life; everything was new, free and unconstrained. Naturally enough the civil polity adopted by the pioneers would be in consonance with these circumstances.

On the 14th day of August, 1848, congress created for Oregon a territorial government, but the organic act expressly provided that all the laws of the provisional government not inconsistent with the constitution and laws of the United States, should remain in force; so that while the government was changed in form it was not changed as to the principles of its administration. Slowly but steadily the population of the territory increased. Every year brought additional immigrants, and the sons and daughters of the pioneers were entering upon the stage of active life. There is a curious similarity between individual and state development. Boyhood, when it begins to appreciate its growth, begins to be ambitious to throw off parental domination and exercise the privileges of a full grown man; and so, here,

not long after the territory was organized, a restlessness under federal restraints soon ripened into a desire to make Oregon an independent State of the Union. On the third Monday of August, 1857, a convention of sixty delegates, chosen from the different counties of the territory, assembled at Salem to form a State constitution. Many of the delegates were pioneers. Some of them had helped to organize, and a majority of them had lived under the provisional government. All of the principles upon which that government was founded were incorporated into the constitution then made, and no doubt will stand as long as the State continues to exist. Most of the pioneers were in favor of a simple, unostentatious and inexpensive government, and their views prevailed.

Considerable effort has been made of late to disparage the work of that convention, and a proposition has been made in the legislature to call a new convention to frame another constitution; but while it may be admitted that the present constitution has its defects, it may be doubted, taken as a whole, whether any other State has a better one. I have always thought that the salaries fixed by the constitution were too low; but notwithstanding this its workings in the aggregate have been to the great advantage of the State. Chief among its salutary provisions are the restrictions which it places upon public indebtedness. Experience shows that municipal corporations have a fatal tendency to plunge into debt. Corporations of various kinds, and especially transportation companies, fill the ears of the people with syren songs of wealth and prosperity; but when rude and inevitable reality breaks the spell, they find themselves bound hand and foot, at the mercy of their charmers. Thousands of millions of indebtedness have been piled up in this way upon States, counties, cities and towns of the United States.

To pay the principal and interest of these debts, makes taxation unbearable, and the courts are overwhelmed with the litigious efforts of the people to repudiate these obligations, and some municipalities have resorted to the desperate expedient of dissolving their local governments to avoid the demands of corporation creditors.

Our constitution prohibits a State indebtedness exceeding \$50,000, and declares that no county shall incur a debt exceeding \$5,000, and without these provisions, for which we are greatly indebted to the influence of the pioneers in the convention, there is little doubt that Oregon to-day would be floundering in an unfathomed sea of insolvency.

Neither the State nor any county, city or town is allowed to be a stockholder in any private corporation, and this divorcement of the government from stock jobbing interests is greatly conducive to purity in public affairs. State banking institutions are prohibited, in consequence of which we have

not been victimized, like the people of many other States, by irredeemable paper currency issued by irresponsible speculators upon public credulity. Taken altogether, the constitution of this State is adequate to all the purposes of good government, and if it is administered in the spirit with which it was made, public justice and prosperity will be promoted and preserved. I do not claim, of course, for the pioneers of Oregon that they invented any new theories of government. I only say that in its formation they adopted correct principles.

Washington did not invent morality, but he is none the less entitled to credit for his exemplary life. Jefferson and his compatriots made no new discovery when they established free institutions. Grant did not invent the art of war, but he used what he had learned effectively for the Union cause, and so the pioneers, with practical good sense, distinguished the true principles of government, and applied them to the exigencies of their country.

Responsive to reflections upon this subject, the electric chords of memory bring to our view many of the interesting scenes of the early immigration to and settlement of Oregon. We look through the misty shroud of departed years and see the ancestral homes, with fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers around the family fireside, and there is a talk of a land of fertility and beauty, far away on the sunset side of the continent. Young people starting in life are apt to be sanguine and romantic, and no sooner is a settlement in this distant country suggested than there is an earnest opposition; the difficulties and dangers of the way are pointed out; fathers remonstrate and mothers plead, and the thought is made prominent that the ties of affection thus severed will never be reunited upon earth. Preparations, however, are made; teams and provisions are procured, and when the hour of departure arrives, there are tender words, and tears, and farewells, and the long journey is commenced from which not a few of the hopeful and high-hearted are never to return. We can look back and see in the dim distance the slowly moving train, the wagons with their once white, but now dingy covers, the patient oxen, measuring their weary steps; men travel-stained and bronzed by exposure; women with mingled hope and care depicted upon their anxious faces; and children peering from their uneasy abodes, and wondering when their discomforts will cease. These are pioneers on their way to the promised land. Moons wax and wane, again and again, but day after day the toilsome march is resumed. Sometimes there are Indian scares and depredations, unbridged streams are encountered: rugged ascents and steep declivities occur; teams give out and wagons break down, but finally through "moving accidents by flood and field" and when the year has glided into the gold and russet of autumn they reach the

long-looked-for end of their journey. To some all this did not happen; to others, more than this happened. And there were those who looked back with sad hearts and remembered where they had left the wild winds to chant its funeral requiem over a lonely and deserted grave.

When the pioneers arrived here they found a land of marvelous beauty. They found extended prairies rich with luxuriant verdure. They found grand and gloomy forests, majestic rivers and mountains covered with eternal snow; but they found no friends to greet them, no homes to go to, nothing but the genial heavens and the generous earth to give them consolation and hope. I cannot tell how they lived, with what tools and materials they built their houses, where they procured their plows and farming utensils; who furnished them with seed in the spring, or help in the harvests, or how in their isolated condition they supplied the numerous wants of family life. All these things are mysteries to everybody excepting to those who can give their solution from actual experience. When I came to Oregon most of the pioneers were living in comparative comfort and prosperity. They had lands and herds and horses and were rapidly subjecting the native exuberance of the soil to the productions of civilized life. I have enjoyed the personal friendship and confidence of these people. I have summered and wintered with them and have been permitted to share their generous hospitalities. Much of this comes back to me now, like the dying echoes of distant melodies. I have been in close relations with the highest dignitaries of State; I have been much among those whose social gatherings glittered with gold and diamonds and gay equipages; I have sat at sumptuous entertainments in palatial mansions, where wine and music and flowers enlivened and beautified the scene, but deeper and dearer than the recollection of these are the memories of those numberless times when, weary with travel and chilled by inclement weather, I have been welcomed to the warm fireside and substantial comforts of a pioneer's home. There is a great mistake extant upon this subject. Many people imagine that the powerful and rich, those who occupy the high places of earth, are to be envied for their happiness, but the fact is that ambitions, jealousies, rivalries and the envenomed tongue of slander poison these apparent pleasures, and those who know from experience can testify that

" 'Tis better to be lowly born
And range with humble livers in content
Than to be perked up in glistening grief
And wear a golden sorrow."

Inexorable time is thinning the ranks of the early settlers of Oregon, and not a few of them, after long and useful lives, have gone down to that silent

valley in whose mysterious shadows "the weary are at rest." Happily a goodly number have been spared to meet and greet each other upon this thirteenth anniversary of their society.

Venerable friends—You are representative men and women. You impersonate the history of this country for nearly half a century. You represent that hardy and fearless class of people who have carried the banners of civilization from Plymouth rock to the Pacific ocean. You meet to-day at a place replete with stirring associations. Forty years ago the legislative committee, as it was then called, assembled here to commence the work of statutory enactments. This is the birthplace of Oregon legislation. Here is where a government of laws for Oregon was inaugurated. There was no procession, with music and banners, to celebrate the day; no salvos of artillery to distinguish the event. On the narrow strip of land below here between the eternal rocks overhanging their heads and the ever-flowing river at their feet a few plain men quietly assembled to commence a business big with the fate of empire. Now as then the same rocks lift their rugged brows in unchangeable serenity. Now as then the same river leaps with foam and mist and muffled thunder down the steep declivities of its bed. Now as then spring-time brings forth its flowers and the autumn yields its fruits, but all the members of that committee, your old associates and friends, have gone forever from our gaze. Your lives are rounded with the fullness of years. The heat and burden of the day are over and your final exit from labor is at hand. There is nothing in this that should disturb your composure. You are only yielding to a law that operates alike upon all. Kings and nobles, beggars and slaves are borne by the resistless current of time down to the same common destiny. The sunset of a useful life is as beautiful as the sunset of a cloudless day. Whenever one in his old age can look back with pleasure upon his past life he may look forward with hope into the unknown future. Be our faith what it may, a voice from the invisible world whispers to our reason that if there is a life beyond the grave its beatitudes are for those to whom it can be said, "Well done, good and faithful servants." Human life has its varied aspects, but there is none more pleasing than to see one whose years are full of duties fulfilled, awaiting with calmness the closing scenes, and when the hour of his departure arrives going to his rest like one who "wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams." You have lived through a period productive of great events; you have witnessed achievements in war and peace among the greatest known to history. Steam has revolutionized the modes of travel and transportation, and electricity the transmission of intelligence. Our country has passed through the throes of a terrible civil war,

resulting in the overthrow of slavery and the establishment in all our borders of universal freedom, equality and justice. Our constitution has been radically amended, the union consolidated and strengthened and our flag covered with imperishable glory. You have seen ten great States added to the American union and more than 20,000,000 of people to its population. When you came to Oregon there were no farms, fields, houses or barns ; no gardens, orchards or vineyards ; no roads, stages, steamboats or railways ; no villages, towns or cities ; no institutions of learning, and "the sound of a church-going bell these valleys and rocks never heard." Now, as you look in any direction you see plentiful and fragrant gardens of fruit trees, vegetables and flowers ; stretching away to the borders of the State you see the cultivated productions of the soil invite the ripening kisses of the sunshine and the breeze. Where the timid deer grazed in conscious freedom and security, and the stealthy wolf prowled through his solitary haunts, you may now see the peaceful husbandman at work in the field, and little children playing in safety around his unguarded home. You have seen the highway and the stage coach supplant the trail and the Cayuse horse, and you have heard the rushing steamboat make the hills echo with its exultant whistle, where aforetime no craft but the softly gliding canoe vexed the bosom of your waters. Occasionally, when you first came here, a vessel ventured over the Columbia bar, but now magnificent steamships, ocean bound, arrive and depart from your ports at short and regular intervals, and the colors of many foreign ships may be seen at all times floating over your harbors. Many of you made the trip to this place in a few hours to-day which formerly it took you days to perform, and you have lived through the progressive stages of travel till you now see the boundaries of your State tied together with iron bands, upon which you can ride with the fleetness of the wind from the Columbia river to the Siskiyou mountains. When you immigrated to Oregon, it took you six months to make the journey across the continent, which immigrants now make in six days. Every twenty-four hours the iron horse comes thundering into your State with a train of cars whose passengers but a week before started from the Atlantic seaboard. Iron and steel, steam and electricity have merged the States of the Union into one great municipality of thought and action. Since you came here and found nature undisturbed, flourishing towns have sprung up in every part of the State like the poet's Venus from the sea, radiant with life, vigor and happiness, and within a few miles, where some of you have seen the full grown forest standing in silent grandeur, the tides of trade and commerce from different parts of the world collide with each other, and thousands of busy people contribute to the roar, and rattle, and noise of a large city. One of

the early resolves of the pioneers was to encourage education, and this has been faithfully carried into effect. You have established an excellent common school system. Your wise and liberal provisions upon this subject enable the rising generation to drink at the fountain of knowledge without money and without price. Seminaries and colleges are growing in number and influence, and the numerous church spires in your towns and cities indicate a vigilant care for the religious improvement of the people. All these wonderful changes in our State are identified with your history. They are the developments of your policy and the expansion of your principles. When future generations, whose approach now breaks upon our ears like the murmur of distant seas, shall come forward to fill this beautiful State with millions of people, the work that you have wrought in laying its foundations will be remembered with gratitude, and the story of the struggles, sacrifices and successes of the pioneers will always be the most interesting part of the history of Oregon.

CLOSING EXERCISES.

At the conclusion of Mr. Williams' address, a selection of music was given, and the exercises were closed with a benediction. Then the bounteous baskets were opened, and the pioneers and their friends partook of one more dinner beneath the open sky, and amid the green woods.

The annual election of officers for the ensuing year was then held with the following result:

J. T. Apperson was re-elected President.

J. W. Grim was re-elected Vice President.

R. P. Earhart was re-elected Secretary.

J. M. Bacon was re-elected Treasurer.

W. H. Rees was re-elected Corresponding Secretary.

Medorum Crawford, F. X. Matthieu and F. R. Smith were re-elected Directors.

Mr. Waite declining re-election.

OBITUARIES.

JEROME JACKSON.

The subject of this brief notice was the son of Brigadier General John M. and Hester Jackson, and was born in Booneville, Oneida county, New York, on October 4, 1823. Gen. Jackson was connected with the 26th Brigade, New York Infantry, and dying, left a family of seven children. Jerome lived with an uncle for several years and then commenced life as a sailor in the coasting trade between New York and southern ports. His eyesight failing him, he abandoned the seafaring life, and going to Connecticut commenced work for the Springfield, Hartford and New Haven R. R. Company, where he was employed when the mining excitement broke out in California. Himself and brother Abram secured an interest in the Montague Mining and Trading Association, then organizing in New Haven, and purchasing a vessel, which they loaded with provisions, they sailed for San Francisco in January, 1849. Mr. Jackson shipping as a sailor. They were 153 days in making the voyage, reaching San Francisco in the following June. The two brothers went into the mines where they remained until October of 1850, when sickness compelled them to sever their connection with the company. They returned to San Francisco and took passage on the brig "Forest" for Portland, Oregon. The vessel made eleven ineffectual attempts to cross the Columbia river bar, and was finally piloted in by the pilot boat "Mary Taylor." In the fall of 1850, Mr. Jackson bought a farm near Butteville, where he resided up to the time of his death. He was married in January, 1860, to Mary Costello, daughter of Hugh Cosgrove, who with five children still survives him. He divided his attention between farming and the manufacture of cider, his success being marked. Strict attention to business interests secured for him the comforts of a pleasant

home, and his strict integrity won for him the esteem of his neighbors and friends. He accumulated considerable property and was a representative man of the sturdy pioneer class by whose efforts our fair young State was redeemed from oblivion and fairly started upon its now firmly established career of prosperity and importance. His death occurred quite recently and his body reposes in the rural quietude of the cemetery near St. Paul, while the result of his handiwork and his numerous virtues are matters of historical interest in the recollection of days gone by.

HENRY WARREN

Died at McMinnville, Oregon, September 13, 1885. He was born in Nova Scotia in 1817, of English-Scotch parentage. He left home at an early age, and thenceforth sustained himself by his unaided exertions. He found his way to Buffalo, N. Y., and afterwards resided for a time in Illinois and Missouri. In the fall of 1847, he left the latter State for Oregon, and arrived in the spring of 1848, settling in Yamhill county. Here he pursued farming for nine years, and in 1857 was chosen Sheriff of Yamhill county, which office he held for seven years. Since that time, he has been successively a member of the lower house of the State Legislature, receiver of the land office at Oregon City for ten years, recorder and mayor of McMinnville, and finally State Senator. Mr. Warren was married twice. He wedded Miss Nancy Palmer in Missouri, who died in 1859, leaving five children, and was married the second time to Mrs. Nellie Schrader in 1867.

ALFRED HOVENDEN

Died at his home in Hubbard, Oregon, December 10, 1885. He met sudden death from the running away of his team, was a man of unusual force of character and great energy, who realized far more than ordinary success in the pursuit of life. Mr. Hovenden was a pioneer and took great interest in the Pioneer Association of Oregon. He was born in England, county Kent, in 1824, and came to America in 1844, when twenty years old. In those days he was six weeks in crossing the ocean. He settled in Peoria county, Illinois, when he worked at farming and traded horses until he was

twenty-five years of age, and then in 1849, crossed the plains to the Pacific coast, not certain if he would go to California or Oregon. He and a brother named Charles, who is now a resident of Siskiyou county, California, outfitted with an ox team and were six months on the way. They had several narrow escapes from Indians on the plains. Sometimes they traveled alone and at times with a company. Mr. Hovenden was a man who had sufficient independence of character to act on his judgment even in travel on the plains. One of their companions for a great part of the journey was David Logan, who was to be in the near future one of the most prominent men in Oregon. Logan was gifted with remarkable talent and became a distinguished lawyer and politician. Mr. Hovenden settled near Hubbard, on his donation land claim of 320 acres, where he resided until his death. In 1856 he was married in Polk county to Miss Sarah Ann Loden, who survives him. He was one of twelve brothers and sisters and eleven still survive. He was sixty-one years old and possessed rugged health with every prospect that his life would be long in the land, when it was suddenly terminated by accident. He leaves a wife and four children, his son, George B. Hovenden, is left heir to the home farm and his current business. Mr. Hovenden had several good farms and being a practical and careful business man was successful in acquiring property. They had three daughters, all married, Mrs. John Dennis, of Hubbard, Mrs. M. L. Jones, of Brooks, and Mrs. F. N. Gilbert, of Salem. He had shown the greatest care for his family and is mourned by them as an affectionate father and husband. His brother, Amos Hovenden, also located near Hubbard and has resided there for many years.

Mr. Hovenden was a man valuable to the community and deeply interested in all that concerns the public welfare. He was earnest in working for honest government, fully appreciated our free system, and was anxious to preserve its purity and correct all that threatened harm. He was a man who appreciated honesty and did all he could to maintain it in State and nation. A man of foreign birth, he appreciated liberty and popular government as very few do who are "to the manor born."

PROCEEDINGS OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY,
CAPITOL BUILDING,
SALEM, February 23, 1886. }

The Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met at 2 o'clock P. M., the following officers and members being present:

J. T. Apperson, President,
J. W. Grim, Vice President,
R. P. Earhart, Secretary,
John M. Bacon, Treasurer,
F. R. Smith, E. M. Waite and F. X. Matthieu.

Absent: W. H. Rees, Corresponding Secretary, and Medorum Crawford.

The annual reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were read, and upon motion adopted.

Upon motion, the Secretary was authorized to publish in the annual proceedings obituary notices of such members of the association as may have died during the preceding year, that have been reported to him.

A communication was received from W. H. Gray, Esq., requesting permission to reply through the annual proceedings as published in 1886 to Dr. Tolmie's communication as printed in proceedings of 1885.

The communication being read, Mr. Waite moved that Mr. Gray be requested to forward his manuscript to the Secretary of the Association, and that it be referred to a special committee consisting of the President, the Secretary, the Treasurer and F.

R. Smith and F. X. Matthieu, and, if approved by them, to be given a place in the published proceedings of the association of 1886, free from charge, which motion prevailed.

A proposition was received from H. S. Lyman, Esq., in relation to writing a history of the association. The matter was taken under consideration and respectfully declined.

Mr. Bacon moved that the association hold its next annual re union at Oregon City, which motion prevailed.

The following committee was appointed upon the programme and exercises for such re-union: Messrs. J. G. Pilsbury, John M. Bacon and William Elliott.

The committee was further authorized to appoint such sub-committees as they might deem necessary to assist them in arranging for the re union.

Col. John A. Kelsay, of Corvallis, was selected to deliver the Annual Address, and Hon. M. C. George, of Portland, the Occasional Address.

Col. W. L. White, of Oregon City, was elected Chief Marshal and Rev. John W. Sellwood, of East Portland, Chaplain.

The President was authorized to fill any vacancies that might occur in the selection of orators, etc.

Upon motion, it was resolved to extend an invitation to the Indian War Veterans to unite with the Pioneers at its next annual re-union, and the President of the association was authorized to confer with the officers of the Indian War Veterans, and make such arrangements as he may deem advisable in the premises.

Upon motion, R. P. Earhart, E. M. Waite and F. R. Smith were appointed a committee to report amendments to the constitution to the next annual meeting for action thereon.

There being no further business, the meeting, upon motion, adjourned.

R. P. EARHART,
Secretary.

REPORT OF SECRETARY.

To the President and the members of the Oregon Pioneer Association:

GENTLEMEN—I have to submit to you the following annual report of the transactions of this office during the past year.

The office of the association is now located permanently in the room assigned to the society in Capitol Building in Salem, where the records and papers of the association, such as have been received by me, are carefully kept.

I find upon the rolls the names of 551 members, a decrease from former reports. No deaths of members have been reported to me during the year.

Your Board of Directors at their regular meeting in February last, passed the following resolution concerning dues of members:

Resolved, That all members of this Association who shall pay their annual dues for the year ending June 15, 1885, shall be considered in good standing, and entitled to all the privileges of membership.

This resolution was embodied in my circular of April 15th, giving notice of the annual re-union, a copy of which was sent to each person found upon the roll of membership.

I have caused to be printed 500 copies of the proceedings of last annual re-union, which are now in my hands for distribution. I would recommend that I be authorized to send a copy to each member.

The following is an account of the moneys which have been

received by me during the past year up to June 13th; the entire sum is for dues only; no moneys have been paid me for any other purpose:

R. P. Earhart, Secretary, in account with Oregon Pioneer Association:

1885

DR.

June 15, To amount received by him on account of dues from members.....	\$107 00
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CONTRA CR.

June 15, By amount transferred to Treasurer Bacon.....	99 00
By cash paid for postage and book.....	8 00
	<u>\$107 00</u>

Warrants have been drawn upon the Treasurer, Mr. Bacon, since June 15, 1883, as follows:

1884

No. 1, E. M. Waite, printing proceedings.....	\$ 86 40
2, Standard, advertising.....	6 50
3, N. B. Parrish, expressage.....	3 75
4, Conover, advertising.....	3 50
5, Willamette Farmer, advertising.....	2 00
6, J. Green, labor.....	10 50
7, W. L. Boise, services as Secretary.....	5 00
8, J. Bennett, labor.....	3 00
9, Salem Band, service.....	40 00

These were expenses at Salem, June, 1883-4.

1, Secretary, expense, incidental.....	10 00
2, Miller, services.....	7 00
3, Broughlin, services.....	22 84
4, Himes, printing.....	12 00
5, G. Miller, lumber, etc.....	13 50
6, J. M. Bacon, sundry incidental expenses.....	6 00
7, J. M. Bacon, sundry incidental expenses.....	7 00
8, E. M. Waite, printing proceedings, 1884.....	104 55
9, O. C. Band, service.....	41 00

No. 10, G. H. Himes, printing \$ 12 00

These were for expenses of 1884-5.

Respectfully submitted,

R. P. EARHART,

SALEM, June 15, 1885. Secretary.

REPORT OF TREASURER.

OREGON CITY, June 15, 1885.

J. M. Bacon, Treasurer Oregon Pioneer Association, in account:

1884.

DR.

June 17, To balance on hand as per report.	\$ 92 98
To cash received, J. W. Meldrum, dues.	1 00
" " Jno. Meldrum, " 	1 00
" collected, self.	41 00
" " gate.	52 20

CR.

\$188 18

By warrant No. 1, E. M. Waite	\$ 86 40
" " 2, Standard.	6 50
" " 3, Parrish.	3 75
" " 4, Conover	3 50
" " 5, Farmer.	2 00
" " 6, Green	10 50
" " 7, Boise.	5 00
" " 8, Bennett.	3 00
" " 9, Band.	40 00

Cash on hand 27 53

\$188 18

June 15, To cash on hand.. \$ 27 53

J. M. Bacon, in account with Oregon Pioneer Association:

1885.

June 15, To balance on hand as per report. \$ 27 53

June 15,	To cash received from Secretary.....	\$ 94 00
"	" contribution, Oregon City.....	65 50
"	" from ball... ..	14 50
"	" " J. W. Grim, dues.....	1 00
"	" " F. X. Mathieu.....	1 00
"	" " F. O. McCown.....	1 00
"	" " Dan. Stewart.....	1 00
"	" " W. Barlow.....	1 00
"	" " Thos. Powell.....	1 00
"	" " Chris. Taylor.....	1 00
"	" " C. O. Boynton.....	1 00
"	" " W. K. Willis.....	1 00
June 29,	" " Secretary.....	5 00
"	" " lumber sold.....	4 00
"	" advanced by Bacon.....	18 81
		<hr/>
		\$238 34
June 15, By	paid warrant No. 1, Secretary.....	\$ 10 00
"	" " 2, Miller.....	7 00
"	" " 3, Broughton.....	22 84
"	" " 4, Himes.....	12 00
"	" " 5, G. Miller.....	13 50
"	" " 6, Bacon.....	6 00
"	" " 7, Bacon.....	7 00
"	" " 8, Waite.....	104 55
"	" " 9, Band.....	41 00
"	" " Nails.....	3 45
July 7,	" " 10, Himes.....	12 00
		<hr/>
		\$238 34
Balance due J. M. Bacon.....		\$ 18 81

Respectfully,

J. M. BACON,
Treasurer.



PHOTODUPE

F. OUTERKIST

PHILAD'IA.

HON. J. W. NESMITH.

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION

FOR

— 1886. —

Annual Address by Hon. John Kelsay,

AND

The Occasional Address by Hon. M. C. George,

WITH OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST.



PORTLAND, OREGON:
PRESS OF GEO. H. HIMES, 169-171 SECOND STREET.

1887.



FOURTEENTH ANNUAL REUNION.

OREGON CITY, OREGON, }
Tuesday, June 15, 1886. }

The fourteenth annual reunion of Oregon Pioneers took place at the beautiful park between Oregon City and Canemah, directly opposite and in full view of the Willamette Falls. The place is one of the most beautiful and convenient in the State for general assemblage, adapted in every respect for such proceedings.

The following officers were present :

J. T. Apperson, President.

J. M. Bacon, Treasurer.

J. W. Grim, Vice-President.

F. X. Matthieu, Joseph Watt, Medorem Crawford,
Directors.

The attendance was large (there being no less than 1500 people on the grounds at midday) and the day was perfect. The people of Oregon City had made bountiful provision for entertainment of their visitors, providing a grand barbecue dinner of roast ox, mutton and salmon. The preparation of this feast was a novel performance, and formed a distinct feature in the interests of the day. A trench forty feet long and perhaps three feet deep was filled with

live hardwood coals, and covered with a monster gridiron. Upon this was laid the meats in prodigious hunks, which, in the course of an hour, was roasted to perfection. This toothsome and wholesome food was served out free to all, and formed a most acceptable supplement to the daintier things which filled some hundreds of lunch baskets.

The formal ceremonies of the day began with a procession, which organized in the main street of Oregon City shortly after 11 o'clock, and marched to the park after the lead of a brass band. The procession was made up of squads representing every immigration from 1841 to 1854, each under its banner, bearing the year and some appropriate device. It was an unusual and attractive sight. The column was made up almost entirely of men gray and venerable with length of years. There was little of military order in the straggling band, but it had an interest of its own, rarer and more thrilling to the lover of his State and country than the most martial display. For every man in the line there were ten men and women on the sidewalk, and the columns moved together to the park, where the whole body assembled about the speaker's platform.

After prayer by the Chaplain, Rev. J. W. Sellwood, the President of the Association, Captain J. T. Apperson, delivered an address of welcome, which was followed by the annual address by Col. John Kelsay, of Corvallis, and the occasional address by Hon. M. C. George, of Portland.

In accordance with the invitation extended by the Board of Directors of the Association, at their February meet-

ing, the annual reunion of the Indian War Veterans was held at this time. This body was presided over by Col. T. B. Wait, of Salem, Grand Commander, and was ably addressed by Col. L. F. Mosher, of Roseburg. The presence of this organization added interest to the occasion.

These exercises, with music by the band, occupied the time till 2 o'clock, when the company dispersed to enjoy the grand dinner. The barbecued meats were done to perfection. Two hours were given up to feasting and strolling about the beautiful park.

At 4 o'clock the election of officers for the ensuing year was held. M. Wilkins was chosen President ; J. W. Grim, Vice-President ; Geo. H. Himes, Secretary ; J. M. Bacon, Treasurer ; F. X. Matthieu, Joseph Watt and Clarke Hay Directors.

The evening was devoted to a grand ball in a fine dancing hall at the grounds, and to a camp-fire. Both were well attended, the young people (sons and daughters of pioneers for the most part) choosing the more frivolous entertainment, while the pioneers and their good wives sat about the blazing logs and talked of Auld Lang Syne. The camp-fire entertainment was mostly conversational, but there were a few informal speeches. B. F. Dowell of '50, J. M. Bacon of '43, Medorem Crawford of '42, Joe Watt of '44, and James Winston of '46, spoke of amusing pioneer experiences, and Mr. Watt "brought down the house" with a comical song.

The ground upon which the reunion was held is historic. Through the grove—the growth of the last thirty years—

where the platform and seats were situated winds the wagon road, along which the pioneers of the early forties—some of whom were present upon this occasion—toiled and struggled as they were about to enter what they thought to be the land of Paradise, the far-famed Willamette Valley. It was here that Dr. Samuel Parker stood on November 24th, 1835, when he looked down upon the falls at his feet and wrote the following:

“ We arrived at the falls of the Willamette at 2 o’clock in the afternoon, and hired eight Clough-e-wall-hah Indians to carry the canoe by the falls, the distance of half a mile, and proceeded about five miles farther before evening. These falls with the scenery around them have much to charm and interest. The river above spreads out into a deep, wide basin, and runs slowly and smoothly until within a half mile of the falls, when its velocity increases, its width diminishes, eddies are formed in which the water turns back as if loth to make the plunge, but is forced forward by the water in the rear, and when still nearer, it breaks across the channel; then, as if resigned to its fate, smoothes its agitated surges, and precipitates down an almost perpendicular of twenty-five feet, presenting a somewhat whitened column. It was a pleasant day, and the rising mist formed in the rays of the sun a beautiful bow; and the grass about the falls, irrigated by the descending mist, was in fresh green. The rocks over which the water falls, and along the adjacent shore, are amygdaloid and basalt. The opportunities here for water power are equal to any that can be found. There cannot be

a better situation for a factory town than on the east side of the river, where a dry wide-spread level extends some distance, and the basaltic shores form natural wharves for shipping. The whole country around, particularly on the east side, is pleasant and fertile. And can the period be far distant when there will be a busy population? I could hardly persuade myself that this river had, for many thousand years, poured its waters constantly down these falls without having facilitated the labor of man. Absorbed in these contemplations, I took out my watch to see if it was not the hour for the ringing of the bells. It was two o'clock, and all was still, except the roar of the falling water. I called to recollection, that in the year 1809, I stood by the falls of the Genesee river, and all was silence except the roar of the cataract—but it is not so now, for Rochester stands where I then stood."

THE ANNUAL ADDRESS.

BY HON. JOHN KELSAY, OF CORVALLIS.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE PIONEER ASSOCIATION

You know as well as I do the facts about which I shall speak this day, and are kindly disposed toward those who performed them. You may think them somewhat imperfectly set forth, compared with what you both saw and knew. You who are not pioneers, and are unacquainted with the trials and dangers encountered by them, may think that some points and facts are exaggerated by me. It was once said by a great Athenian orator and statesman, that "Praises spoken of others are only endured so far as each one thinks that he is himself capable of doing any of the things he hears ; but that which exceeds their own capacity rouses at once envy and displeasure."

I will endeavor to meet the views and wishes of every one as far as possible. I will begin by referring to the discovery of the mouth of the Columbia River by Captain Gray, of Boston. In May, 1792, he crossed the bar, being the first to enter the river, which he ascended some twenty-five miles, bestowing on it the name of his vessel, the *Columbia*. This was the first discovery of the river, and the strongest element in the title of the United States, to the coast.

Thomas Jefferson was the father of explorations in the United States. While lesser minds were absorbed in minor things, his profound sagacity penetrated forests, and sought to reveal hidden resources and add to the extent of the new nation. When Jefferson returned to America in 1789, his imagination was filled with brilliant pictures of the Far West, whose early discovery his judgment pronounced of the highest importance to the commonwealth. Taking his seat as president in 1801, he never lost sight of his pet project. The rapid change in the ownership of Louisiana, as the great wilderness west of the Mississippi was then called, transferred by Spain to France in 1800, and by France to the United States in 1803, stimulated still more the ardor of the president.

By a confidential message of January 18, 1803, the president, among

other things, recommended to congress that an expedition be sent to explore the Missouri to its source, and thence crossing the continental highlands, to the westward flow of waters, and follow them to the Pacific. Congress approved of the measure, and made an appropriation to cover the estimated expenses. Captain Lewis, who had been private secretary of the president for two years, requested that he might command the party. Jefferson knew him well, and granted his desire. In order to place the success of the expedition beyond the risk of accident, he requested that some competent person should be associated with him as second in command, and named Lieutenant William Clarke, also of the United States Army, who was appointed to that post with the commission of captain. Instructions to Capt. Lewis, drafted by the president's own hand, were signed on the 20th day of June, 1803. By the instructions he was directed to provide himself with arms, ammunition, provisions, boats, tents and medicines for ten or twelve men, who were to be selected from such soldiers as volunteered for the service, and over whom he should have the command. A part of the company's proposed movements was to explore the Missouri river, and such principal streams of it as by its course and near communication with the waters of the Pacific Ocean, whether the Columbia, Oregon, Colorado, or any other river, might offer the most direct and practicable water communication across the continent for purposes of commerce, and to take formal possession in the name of their government. A journal was to be kept, in which notes and observations were to be accurately entered.

Ten days after the instructions were signed by the president, information was received of the consummation at Paris of the treaty placing the United States in possession of the eastern part of the country to be explored, which gave a new impetus to the exploration.

The party encamped on the eastern side of the Mississippi opposite the mouth of the Missouri. The winter was spent disciplining the men. On the 14th of May, 1804, the party embarked in their boats and set out. To the natives along the river the change of government was announced. The toils and dangers of this expedition, as given in history, read like fiction. Lewis and Clarke, in 1804-6, accomplished for the United States what Mackenzie had done for England in 1793; that is, they made an overland exploration to the Pacific. Their route, after crossing the Rocky Mountains, was down the Clearwater, Snake and Columbia rivers, touching also the Salmon and Clarke branches in the Rocky Mountains. The discovery of the mouth of the Columbia River by Captain Gray, of Boston, in 1792, and the first dis-

covery of the sources of that river and the exploration of its course to the sea by Captains Lewis and Clarke in 1805-6, did much to strengthen the claims of the United States. Having spent the winter, from November to March, in camp on the south bank of the Columbia near its mouth, the company returned in 1806 by the head waters of the Missouri, to the eastern states.

The American settlement at the mouth of the Columbia was made in 1811. It was an act of private enterprise on the part of John Jacob Astor, of New York, and the young town was christened after his name, Astoria. It was done with the countenance and stipulated approbation of the government of the United States, and an officer of the United States Navy was allowed to command his (Astor's) leading vessel, in order to impress upon the enterprise the seal of nationality. This town was captured in the war of 1812, by a ship of war detached for that purpose by Commodore Hillyar, commanding a British squadron in the Pacific Ocean. No attempt was made to recover it during the war. It was restored in accordance with the first article of the treaty of Ghent in 1814, which provided that all territory, places and possessions whatever, taken by either party from the other during the war, should be restored without delay. This restitution was made on the 6th of October, 1818.

The Louisiana purchase did not extend beyond the range of the Rocky Mountains. Our title to all that large area which is included in the State of Oregon and in the Territories of Washington and Idaho, rests upon a different foundation, or upon a series of claims, each of which was strong under the law of nations. We claimed it, first—by right of original discovery of the Columbia River by an American navigator in 1792; second—by original exploration in 1805; third—by original settlement in 1810, by the enterprising company of which John Jacob Astor was the head; and lastly—by the transfer of the Spanish title in 1819. Many years after the Louisiana purchase was accomplished. The treaty with Spain was confirmed by treaty of 1828, between the United States and Mexico, which had, in the meantime, become independent of Spain.

In the autumn of 1818, and about the time of the nominal restitution, a convention was concluded in London, between the United States and the British government, giving joint occupation of any country that might be claimed by either party on the northwest coast of America, westward of the Stony Mountains, together with its harbors, bays and creeks, and the navigation of all rivers within the same, for the term of ten years from the date of

the signature of the convention to the vessels, citizens and subjects of the two powers.

It was also agreed that nothing in the contract should be construed so as to affect the claim of either party, the only object of the contracting parties being to prevent disputes and differences among themselves. As far west as the Rocky Mountains the parallel of 49° was made the permanent boundary.

The session of 1820-21 was the first at which any proposition was made in congress for the occupation and settlement of our territory on the Columbia River. It was made by Dr. Floyd, a representative from Virginia, a man of great ability. He brought forward the question of occupation and moved for a select committee to consider and report upon the subject. The committee was granted, and the report was made. Public attention was awakened, and the geographical and historical facts were set forth in the report.

In 1827 another convention was concluded between the United States government and Great Britain, by which it was agreed that all the provisions of the third article of the convention concluded between the United States of America and His Majesty the King of the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, on the 20th of October, 1818, shall be, and they are hereby, further indefinitely extended. It was also agreed between the same parties at the same time that it shall be competent for either of the contracting parties, if either should think fit at any time after the 20th of October, 1828, on giving due notice of twelve months to the other contracting party, to annul and abrogate the agreement of this convention; and in such case it shall be annulled after the expiration of the time of notice. Before the treaty of 1826 was published, there was reported by the congressional committee on the Oregon Territory, of which Floyd was chairman, a bill to authorize the occupation of the Oregon River, which came up for discussion soon after the treaty was made public, and occupied the attention of the house of representatives almost exclusively from December, 1828, to January, 1829.

This bill provided for the military occupation of the Northwest Coast from latitude 42° to $54^{\circ} 40'$, and the erection of a fort; for the establishment of a territorial government over that extent of country, and the appointment of civil officers; for the establishment of a port of entry, with custom house, revenue officials, and for grants of land to American settlers. No speaker in congress at that time expressed the slightest doubt as to the perfect validity of the title of the United States to the Northwest Coast. Floyd, as in earlier times, was one of the chief defenders of Oregon, he claimed that Oregon was a desirable possession in every respect.

On the 28th of January, 1839, Mr. Linn, of Missouri, presented in the Senate of the United States a memorial from citizens of Oregon Territory, signed by J. L. Whitcomb and thirty-five others, dated March 16th, 1838. It is alleged in the memorial that a large portion of the territory from the Columbia River south to the boundary line between the United States and the Mexican Republic, and extending from the coast of the Pacific about two hundred and fifty or three hundred miles to the interior, is either well supplied with timber or adapted to pasturage or agriculture; that the fertile valleys of the Willamette and Umpqua, are varied with prairies and woodland; perhaps no country of the same latitude, is favored with a climate so mild. A good description of the climate, soil and commercial advantages of the Territory of Oregon is fully set forth in the memorial.

The Methodist missionaries who were sent to Oregon in 1835 by the Board of Foreign Missions, were followed by Presbyterians ministers in 1837, followed by more Presbyterians in 1838, and by Catholics in 1839. The Methodists settled in the Willamette Valley and at the Dalles; the Presbyterians among the Cayuses, and on the Walla Walla and Lapwai rivers. There were Catholics among the early settlers who needed only priests. Jason and Daniel Lee were the pioneer missionaries of the Northwest Coast, and they arrived in September, 1835, and began operations by planting a mission on the right bank of the Willamette River, twelve miles below where Salem now stands.

Linn, of Missouri, introduced in the Senate of the United States on the 29th of December, 1839, a resolution claiming that the title of the United States to the Territory of Oregon was indisputable and that it never would be abandoned; also, requesting the President of the United States, "to give notice to the British Government that the conventions of 1818 and 1827, which give the right to use and occupy the Oregon Territory, its bays, rivers, harbors, etc., to both parties indiscriminately, should cease in twelve months after such notification."

"That six hundred and forty acres of land should be granted to every white male inhabitant of said territory of the age of eighteen years, who shall cultivate and use the same five consecutive years, and to his heirs at law in the event of his death." At the time these resolutions were introduced there were only a few citizens of the United States who were residing in Oregon Territory except missionaries. From 1829 to 1839 nothing was said of the Oregon question in Congress; and the topic was much longer neglected in diplomatic circles.

In 1842, incited by numerous newspaper publications, upwards of a thousand American emigrants came to this country, making their long pilgrimage overland from the frontier of Missouri with their wives and children, their implements of husbandry and weapons of defense; traversing the long inclined plain to the base of the Rocky Mountains, crossing over the summit, and descending the wide slope which declines from the mountains to the Pacific. Six months were consumed in this journey, filled with hardships, and beset by dangers from savage hostility, and only to be prosecuted in caravans of strength and determination to meet the perils. The wave of immigration in 1842 broke across the Rocky Mountains and mingled with the Pacific. The Burnetts, Nesmith and the Applegates were among the first leaders, and in 1843 some two thousand more joined the first emigration. As early as January, 1841, Linn of Missouri, introduced in the senate a joint resolution to authorize the adoption of measures for the occupation and settlement of the Territory of Oregon, and for extending certain portions of the laws of the United States over the same. At the beginning of the second session of the same congress he introduced a bill providing for its occupation and settlement, and again in December he reported another bill for the same purpose, and made a speech in support of the bill in April, 1842. This bill, which provided for a gift of land as a reward for occupying the country, passed the senate in February, 1843, and had the effect of stimulating emigration to Oregon.

Col. Benton, in a speech in the senate in favor of this bill, said that "we must give inducement also, and our inducement must be lands and protection. Grants of land will carry settlers there, and the senator from Ohio (Mr. Tappan) was treading in the tracks of Mr. Jefferson, perhaps without having read his recommendation, when he proposed in his speech of yesterday to plant fifty-six thousand settlers with their fifty thousand rifles on the banks of the Oregon." Mr. Jefferson, had proposed the same thing in regard to Louisiana. He (Jefferson) proposed we should settle that vast domain when we acquired it, and for that purpose donations of land should be made to the first thirty thousand settlers who should go there.

Benton said in the senate in 1843, that this was the right doctrine and the only doctrine. "The white men were a land-loving people and had a right to possess it, because they used it according to the intentions of the Creator. The white race went for land and they will continue to go where they can get it. The valley of the Columbia is a vast field open to the settlers. It is ours and our people are beginning to go upon it. They go under

the expectation of getting land, and that expectation must be confirmed to them. This bill proposes to confirm it, and if it fails in this particular, it fails in all ; there is nothing left to induce emigration, and emigration is the only thing which can save the country from the British, acting through their powerful agent, the Hudson's Bay Company."

Some of you who hear me this day were residents of Oregon then, and remember well that then the trappers and fur traders were making ready to retire from this country, and in lieu of them the tradesman, the shop-keeper, the plow-boy and the school mistress were coming in to take their places. On the 5th of July, 1843, the organic laws of Oregon were adopted. Law and order prevailed in this country then and gave a new impulse to the rising tide of emigration from the Western States to this coast. You old pioneers all remember Dr. Linn, for he was the champion of Oregon in the United States Senate. He entered that body in 1833. Death dissolved his connection with it in 1843. It is due to his memory that I should say he had a judgment which penetrated both man and things, and gave him clear views of far distant events. He was the author and mover of many great measures, some of them for the great West including Oregon. The pages of the legislative history of Congress will bear the evidence of his meritorious services for Oregon to a remote and grateful posterity.

The new comer to Oregon could not fail to see that nature has displayed in Oregon her most magnificent powers. Each succeeding year brought with it an increased immigration from the Western States. The long and dangerous road you had to travel in coming to this country will never fade away from your memory. At the distance of forty years and more how fresh and vivid now on memory's page the exciting scenes of that long and dangerous road. You saw your friends die and buried on the way-side far out on the desert. Some of your property was stolen by savage Indians, never to be recovered. You came along that road not like the weary pilgrim, too faint to go and too afraid to stop. You found this country a wilderness, filled with Indians, some of them hostile. You cleared up the forests. I shall not attempt to describe your toils and dangers in the early settlement of this country. They will live in history as long as the Columbia River shall flow into the ocean ; as long as the shadows shall move around the convex mountains, and as long as the stars shall gem the heavens.

After the organic law was amended in 1845, George Abernethy was elected governor by the people in 1846, and re-elected in 1848. He administered the affairs of the provisional government during the time he was in

office faithfully and well. The rapid increase of population from the Western States, which immediately followed the establishment of civil government by the American settlers in Oregon, virtually settled the question of our right to the country, and won back for the United States the title to the undisputed territory which their diplomacy with England had well nigh lost. The administration of James K. Polk came into power on the 4th of March, 1845. Soon after the president, in a message to congress, called attention of that body to the condition of affairs in Oregon, and recommended that notice be given to the British government of the desire of the United States to abrogate the treaty of joint occupation. He was authorized by congress to give the notice. The notice was given, and negotiations were then commenced at Washington City by the representatives of the two governments, which resulted in making the treaty of June 15th, 1846, whereby the long disputed question of title and joint occupation was settled. The boundary line thus established was the 49th parallel of north latitude. Forty years ago this day the question of boundary and joint occupation of this country was settled. It was settled in harmony with Col. Benton's views. All the questions about the title, etc., to Oregon were as familiar to Benton as household words. Mr. Benton, in his speech delivered in the senate upon the ratification of this treaty, stated that "It is a marvellously proper line."

Mr. Jefferson offered this line in 1807; Mr. Monroe made the same offer in 1818, and again in 1825; Mr. Adams offered it in 1826, Mr. Tyler in 1842, and Mr. Polk in 1845. The occupation of this country by American settlers did much to induce the final settlement of this line. On the 14th of August, 1848, congress passed an act creating the territorial government of Oregon, which extended the jurisdiction and laws of the United States over the territory. You all remember the donation land law of the 27th of September, 1850. Mr. Thurston, our first delegate to Congress, was a pioneer, and procured the passage of the donation law.

Gen. Lane, who met the peril at Buena Vista and many other hard fought fields in the war of the United States against Mexico, was appointed by President Polk Governor of Oregon. On the 3d of March, 1849, Governor Abernethy turned over the records of the provisional government and archives to Governor Lane, and the provisional government ceased to be. During the provisional government it had constructed public roads, it organized counties, it had defined the extent of land claims, it had established post-offices, it had levied war against the hostile Indians, and had concluded peace. You all remember the Cayuse War of 1848—some of the veteran soldiers of that war

are this day here as well also as some of the Indian War Veterans of 1853, 1855-6. Your fame as veteran soldiers will never grow less, but will live as long as the mountains shall stand around the country you defended.

In an annual address delivered by Hon. James K. Kelly in 1882, he said : "Mr. President, many of us have seen Oregon grow up from a wilderness inhabited by a feeble band of missionaries and adventurous trappers, without any laws for their protection, to a prosperous state with all the comforts of civilized life."

The autumn winds of time blow hard upon you now ; many of you are far down on the sunset side of Time and will soon pass from this life. Long will you and your acts be remembered by a grateful posterity. Your early settlement of this country and the many dangers and difficulties you had encountered will outlive the English language.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

BY HON. M. C. GEORGE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION :

I presume I was honored with an invitation to deliver the occasional address on account of my distinguished trials and tribulations as an infant pioneer in the year 1851. I assume that such was the case, although candor, as well as necessity, compels me to confess that of all that has been written or told of the daring heroism and dauntless devotion of pretty much everybody else, I have yet to see or hear, either in prose, poetry or song, even the slightest allusion to any thing that I ever did on that memorable occasion. Your indulgent invitation now affords me the long sought opportunity of sounding my own trumpet. Personal experience, I believe, is in order in an occasional address.

My record hitherto upon the historic rolls of the Pioneer Association has been remarkable principally for its brevity—"Born in Ohio in 1849; emigrated to Oregon in 1851." Simple and expressive; and yet I apprehend that it has, alas! too often, been carelessly passed over by the eye of the gay and the thoughtless, without due appreciation of its deep significance. It certainly was an arduous undertaking for one so young—only a year and a half old. Even now, as we look back through the dim vista of thirty odd Oregon mists, we can but wonder that one so tender—so verdant, perhaps—could have had the nerve and fortitude to endure it all. It was a time that tried even men's souls; yet there was no such thing as faltering, and he who stands before you was undaunted. Eye witnesses bear testimony that the youthful hero who is the "subject of these few remarks," evinced no fear whatever, unless perchance, on some special occasion the wagon on some side hill was in danger of upsetting.

Considerable controversy was elicited a few years ago between Hon. Wm. Lair Hill and others as to the motive of the earlier pioneers—whether it was to save this country to American freedom from British subjection, or to simply better their condition.

These conflicting views have caused much discussion, and have led to deep historical research to settle the controversy, and I had thought that, in all probability, the testimony of a participant would be hailed with great appreciation and joy. My motive in emigrating from Ohio to Oregon was a little of both. It was no one-sided affair, as both these motives were properly balanced—"equitably adjusted," as it were. It was my deliberate determination that Oregon must and should be saved to the grand old Sisterhood of States. On our escutcheon covering the wagon could doubtless have been read the well known but somewhat faded motto, "Fifty-four forty or fight."

And in saving Oregon, we knew we could secure to ourselves a priceless inheritance. The two birds, we felt assured, could be brought down with one stone. Not only would we deprive the British Lion of a choice dominion, but we would also secure to ourselves and to our posterity all that nature had so bountifully done, and all that man could do in this age of governmental progress.

Having by my birth in Ohio entitled myself to whatever political distinction awaited Ohio men, I was ready to assist in redeeming this country and to cast my lot as a carpet-bagger in this young and growing State.

History has been kind to our fellow-citizens for their noble efforts to save this country from British dominion; but its silence in respect to matters which modesty forbids me to mention is painful in the extreme. However, it seems now quite probable that, after delivering this occasional address, posterity will give a historical twist to events of those days that will send the achievements of such a youthful pioneer as myself a jogging along down the pathway of time, side by side with other notable events. History has told us of the remarkable exploits of other youthful heroes—of William of Normandy, the boy Knight—of Charles of Sweden, the youthful Conqueror—of Harry of Monmouth, the boy General—of Baldwin of Jerusalem, the young Crusader—and many others, probably less notable and more worthy, but I have scanned its pages in vain for any mention of any youthful achievements of any youngster from Ohio.

History cannot afford much longer to remain silent. The beneficial results of *our* united efforts to conquer the wilderness are seen on every hand. Behold, what wonderful progress and advancement!

Fellow Pioneers, did you ever reflect how the wisest of us never could predict the future? Little did I, as a pioneer, ever foresee the mighty results of our self-sacrifices. As I rode along through those wide plains, and over the mountains behind the patient plodding oxen (except when stampeding on

the Platte), little did I expect ever to see a railroad across this continent. I can assure you that it never entered my head—in fact, I never had the remotest conception, even, that any of my friends would ever lose any money in “Transcontinental.” Never, even in the most vivid fancy of my mind’s eye, did I foresee the famous and rapid ride over hill and plain from Oregon to the National Capitol by our esteemed fellow citizen, Governor Whiteaker.

My friends, it was all over years ago, and we can afford now to be facetious ; but you who were older well know how painfully true were many of the trials and vicissitudes of that long journey.

I hope I am not misunderstood in a little pleasantry. I trust I feel duly thankful that, though I passed through it, I was unconscious of its unpleasant features. Day after day, week after week, month after month, we plodded along with teams, weary and worn, hungered and faint. Those of us who came in 1851 were more fortunate than those of 1852, when, in addition to all the ills usually attendant, the dreadful cholera made the journey one, indeed, through a dark valley and shadow of death. It was a laborious and fearful trip, even at the best ; but how much worse when pestilence was hovering around. It is terrible to even contemplate the ravages of cholera and disease amidst all the surrounding comfort and conveniences of civilization ; but, oh ! how much more so, when compelled to battle with them away out on desolate wilds, single-handed and alone. Dark desolation gathered about many and many an emigrant grave, and tears of utter and expressible wretchedness fell on every side.

This pioneer city was the pivotal point around which revolved the events of times known in the classics of Webfoot as at or near the “Fall of ’49 or the Spring of ’50.” A weird romantic interest clusters about the rocks and walls and falls of Oregon City. Many years ago I wandered over these bold and sightly bluffs, with mind freighted with pleasant thoughts ; and to-day there is the same enchanting interest. Here the busy recollections of the historic past crowd upon us. We still look and listen to that roaring waterfall, while memories of the past and visions of the future whirl in its spray and float with its silvery mist. Within the brief period of our short memory has occurred a transition from barbarism to civilization. It is only a few years since the roar of those tumbling waters broke the solitude of a wilderness ; but now it bears harmony with the busy hum of advancing civilization. The native savage could see no utility in that wonderful water power, save [the opportunity to spear a passing salmon ; but now it requires no far-seeing eye to pierce the

near future, and with prophetic glance, to view the grand advancement of this Lowell of the West.

Yet after all, there was an air of freedom about that savage that pioneers must ever appreciate. Civilization, in her progress, is very exacting in her demands. There are claims and fetters on every hand. All these things the native escaped. As he stood there upon those rocks in the "Fall of '49 or the Spring of '50," as the morning sun was tipping the eastern firs with gold, with a Chinook wind whistling amid his abbreviated clothing—as he stood there with spear in hand and eye fixed—standing as it were in silent salmonic expectancy—no thoughts ever troubled his brain about the proper ratio that silver should bear to gold, and little cared he how went the battle between the "ins" and the "outs." Civil service reform was a matter of total indifference, and precious little did he care whether Cornelius or Pennoyer would be elected governor.

And I fear that far too many of us in the active struggle for life, and in the pursuit of wealth or fame, forget nature, forget to drink from those delightful fountains that everywhere spring from her open fields and grand forests and majestic mountains surrounding us. Civilization, and the blind pursuit of what is too often unobtainable, have bound us captive. The bent form of the merchant at his desk—the pale face of the student at his books—the degenerated, the demented, the diseased everywhere—tell us of the slavery of modern civilization.

On an occasion like this, it is expected of the speaker, I am told, that he recite some of his personal experience of his trip across the plains. Here, then is a stumbling block, indeed. The rules of evidence do not admit of hearsay testimony, and my poor memory, never good at best, totally fails me now. Possibly I was a trifle rash in accepting the task of delivering an occasional address; certainly I know I was, in filing a record among your archives that I emigrated to Oregon in 1851, less than two years after I was born. For the life of me, were I now put on oath, I couldn't swear that I knew such to be a fact; however, there are those among our oldest and most respected inhabitants, who can and do testify that I made the trip—that they not only saw me, but heard me; and they heard me, moreover, according to their accounts, to their personal discomfort: and I am told that their affidavits to that effect can be forthcoming at any time. Tradition has it that my infant lung powers from reports too frequently displayed on that trip, gave every indication of future capacity for making a noise in the world—of future capacity even for congressional candidacy.

No, my friends ; so far as relating my personal experience is concerned, I shall be forced to turn the task of narrating the events of those days over to some one else—perhaps over to some one of our many noble old Indian fighters—God bless them—who has told it over and over, until he really believes it himself.

My friend, Col. Kelsay, has given me some interesting history. One historical instance may not come amiss. Some very strange events, viewed in the light of subsequent progress, have occurred. The question of the occupancy of this Territory was considered in the Congress of 1825. Astoria had been founded. Great commercial advantages would be gained it was thought by the occupation of this country. It was claimed that it would enable us to command the trade of China and other parts of eastern Asia, and the fur trade of the North Pacific. A military post at the mouth of the Columbia would, it was thought, go far in aid of these desired ends.

On the contrary, fears were expressed that the American Confederacy might become too widely extended ; that, while our Federal representative system was adapted to the government of extensive territory, yet that there were limits which we could not safely pass ; that we should not go beyond a certain limit of mutuality of interest ; that to carry it further than this, would weaken our bond of union and endanger our welfare ; and that it was very questionable, in view of all things, whether we should strive to extend our dominion west of the Stony (Rocky) Mountains—the natural barrier on the west. As to the future condition of Oregon, or of her people, centuries hence, that was a matter of no immediate concern, and posterity could provide for its own danger.

The demands of those favorable to the settlement of Oregon were not, however, thus quieted ; and soon a bill granting land to settlers was introduced in the House of Representatives, but was voted down two to one.

In the Senate a bill to aid in the establishment of a military post at the mouth of the Columbia, provoked serious and interesting discussion. Senator Barbour argued in our behalf ably and at length. He defended America's claim to jurisdiction, as against that of Great Britain. He thought the proposed establishment of obvious advantage to our navigation interests. It would furnish, he claimed, a friendly asylum for our vessels in an otherwise strange, distant, and perhaps hostile, region. It would be valuable as a depot for internal commerce, and highly advantageous in event of war. He said, however, that he would not disguise the fact that he looked with the deepest anxiety on this vast extension of our empire, and to its possible effects on our

political institutions. Whatever they may be, however, our forefathers decided the experiment should be made. He claimed that our advance at that time had already cancelled the dogmas of theory. We had already ascertained by our happy combination of a national and state government, and a wise arrangement of the representative system, that republics are not necessarily limited to a small territory, and that a government thus arranged produces not only more happiness, but more stability and more energy than those the most arbitrary. As to whether it was capable of indefinite extent must be left to posterity to decide.

Senator Dickerson opposed the bill, on the ground, mainly, that Congress should not provide for the settlement of any country that could never become a portion of the American Union. Oregon, he said, never could. It was too far away. It never could have a representative in Congress. The distance was so great that he never could reach Washington in time. He estimated that a congressman would have to travel 9,300 miles. Allowing him thirty miles a day, with Sabbath rests, he figured that it would take him 350 days in each year, to go and come, leaving him only a week or so in Washington—scarcely time enough to see the elephant. Owing to the rugged snow-covered mountains that must be climbed, and swollen rivers that must be crossed, he thought thirty miles a day a hard duty. Yet he thought that perhaps a young able-bodied senator, like Dolph or Mitchell, for instance, might scale the mountains or swim the rivers in that time. He thought a more expeditious way, however, would be by water, either around Cape Horn or up north through Behring's Strait, and a little south of the north pole to Baffin's Bay, and down through Davis' Strait to the Atlantic Ocean, and thence to Washington. It was true, he said, that no open passage that way had been discovered except on paper, but it would be soon as Oregon was ready to have a representative from her as a State. The wise senator concluded his remarks by moving that the whole bill—business and all—be laid on the table, which motion prevailed by a vote of nineteen to seventeen. And all that happened in the United States Senate but a little over half a century ago ! What wonders time has wrought !

My friends, it seems but a short period ; and yet, in another light ; it seems an age. Standing before you in the vigor and prime of manhood, and recalling the many, many pioneer faces that have faded from sight, how the old list of the brave and hardy and the noble have been so sadly and repeatedly decimated, I realize that time is passing. These annual meetings are like family gatherings. While many joys attend them, yet there is a touch of sadness about

it all. Of many a pioneer it may be said that dust has returned to dust and the spirit to God who gave it. The forms of nearly all now living, who bore active part in the early struggle, are bent with reclining years, and their heads are whitening with age. Respect and veneration are but feeble tributes which the remainder of us may tender them. Westward the star of the empire has come, until it now rests over our fair young State. Here the wave of American emigration has broken upon the shore of the Orient. We can go no farther. We have cast our tents forever. It is a land of goodly heritage and under our own vine and fig tree will we recline, and in our hearts and through our lips return our thanks to the Pioneers who laid the foundation for our homes.

RECOLLECTIONS OF DR. JOHN MCLOUGHLIN.

BY JOSEPH WATT.

On the 13th of November, 1844, a company of immigrants landed at Fort Vancouver, brought there on a bateau commanded by Joseph Hess, an immigrant of '43. The boat belonged to the Hudson's Bay Company. Mr. Hess was entrusted with the boat for the purpose of bringing immigrants down the river. We had eaten the last of our provisions at our last camp, and were told by Hess that we could get plenty at the fort, with or without money;—that the old doctor never turned people away hungry. This made us feel quite comfortable, for there was not a dollar among us. As near as I can remember the company consisted of sixteen men, five women and four children. As soon as we landed at the fort, the men all started to find Dr. McLoughlin, the women and children walking about the shore for exercise. We soon found the doctor in a small room he called his office. He was a tall, broad-shouldered, portly and dignified old gentleman; his hair long and white as snow; face cleanly shaven, ruddy and full, and of a rather nervous temperament. He met us pleasantly, made us welcome, enquired as to our journey down the river, and particularly of those left behind. We were the first to arrive, with the exception of a few packers. He also enquired who commanded the boat, and how much we had to pay. He told us that he had furnished the boats free of charge to certain parties to bring immigrants down the river, limiting their charges to keep them from taking advantage of necessity. He spoke of our being so late, and feared there would be considerable suffering before they could all be taken down the river, but should do all in his power until they reached their destination.

We then made known to him our wants. We were all out of provisions. There was a small table in one corner of the room, at which he took a seat, and directed us to stand in a line,—(there being so many of us the line reached nearly around the room)—and then told us the year before, and in fact previous years, he had furnished the people with all the provisions and clothing they wanted, but lately had established a trading house at Oregon City, where we could get supplies; but for immediate necessity he would supply provisions at the fort. Several of our party broke in, saying, "doctor I have no money to pay you, and I don't know when or how I can pay you."

"Tut, tut! never mind that; you can't suffer," said the doctor. He then commenced at the head man saying, "Your name, if you please; how many in the family, and what do you desire?" Upon receiving an answer, the doctor wrote an order, directing him where to go have it filled; then called up the next man, and so on until we were all supplied. He told us the account of each man would be sent to Oregon City, and when we took a claim, and raised wheat, we could settle the account by delivering wheat at that place. Some few who came after us got clothing. Such was the case with every boat load, and all those who came by land down the trail. If he had said "We have these supplies to sell for cash down," I think we would have suffered. After we had our orders filled, we went on board the boat which was to take us to Linnton (a place Gen. McCarver started, expecting to build up a large city in the near future). We found the doctor in a towering rage; he was giving it to Hess right and left—it appeared that the doctor had come to the river to see the boat. He found it as he supposed, full of wagons, and as he had given strict orders that only bedding, clothing, camp equipment, etc., should be brought with the immigrants, and that none should be left, he believed that Hess was making an extra price by bringing wagons. We commenced getting into the boat and climbing on top of the wagons. When all were in, there was not an inch of spare room left. The doctor stood looking on until we were out on the river; he evidently expected to see the boat sink. Soon we heard him call out, "Mr Hess! Mr. Hess! all right sir."

When we started for Oregon, we were all prejudiced against the Hudson's Bay Company, and Dr. McLoughlin, being chief factor of the company for Oregon, came in for a double share of that feeling. I think a great deal of this was caused by the reports of missionaries and adverse traders, imbuing us with a feeling that it was our mission to bring this country under the jurisdiction of the stars and stripes. But when we found him anxious to assist us, nervous at our situation in being so late, and doing so much without charge—letting us have of his store, and waiting without interest, until we could make a farm and pay him from the surplus products of such farm, the prejudice heretofore existing began to be rapidly allayed. We did not know that every dollar's worth of provisions, etc., he gave us, all advice and assistance in every shape was against the positive orders of the Hudson's Bay Company, and in the end he had to pay the Hudson's Bay Company every dollar that he had trusted to the settlers of this country. In this connection, I am sorry to say that thousands of dollars virtually loaned by him to settlers at different times in those early days, was never paid, as an examination of his books and papers will amply testify.

The next I saw of the doctor was in Oregon City, he having stayed at Fort Vancouver until all the immigrants for that year had arrived. He wa

building a large flouring mill, at that time nearing its completion. He already had a sawmill in full blast, also was building a dwelling house, preparing to move to that place, which he did in the following spring. From that time to his death he was a prominent figure in Oregon City. Nothing pleased him better than to talk with the settlers, learn how they were getting along, their prospects, of their ability to live, and to help others. He was anxious that every one should be well and kept busy. He could not endure idleness or waste. Over reaching, or, what we Americans call "sharp practice," he had no patience with whatever. As far as he was concerned all transactions were fair, straight-forward and honorable. Those who knew him best never thought of disputing his word or his declared intentions, although there were some high in authority who did this in after years, apparently for selfish motives; and through their representations, caused the U. S. Government to do an act of great injustice. But I am proud to be able to say that all, or nearly all, of the first settlers, did not endorse the action, and never rested until the wrong was adjusted as nearly as it was possible to do so.

In the first few years after permanent settlement commenced, all classes asked the advice of the doctor as to the best course to pursue with reference to the many constantly arising questions. It appeared by common consent that he was practically, the first governor of the great North Pacific Coast. No man ever fulfilled that trust better than Dr. John McLoughlin. He was always anxious over the Indian problem. No one understood the Indian character better than he did. All the Indians knew him as the great "White Chief," and believed whatever he said could be depended on; that he was not their enemy, but was strictly just with them in every thing;—could punish or reward, as he thought best, and no trouble grew out of it. But with the settlers the case was different. Their intercourse with the Indians led to more or less complications. Unprincipled whites would take advantage—they made and sold them a vile compound called "Blue Ruin," the use of which not only led to intoxication but seemed to arouse all that was bad in both white and red man. Dr. McLoughlin frequently had to use all his power to keep peace and harmony between the two races. Many believe if the doctor's warnings and advice had been followed much of our trouble with the Indians would not have occurred. His advice to Dr. Whitman, when he understood how the Indians were acting, was to "leave the place immediately; not to trust them; delay was dangerous; leave, and don't go back until the Indians feel better towards you." If this advice had been acted upon, that terrible massacre would not have taken place and there would have been no Cayuse war. Yet, after these events occurred, no man did more to bring the Indians to justice and avenge the murder of Dr. Whitman and others, than Dr. McLoughlin.

Dr. McLoughlin ! Kind, generous, large-hearted Dr. John McLoughlin ! One of nature's noblemen, who never feared to do his duty to his God, his country, his fellow-men and himself, even in the wilderness.

The pioneers of this great North West, feel that they owe Dr. John McLoughlin a debt of gratitude above all price, and that they and their posterity will cherish his memory, by suitable monument placed on the highest pinnacle of fame within the State of Oregon.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF HON. J. W. NESMITH.

BY MRS. HARRIET K. M'ARTHUR.

The *Nesmiths emigrated from Scotland to the valley of the river of Bann, in the north of Ireland, in 1690. Deacon James Nesmith came from Londonderry to America in 1718, and in 1719 was one of the sixteen original settlers and founders of the historic town of Londonderry, N. H.

The records of Londonderry, Antrim, Windham and Ackworth display the name of Nesmith in many honorable connections. The family were Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, and as such were identified fully with the historical monuments of that period. Large numbers of the Scotch-Presbyterians, during the eighteenth century, removed to America, upon which the force and vigor of their characters made a lasting impression.

James the second was born in 1718, just previous to their embarkation for America. James the third, and eldest son of the second James, was born in 1744, and married Mary McClure. William Morrison, the fourth son of the third James Nesmith, married Harriet Willis, whose family owned the town site of Elizabethtown, N. J. The third child and only son of William Morrison Nesmith and Harriet Willis, is the subject of this sketch—James Willis Nesmith, born the twenty-third of July, 1820. His parents at this time lived in Washington county, Maine, though were on a visit over the line in New Brunswick when their son was born. In the following spring, or late in the winter, while attempting to cross the Miramichi river on the ice, it gave way and Mrs. Nesmith was drowned; the father, with much difficulty, was rescued. The son James, an infant of eight months, had been left with friends.

William Morrison Nesmith, after a time, married a second wife, and removed from Washington county, Maine, to Miramichi, N. B. At this time Mr. Nesmith was a man of wealth, owning houses in the town of Miramichi, and shipping in the river and bay. In the year 1825 a fearful conflagration

*Nesmith, or Neysmith, or Nasmith, as it was original spelled, and is still retained by some of the family in Scotland.

swept over the country, destroying forests, towns and every thing in its course, even shipping in the river, for a distance of eighty-five miles in length and in places twenty-five in width. It is said the smoke and cinders were observed at Quebec, 250 miles distant, and as far south as the Bermudas (see Amer. Encyclopedia). William Nesmith was one among the many who lost everything. James, then a little child of five years, was carried on his father's back, and his stepmother accompanied them to a marsh, where many fled, as it was the only place of safety. Here Mrs. Nesmith contracted a severe cold, which resulted in her death the following spring among her relatives on Prince Edward's Island. James Nesmith was much attached to his step-mother—he had never known any other—and he never knew another home after the breaking up of that on the Miramichi, until he established one for himself in Oregon twenty years later. William Nesmith never succeeded in accumulating any worldly goods after this, and never seems to have remained long in one place. The many years—perhaps fifteen—that followed the death of the second mother, were full of sore trials and hardships for both father and son, and much occurred that was extremely pathetic. At one time he was left a year upon Prince Edward's Island in the care of an aged couple, who were not unkind, yet he suffered intensely from homesickness—a feeling he never outgrew, though he had no childhood home. The child was at that time perhaps six or seven years old, and he has since many times related to his own children the great grief he experienced, being away from his father, and almost the only amusement he had was placing pebbles upon an immense log that lay on the beach, and then counting them. After this there were a number of years passed in New England, earning his own livelihood, some of the time with relatives and sometimes with strangers—it matters little whether with one or the other when one is homeless and portionless—gaining almost all the education he ever received by attending country schools in a desultory fashion, going a few months at a time. He always was passionately fond of books, and, notwithstanding misfortune and hardship, at that time exhibited much of the same high spirit and love of fun and humor that he always retained. The tutor he remembered most vividly was one Gregor Mac Gregor, to whom he went to school one hundred and twenty days and received one hundred threshings. He admitted it was the only school where he ever learned anything, and, notwithstanding a genuine feeling of regard for his old tutor, had vowed he would thresh him if he was ever large enough. The time came, but he did not execute the threat. In the year 1860, when Mr. Nesmith went to the United States Senate, he journeyed into New Eng-

land to revisit the scenes of his early days. He went to see his old tutor, and said, "Mr. MacGregor, I have always intended threshing you in return for your early cruelty to me, and now I think I can do it." "Weel, weel, Jeems," said the auld Scot, "if I had given you a few more licks you would have been in the Senate long before now."

One of the few books that fell in his way was one old copy of a large-sized edition of Robinson Crusoe. It was during a very busy harvest time at at his uncle's, where he was working, and he fell violently ill, and remained in bed three days, refusing food to sustain the ruse. Fortunately, Sunday intervened, and when the family went to church he made a descent upon the larder to restore exhausted nature.

After spending some years in New Hampshire he went to Ohio, and here lived with one Uncle and Aunt Wilson—the latter was his father's sister—they were the father and mother of the late Joseph G. Wilson, member of congress from Oregon. He attended the district school in company with his cousin at their place at Reading, near Cincinnati, and this was the last opportunity he had of getting an education in a school room. Mr. Nesmith subsequently went to Missouri, where he was joined by his father. In November, 1839, William Nesmith died, and was buried at St. Charles, Mo. His son had the same malignant fever, and but for the devoted care and attention of the Ohio cousin would not have survived. Mr. Nesmith was deeply attached to his father, and always remembered him with the greatest affection. The last tie binding him to the East was now severed, and he became filled with the longing and adventurous spirit to explore and know something of the great unknown West. The winter of 1841-42 was spent in Iowa, and in the spring of 1842 he mounted a horse and rode across to Independence, Missouri, to join a party that he heard was rendezvousing there to start to Oregon. He arrived seventeen days too late, and was determined to join them alone, but was deterred by reports of hostile Pawnee Indians. He then went to Fort Scott, Kansas, a hundred miles south of Independence, and for the ensuing year did carpenter work at the fort. Promptly in the spring of 1843 there began a second gathering of emigrants desirous of seeking their fortunes in far-away Oregon, and Mr. Nesmith joined them. It was the first regular through emigration in wagons, and was commanded by Capt. Jesse Applegate. (See Address by Mr. Nesmith in the Transactions of Pioneer Association, 1875).

He engaged board for himself, in return doing a certain amount of guard and camp duty; but not being bound to any labor or responsibility, hunted a

great deal. Many of the emigrants of that year will remember him as a striking figure on horseback, and that his good aim brought many additions to the monotonous bill of fare. He tells of this six months' march in the address before the Association. Much could be written of all their adventures and hardships, during their long and toilsome journey and for the first year succeeding their arrival in this new land. The emigration finally reached its destination, some of them being in advance of General Fremont, the famous "Pathfinder."

With three comrades Mr. Nesmith left the emigration at Umatilla, on the Umatilla river, or about where the agency now is, and came to The Dalles. Here, after some difficulty, and with no assistance from the missionaries, they procured boats and descended the river, and after an adventurous canoe voyage down the great unknown waters reached Fort Vancouver, where they purchased supplies from the Hudson's Bay Company's store. Mr. Nesmith all his life spoke in the highest terms of Dr. McLoughlin's great and continued acts of kindness to himself and other emigrants. The generous, liberal and high-minded Dr. McLoughlin suffered much, and that, too, at the hands of some of those whom he befriended, and those possessing a high sense of their own Christian virtue. May the doctor's heirs and descendants at this late day have the satisfaction of seeing a proper recognition of his great service.

Still continuing their canoe voyage, the four comrades arrived at "The Falls" at Oregon City, in October in 1843. Arrived here, the natural vigor of his mind, young as he was, could not but attract attention. He took an active part in the formation of the provisional government, and was judge under the same in 1845. He had spent the time he could command from labor, during the two years spent in Oregon City, studying law.

He then removed to Polk county and took a claim near the present site of Monmouth, and in 1846 married Pauline Goff, eldest daughter of David and Kizziah Goff, emigrants of 1844. The house built by them is in perfect preservation and is now occupied by James, Mr. Nesmith's eldest son. In 1847-48 Mr. Nesmith was a representative in the legislature of the provisional government, having been chosen for that duty by the electors of Polk county. He served with distinction in the Cayuse War as captain of a company, and was one of the most efficient actors in that important drama, in the early history of Oregon.

In the fall of '49 Mr. Nesmith sold his claim, and with Henry Owen, bought a mill on the Rickreall, two miles above Dallas, from James O'Neal.

It was shortly afterward washed away, but rebuilt at once after great labor and expense, and the place was known as Nesmith's Mill, since changed to Ellendale, in honor of Mrs. Judge Boise. It proved very profitable, as about this time there was a great rush to the mines of California, and there being no mill between this and the Sacramento Valley, the trains came here to get their supply of flour.

In the spring of 1848, he joined the campaign against the Cayuse Indians, and was captain of a company. They went to avenge the murder of Dr. Whitman. In the fall of the same year he, too, must join the gold seekers, and went to California and remained there six months. He returned on the ship on which General Lane was a passenger, coming out as our first governor. They were out eighteen days from San Francisco before making the Columbia river bar. Mr. Nesmith was so far successful that upon his return he paid Dr. McLoughlin a thousand dollars for the cattle that the doctor had insisted upon his taking upon credit at the time of his marriage. The doctor had said, when first meeting him after that event, "And so, my boy, you have been getting married! You must have some cattle." Mr. Nesmith assured him nothing would please him more, but the script was not forthcoming. And then, in his hearty way, the doctor insisted upon the loan. He also had dug sufficient gold to make a number of pretty, plain gold rings. The work was executed by the late Gov. Geo. L. Curry, and they are still cherished in the family as keepsakes.

Early in 1853, Mr. Nesmith was appointed U. S. Marshal, succeeding the noted Jo Meek, shortly after which he removed with his family to Salem, where he remained two years. He held this office until 1855, when he resigned, to accept the position of colonel of the volunteers in the Yakima expedition.

On August 25th of that year, in obedience to a call by Gov. Curry for volunteers to go into the Rogue River country, to quell an Indian outbreak, he enrolled his name, among many others, and was elected captain of the company, and started at the head of the expedition for the hostile region the following day. His service in the Rogue River War was rendered with customary intelligence and efficiency, and it prepared the way to his leadership of the Oregon Volunteers in the Yakima campaign in 1855.

In the spring of 1855 Mr. Nesmith returned to Polk county and purchased David Goff's half of the donation claim and built the house, planted a large orchard, and established the home now occupied by Mrs. Nesmith and some of the family. In subsequent years he added to the farm by purchasing land adjoining the original claim, so that, at the time of his death, there was

sufficient to leave a farm to each of the five surviving children. One child, born in Salem, died eight years later in Ohio.

Previous to moving to Salem three children were born—the second and eldest son, Joseph Lane, dying in infancy.

In the fall of 1855 Mr. Nesmith joined the force sent out to the Yakima War, and was colonel of his regiment. Serious illness in his family compelled his return, and Hon. Jas. K. Kelly succeeded him as colonel of the regiment. During this time Mr. Nesmith knew and served with many officers who fought and gained distinction during the War of the Rebellion. He was always a friend of the army, and during the stormy times between 1861 and 1865 his rooms in Washington were headquarters for military men who came for assistance, or in a friendly way. Mr. Nesmith received the appointment of Superintendent of Indian affairs in 1857, I believe, and served two years. It was an important office at that time, and embraced Oregon and Washington Territory. In 1859 he was relieved—Rev. Mr. Geary receiving the appointment.

In politics Mr. Nesmith had always been known as a democrat, but as he was opposed to the extension of slavery, he came into collision with the dominant power of his party, in Oregon. The question was one that drew a broad line of division between men everywhere, and perhaps nowhere broader than in this state. Oregon contained large numbers of people from the slave states, and to their natural fealty to the institution that characterized the South, they added a strong party spirit which was not disposed to brook any dissent. This divided the democratic party in Oregon, as of other states, into two factions, the free state men composing the weaker party. Personal feeling between members ran high as elsewhere. It was a most bitter struggle, growing out of a difference on a great moral question, upon which all the resources of compromise had been exhausted. Of the free state men of the party Mr. Nesmith became a leader. As such he was a candidate for elector on the Douglas ticket in 1860, and in the same year by a coalition of the republicans and free state democrats, he was elected to the United States Senate for the full term beginning March 4th, 1861. To one who had broken with the larger section of his party on such a question, this was a great triumph; particularly so, since he took the seat vacated by General Lane, his able antagonist, the leader of the pro-slavery party of Oregon, and candidate for the vice-presidency on the Breckinridge ticket.

Young persons of the present day cannot possibly imagine the severity of the political contention of those times. But it is an agreeable thing to record

the fact, that General Lane and Mr. Nesmith became fully reconciled in after years, and renewed the friendship that the step of events, which neither could control, had so rudely broken off. As a touching proof of the sincerity of this jatter friendship and mutual affection, upon his death-bed the General requested Mr. Nesmith to pronounce a few words at his grave, which he did.

As senator of the United States Mr. Nesmith supported every measure necessary for suppression of the Rebellion and preservation of the Union. He was a personal friend of President Lincoln and stood by him through the stormy years when he needed the support of all loyal citizens.

Mr. Nesmith served on the military committee of the senate, where his patriotism and judgment were invaluable to the country. Having decided military taste and inclination he took a deep interest in the army and gained the lasting regard of many of our famous soldiers. He was frequently with armies in the field and witnessed several important battles.

He also served on the committee on commerce and Indian affairs, and on various special committees of great importance.

While in the senate Mr. Nesmith was untiring in urging measures beneficial to Oregon, and the Pacific states and territories generally. When the reconstruction measures were proposed he acted no further with the republican party, and made several speeches in the senate in support of the policy of President Johnson. At the close of his term in the senate he was nominated minister to Austria, but, owing to the bitter feeling against the president and his friends, the senate refused to confirm him.

Mr. Nesmith was not a brilliant but quite a successful speaker. His most remarkable quality of mind was his wonderful memory, added to this an unlimited fund of wit and humor, which rendered him quick at repartee, and never at a loss for spicy anecdote and quaint illustration. He possessed qualities that gave him a national reputation, during his career in Washington. Though he ranked in politics as a democrat, he never was what might be called a good party man, excepting in ordinary times and issues. Upon the great questions that came up in connection with slavery, secession and rebellion, he became independent of party and acted with the republicans in demanding the suppression of the rebellion and the abolition of slavery. He was the only democratic senator who voted to submit the abolition amendment to the states for their action. Further on, when the issues of reconstruction came up, he refused to go with the republicans and resumed his relations with the democratic party. But he was much too independent in his mode of thinking and of action, to retain the favor of those who direct the

policy of his party. On great questions he was inclined by the constitution of his mind to adopt a middle course; and yet no man was firmer or more combative in support of his ideas and principles.

In 1867 he returned to his farm on the Rickreall, where he lived in comparative quiet and retirement for a number of years.

In 1873 Mr. Nesmith was elected representative in congress to fill a vacancy caused by the death of his cousin, Joseph G. Wilson. While in congress, at the request of the entire delegation from Massachusetts, he delivered a eulogy on Charles Sumner which attracted universal attention. There had been between Sumner and himself, while he was in the senate, a warm friendship, though two men were never more unlike. Upon the expiration of his term as representative, he returned to Oregon and spent the remainder of his life upon the farm, though always taking a pronounced interest in public affairs. He was a generous and unselfish neighbor, and justly deserved the reputation for the old time hospitality always maintained beneath the plain old farm-house roof. From the distinguished men known in Washington, who visited him when they came to Oregon, down to the humblest emigrant of early or later days—they all received a kindly welcome and simple entertainment.

Mr. Nesmith, both in public and private life, fully exemplified the rugged and manly honesty of his race. He was active and earnest in the promotion of the Oregon Pioneer Association, of which he was at one time president, and it is to be regretted he did not fulfill his determination to leave a record of facts and impressions connected with the early history of the state. His unusually retentive memory would have added much to the somewhat meagre array of facts and incidents and dates as well, and would have rendered additional service to his state.

During the year 1884, his health failed, physically and mentally; and in the summer of that year a stroke of paralysis superinduced softening of the brain. He continued in this condition a year, when his merciful deliverance came, quietly and painlessly, on June 17th, 1885, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, surrounded by his entire family of children and grandchildren.

The closing chapter is too sad to dwell upon. Nothing can be more sorrowful than to witness the shadow of a clouded mind rest upon a once strong and vigorous intellect, and the pathetic ending of a long and active and useful life.

Thirty-nine years from the time of his marriage, in the low-roofed house by the Rickreall, a long procession of friends and neighbors reverently fol-

laid on foot the mortal remains of James W. Nesmith to their last quiet home.

It is in a beautiful spot, overlooking the Rickreal, and the old house where he was married, and was selected by himself many years before as the place where he would lie when his work was over. The afternoon sun comes brightly through the trees, and there is song of bird, and bloom and verdure of flower and forest tree ; but they never disturb the rest that came after the active and finally sorrowful life of the one who desired to sleep there.

In closing this sketch we quote from Judge Deady's address to the Pioneers in 1876. Speaking of the immigration of 1843, and the men of mark who came to Oregon in that year, the orator said :

“Nesmith was a roving

‘—— Youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth.’

But a person of his great natural ability could not long remain in the background of this young and free community. He soon wore the colonial ermine, and sat in legislative halls, and commanded in the armies of the provisional government. He has since held many respectable public positions, including the office of Representative and Senator in Congress of the United States with usefulness to the country and credit to himself. His *braed* Scotch humor and peerless, pitiless, pungent wit, have made him famous on both shores of the Republic. When his brief candle is out, any of us who remain, may exclaim—

‘——He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.’”

GOV. GEORGE ABERNETHY.

DAYTON, OREGON, APRIL 25, 1887.

TO THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION :

You are about to have the pamphlet of Pioneer Transactions bound. This is well. The real Pioneers—those of the forties, are rapidly passing away. Those left are too few and too far advanced in life, to give interest by their presence to our annual meetings, hence it is eminently proper that our records should be put in shape for preservation to be handed down to posterity. The time will come when descendants of Pioneers will be as proud of their ancestors as are the descendants of the Puritans who landed from the Mayflower on Plymouth Rock.

As this is practically the end of pioneer records by Pioneers, I would like to add a word in memory of one who was prominent in the early history of Oregon. Having just finished reading "Bancroft's History of Oregon"—1834 to 1848—I desire to enter my protest against what I regard as great injustice done therein to the memory of George Abernethy.

I first met Gov. Abernethy in October, 1842, and knew him intimately until his death. From April, 1845, to June, 1852, I resided at Oregon City. My business brought us into almost daily intercourse, and I think I am justified in saying that he was just, honorable and liberal in all his dealings. He came to Oregon with the Methodist missionary party in 1840. When the Methodist mission was discontinued in 1844, and the property disposed of by the Rev. Geo. Gary, there were considerable sums due from the Board to the members, besides transportation to their homes in the East. To those of the mission who chose to remain in Oregon, Mr. Gary sold the mission property, and Mr. Abernethy, having been the secular agent, bought the mission store with such remnants of goods as remained, and the unsettled accounts standing on the books. He purchased the mill company's sawmill and improvements on the island at Oregon City, in which he was a stockholder, and at once directed his energies to building up Oregon City and opening a trade with the Sandwich Islands. He built a bridge across the

chasm from the main land, which in those days was an exceedingly difficult and expensive undertaking; erected a flouring mill and made a market for the wheat, encouraged the fishing interests and marketed the salmon. As often as vessels could be procured, he furnished flour, lumber, salmon, etc., and in return got sugar and salt especially and such other merchandise as could be had in that market.

In these various enterprises he furnished poor immigrants employment and was at that time conceded to be the most useful and enterprising man in the territory. He built a large brick store, the first brick building in the territory; erected a fine house at Green Point, and was constantly inaugurating enterprises and improvements for giving employment and means of living to the needy people who arrived in large numbers every fall.

Nor was he less useful as a public officer. Being a member of the provisional legislature in 1847 at the time of the Whitman massacre, I can bear testimony to his promptness and patriotism on that trying occasion.

It could not be known in the valley to what extent the Indians had organized, and the first thought was that after murdering the missionaries at Walla Walla they would march this way. No sooner had the legislature passed a resolution authorizing the governor to raise a company of riflemen to protect The Dalles than the governor called a public meeting for that evening, and in less than twenty-four hours after receipt of the hostile news he was on his way to Vancouver with about forty men who had volunteered, and finding the Hudson's Bay Company unwilling to trust the provisional government for the necessary ammunition and supplies, the governor, with two of the commissioners whom the legislature had appointed, became personally responsible for about one thousand dollars.

Coming to Oregon as a Methodist missionary, Mr. Abernethy might be expected to encounter the distrust of Catholics; as an American citizen, the jealousy of British subjects; as a merchant, the opposition of the Hudson's Bay Company and other traders; and as a Yankee Puritan, that general dislike so commonly entertained by Western people, of which the early immigrants were mainly composed; and yet, by his enterprising spirit, generous acts and honorable dealings, he was the choice of the people for governor, and continued to be during the entire period of the provisional government.

Yet Mr. Bancroft says in his History of the Pacific States, Vol. XXXIV., page 612: "The most odious word that could be applied to a Protestant, in

those days was that of Jesuit ; yet Protestant and Methodist Abernethy possessed all the traits usually ascribed by a Protestant to a Jesuit."

Thus, according to this author, the man who possessed all the traits described by the most odious word that could be applied to a Protestant was the choice of the pioneers of Oregon for their governor.

But perhaps the gravest charge which this historian brings against the governor is concerning his encouragement of J. Quinn Thornton in going to Washington to represent our condition to the government. He calls Thornton "Abernethy's private agent," a statement for which he has no reliable authority. It must be remembered that this took place in October, 1847, five years after the first immigration and four years after the provisional government had been established. Year after year petitions and memorials had been forwarded to congress, to which no attention had been paid. All around us were hostile Indians, becoming restive as they saw the whites absorbing their lands. Indications were unmistakable that our unprotected settlements were in danger. The governor saw this and felt most keenly his responsibility and the urgent necessity that our condition be pressed upon the government at Washington ; and yet such was the jealousy among our leading men that no one of them would be allowed by the others to go to Washington with any public endorsement, lest he would reap some personal advantage, to their detriment. This, bear in mind, was only about one month before the Whitman massacre.

There could be no reconciliation among the would-be federal officers by which one of their number could be chosen to appeal in person to the authorities at Washington, and the only means left the governor was to encourage a man every way competent to go and represent our situation and to urge the government to relieve him from this great responsibility and ourselves from danger.

For this act he was grossly abused. No sooner had the legislature met than resolutions were introduced denouncing Thornton ; and, although they were voted down, a political aspirant, who edited the *Spectator*, published them approvingly, for which he very justly lost his position.

The massacre of Whitman and family brought a crisis. Appeal to congress for protection could no longer be delayed, somebody must go to Washington. Who should it be? The vital question was solved by selecting Jo Meek. Surely, he could do no harm. He could carry their protests against

Thornton and their letters and petitions, and could not be of sufficient consequence to excite their fears of obtaining honors for himself, or influencing the administration in the distribution of the federal offices of the territory.'

The author's criticisms of Judge Thornton are not surprising. The judge's manner was peculiar and not calculated to make friends among the pioneers. More could be said in commendation of him had he said less of himself. It is but a sorry compliment to President Polk and his congress, if, as intimated by Bancroft, the illiterate, prodigal and irresponsible Jo Meek had more attention paid him, and more influence with them than the intelligent and scholarly Thornton. In this connection there are indications that the historian drew inspiration from the author of the "River of the West."

In my judgment Gov. Abernethy should receive credit for encouraging Judge Thornton to go to Washington to represent our helpless and exposed condition, and Thornton should have credit for good and valuable services there and elsewhere in the interest of Oregon.

I am not seeking to make Governor Abernethy a great man. Only this: As a missionary, he was consistent and conscientious; as a business man, he was honorable, enterprising and liberal; as governor, he was patriotic, efficient and unselfish. And for this he deserves the respect of the pioneers, and honorable mention in the history of Oregon.

By the laws of the provisional government the governor was allowed an annual salary of \$300. It will be gratifying to the friends of Gov. Abernethy to see that Mr. Bancroft, after devoting lengthy paragraphs to his disparagement, found room for one line in a note to say: "Gov. Abernethy drew no salary under the provisional government."

I do not recall from memory, and I find nothing in the proceedings of the pioneers to justify Mr. Bancroft's reflections upon Governor Abernethy. On the contrary, I do recall from memory, and other pioneers relate numerous incidents which prove him to have pursued a noble, patriotic self-sacrificing course.

Having never belonged to any religious denomination, I cannot be charged with sectarian prejudice in the opinions herein expressed, and in endorsing the sentiments of the late Judge Strong, who said in his annual address in 1878, "Gov. Abernethy had exhibited great prudence in the administration of his office, and retired with the respect of all who knew him."

MEDOREM CRAWFORD.



PHOTOGRAPH

F. GUTENBERG

PHILADELPHIA.

DR. JOHN McLOUGHLIN.

DR. JOHN McLoughlin.

In looking over the history of Oregon, we sometimes wonder who will stand as its representative and permanent characters. Of the numbers who were familiarly known up and down our valleys and over the mountains, not many will be remembered by name. Brave, active, worthy as they were, there is no room for more than a very few in the niches of permanent history. But a few will be thus remembered so long as Oregon exists as a State. Who will they be? We dare not hazard an opinion about them all, yet we are at no loss to name one, and that is Dr. John McLoughlin. He is a man whom history will revere.

This position is his due on two grounds: first, from the position which he held, and ; second, from his own intrinsic merit. The chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company on the Columbia during its most critical history would necessarily leave his name on that history as he did leave it on the records of his company. Whether that name were to be remembered with veneration or execration, or without moral regard of any kind, would depend on the man to whom it belonged. Dr. McLoughlin had the elements which will put him in the first category. For actual work accomplished and service performed in the settlement of Oregon, he far overtops any or all the British on the coast, and would carry the union jack above the stars and stripes were it not for our American doctor, Marcus Whitman. In the softened light of the future, when the asperities and prejudices of sect and party are awarded only their just regard, the white-haired, humane, great pioneer McLoughlin of the British will stand with the rugged, enthusiastic, daring Whitman of the Americans, as one of the hoary landmarks of our historic times.

We do not mean that there were not many others, both British and American, who had not an equal goodness and mental keenness ; but there are no others who had that peculiar completeness and prevailing force of will which is the mark of greatness.

In order to form a just conception of John McLoughlin, we must judge

of him in each of the capacities which it was his lot to fill—personally, as an agent of the Hudson's Bay Company, and as a settler.

We will ask leave to invert the customary order, and consider these in the order named above.

The native land of this great trapper and pioneer was Canada. His father—as the orthography, *ough*, indicates—was a Scotchman, his mother French. He entered the service of the Northwestern Fur Company about the year 1800, then a boy in his teens, having been born in 1784. Beginning in the usual slow and sure routine, he learned every particular of his business, gradually advancing from post to post, until he reached a position of great trust, and one in which he was almost as complete an autocrat as the Czar. He could scarcely have reached a higher position, as there was little above him but places occupied by the business partners. It was undoubtedly the goal of his ambition.

He was of large stature, being, in his prime, some six feet four inches in height and finely proportioned. He was of a somewhat ruddy complexion, with kindly but penetrating blue or gray eyes, and the massive head was crowned with long, bushy hair, white as a fleece. He was known among the Indians as the white-headed chieftain, and even from the Blue Mountains and the plains of the upper Columbia Mt. Hood was pointed out as the white mountain near his *illahee*, or place. Perhaps to their minds the snowy grandeur of Hood suggested the hoary dignity of the Doctor.

He had taken time to study medicine, and was thorough in his knowledge of this science. His general information was also very great. On the subject of history his researches had been extensive, and he was so well informed that in the discussions in which he was fond of bearing a part, few were able to cope with him. It was his favorite plan to lead an antagonist into the labyrinths of history and lose him in the tangles, himself easily going beyond all ordinary ranges. His study of history, however, had been made from ancient and Catholic sources.

His manners were a combination of British dignity and Gallic suavity. None knew better than he the art of courtesy. In his bow and smile and doffing of his great beaver hat there was a world of kindliness and respect. His courtesy was moreover one of his instruments of defense and offense. Most of his actual fighting was done by it.

He had, however, a quick and violent temper. If he felt it rising he usually tipped his beaver and retired for a calmer moment; but not always,

as when he caned Chaplain Beaver, or drove his would-be successor from the fort at the edge of a shovel. He took no reply from a subaltern when he gave a command, but expected instant obedience. If he met with insubordination, he was able to enforce his order by the use of his cane. He was a man of quick decision, whose mind acted with so much greater celerity than others that while they were yet deciding, his will was already in full activity, and they naturally fell in with its current. Yet his purpose was so tenacious that if stubbornly opposed he would spare no effort to remove the obstacle. He was absolute monarch over nearly a thousand Canadian and half-breed trappers, with no authority whatever to support him except his own vigilant mind and imperial will. He was lacking that support upon which kings rely, the interest and moral sentiment of the influential classes. He was surrounded by savages and ruling over men little more cultivated than savages. His business, moreover, was carried on with great exactness. He allowed no slouching or shirking. A strict code of manners and morals was preserved. It evidently required a man of great address to know by what motives and means to control a naturally lawless body of men who roamed over a region of more than half a million square miles in extent, equal in area to the kingdoms of the old world. Yet, from the country of the Bannocks, the Blackfeet, the Kootenays, the Shastas and Nisquallys, and all the region between, the brigade felt the firm authority of the Chief Factor at Vancouver. There were perhaps a hundred thousand Indians in the country of his sway, yet they were completely under his control, and he never hesitated to chastise them if they committed wanton outrages.

When the bloody scenes among the trappers and Indians of Canada are remembered, and we consider how the American trappers in the Rocky Mountains spent their lives in one long warfare with the savages, in constant affrays and violence, we wonder all the more at the mild genius of the man who kept his realm in almost universal and uninterrupted repose and peaceful activity. True enough, he had the admirable system of the Hudson's Bay Company to work upon, but it required genius to know how to apply that system. It required force to keep it in successful operation. It required great sagacity to adapt it to immediate needs. All these McLoughlin displayed for nearly a quarter of a century.

We may now consider him as an agent of the Hudson's Bay Company. We have perhaps formed some conception of the capacities of the man, which were undoubtedly the qualities most useful to a great organization whose

headquarters were seven thousand miles distant. He was a self-acting man, at once faithful to his superiors and exacting faithful service from his inferiors. This noted company had just one thing to do, and to understand just what that was, and consequently what was demanded of their agent, we must pause a moment and consider its objects.

This company was formed during the reign of King Charles II., who, always out of cash, followed the example of his father, and of Elizabeth, in granting privileges and monopolies for money. As the dominions of England extended beyond the Atlantic, here was opportunity for raising revenue in the same way. It was discovered that although the British possessions in America were apparently devoid of mineral wealth, an almost equal wealth lay in the furs growing on the backs of the beavers and other animals. The Hudson's Bay Company and the Northwest Company were formed to prosecute this business, the former having its principal station at York Factory, on Hudson's Bay, at the mouth of Nelson river; the latter at Montreal. In pushing their operations, as the years rolled by, they invaded each other's territory in the Saskatchewan Valley, their servants coming to quarrels, disputes, angry emulation, and finally to open war and bloodshed. American expeditions were on foot, also, pushing up the Missouri and over the Rocky Mountains into the valley of the Columbia. The Canadian government interfered to prevent bloodshed on the British soil, and it became policy for the Hudson's Bay people to unite with the Northwestern, under the title Honorable Hudson's Bay Company. This company, thus reformed, was ready to dispute with the American companies. The British company would confine itself to British territory, the American to American, while the valley of the Columbia should be left open to the competition of both.

The policy of the company contemplated making the Indians the trappers, the Canadian French the carriers, and responsible English subjects their clerks and factors. The game and Indians were not to be exterminated, but both to be preserved, and the friendship of the latter cultivated. It was to be an institution lasting as long as the English empire. It was exactly suited to the habits of the Indians. It disturbed none of their customs nor beliefs. By supplies of beads, clothes, knives, and a limited amount of guns and ammunition, they could always get what furs they wished from the Indians, exciting or depressing the business to the proper capacity of the animals.

They had their regular system of police, their regular express, their reg-

ular ship. One ship a year to the Columbia was found sufficient to bring the supplies necessary for sustenance and trade.

There were two things which would break up their business. One was the competition of Americans, who were frequently merely desperadoes, quickly destroying the game and falling into deadly quarrels with the natives. The other was settlement. Settlements would necessarily drive off the game and break up the Indians. The camrs fields and beaver dams must not be broken or drained.

It was the policy, therefore, of the Hudson's Bay Company to destroy competition and to prevent settlement. This was simply a business necessity, and anything else meant suicide.

This, then, was the work assigned McLoughlin in the valley of the Columbia. It was his to keep the business organization in perfect running order, and to perform the more difficult task of destroying all opposition. The first requires business, the latter political ability. The object to be gained was possession of the Columbia Valley. It was in 1824 that he was assigned to Fort George, at the mouth of the river, the present site of Astoria. The Astor expedition had long since been completely broken up. To break up other American expeditions it was only necessary to put the company in such perfect order that it could undersell and destroy them by competition. This the Doctor proceeded at once to do.

Whether by his own counsel or advice of others, he changed the headquarters from the mouth of the river one hundred and twenty miles up the stream, to Fort Vancouver. This was a good move in several ways. It made the rowing and sailing of the *voyageurs* one hundred miles shorter, since they all had to come down the Columbia or Willamette, while the voyaging of the annual ship up the river was a matter of indifference, since the channel was deep and wide. In leaving Fort George they simply abandoned a site on a rugged hill slope densely covered with spruce and hemlock woods, where both soil and climate forbid anything like agriculture, although they raised a few potatoes and roots on a small plat of low land. At Vancouver, however, there was more than a square mile of the most fertile land sloping southward to the Columbia river, protected on the north by rising ground and extensive forests. Here they raised in abundance the vegetables necessary for their brigade of men. An English gardener boasted that nothing in the mother country equalled his garden at Fort Vancouver. He cultivated grapes and even figs with some success, and strawberries with great exuberance, while

other fruits and the vegetables grew with the same abandoned prolificness as at present in our climate. But a short distance below, at the junction of the Willamette with the Columbia, was Wapato (now called Sauvies') Island, ten miles in length and deep all the year with fresh grass. Here the gradually increasing herd of cattle might roam without care or protection.

Doubtless McLoughlin knew that if there was any invasion of his domains by foreigners, it would be in the valley of the Willamette, and it would be expedient for the fort to be near enough to keep an eye upon such intruders.

More likely, too, he entertained even then the plan of settling his superannuated servants on available lands, and such were easiest of access in the plains between the ranges. Still further, it was safer to have the permanent fort on the north side of the Columbia, as that was a natural and probable compromise boundary for dividing the territory held in dispute between England and America.

The fort was not very much of an affair in a military point of view, being merely a stockade, and defended sometimes by only one small cannon. It was, however, well arranged for business. The house of the chief factor was commodious and well furnished and his style of living was elegant, modeled much upon that of the English esquire.

The main business of the first few years after the transfer was in conciliating the Indians and extending the trade. This was done so effectually that by the time the Americans were ready to make fresh expeditions, about 1830, they found the whole northwest coast hopelessly in the hands of the Hudson's Bay people. The Indians liked and trusted them. Kelly, Jedediah Smith, Wyeth, Bonneville, were all soon undersold and glad to dispose of what goods they had to the Hudson's Bay Company, and leave the country, or be helped out of it by a company's ship. No violence was offered American trappers. They were even protected, and once, at least, injuries done them punished by the order of McLoughlin.

The doctor never would use violence as a means of overcoming a foe. But he was undoubtedly anxious to break up the American trappers, and did break them up.

It was not until 1834 that a danger appeared which was much more formidable than American trappers, and that was American

missionaries. It was then that Jason Lee, the vanguard of the Methodist mission and settlement, appeared at Vancouver to present his respects and credentials. For the next ten years it was McLoughlin's study how to prevent the Lees and their comrades from forming permanent settlements. It is sometimes represented that Dr. McLoughlin was merely a good, kind-hearted man, who was led simply by feelings of benevolence. Such a view would greatly underrate him. He had a definite policy and sought to carry it out. It is certain that for at least ten years he tried by every honorable means to prevent American settlements in Oregon. He was put there for that very purpose by his company, and it is altogether unlikely that he would question his company's policy or authority. It may be that he did not regard the inoffensive Lee, as he first stood in his doors, as in any way likely to set in motion a train of events which would end in ousting his company. But it is more than likely that at that moment his active mind began to solve the problem how to manage this intruder. He was not a trader to be undersold. He was not an explorer to be dined and wined and passed on. He was not a scientist, like Townsend or Nuttall, to be feasted and flattered and shown the country and dismissed with a blessing. He was not a government spy to be gained, if possible, and sent home as one of the company's agents. He was a missionary, coming with the Bible in his hands to teach the Indians the gospel.

It would not do to send him home. He was the representative of a large body of American Christians who would resent any such treatment. He was also an American citizen—though a Canadian by birth—and by treaty had as much right to be in Oregon as McLoughlin himself. Any coercion might precipitate a struggle between the powers.

The only recourse left was to make the missionary, as far as possible, subject to himself. He was accordingly received with the greatest courtesy at the fort. The comforts of such civilization as Vancouver furnished were placed at his command. The book, the boat, the guide, the horse, and the doctor's own society, were all freely tendered and accepted with great pleasure. Lee ingenuously disclosed all his plans to the doctor, asking information about the climate, location and prospects of the Indian tribes, and seeking his advice as to the

best site for the proposed mission. It must not be inferred that the Doctor's hospitality was merely politic, but it fitted his policy perfectly. Lee was hoping to establish his mission east of the Cascade Mountains, but McLoughlin strongly urged the Willamette Valley as a better field. He spoke of the beauty of this valley above the falls, its fertility, delightful climate and populous tribes. It seems likely that the doctor wished to have the mission at some distance from the Columbia, aside from the natural route across the continent, because in that case there would be less likelihood of its becoming a commercial point. His boats would always be at the command of the missionaries, who would thereby depend on him for supplies, transportation, exchange and advice and direction. His trusty men would understand all their movements, and his friendly espionage would serve a better purpose than any hostile surveillance. He would assimilate them to his business and government in perfect friendship and kindness. He saw no other way to prevent an American settlement living independently of his company. There was no other way. It has been said that all that was necessary to remove these missionaries was to give the hint to the Indians, and they would have been massacred at once. But if Lee had fallen there would have been twenty men to fill his place. If *they* had fallen, a thousand American rifles would have been in the valley of the Columbia to mete out vengeance. Party feeling was already rising in America, and a spark would set it off. McLoughlin's policy to bind the mission to the fort both by friendship and interest does justice at once to his sagacity and humanity. It is frequently said he was merely giving gratuitous benefits to the missionaries out of pure benevolence. Such a view discredits his sense. His favors were mainly bestowed with the purpose of centering all the white men's interest in Fort Vancouver. To show how well his policy worked it is only necessary to say that for more than ten years the Methodist mission, so far as business interests were concerned, was a dependency of the fort, and the members of that mission were the slowest of all the Americans to strike for an independent government, in 1843.

The next man to bring under his control was Dr. Whitman. This redoubtable pioneer, with Spaulding and their two ladies, appeared at Vancouver in 1837. Parker had passed through the year before and had been cheerfully passed on to the Sandwich Islands.

Spaulding speaks in glowing terms of the kindness with which their party was entertained by Dr. McLoughlin on the banks of the Columbia. It seemed like a paradise to him, after the long days on the plains and in the mountains; after camping in the dust and sand, eating buffalo meat and bacon often mixed with sand and ashes, and being exposed to the sun and frost of the table lands, to find civilized fare, civilized fruits, civilized shelter, and to look with astonishment upon the fig trees betokening an unexpectedly mild climate. Their praise of the dignity and cheerful hospitality of the gentlemen of the Hudson's Bay Company is bestowed without stint.

Dr. Whitman had formed a very perfect conception of the topography of the country, and had determined upon a plan for placing the missionary stations in such locations as to be independent of all others, and to be easily accessible both by water and land. He was already determined upon The Dalles as one of the stations, and told McLoughlin so, and gave it as his reason that he wished to be on the Columbia so as to get supplies. He expected sea-going craft to ascend the Columbia as far as the Cascades, and from the portage at that point the slack water could be easily navigated by boat to The Dalles.^t The goods would then be distributed by pack train to the various stations. Like the missionaries at that time who were laboring in the Sandwich Islands and in Turkey, Whitman aimed to teach the heathen the arts and industries as well as the religion of civilization. He probably expected to establish a small trade, as in fish and other native products, sufficient to justify an American ship in entering the Columbia perhaps once a year, bringing goods necessary for his mission and for barter. In this way his own supplies would be provided for, and as rapidly as the Indians gave up a wandering life and took to steady industry, they would have a chance to sell their products and thus be encouraged to take on civilization.

A plan like this was so foreign to the policy of the Hudson's Bay Company that McLoughlin discouraged it at once. He told Whitman, which was perfectly true, that the fishing Indians of the Columbia were a depraved and worthless set, and that labor of any kind would be lost upon them, while the hunting Indians of the upper plains were active and hardy, as fine men as English troopers, and that almost

anything might be made of them. When Whitman asked how it would be possible to get supplies in the interior of the continent, McLoughlin at once offered to furnish him anything he needed at the fort. His credit should always be good. Bateaux should always be at his service. The stations of the Hudson's Bay Company in the interior, such as Walla Walla and Colville, should be open to his orders. Spaulding was already anxious to settle among the Nez Perces, with whom he had become acquainted on the route, and when he was assured that flour should be sent him from Colville, was eager to return to *Takensuates*, his first convert, who was waiting eagerly, near Walla Walla, to escort him, upon his return, to the land of the Nez Perces. Whitman now reluctantly abandoned his plan of occupying The Dalles.

While McLoughlin was undoubtedly more than glad to offer every courtesy to these Presbyterian missionaries, it is evident that he planned to make them as dependent as possible upon his own business. Whitman's plans, which he still endeavored to carry out, of settling the Indians and interesting them in civilized industries, would, if consummated, be fatal to the interests of the fur company. As a faithful servant of that company he endeavored to make Whitman's enterprise harmonize with his own business.

The same shrewd foresight was used in regard to the agriculture of the settlers, who began to come into Oregon sparsely. There were at first no cattle in the country except those belonging to the company. The immigrants naturally wished to buy stock at the fort. McLoughlin refused to sell, but would lend animals on the condition that they and their offspring should be returned to him. He asked no remuneration but that. Yet it is clear that his purpose in lending animals was to put the settlers in the position of dependents upon himself. He well knew that active, enterprising Americans owning their own herds would soon be establishing some hide and bone and jerked beef business, and would want their own stations. When the company of Young and Edwards was established, to buy cattle in California, he took a large share in it, not because he wanted a band of wild, gaunt, fierce Spanish stock, since he had plenty of gentle English cattle of his own, nor because he wished to encourage the enterprise, seeing that the cattle company would go anyhow and needed no encouragement;

but simply in pursuance of his previous policy, to have a right to know all that was going on and to have a voice in the proceedings.

When Joseph Gale and his comrades wished to build a boat and go to California to buy cattle, the doctor refused them the materials, but promised to supply them everything necessary to settle and raise wheat for the company. They bought from time to time an immense amount of bagging and cordage and nails—in short, took out what was necessary for constructing a boat, and, to the great surprise of the doctor, were soon building the *Star of Oregon*, with which they actually went to California.

In pursuance of the same policy, reliable settlers were encouraged to do business at the fort, to give credit and pay in wheat to be delivered to the company.

When a provisional government was talked of, in 1842-3, and even earlier, the doctor was understood to favor an independent government, perhaps to be under the protection of England. In either case, whether independent or English, he expected the Hudson's Bay Company to have the preponderating influence. He favored independency, as that would be more conciliatory to the few Americans in Oregon, and his company had all the necessary facilities to enforce their laws, and it might be more free from any unpleasant interference from the home government.

His whole policy was consistently and indefatigably directed toward preventing any other business getting a foothold within his territory, and controlling whatever he could not prevent. He pursued this policy with the most untiring fidelity and ability, and it succeeded perfectly until the tide of American immigration made it impossible for any one man or organization to control the territory. He carried out the wishes of his company as far as it was consistent with honor; and his humane method was alike the most effective and the most honorable. It is idle, as well as unjust, to say that this method was for the benefit of his American competitors. It was for the benefit of his company. It would be small credit to his capacity to represent that he gave away his business to those who were trying to outwit him, simply out of unreasoning kindness. It would impeach his fidelity to say that he allowed his employers to

suffer for the sake of benefiting their opponents. This much for his ability and faithfulness as an agent of the Hudson's Bay Company.

We have now to consider him in his capacity as an American settler. He became such by the force of circumstances. He was by nature and sympathy a republican. He believed in free institutions. It is related that as a snobbish Englishman, at Vancouver, was once indulging in some choice sneers at the patriot movement in Canada, the doctor rebuked him sharply, reminding him that men struggling for liberty were not the proper subject of ridicule.

It was quite generally understood among early settlers that McLoughlin encouraged his discharged servants to settle in the Willamette Valley with a view to independent citizenship ultimately. The company had agreed to send back in ten years the men who had come out in 1823, the year in which Dr. McLoughlin arrived. When their term of service was over they had families and local interests, having taken native wives. It is thought that the doctor may have expressed to them the probability that the country south of the Columbia would finally go to the United States, and that there would be the best place for those seeking democratic government. This is opposed to the supposition that the settlement of these Hudson's Bay men was with the intention of setting up a claim for the English, but, if correct, would indicate that the doctor was even then feeling the drift of circumstances which in the end decided him for our government. While endeavoring faithfully to conserve the interests of his company, he may have had an under current of love for republican institutions which opened his eyes to the future destiny of Oregon. He was too broad a man to be decided by party prejudice of any kind. He was, however, on the ground by the command of his company. The inevitable logic of American civilization, which no man or company could withstand, was planting colonies in Oregon. The Lees, Whitman, Griffin, Meek, Young, Gale and their hundred compeers represented a pluck, force and intelligence which neither violence nor diplomacy could balk. McLoughlin struggled against it and controlled it as long as possible. He had, however, a breadth of mind and generosity of heart which forbid violence as useless. That same humanity made him adopt a humane system of opposition. It is the humane man, not the brute, who believes in uprightness as an effective weapon.

The liar trusts to fraud, the brute to violence, and the just man to integrity, and the humane man to kindness as the means of accomplishing his purpose. McLoughlin never used falsehood or performed an ungenerous act, but strove to assimilate all alien interests to those of himself.

Yet that policy, high-minded and effective as it was, was frequently used against him, and was offensive to his company. They thought it necessary to keep a spy at the fort to watch him. John Dunn, an upstart young Englishman, half snob and half bully, in a partisan book in which he speaks with violence and contempt of the American squatters and traders, also passes severe strictures upon the imbecile policy of McLoughlin in allowing any American settlers whatever in the valley of Oregon. He warns him that he is nourishing a nest of vipers which will turn and sting him.

Governor Simpson had a quarrel with the doctor, on his tour of inspection; the cause of this is not known, but we may presume that he was urging the adoption of a more severe policy than McLoughlin wished to follow.

Sir Edward Belcher, visiting somewhat later, openly condemned the doctor's mild course. It is said that McLoughlin once received the categorical command, "to drive or starve every American from the country;" he replied with his own independence and loftiness of spirit, "Gentlemen, if such be your orders, I will serve you no more."

It is certain that no man was more glad than he to do deeds of kindness and beneficence, and frequently this led him to do what was contrary to his immediate interests. Particularly was this the case in helping immigrants down the Columbia River. In 1843 they were coming nearly a thousand strong. At the Dalles the impassible wooded walls of the Cascade Mountains forbid their further progress in wagons. The sullen Columbia shut them off on the other side. With their usual hardy boldness they felled pine trees and made rafts on which they piled some of their wagons, taken to pieces, and camped their families. But the hardships of the voyage were extreme. The portage at the Cascades was made in the bitter autumn storms that sweep into the mountain gulf where the Columbia cuts its way to the heart of the range. Below the portage the violent west winds baffled the crafts in coming down the stream. Parties were delayed

for days in rounding the pillared walls of Cape Horn, suffering everything from hunger and exposure. This was the very immigration which was to turn the scales in favor of American occupancy. But everything was forgotten by McLoughlin, except their needs and distress. He sent out boat load after boat load of provisions to be distributed irrespective of remuneration. It was intolerable to him to think of women and children suffering for lack of food, and, policy or no policy, it was not to be allowed. Many must have perished but for this assistance.

For his kindness and assistance to American immigrants he was very closely questioned by the officers of his company, and by the English.

Consequent upon Indian restlessness, and the political uncertainty respecting the formation of a government in the Willamette Valley, he had written to the English government for some recognition and protection. This request was disregarded, until after the provisional government was established. But the summer succeeding this, an English man of war, the *Modeste*, appeared in the river. McLoughlin, having gone into the provisional government was only embarrassed by this. Many of the British marines were full of bluster and threats of fighting off the Americans.

Park and Peel and Vavasour made severe and cutting charges, impeaching McLoughlin's fidelity and loyalty to British interests. These were repeated in the House of Commons, in England, and by the periodical *Fitzgerald's Hudson's Bay Company*. McLoughlin justified himself by these noble words. Concerning friendship shown the missionaries he said, "What would you have? Would you have me turn the cold shoulder to the men of God, who come to do that for the Indians what this company has neglected to do?" (At the very beginning of the mission he, and several others at Vancouver, had given one hundred and thirty dollars for the mission).

As to furnishing boats, and, in some instances food, he said that the immigrants had not come to Oregon expecting a cordial reception from him, but quite the contrary; and that while he had done some things for humanity's sake, he had intended to, and had averted evil from the company by using courtesy and kindness toward American immigrants.

He admitted helping immigrants of '43, '44 and '45, with boats, and in caring for their sick; and had assisted those of '43 to put in crops, as that would both furnish them support, and relieve the fort of the necessity of feeding future immigrants. He says, "If we had not done this Vancouver would have been destroyed, and the world would have justly treated us as our inhuman conduct deserved; every officer of the company, from the governor down, would have been covered with obloquy; the company's business in this department would have been ruined, and the trouble which would have arisen, would have probably involved the British and Americans in war." "As explanation might give publicity to my apprehensions and object and destroy my measures, I was silent, in the full reliance that some day justice would be done me; and as these gentlemen [Vavasour and others] were not responsible, and I was, I took the liberty of judging for myself, communicating them [his plans] only to Mr. Douglas, under the injunction of secrecy."

In these words lies the whole explanation of McLoughlin's policy. He was constantly guarding the interests of his company, and fighting for as much room as possible to indulge his taste for doing good.

McLoughlin had a paternal feeling for the immigrants. Some of the Americans were stubborn and reckless to the last degree, and liked to pull the mane of the British Lion. The better men were earnestly striving to establish American institutions to the exclusion of the British, and by as much as a regularly constituted civil order and enterprise are superior to a semi-civilized trapping society, by so much do our sympathies go with them. But neither did spread eagle swag-gers nor the more dangerous opposition of the respectable Americans abate his vigilance for their protection. It was one of his maxims in dealing with the Indians to send parties large enough not to tempt the savages to violence. The American immigrants and mountain men constantly disregarded this rule. A single wagon often started out alone to go over unknown mountains, through unknown tribes. A single man sometimes took his rifle and life in his hand to hunt and explore where he would. This utter recklessness filled the Doctor with solicitude, and he often said that they would bring themselves into difficulty. Nevertheless he used his authority for their protection, telling the Indians that the life of an American was as valuable

as that of a Canadian, and assuring them that any violence offered them would be punished. It is notable that no trouble was experienced with the Indians, except among the fierce Shastas, as long as McLoughlin was at the head of affairs. On two notable occasions he used his influence directly to quell Indian excitement.

The first was at the time of Whitman's absence to Washington and Boston, when it is certain that McLoughlin knew that the missionaries' influence would be used to bring Oregon into the Union. But the Cayuse Indians, restive and poisoned by suspicions, had taken advantage of his absence to insult Mrs. Whitman, and destroy property at the mission. Many of the up country Indians were thinking of uniting to crush the Americans. They were very anxious to find out how the English would act in such an event. They sent Yellow Serpent to Vancouver to learn the mind of the Great Chief. McLoughlin said he had nothing to do in a war with the Indians; he did not believe the Americans designed to attack them; that if they did go to war with the Indians, the Hudson's Bay Company would not assist them. This was just the advice needed to allay the excitement, and when Yellow Serpent returned to the Cayuses, they were ready to give up their warlike plans and go to planting their little fields, as Dr. Geiger, then in charge at Wailatpu had advised them.

Dr. White, who then held a somewhat indefinite office as Indian agent by commission of the United States government, thought it necessary to visit the disaffected tribes, as it was reported that his laws, given before, were misconstrued, and their purpose misunderstood. McLoughlin advised him by letter that it might be dangerous for him in that region. White disregarded this advice, and appeared at the fort for supplies. These were not refused, and their feeble party was reinforced by the most intrepid Hudson's Bay man, MacKay. McLoughlin's course was calculated to avert a merciless Indian war, as the Cayuses were then a brave and powerful people, and with their allies could have mustered an army of more than two thousand men.

The other occasion was upon the murder of Elijah.

A party of Indians had been formed to go to California and buy cattle. In making the final deal a difficulty arose between the Indians and Spaniards, and Elijah was killed. Dr. White reports his death as an atrocious murder. Gray says the Indians were nothing more than

a band of thieves. But, however that may be, they were angry and defiant at the loss of their comrade, and returned to the Columbia ready for the war-path. It was urged in councils of the tribes that they raise an army of two thousand mounted warriors and invade California, sweeping the whole coast.

At a council called by White, McLoughlin met the chiefs and urged peace, making a long and fatherly speech in which he recounted the circumstances of the murder of his own son, on the northern coast. The result of the council was pacific.

While, as was said above, a policy of violence or acquiescence in violence would have been fatal in the end to the Hudson's Bay Company, yet it was only the humane and just man who would understand this, and avoid brutal force. With many things on the part of the settlers to irritate him, looking at the inevitable decadence of his authority in his little realm ; and goaded on the other hand by the taunts and censures of subalterns and superiors in his own company, Dr. McLoughlin, nevertheless, stood grandly firm, holding the shield between the Americans and the arrows of the red men. For this, all Americans must do reverence to his character and memory.

It will always be a matter of regret that he was not left in peaceful possession of his claim at Oregon City. His purpose was evidently simply to provide himself a home and business for his old age. For this he made prospective improvements, felling and squaring timber, and blasting out a mill race. He called the attention of every one to his work, hoping to retire upon his claim without opposition. He also made a generous use of this property, giving or selling the use of it to almost any one who wished it. On the other hand there was much ground for suspicions on the part of the Americans that he was getting it for the Hudson's Bay Company to be used as a political counter. It was impossible then to know whether he was acting for himself, or by order of his company. As the actual work of making the mill race and working the timber was done by the Canadians, it might be supposed that it was the company's work.

There was some truth, too, in the retort of Lee that cutting down the best timber and letting it rot in the woods was not much of an improvement ; and as a matter of fact, none of his work constituted a legal claim. But for the man who had many times and in many

ways done much service for the Americans, generous treatment in return was no more than should be allowed. Our State did itself credit in righting a personal and political wrong by restoring to him his legal and political rights. He died an American, so that it is now possible for us to say *our* McLoughlin, as well as *our* Whitman. Our State should claim the right, and put into execution the suggestion of the late well known Senator Nesmith, who said in 1875, "Dr. John McLoughlin was a public benefactor, and the time will come when the people of Oregon will do themselves credit by erecting a statue to his memory." His portrait will soon look down from the walls of our capitol. His statue should stand over his grave by the cataract of the Willamette.

In forming a final estimate of his character and work, we must remember that he occupied the pivotal place in a changing time. He was always actuated by two motives, neither of them selfish; one of fidelity to his company; the other of fidelity to humanity. Where the two conflicted he always obeyed the latter, as the larger claim. If we find difficulty, or disagree, in referring this or that particular action of his to the one or the other motive, we shall probably be repeating the same difficulty that the good doctor himself felt at the time.

He was torn by the conflict. In the latter years of his life he was regarded as almost a heart-broken man. His personal fortune and fame went down in the gulf. To a great extent he wore the thorn which is the earthly reward of benevolence. He was left by the Hudson's Bay Company, and was used as a political scape-goat by a part of the Americans. His profession of the Roman Catholic faith also tended to alienate him from the sympathies of a Protestant community.

It is little that we, nearly half a century after his death, can do to add to his greatness. We might build him a monument; we can cherish his memory; we should imitate his virtues. He lived his three score and ten rugged years. He bore with him to the eternal silence his unspotted silver crown. He has long since passed beyond the partisan judgment and jangling tongues of the world, to the final arbitrament of history, and the sentence of God. He has had the daily reward of a life spent energetically and conscientiously day by day, and of whatever retribution awaited him beyond the grave.

But, for a long time, loyal Oregonians will look into their romantic early history, resting their eyesight upon the white-haired Chieftain who lived by the imperial Columbia, not far from the white mountain.



PHOTOTYPE

F. CUTLER

PHILAD'A.

CAPT. JOHN H. COUCH.

JOHN H. COUCH.

The building up of a social and political frame of a state is not very much unlike the building of a coral reef. Each individual had his particular place and left his mark upon it forever, however much others may have overlapped and covered that mark. This clear process of state growth is nowhere more finely illustrated than in the pioneer history of Oregon. Here the individuals were comparatively few. The time was not hurried. Each man had about all the space and time necessary for his development, and his work bears the unmistakable stamp of his character.

Few of the pioneers performed a more definite work than Captain John H. Couch. He was the pioneer of Oregon commerce. He was a native of New England, of the town of Newburyport.

New England had a wonderful expulsive power. The inhabitants had the old Teutonic prolificness, and the area of their stony coasts was, within a few generations, too small for their numbers. Instead of being cramped or stunted by their narrow confines, or starved by their poor soil, they spread their limbs and laid the world tributary to their enterprise. The young New Englanders, as if repeating the miracle of our Lord, took tribute from the mouths of the fishes. The banks of Newfoundland were dotted with the schooners of the cod fishers. In the northern seas, studded with the floating mountains of ice, and also a long way below Cape Horn, American dare-devils chased the whales. New England pine floated on every sea. Gray, Kendrick, the Metcalfs, Ingraham, Crowell, Roberts, Magee and others of the water dogs of the post-Revolutionary times, who, with their successors a few years later, took a hand in driving English bunting from the waves, were among the earliest to carry American commerce in to the Northern Pacific. We boast of the enterprise of America at the present time. It is doubtful whether America is doing anything now which exceeds the daring energy that characterized her at the beginning of the century.

New England will be remembered in history mainly by the intellectual lights that burned on her shores. Bryant, Hawthorne, Emerson, Webster, Sumner and the other geniuses who wielded the pen, or shook the nation

with their oratory, will be known as the early New England of American Independence. But the students and statesmen had brothers who supplied the codfish for their morning meals, and the whale-oil for their nightly vigils, and the brawn and muscle which executed their plans and schemes. New England had the arms with which to do, as well as the mind with which to think. Couch was a typical New Englander of the executive kind. But he was very closely connected with the literary and political spirit of the times. He went west to help found a state. The celebrated Caleb Cushing, the son of his employer, went across the Atlantic to pursue *belles-lettres*, literature, and prepare for politics. The two boys doubtless were much together and knew much of each others' hopes and ambitions.

John Cushing the father of Caleb, was a wealthy ship owner of Newburyport. He conceived the plan of establishing commerce in the Northern Pacific. Since the failure of American fur trade on this coast, our commerce here had very greatly declined, and this was an effort to revive it. Wyeth's unsuccessful ventures in the salmon business, the numerous failures of Kelly and others; were giving to the Columbia a bad reputation, but our broad river looked so inviting on the map that the imaginative, though clear-headed shippers of the Atlantic could not quite give it up.

John Cushing equipped the brig *Maryland* in the year 1839. It was to sail for the Sandwich Islands and the Columbia. After selling out the part of the cargo brought to the river, it was to load with salmon, sailing to the Islands to dispose of the fish, and loading with oil to return East. It was as good a plan as that of Astor, and it was hard to see why the profits might not double each time the cargo was changed.

The ship and enterprise were given into the hands of John H. Couch, then a man twenty-eight years of age. He took a share in the business, laying himself liable to the loss as well as the gains of the expedition. He had been married a few years, his bride being Caroline Flanders, sister of George H. Flanders. Mrs. Couch was a woman whom Portlanders will long remember, alike for the worth of her character, and her personal attractiveness, which never declined even in age.

Couch had been a sailor since he was fifteen years old, having been employed by Bartlett, of Newburyport, in the East India trade.

Without further adventure than is common on shipboard, where a captain is a little king over a very turbulent realm, often being obliged to shift to every wind that blows. both on the sea and in the fore-castle, the *Maryland* made the run around the Horn and up to the Islands. It is probable, how-

ever, that Couch had no difficulty among his men, as his character was resolute, and his manner genial and kindly. The name of his mate was Green Johnson.

The brig was off the bar of the Columbia during the solstitial freshet of 1840. The captain, having little to judge by excepting the looks of the waters, took the wheel and drove through the breakers with as great success and as much intrepidity as any previous navigator. As the river was high he ran up as far as possible, in fact reaching Oregon City, where he expected to sell out his goods and take on salmon.

In a file of *The Spectator*, dated December 24, 1846, we find an article which endeavors to prove the practicability of the Columbia as a highway of commerce, and cited the experience of Couch in the following language: "In the years 1840, Captain Couch, in command of the brig *Maryland*, brought that vessel not only into the Willamette, but to Oregon City. This was achieved, too, be it understood, previously to Captain Wilkes' exploration, without a chart of the Columbia, much less of the Willamette—judgment was his chart, and experience his pilot, and making the mouth of the Columbia in the evening he entered next morning without having been subjected to any delay. Since that he has gone out of and entered the river several times as commander of vessels, and all of his trips have been of essential service in illustrating the practicability of commercial communication by the Columbia"—and, we may add, of Couch's bravery and sagacity. Another writer in the same paper asserts that Couch lost two anchors on the Middle Sands in 1840. If this be true, it would show the ability of the captain in extricating himself from a dangerous situation.

The enterprise in the *Maryland* was a business failure. All the trade of the country at that time was in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company, and their opposition was so great as to break up the fishing scheme completely. It was probably impossible to get the Indians to fish for any one except the Company, as in the case of Wyeth. Soon after reaching Oregon City, Couch was informed that the river would probably soon fall so that he could not take his vessel past the shoals below. He accordingly dropped down to the present site of Portland. The *Maryland* returning empty to the Islands was sold, and Couch went home in a whaler.

Although the *Maryland* had brought no great profits, John Cushing still believed that a trade with the Columbia might be established. He therefore built the brig *Chenamus*. No doubt it was largely due to the

advice and accounts of Couch that the new brig was equipped for the voyage. *Chenamus*—having the same root as many other Indian names not far from the Columbia—e. g.—*Chehalem*, *Chehalis*, *Chinook*—and being the name of an Indian chief near Astoria, would appear to be an Oregon Indian word taken back by Couch and bestowed by him upon Cushing's brig. However that may be, Captain Couch was entrusted with the *Chenamus*, to make the voyage once more. Cushing evidently believed that the captain's experience would ensure the success of the undertaking.

The *Chenamus* sailed, Sept. 16, 1843. Dr. Wm. Bailey and his wife, Mr. Cushing and Henry Johnson came as passengers. Stephen Goodwin, Jeremiah Jones and Daniel Lunt were the mates. They reached the Sandwich Islands near the end of February, the next year, and lying by until April, finished the voyage to the Columbia in twenty days. They anchored off Fort George, April 24, 1844. There they found the bark *Columbia*, and proceeded up the river in company with her.

The *Chenamus* was not taken above the mouth of the Willamette, but the goods were transferred by boat to Oregon City. Couch's former experience had convinced him that there was no profit in attempting to barter with the Indians, as they had all their articles from the Hudson's Bay Company. To sell to the whites it was necessary that he take time. Fort Vancouver and other Hudson's Bay stations were the center of what little trade there was in the valley, for the Americans, as well as for the English and Indians. At this time many of the settlers were in debt to the company. Dr. McLoughlin had been very liberal to the settlers allowing them grain and goods, telling them to pay when they were able. This policy was due both to his humanity and business sagacity. If any one were to compete with him it was necessary to follow a method not less liberal. In order, therefore, to attract customers, to acquaint himself with the people and let his business be known; and also to collect bills due, but which were allowed to run, Couch remained behind and opened a place of business. This was a regular Yankee store, full of the dry goods and notions of "the States," and doubtless a lounging place and news corner; full of American freedom and easiness and equality and politics. The market-place, the *agora*, the "gates," the corner-grocery, have in all ages and times been the center of public discussion and information. The American store has been one of the chief factors of education in our nation. It rivals the jury, the school, the stump, the sewing society and the church, and is especially adapted to the

genius of our people. It is democratic in its tendencies and loved by men on account of its informality. Any one who has the gift may make a harangue, and any one who has the skill and boldness may interrupt him, and the audience may come and go at pleasure. While the patron of the dry goods box or nail keg no more than the gownsman or even the sitter on the wool sack, may not therefore be fitted for the duties of life, he has at least the basis of a political education. It is certainly to the honor of Captain Couch that he established this American institution in Oregon. It was a sign that the older, more rigid, more aristocratic institutions of the British were soon to pass away.

It is evident that Couch grasped the business situation. The only possible vantage ground from which he could meet the Hudson's Bay monopoly was to become, for the time at least, one among the settlers of Oregon. No distant long-armed cumbrous machinery worked from the Atlantic, could win the trade of the settlers in Oregon. It had to be the American store with its racy wit, good-fellowship, and romantic stories, as well as good groceries and dry goods, that presented an attractive face and warmed the hearts of homesick Americans. This alone would counteract the close, rigid, calculating system of the Hudson's Bay Company, in whose post the purchasers must present their requisitions at a little narrow window through which the goods were handed quickly and decorously, and the space vacated to make room for the next.

During this time, coming in contact with the settlers and having opportunity to study the climate and resources of the country, Couch became convinced of the value of Oregon as a place of residence. He was a commercial man. He looked to the commercial prospects of Oregon. Linn was pushing his bill to give 640 acres of land to every actual settler, and Benton was agitating for the Americans' right of way across America. All the American settlers here were locating claims on the strength of these efforts, fully believing, as the sequel proved, that if Oregon went to the United States this bill would become a law. The most of them were naturally flocking to the prairie lands of the Tualatin, Yamhill, Santiam, and other streams, where the wide fields were ready for their herds and plows. Couch, however, bent on opening up commerce, sought a place on the river. He had a city in view. We cannot ascribe it to accident that he selected his square mile of land at the point where Portland now stands. Yet it shows rare penetration that this spot was chosen. It would puzzle a man of fifty years ago to know

what point of the hundred and fifty miles from the sea on each shore of the Columbia, and up the Willamette, would ultimately most commend itself to the business of the country. To the casual observer the site of Portland was as ineligible as any. It was a dense forest of fir and cedar. The slope from the crown of hills which now seems so perfect, was then broken up by ravines and ridges. The woods on both sides of the river were close and gloomy. Wagon roads to the settlements on the Tualatin must be over a rugged and difficult range of hills, through a forest twelve miles across. To one who knows how soon a road through the deep woods in our climate, collects the water, and scarcely ever lets the sun or wind take it out, but becomes a mere series of mire-holes, netted with roots, this is no slight objection. The few settlers along the Lower Willamette were looked upon with pity by the favored inhabitants of the sunny fields of the central valley, as hopelessly buried in the continuous woods. Couch's claim looked unusually hopeless even for that dark shore. It was largely a boggy lake.

Couch, however, must have looked through all these proximate objections, to the real value of his claim. It may be that his experience with the *Maryland*, when he slipped her down from Oregon City to the present site of Portland, to avoid being caught above the shoals when the river fell, opened his eyes to consider what was the true head of ship navigation on the Willamette. He had learned enough of commerce to know that people will carry their goods by water as far as they can. He had learned enough of Oregon to know that the most populous settlements would be on the Tualatin Plains, and south of the falls of the Willamette. The point nearest these settlements, conveniently reached by sea-going craft, must become the point of supply to them. To his mind, Portland, most nearly fulfilled these conditions, and history has justified his conclusion. Whatever subsidiary considerations may have helped determine his judgment, we may be certain that he was among the first to understand the force of the foregoing reasoning. To us, familiar with the history of Portland, it seems almost trite. To him, it was new and original. We can see what has made Portland. He could see what would make it.

Having decided where to grip, Couch seized his square mile and kept his hold to the last. In 1847, he undertook another commercial enterprise, returning to his home in Newburyport. He went on the bark *Toulon*, a craft famous in our early history, which carried him to the Island of Manila. There he took passage on the ship *Minstrel*, and arrived at Boston, on the

23d of August, 1848, having been absent from Newburyport nearly five years.

Soon after his return, in company with Sherman and Stark, of New York, and George H. Flanders, who, for a number of years had been master of a vessel for John and Caleb Cushing, he bought the bark *Madonna*, and loaded her with a miscellaneous cargo, for San Francisco and the Columbia. They sailed on the 19th of January, 1849. They were in the nick of time. They reached San Francisco during the gold excitement, and sold their goods for almost fabulous prices; what lumber they had, going for \$600 per thousand.

San Francisco, however, did not lure the captain away from his home in Oregon, and he with his partners, sailed for Portland, July 28. A number of passengers came up with them; among others, the well known old timers, Ben Stark, W. S. Ogden and W. H. Bennett. He bought back the half of his claim which he had sold to Backenstos, while Flanders ran the *Madonna* to and from San Francisco.

Captain Couch spent the remainder of his life in active business operations, becoming one of Portland's representative men. He had a just pride in his city, and furnished much of the sagacity and energy which has made the place. He was in partnership at different times with some of the early Portlanders, Stark, being one of them. Early in the fifties, he, with Flanders, built the wharf long known by their names.

Death overtook him, in January of 1870, laying to rest his active and powerful mind and body. His ready courtesy, his jovial humor, his masculine vigor, live in the silent halls among the pictures and memories of the past. Oregon is getting a history. It has its heroes, men of renown. Couch stands clearly among them. He was the father of our commerce, and a builder of our city.

Among the offices of trust held by Captain Couch, was that of territorial treasurer under Abernethy, and U. S. Inspector of Hulls, the latter of which he held until his death. He was also at one time a director of Oregon's first newspaper, the *Spectator*.

His children were, Mrs. R. B. Wilson, Mrs. C. H. Lewis, Mrs. R. Glisan and Miss Mary H. Couch. He was a life-long Mason.

HORACE LYMAN.

The land of Oregon, by the sunset sea, had attractions for all kinds of people. Merchant, politician, adventurer, sailor, trapper, hunter, settler, patriot and humanitarian, each saw something to justify his journey over the Rocky Mountains, or voyage around the Horn.

None the less did the missionary feel the impulse and see the necessity of his work in that almost inaccessible land.

The missionary is necessarily an idealist, and the basis of his activity is faith. Faith in God and in the value of His revelation is his primary confidence, but there must necessarily come a corresponding faith and hope for men. The apostles looked across the smoking ruins of the Old World and saw a new earth. Every missionary goes into a dark region with the expectation of working definite changes. He looks upon himself as entrusted with necessary truth which is life-giving and transforming in its nature. He looks for results which he considers himself, unaided, incompetent to effect, but which he believes the facts that he declares are able to consummate. Impelled by their belief in the good news that Jesus proclaimed to the world, and by a desire to lead the world to a similar belief, the missionaries of all ages have been those who look for a new earth, as well as a new heaven. They think the main value of what the world is, lies in the fact, that it may, and will, become a better world.

Missionaries were among the first to occupy Oregon. Lee, Shepherd, Whitman and their associates had crossed the mountains to convert and reform the Indians. The mission at Salem had ceased because the Indians had ceased to exist there. The missions at Wailatpu, Lapwai and Tsimakain had been violently terminated by massacre and war, and were supplanted by the Catholics. This was in 1847. Oregon was then United States territory. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, who had supported Whitman, Spaulding, Walker and Gray, now quit the field. But the Christian churches of America did not propose to abandon it. The Congregational churches used the Home Missionary Society as their organ to continue this work. Rev. G. H. Atkinson, was their first missionary. He

sailed in 1848, going on a merchant ship for the Sandwich Islands, hoping to find a vessel there for the Columbia. Before starting, he was asked to find an associate so as to go forth "two and two," the wisdom of the early brotherhood availing also for the later. He selected Horace Lyman.

Horace Lyman, was born, Nov. 16, 1815, on a farm in the town of East Hampton, Massachusetts. His family belonged to the independent country people, who did their own work, and asked favors of nobody. The first one of the family, Richard Lyman, came from England as early as 1637, and settled in Connecticut. During the Indian wars and the Revolution the Lymans bore their part, and increased and multiplied with the vigor characteristic of early New Englanders.

Horace Lyman was one of six sons, having also one sister. He worked on his father's farm until he was twenty-one, having the advantage of the public school, and also spending a few winters in teaching, at fourteen dollars a month and board. After attaining his majority, stimulated largely by the desire of his mother, he determined to prepare for college and theological seminary. He pursued his preparatory studies with his brother Addison, who was then in college. Of the six brothers three chose farming, and three preaching. This brother Addison, chose a field in Illinois, and finally in Iowa. It was his favorite scheme to seek out a good land in the West and establish a Lyman colony—a dream that has never been realized. Another brother, Josiah, was also an idealist, his vein running in the direction of invention. He produced an instrument for surveying which he called a trigonometer. It received commendation from many learned men, both in England and America, before the war; and in such papers as the *Scientific American* more recently. But it has never come into general use, or been of any financial value to the inventor.

Horace Lyman entered Williams College in 1838, graduating in 1842. This college is picturesquely situated among the Berkshire hills of western Massachusetts. It looks upon the romantic hills culminating in Graylock, and the winding valley of the Housatonic. It was founded by Col. Williams, famous in the French and Indian war. It was here that the poet Bryant came from Stony Cunington to pursue his collegiate studies. Its alumni embrace many eminent names, David Dudley Field, President Garfield and others. When Lyman entered college, Dr. Mark Hopkins had not long since been called to the presidency. He was a young man not forty, but was even then possessed of that wonderful magnetism and vigor which

still distinguish him as an octogenarian. He has justly been called "one of the profoundest thinkers of America." His personal influence upon the students of his classes was remarkable, and all of them have regarded him as an ideal thinker and teacher. To Lyman, he was a mental and moral father and artificer. He disclosed to him the rational grounds upon which the hopes and faith of his life rested. In all of his subsequent thinking, Prof. Lyman followed Hopkin's method of reasoning—basing his calculations upon common sense and common history, and valuing all theories by what they were able to accomplish. What worked well and made people better had to his mind sufficient proof of its practical truth.

Those were lively times. Many great ideas were working out in the world. New England was just rousing itself for the struggle of supremacy in the nation; Webster was rising as the brightest star; Sumner was not yet in public life, but growing; the cries of the abolitionists were beginning to be heard for the extinction of slavery in all the borders of America. It was the era following what has been known in religious history as "the great awakening," when Nettleton and his compeers aroused all New England to a higher life. The boys and girls in their teens converted under him were now coming into active life, and must make old abuses break away under a more enlightened conscience. The great missionary activities had but recently sprung into existence. It was at this very Williams College, that Samuel J. Mills with Samuel Newell and Judson and Samuel Rice, prayed, behind a haystack, for some way of converting the heathen world, and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, was organized. Sandwich Islands, Burmah, Ceylon, Turkey, Madagascar and continental Africa were rousing from their long sleep. Little New England, rich in nothing but hardy and enthusiastic man, was sending out missionaries close behind her whalers and trappers. An active man, in the very center of all these ideas and endeavors, could not but be infected with the spirit of the times.

After leaving Williams, Lyman studied at Auburn, Hartford and Andover theological seminaries, graduating at the latter in 1847. He made the acquaintance, and came under the influence of such men as Hickock, Woods, Park, Phelps and others of the more distinguished Congregational clergy.

It was at Andover that he made the acquaintance of Rev. G. H. Atkinson. He was preaching in Connecticut when Mr. Atkinson came to get him to go Oregon. After thinking it over he concluded to do so if he could

get a college debt of two hundred dollars paid, and have time to make other preparations. A relative of Mr. Atkinson's paid the debt.

To prepare himself fully for pioneer life he wished to take a course of medical lectures. He went to Castleton, Vermont, where there was a medical college under Dr. Perkins. It was here that he met Miss Mary Denison, of an old Puritan family, the American branch of which began with one Denison, a soldier of Cromwell who was wounded in Ireland, and upon recovery married a French woman who took care of him during his illness.

Ordained and married Nov. 1, 1848, Lyman left New York Nov. 16th of the same year. He felt that he was in the direct line of the Master's command to go and preach the gospel, and that missionary impulse was undoubtedly the initial point of his activity. Yet he went also with much of the spirit of the patriot and student. While both he and his wife were making a grievous separation from home and friends, and plunging into a world of hard work and privations, it was not wholly with pain that they began on their voyage of eighteen thousand miles around the Horn. They had brave hearts and active minds, and took a vast interest in all that was to be seen and experienced. They were on a staunch vessel, the bark *Whitton*, and Captain Ghelston was a man of education and refinement. He had been with his bark to the Columbia and California, and now had with him as specimens of the western world, a supply of Oregon flour, and a Spanish Cabin boy, Il de Fonso, from California. Among the passengers was a Mrs. Hyde, an Irish woman going to meet her Scotch husband, in Alcalde on San Francisco Bay. Mr. Lyman inadvertently offended her the first Sabbath out by tendering a tract directed against the evils of Romanism. She was a Catholic; a fact of which he was ignorant, as well as of the contents of the tract. The two ladies, however, soon became the closest of friends, and Mr. Lyman contrived to make up by teaching Mrs. Hyde's little boy, Barry, how to read. They had religious services on shipboard during the entire voyage, which were attended by the most of the passengers and crew.

A journal was kept, noting longitude, latitude, temperature of air and water, and incidents of sailing, as well as interior feelings. All the wonders of the sea, fishes, birds, weeds, winds and storm, were studied with the delight of educated people. The beautiful white albatross, among the many sea-birds, was the most friendly and welcome.

The steward was an old half-blind Frenchman, once a soldier of the first Napoleon. He was the best of friends with Mrs. Lyman, sometimes

inviting her into the galley, privately, where he taxed his ingenuity to conjure up palatable dishes.

They also had a humorous first mate, Mr. Montgomery, a long, lean down-easter, with a nasal voice and a tyrannical disposition. He spent his time tormenting Il de Fonso and the passengers. Mrs. Hyde sometimes came to the rescue of the boy with a Hibernian blaze of indignation. The passengers occasionally mutinied, especially as they were weathering Cape Horn, and the mate nearly allowed the bark to lose her fore-mast in a squall, apparently merely to frighten a timid passenger who was walking the deck and advising him to shorten sail.

Below the equator they spent the warm evenings studying the southern constellations, using a celestial atlas that they brought along for the purpose.

It was on the coast of Chili that a sailor, Birkholm, long sick, died and was buried in the sea. He was a gentle Christian man, whom they all loved, and to whom they had read and sung, with whom they had prayed.

This six months on the water, like the six months on the Plains to other immigrants, formed a curious and romantic interim between their life on the Atlantic and their life on the Pacific Coast. It was more or less tedious, more or less lonesome, and not without its hardships, but left some of the most vivid impressions of their lives.

They arrived at Golden Gate, in the early part of April, 1847. This was when the discovery of gold had been made. They had had some intimations of the great excitement from meeting with whalers on the down trip. Captain Ghelston was in the best of luck, since his cargo, largely his own property, of shovels and pans, was almost worth its weight in gold dust.

The missionaries were strongly urged by friends whom they met in San Francisco and San Jose, not to think of going on to Oregon. They represented that the discovery of gold was drawing all the whites on the coast to California; and the outlying regions, such as Oregon, would soon be left solely to the aborigines. The climate of Oregon was described as dismal, and the scenery gloomy. Mr. Lyman was so far moved by these considerations as to wait until he could hear from Mr. Atkinson, and the missionary board. They urged him to go on, the latter not wishing to change his commission; and the former expressing the opinion that Oregon, as well as California, had a future. They sailed in the bark *Toulon*, the first of September, and after a tedious voyage of six weeks anchored within the Columbia bar.

It was a year of great fires and, perhaps, volcanic eruption. The sea was dense with smoke as they approached the shore. It was a time of calms, the *Toulon* lying and rolling on the swells; one morning in the fog and mist, nearly rolling on to North Beach, above Cape Hancock. In crossing the bar with a light wind, they were left in the lurch when about half over by the wind failing, and had to lie at anchor in a position safe, only, on account of the calm, and kedge in next morning. It was well enough they got in; they had only one barrel of water left, and half-a-dozen of the seventy-five passengers had died already, many of them being sick of fevers contracted in the mines. The most of the passengers were Oregonians returning home from the gold diggings. Among them was W. H. Gray.

Mr. Lyman was scarcely ashore before he developed the feelings which made him an Oregonian ever after. There was something congenial about the climate, scenery, soil, and probabilities of the country which attracted him far more than the feverish activity of California. His natural tenacity of purpose, moreover, having once been fixed upon Oregon, found its satisfaction in nothing else. His journal shows a careful study of the Columbia bar, a comparison drawn between it and New York harbor; a study and examination of the timber and soil of the hills, and some forecast of the probable development of the state.

At Astoria, while lodged in the old Shark House, which was built on the stones of the beach, and in which the wood rats contested with the guests for the priority, Gen. Adair, but recently appointed to the collectorship, sought out the missionaries and took them to his own home. They never forgot the Christian kindness of the general and his family, widely as they were separated by the political differences of later years.

They had a slow voyage up the Columbia in the handsome little brig *Sarah McFarland*. The winds were mostly down the river, the smoke having cleared away after rain. They drifted on the tide when it flooded, or sometimes got a few hours west wind, but often a day at a time they had to lie at anchor. The men went ashore to hunt birds and bears, feeling pretty certain that they might safely take several days tramp in the wilderness without losing their ship. The magnificence of the scenery of the lower Columbia, with the unique feature of snow-capped mountains in the distance, was a considerable compensation for the tediousness of the voyage. Two weeks were consumed in

reaching St. Helens, but there a fresh aft breeze sprung up and took them quickly to Portland.

The site of Portland was then covered with a dense fir forest, down to the water's edge, broken by a small swale opening near the center of the present city. It was then but a rude collection of shanties, looking more like a shingle camp than a town. Conspicuous among the cabins and sheds was a building serving as a store, completely invested with shingles, on sides and ends as well as roof. The muffled silent forest, a little notched to make a place for the embryo city, looked down upon the lonely spot, and the wild animals howled out of the ravines.

This dark mossy bank on the wooded shores of the Willamette was to be the terminus of the 18,000 miles of voyaging. It was evident at once that here was everything to be done. Winter was coming on, rain-clouds, without much cessation, were rising over the hill-tops and pouring their contents down.

There was a building intended as a stable which Mr. Lyman secured to live in. But it was difficult to make it comfortable as the green boards had shrunk and left enormous cracks, especially in the floor. They tried to obviate the difficulty by getting rush mats of the Indians and laying on the floor. Yet the wet, cold air constantly coming in under foot they found very deleterious to their health.

It is not necessary to enumerate all the labors and shifts to which they were driven. They had to live and be as comfortable as possible. Mr. Lyman was not a man to let his wife suffer if he could help it. A large part of a missionary's life is consumed in trifling jobs which cannot be left undone, but which leave no mark upon his proper work, but rather absorb strength and time from it. In a place such as Portland was at that time, much of the necessary service of a home could not be got. People had to do it themselves.

To a person of studious habits, needing time for investigation and observation, it becomes very irksome to be in circumstances which forbid his natural bent. Mr. Lyman, however, cheerfully took up the task of doing two men's work, and kept it up the rest of his life. Settler and teacher and preacher; taking care of his home and family, and also occupying a public position and doing public work; he probably did not attain the eminence in his profession that he might have done

unencumbered; yet, perhaps, the general results of his life were no less valuable. The frontiersman has to be many-sided. If there is any advantage in having all the feelings and capacities of the mind drawn out, he is the one to enjoy it.

Mr. Lyman spent the winter in teaching, organizing a Sunday school, and preaching. The following year he organized a church. A church building needed to be erected. It was no slight work. The church was small, and of the kind of people who were not likely to remain long in one place. Labor was very high; ordinary mechanics receiving ten dollars a day. The lot itself was covered with standing timber; some of the most burly specimens of fir trees.

The members of the church, among whom might be mentioned Warner and Abrams, responded nobly to the work, but the principle labor devolved on the pastor. He went at it with his own hands, burning down the trees and burning up the logs, and after that was done, doing any rough work that came handy.

Rev. Dr. Geary tells of happening through Portland about this time and going up to see Rev. Mr. Lyman. Directed to the church, just then being built, he found a man mixing mortar, and inquired if Mr. Lyman was around? "I guess he is not far off," was the Yankee reply which disclosed who the hod-carrier was.

The church was finished, paid for, and dedicated. Severe work, however, brought upon Mr. Lyman a dangerous illness, pneumonia and lung fever, so that his life was despaired of. By the help of kind friends he was restored to health. None was more assiduous in his attention than Mr. H. MacDonald.

It is not always judicious for a pastor to build a house of worship; with the new building the church frequently desires a new preacher. It was so in this case. In 1854 Portland had increased and improved so much that some in the church were thinking a change in the pulpit would be desirable. With the kindest feelings toward Mr. Lyman, personally, there were some who criticised his New England ideas, and written discourses. It was thought that something more of a western flavor would attract the western and southwestern people. To many of this class, a sermon had to be somewhat of the nature of a thunder storm to be reckoned as preaching at all; especially, as "big preaching."

Finding that many in the church thought it possible to secure a more popular man, he presented his resignation, which was accepted. Although involving some pain, and more or less strain upon his feelings, he regarded the action of the church as honest and sincere, and never abated his friendship for any of its members. Some of those who suggested his resignation, were among his most sincere and intimate life-long friends.

This is mentioned simply to explain his reasons for leaving Portland, and to show how strict adherence to his missionary purpose necessitated the sacrifice of the most desirable part of the avails of his five years' toil. The home which he and his wife had made, together with the friends, and the future prospects of the city, must be given up, and they begin new once more. There was no missionary work for him to do in Portland. He selected Polk county as his new field, buying a farm near Dallas, on the La Creole, or Rickreall, creek. He intended to make his farming auxiliary to his teaching and preaching, feeling, perhaps, that he would be thereby more independent, than if looking to the home missionary society or to a church, for his support, while at the same time he could be forming a permanent home.

He organized a Congregational church at Dallas and taught a school, which developed into La Creole academy. His stay here was comparatively brief; only three years.

He had two reasons for leaving; the climate being too raw and windy for Mrs. Lyman's health; and an urgent invitation to accept a professorship in the college at Forest Grove.

This was an institution which had in one form or another been in existence for some time.

Mrs. Orus Brown, or "Mother Brown," had had an orphan's home and school here, for children who had lost their parents in crossing the plains. Somewhat later, Rev. Harvey Clarke conceived the plan of founding a college, and gave a half of his farm for the purpose. The land was cut up into town lots and sold for the benefit of the institution, reserving a liberal tract for a college campus.

Dr. Atkinson was asked to go east and solicit funds, and secure a teacher. Dr. Edward Beecher and Henry Ward Beecher, among others, were interested, and substantial encouragement was obtained.

S. H. Marsh, son of President Marsh of Vermont, a man famous among the thinkers of his day, and who was supposed to share with Coleridge the secret of psychology, was obtained as teacher. Entering upon his work with much enthusiasm, Professor, afterward Dr. Marsh, prepared a class of four young men for college; but instead of remaining to take a collegiate course with him, two of them concluded to go east and finish. This was discouraging to President Marsh, and he went for advice to Dr. Atkinson. "If I can only hold them up to enter on a college course, and then they go east, how is this school anything more than an academy?" was the President's question.

Dr. Atkinson advised him to get Mr. Lyman, who should take the department of mathematics, leaving to President Marsh literature and languages. With a stranger collegiate department probably the preparatory students could be induced to remain through the course. So Mr. Lyman was secured as professor, and the result proved the wisdom of Dr. Atkinson's advice.

Dr. Marsh was of a nervous temperament and not in rugged health, and the confinement of the class-room was irksome to him. But no man has been his superior in the public presentation of the aims and needs of the institution, and in awakening public interest in it, and commending it to public attention, both at home and abroad. He soon left the school in the hands of Professor Lyman and went east, where he was very successful during two years in collecting the fund for Pacific University, which has put it upon an independent footing.

Prof. Lyman's management of the school was popular and successful. He held a position as professor in the institution for twenty years, bearing his full share, and sometimes the brunt, of the routine work.

He made his home at Forest Grove, where he reared and educated his family, and buried his wife, and himself was buried.

The history of his life here, full of moment and interest, is of more a personal and family character than need be chronicled in these pages, or else is merged in the general history and development of the state, and need not be here detached. It is sufficient to say that these twenty years of college work constituted the core of his life's labor. When that was done, he felt that his main usefulness was over.

Although having made many sacrifices, especially of home and friends, which never could be made up to them, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman

formed here many personal attachments. Many of their associates in religious and educational work, were as dear to them as brothers and sisters, and Prof. Lyman always cherished toward his pupils the same warm affection which he lavished upon his children.

The record of his life was that of patient devotion to doing good, as the Lord Jesus had commanded him. Amid all the opportunities for turning aside from his one selected work, he never left that work.

Somewhat above the medium height, active and wiry, his physical frame was admirably suited to continuous and rapid labor. His mental operations were patient rather than brilliant, and he was not easily shaken from his conclusions. He took his steps carefully and was seldom obliged to retrace them. In his personal, social, and church relations, he sought for the things which make for peace rather than division, holding that bickering and contention were ungentlemanly as well as unchristian. He strove never to forfeit the respect or friendship of those with whom he was compelled to disagree. Politically, he followed Webster's construction of the constitution and Sumner's reconstruction of it. He was an outspoken admirer of Lincoln, but many of his best friends were confederate sympathizers. He never refused his hand to the black man, Indian or Chinaman, and was never refused that of any white man.

Like all conscientious men, he was sensitive to the criticism and approbation of others, but depended upon neither for the stimulus to his duty.

Simply intent upon doing what lay before him, he never looked or cared for any other fame than to be known as one of the many founders of the institutions of Oregon, the state of his adoption and love.

The following deserved tribute to Mr. Lyman's worth, appears editorially in the *Oregonian* of April 2d:

"On Thursday night, March 31, 1887, at Forest Grove, passed away one who was truly of the salt of the earth. An earnest, faithful and patient worker through a long life; a devoted minister; a man of scholarly attainments, directed always to the best purposes; an instructor whom all his scholars

loved ; a man who performed every duty that life laid upon him with a cheerful and ready devotion ; one who, as teacher, minister, monitor, father and friend, exerted an influence that blessed all around him—such was Horace Lyman, who now has entered into his rest.

“The Lymans of New England, were among the earliest settlers of America, and the family tree has spread till its branches are now innumerable. Horace Lyman was born in Massachusetts seventy-two years ago. He graduated at Williams College, in that State, in 1842, was educated for the ministry and came to Oregon in 1849. It was he who founded the First Congregational Church of Portland, and he was its first regular pastor. A few years later he went to Polk county, where he served as professor in the La Creole Academy, and from there, in the year 1857, he removed to Forest Grove to accept a professorship in Pacific University. He was professor of ancient languages there, then of mathematics, and still later of English literature and rhetoric. During all these years of educational work, he did also much ministerial labor. Careless of his own comfort, he heard only the voice of duty, travelling in inclement weather on horseback, and even on foot, to preach in places where, in those days, was no regular pastoral supply. Doing good in a quiet, unobtrusive, yet earnest and manly way, was with him the luxury of life. He acted always as one might, who realized that he was ‘ever in his graat task-master’s eye.’ And yet his duties were not tasks to him ; they were performed in a spirit that relieved them of that character, and his life was an example of how much force may be combined with gentleness in steady and undeviating purpose. He did nothing for himself ; all his work was for others. He was one of those rare spirits who ‘do good by stealth and blush to find it fame.’

“The life of such a man is a possession forever. The world’s debt to such men is immense. The work done by these men of culture, conscience and duty, who have helped to found new states, and have willingly exchanged the life of ease they might have had elsewhere, for the privations, labors and hardships attendant upon the work of laying the foundation and spreading the influences of religion and learning in new places, is beyond all praise and reward. And of all who have devoted themselves to this work, there has been no purer, no more earnest spirit, than Horace Lyman.”

SAMUEL A. MORELAND.

Samuel A. Moreland was born on the 1st of November, 1836, in Jackson county, Tennessee, and accompanied his father, the Rev. Jesse Moreland (who still survives) across the Plains in 1852.

Judge Moreland was one of the old and honored pioneers of Oregon. He came here thirty-five years ago, a boy; and went through all the labors and privations incident to life in those days, and shirked no duty. He first settled, with his parents, in that part of Clackamas county called "Hard-scrabble." Faithful duty there seasoned him for after service. Through something like what a great writer calls "a divine thrusting on," he sought education and came to Portland, and attended the old academy. On completion of the course of study there, graduating with honors, he commenced the study of law, and read in the office of Smith, Grover & Page, and was admitted to the bar in 1863. He practiced law until 1870.

Having a laudable ambition to become a journalist, Mr. Moreland turned his attention in that direction, and accepted a position on the editorial staff of the *Oregonian*. This position he very acceptably filled for nine years, resigning at the end of that time to assume the editorship of the *Evening Telegram*. While associate editor of the *Oregonian*, Judge Moreland was appointed police Judge to fill the unexpired term rendered vacant by the resignation of Judge O. N. Denny. This position he very creditably filled for several months. During the year 1881 he was again appointed police judge and held that office until within three months before his death, which occurred on the 19th of March, 1886.

Judge Moreland was a member of Hope Lodge No. 1, Ancient Order United Workmen, being a charter member of the first lodge of this order ever instituted in Oregon. For some years he took a prominent part in fire matters under the old volunteer department, and was a member of Willamette Engine Company No. 1, and held the position of president for several years. At the time of his death, Judge Moreland belonged to the Exempt Firemen's Association.

He was also a member of Phoenix Legion No. 1, Select Knights of the

Ancient Order United Workmen. He served during the Indian war of 1855-6 and was a member of the camp of Indian War Veterans, organized in Portland, of which he was lieutenant.

The following short but fitting tribute to the memory of Judge Moreland appeared in the *Oregonian*, and was penned by a member of the reportorial staff who had been long and intimately associated with him :

“He was an honest, warm-hearted, kind, just man, and ever sincere in his friendships. In every public matter he was always on the side of right and justice. We young men on the *Oregonian* staff, with whom he was intimately associated for a number of years, learned to love him, and in the daily intercourse which extended over a long period, never an unkind word was spoken nor an unkind thought harbored. This same feeling remains, and association with Judge Moreland will linger as a sweet memory through years and years.”

The bar of the City of Portland recorded unqualified testimony of his high ability, unwavering integrity, gentleness of spirit, and manliness as a man. Judge Stott said : “In paying tribute to this man it is no easy thing to express the exact thoughts that enter one’s mind. Mr. Moreland was a man peculiar to himself. He was a man that had strong traits of character that marked him as an individual in whatever place he was found.

“While he was a journalist and as a judge, he always acted upon his own judgment and responsibility. He had that self-confidence and independence of character that caused him to do it. Whatever mistakes he made were his own errors and not the errors of any one else, and any of us who appeared before him when he was judge, knew we got his honest judgment, and when that is said of a judge or of any one who occupies an important position, you are paying a high tribute.

“It is no small matter to a community to lose such a man without any preparation whatever ; but yesterday he was around among us in the courts, and for aught we knew, his chances to be among us were then apparently just as good as in the case of any of us. But death came to him without warning, and he passed away, and we feel assured that he was as much prepared to meet the silent messenger, as many who have had weeks and months to warn them of his approach. He was a man in every capacity, that you could rely upon. It made no difference where you met him he was unassuming and you always found him the same in all places and circumstances, whether in court, in the newspaper office or in a public meeting. He was that kind of

plain, every-day man that wears, and the more and better you knew him, the more you must necessarily esteem him."

Following Judge Stott, City Attorney Tanner made some eloquent and appropriate remarks, a few of which are here noted: "We saw him on the evening of his death, appearing as well as ever. His death was sudden, unheralded, and unexpected. So sudden the sad transition came that we who have known him so long and so well feel like saying from the depths of our souls, 'Oh! for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still.'"

"It is but just that in this court we should pause for a brief moment and pay to his memory that just tribute which it deserves, and to weave a garland of flowers to deck his untimely grave. Not an overdrawn eulogy, but that just meed of praise which he earned by his upright life. Could he influence our words he would say, 'paint me as I am.'"

"It is useless here to review the work and career of one whose life was spent among us. He met no hardships that he did not overcome. He was subject to no denials he did not cheerfully meet, and there is nothing left by his early struggles that may not be recounted with delight. Always patient, never faltering, his course was marked with success. Courteous, kind, generous, true to his friends and himself, his memory will live on through ages. To such a life there is no death, for it has been truly said, 'To live in hearts we leave behind, is not to die.'"

The State Circuit Court in Department No. 1, also held a meeting and passed resolutions out of respect to his memory.

Multnomah Camp No. 2 of Indian War Veterans passed the following:

Resolved, That in the death of our esteemed comrade, S. A. Moreland, this camp has lost an efficient and devoted officer and member, and our community has lost a good citizen in whose character and walk of life shone the true principles of genuine worth; that when our frontier settlers were imperilled by dangerous Indians he was among the first to go forth to brave the hardships and perils of Indian warfare, and acquitted himself by honorable service for his country; that while diffident of himself, he was ever frank, generous and faithful to the friends among whom his lot was cast without the ostentations of show or the greed of gain, by which the attention of the selfish world is so readily attracted; his virtues were the growth of those genuine principles that are lasting even as the duration of time."

The United Workmen boast no more exemplary member than S. A. Moreland. He carried his earnest professions into his everyday life and practiced what he preached, being the most constant visitor at the bedside of the sick, and the most regular attendant at funerals of departed brethren of any man in all the wide scope of the order, and may the members of his craft leave behind them as clean a balance sheet as he has done. There are no mighty deeds in his career. He simply did the duty next and nearest to him; he was loyal to the right. Men who are loyal to the right make the ages. The world's chief need is not greatness which is based on special gifts or special circumstances, but those whose greatness is from within. The nation, the church and home look with hopeful eyes for those who hold life sacred because of its great opportunities of usefulness and blessing.

Judge Moreland was not a great man. He was a good one and a deep thinker; and we should have more good men among us if there were fewer who yearn to be called great. He will be best remembered as one who loved his fellow man.

Peace to him, forevermore.

MRS. SARAH A. CASE,

Wife of William M. Case, of Marion county, was born near Mt. Holly, New Jersey, on the 17th of January, 1822, but was reared to womanhood and married in Wayne county, Indiana.

After her marriage, in 1841, with her husband she removed to Holt county, Missouri, and lived there until 1844, when they started across the plains, for the far-off land of Oregon, reaching the settlements in the Willamette valley in December of that year, after the very long journey of two hundred and nine days. In the spring of 1845, Mr. and Mrs. Case settled on their homestead near Butteville, where she resided until her summons to pass through the portals of the silent city—on the 30th of March, 1877.

Mrs. Sarah A. Case was the first white woman—except Mrs. Dr. Baily, who came to the coast as a missionary—who made a home on the beautiful plain of the French prairie. There she lived in peace, surrounded by a large family and much beloved by all who knew her, and saw the country develop from habitation of savage Indians and wild animals, to one of churches and schools, and fertile farms and prosperous villages, and witnessed many changes in county, state, and nation.

She was in many respects an extraordinary and superior woman, and while her womanly courage never failed in the hour of trial or even danger, in her intercourse with others she was kind and unselfish in the highest degree, being the gentlest of mothers, the most patient of wives, and the affectionate friend and kindest of neighbors. In the pioneer days of Oregon, her influence was largely felt in moulding the society in which she moved, and in turning the course of events in favor of civilization, education and morality. She was wonderfully sensitive to the beautiful in both inward and outward effects, and was easily moved to smiles and tears; a nature capable of the keenest enjoy-

ment, and keenest suffering. She was a great reader; and a good scholar, considering that in her time it was not deemed essential that women should be educated, and the doors of educational institutions were shut in her face. Although for many years a member of the church, to her, creed was nothing; religion, as exemplified in a daily life of good deeds, was everything, being always merciful and sympathetic in her treatment of human weakness, and possessing for sin and folly that charity lit up by the love that sees in all forms of human thought and work the life and death struggles of separate human beings.

There are many kinds of success in this world to be thankful for, and not the least of them is that sort of success that is summed up by George Eliot: "Her full nature, like that river of which Alexander broke the strength, spent itself in channels which had no great name on earth. But the effect of her being on those about her was incalculably diffusive; for the growing good of the world is partly dependent upon unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs."

Thirteen children were born to her, four of whom went over Death's dark river before her. Her living children are Mrs. S. A. Moreland; Mrs. A. E. Borthwick, Portland; John N. Case, Omaha; Mrs. I. W. Felt, San Gabriel, Cal.; Mrs. Arthur Crogan, Victoria, B. C.; Mrs. Anne M. Hoyt, Miss Ella N. Case, Mrs. Clifford Gibbons, Los Angeles, Cal., and George W. Case, Butteville, eight of whom stood round her death-bed, their bitter tears telling all too plainly how well they loved her.

Whether meeting the trials incident to a long, tedious, dangerous journey across the plains, enduring the privations of pioneer life, or surrounded as she was later with a competence of life's comforts, the tenor of her life ran in the same even channel, ever manifesting to all about her those qualities which make the good, true woman akin to angels, and when over a half century had passed over her head, she came to her life's close in perfect peace. Her life was an integral part of the public welfare and permanent history of Oregon, and when the large concourse of the people of her acquaintance gathered around the broken turf that marked the last resting place of all that was mortal of

Sarah A. Case, every one felt that they had lost a true friend. Thus one by one the pioneers who shared the founding of this State and builded a monument in American liberty, are passing away, until soon they will all have gone, and the work by them so nobly begun, will be entirely entrusted to other hands.

Let not the future prove their toils vain.

ALEXANDER JOHN MCEWAN

Was born near Fredericton in the province of New Brunswick, in the year 1828. His parents were natives of Scotland but emigrated to New Brunswick shortly after their marriage, where they settled and raised a family of ten children, of whom Alexander was the fifth son. He was sent to school until fifteen years of age, then he was put into the counting room of a shipping merchant. He remained there until in his twentieth year; then, with several other youths of about the same age, started to seek their fortunes in other countries. They went first to Boston, Mass.; after a stay of several months, McEwan went to New York city, and was in that place nearly two years. Then he went as super-cargo on a ship bound for the coast of Africa. He made several voyages in this way, and was for some time on the island of Madagascar.

After a while he tired of the ocean and went to New Orleans, where he was employed as a shipping clerk; that having been his business also while in New York and Boston. He remained in New Orleans for several years. During the last year of his stay he had a severe attack of the yellow fever, and was the only young man that recovered out of a club or society of some twenty-five members, all of them near the same age, and several from the same place in New Brunswick.

After that experience he formed a dislike for New Orleans and started again on his rambling career. This time he went to South America and was for some time at Rio Janeiro, in Brazil, but a violent shock of an earthquake caused his departure from that place. He next went to California. I think it was in 1852 when he landed in San Francisco. He stayed in the city a short time, then proceeded to the gold mines, where he prospected in various places and was for some time mining on the Yuba and Feather rivers. He was entirely

alone most of the time; he used to sleep at night, rolled in blankets, with his horse grazing near, and the lariat wound around his left hand, and his rifle and revolvers at his right hand, in readiness for an attack from Indians. One night he was awakened by a jerk; springing to his feet—grasping the pistol as he arose—he saw in the bright moonlight, just a few steps away, an enormous grizzly bear. He quieted the frightened horse and looked at the bear, and the bear looked at him, and then began to retreat backwards, and McEwan and the horse did the same, until quite a space was between them, when the bear turned and soon disappeared in the ravine; but McEwan did not sleep soundly the remainder of that night. He brought quite a quantity of gold dust from his mining claim when he finally sold it, and in 1853 or '54, I am not certain which, he arrived in Oregon. He landed first in Astoria, and from there went to Clatsop plains, where he stayed several months.

While there he constructed the first salmon fishery ever started in Oregon; the remains of the old building (where he used to put up fish) are still to be seen on Woody island.

The next summer he went back east to meet his father and brothers, who were coming to Oregon across the plains, as the overland journey was called. Just one day before they met, his favorite brother, Hugh, was drowned in Snake river.

Hugh, like Alexander, had been a rover from his earliest youth. He had traveled extensively in Europe, and likewise passed a great part of his life on ship-board, and escaped shipwreck several times to at last meet an untimely death, by drowning, in a lonely river in the wilderness; he was twenty-eight years of age. McEwan had sent the money to purchase a band of sheep, which he undertook to winter near where the city of Walla Walla now stands. He was alone, with the exception of a herder and two valuable dogs. It was an intensely cold winter, and wolves were constantly thinning the flocks; and poisoned meat that was intended for the wolves was eaten by the dogs, from the effects of which they died. Then the herder ran away with the horses; nearly all the sheep perished, and McEwan would have suffered had it not been for the kindness of an old Indian chief, who had his winter abode near the place.

Years afterward, when McEwan was again in Eastern Oregon, on his way to the mines, he again met this chief. McEwan did not recognize him, at first, for he had grown so old and his hair was almost snow-white; but the old Indian rode toward him, with his hand extended, calling, "Kuanni, Kuanni" (his pronunciation of McEwan). He was only too happy to be able to return the kindness that had been shown to him in former days.

Discouraged with his venture in sheep-raising, he next went to Southern Oregon. While there, he mined some and traded in various ways, and both made and lost a great deal of money; and, again, started for a new country. This time Australia was his destination; but, on his arrival in Portland, he stopped for a rest, and went to clerking for A. D. Shelby, who had a dry-goods and general merchandise store in Portland. He stayed there a year or more, when N. H. Lane, of Corvallis, engaged him to take charge of a store he had at that place. He went to Corvallis in the spring of 1855, and with the exception of a few months at the Siletz agency, he remained there a number of years. In the summer of 1857 he formed a partnership with S. C. Alexander (since dead), and they established a store. This was successfully conducted for some time. In the fall of that year, he was married to Miss Clementine Motley, the daughter of O. C. Motley, a pioneer of 1846. In 1863 his naturally restless disposition again asserted itself, and he dissolved the partnership with Alexander, and again engaged in mining from that time until 1870. His summers were passed in the mines, or with a pack train, and his winters in Corvallis, where his family resided. But the fortune, which always seemed just within his grasp, still continued to elude him, and his health beginning to show the effects of the hardships and exposures he had endured, he at length gave up mining, and once more took up his abode in Portland; first as book-keeper for Hayden, Smith, & Co., of the upper saw-mill, remaining with them for two years, when he took a similar position with Estes & Stimson. When they sold out to Ben Holladay, he went to Abrams & Hogue; he was with them some time. Meanwhile, he had bought a place in East Portland and made his home there. He had a severe fall in 1874, from the effects of which he never entirely recovered.

Of eight children, six are living, two sons and four daughters.

Two little boys died in infancy. His death was on the morning of the twenty-eighth of January, 1881, aged fifty-seven years.

He lies at rest beside his youngest child in Lone Fir Cemetery.

MRS. CLEMENTINE MCEWAN.

MICHAEL T. SIMMONS.

BY HON. ELWOOD EVANS, TACOMA, W. T.

Michael T. Simmons, the leader of an American colony who established the pioneer American settlement upon the shores of Puget Sound, was born August 5th, 1814, in Bullitt county, Kentucky, three miles south of Shepardsville. In 1840, he removed with his family to Missouri, and located and built a mill on a branch of the Missouri River, which mill he sold to procure his outfit to migrate to Oregon. In 1844, he joined the Independent Oregon Colony, consisting of several separate companies or parties, who joined together in a *quasi* military organization and elected Cornelius Gilliam, General, and Michael T. Simmons, Colonel.

It would prove profitable and interesting to accompany those several trains in that voyage across the Plains, but those incidents have been graphically and faithfully narrated by Minto, Joseph Watt and others. Arrived upon the banks of the Columbia, the particular company with whom Col. Simmons was directly associated, halted at Washougal, on the north side of the Columbia, about twenty-five miles east of the Hudson's Bay Company's Fort Vancouver, and there established quarters for the winter. Col. Simmons, however, soon proceeded to Fort Vancouver, and endeavored to secure room—accommodations for himself and family, but for a long time was unsuccessful. Later, he did succeed in renting for one month, a room in an outhouse occupied by a Kanaka servant of the company. Dr. John McLoughlin treated him with that generous hospitality for which he was so noted, a hospitality never denied to the American immigrant, for which all ancient Oregonians hold the good doctor in deserved and grateful remembrance. But the Hudson's Bay Company officials were reliant at that period that the Columbia River would ultimately be established as the boundary line between the United States and Great Britain, and that the territory north of the Columbia River would become British territory. Hence they discouraged American occupancy or any acts which would tend to strengthen

United States claim. Strenuously, they dissuaded Americans from settling north of the river, and with equal persistency they set forth the inducements of the Wallamet Valley and counselled immigrants to select their homes in that favored region. Col. Simmons has told the writer that before leaving Missouri his predilections were for the Rogue River country ; that this effort of the Hudson's Bay officials to head off American settlement north of the Columbia, first directed his inclinations toward Puget Sound. Nor is there any doubt, that with his sturdy Americanism and rather combative make-up, such British interference or counsel was most likely thus to change his resolution. Other influences, however, quite as strongly, perhaps involuntarily, operated, and that he should have been so influenced is quite as creditable to his humanity, as though his patriotic resentment of the territorial scheming of the Hudson's Bay Company had been the sole cause. In the same company with Col. Simmons was George Bush, one of the most prominent and justly respected of the Western Washington Pioneers. He was a colored man of competent means, shrewd sagacity and great liberality. Several of the white families who had accompanied the train of 1844, had been assisted by him to procure their outfits ; without his aid they could not have then come to Oregon, and he had also ministered to their necessities during that tedious journey across the great American Desert, and the Rocky Mountains. He was a man of mark, an old veteran, a soldier who had fought the "British red coats" (as he claimed with great gusto and pride), side by side with General Jackson at New Orleans ; indeed, he asserted with the utmost confidence, and surely he believed it, that much of the glory of that immortal field, was due to him for suggestions made. Be that as it may, George Bush was deservedly one of the leading spirits which prompted at that date the settlement, and thereafter promoted and aided Puget Sound settlement. None more than he, did the full measure of duty, to every new comer, who, after that long wearisome journey, needed rest or assistance. Simmons, whose broad humanity was not restricted by color or race prejudice, a characteristic which was so thoroughly illustrated by his uniformly humane treatment and justice to the aborigines, estimated George Bush by his true merits and real manhood. They were intimate friends relying upon each other, and insensibly George could, and did, control the more impulsive Simmons. Bush had acquired a competency in Missouri, but he was a liberty-loving man and restless under the oppression and restrictions of his race in a slave state. He sought Oregon, thinking to live in a free territory. The writer has heard

him claim his right therein by his service for the Republic in the war of 1812. But the legislative committee of the Oregon Provisional Government, in their organic law of 1844, declaring that "slavery and involuntary servitude shall be forever prohibited in Oregon," had also adopted a singularly offensive law excluding from the territory all free negroes and mulattoes. That same pro-slavery feeling which had dictated this odious provision, might gain sufficient ascendancy in the Wallamet Valley to attempt to enforce such provision. George Bush wisely concluded that the territory north of the river, at least so long as British claim was asserted, was likely to afford to him the protection of British institutions and recognize his manhood. This circumstance had influenced George Bush's location of a home. There is no doubt that such resolution by Bush was the incentive, mainly, which prompted Simmons and part of the train of 1844, to change their minds from Rogue River Valley, to the shores of Puget Sound. It is equally a matter of satisfaction to write of the Puget Sound Pioneer, who himself regarded Puget Sound as a part of Oregon, without shadow of British claim thereto, that he believed that its soil should be open to settlement by George Bush, as much as to any other American. Col. Simmons labored to secure, and did secure from the Oregon provisional legislature, the passage of an act which removed George Bush's race-disabilities. That regard and respect which Simmons entertained for Bush, and the belief by him and his neighbors that Bush's desire to be recognized as a free man was the real stimulus to Puget Sound settlement at that date, are attested in the fact that the site of the first American settlement was then, is now and ever will be known as Bush Prairie.

The digression was excusable, if not necessary; it showed why Col. Simmons and party stopped at Washougal, instead of crossing into Wallamet Valley, or journeying southward to the Rogue River. It explained why they tarried in the vicinity of Fort Vancouver; it accounts for the expeditions by Simmons to explore the country northward to Puget Sound.

During the winter of 1844, Col. Simmons had been selected to examine that country. In December, 1844, he started in company with Messrs. Loomis, John, Henry and James Owens and Henry Williamson. The party reached the forks of the Cowlitz River, when their stock of provisions had become low, and the further ascent of that rapid stream was extremely discouraging. Those circumstances induced the party to return to Washougal. Other reasons influenced that turning-back. Many an old settler has heard the colonel tell about a "*vision*" he had in Missouri, about the time of start-

ing west, which really caused him to turn back. He had in his great manly nature, a deal of superstition, and he used to say that "that vision" indicated to him "he would find just such a place as the forks of the Cowlitz, and thas at such place he would be compelled to abandon his enterprise." He claimed to have beheld at Cowlitz Forks the identical place depicted in his dream. Old settlers may take no stock in the "vision," but the many thousands who have traveled that hard road up the Cowlitz in ante-railroad days will commend the retreat of Simmons and his party. None of them will think it required a vision to dictate that turn-back in December by any party who had no excuse for travelling, but to see the country.

In April, 1845, the wife of Col. Simmons gave birth to a son, Christopher Columbus Simmons, the first American child born north of the Columbia River, or in the region now known as Western Washington. In the summer following Col. Simmons again started on an exploring expedition to Puget Sound, accompanied by William Shaw, George Wanch, David Crawford, Ninian Everman, Selburn Thornton, David Parker, Michael Moore and John Hunt. The party reached the Sound in August. At Cowlitz Farms they learned that John R. Jackson, the old American pioneer of Cowlitz Prairie, Lewis county, had just been there, examined the country in that vicinity, had selected a location and returned to the Wallamet for his family. The Simmons expedition continued exploration, fully examined the country to the head of the Sound, made a trip its full length passing around northward of Whidby Island, returning through Deception Pass and the eastern channel. Peter Bercier, of the Cowlitz Farms, acted as guide of the party, from the Cowlitz to the head of Puget Sound. Col. Simmons having returned to the Columbia, a party was made up, which started in October for the Sound. The little colony consisted of Col. Simmons and family, James McAllister and family, David Kindred and family, Gabriel Jones and family, George Bush and family, Jesse Ferguson and Samuel B. Crocket. Having ascended the Cowlitz River to the old Cowlitz Landing, fifteen days were occupied in cutting a road through from the Cowlitz Landing to Tumwater, at the head of Budd's Inlet, Puget Sound, a distance o fabout fifty-eight miles. The claim of Tumwater or Falls of the Deschutes, was taken by Col. Simmons, who called the site New Market. The remaining families settled on prairie claims all within a circuit of six miles from New Market. To the prairie they gave the name "Bush Prairie," for Bush who occupied the most remote section of land, the outpost of the little colony. On the

formation by the provisional government in 1846, of Vancouver district, embracing all the territory subsequently divided and respectively named Clarke, Lewis and Pacific counties, and extending northward to $54^{\circ} 40'$, north latitude, Col. Simmons was one of the county judges. One of his colleagues was Governor James Douglas, then chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Vancouver, afterward Sir James Douglas, the first governor of British Columbia.

While the Puget Sound region was part of Oregon, Col. Simmons was elected to the legislature from Lewis county, and under the territorial organizations of both Oregon and Washington, Col. Simmons acted in some public and official capacity during the remainder of his active, busy life. Emphatically a self-made man, without education, unable to read or write, he was a leader among men, inspiring all with respect for his native force of character and genuine ability and practical sense. Just, generous, liberal to a fault, impulsive, strong in his attachments, excess of geniality, which would perhaps have been fettered or restrained by education, may have betrayed him at times into errors. When such was the case, he alone was the sufferer; to no fellow-being did he ever intentionally commit a wrong. All the early comers to Puget Sound will ever treasure the remembrance of his unstinted hospitality, his ever ready and active zeal in contributing to the comfort of every settler. To the extent of his means, none more than he contributed to the establishment of schools, churches and roads and other public benefits. He was a pioneer in every sense of the word in every location in which he made his home. He died poor, at his residence in Lewis county, on Friday, November 15th, 1867, leaving a widow and large family. He was universally known in the early days of Washington Territory, and by the early settlers his name and many good deeds are held in just remembrance.

THOMAS JEFFERSON RIGGS.

One of the Pioneers of 1853 was Thomas Jefferson Riggs, the subject of this brief notice. He was born in Wendom township, Morris county, New Jersey, on the twenty-first day of March, 1808. He lived there until he attained his majority, in the meantime learning the business of clothier. In July, 1829, he removed with his father to Ohio. He lived there a little more than two years, and in November, 1831, he went to Illinois, where he engaged in the general mercantile and commission business. On June 9, 1846, he married Miss Beulah, daughter of Thomas and Sarah Drinkwater, to whom were born seven children—Sarah, now the wife of James Lewis, who resides near Dixie, Polk county, Cass, Seth, Emma, Pierce, Scott and Breese, all of whom are among the most substantial and highly respected people of Polk county, to which Mr. Riggs removed from Illinois in 1853, making the trip across the Plains. In this country he engaged in agricultural pursuits, becoming very successful, and followed this business until his death, February 7, 1872.

Mr. Riggs was a man of superior judgment and high moral worth. His life was one of spotless integrity throughout. He held different positions of trust and honor, and discharged all duties devolving upon him in an intelligent and conscientious manner. In his death the community in which he dwelt lost a most valuable member, and the State a most useful, exemplary and public spirited citizen. His remains lie at rest in the La Creole (Rick-reall) burying ground, which is situated upon what was once his farm.

SKETCH OF THOMAS OWENS.

A PIONEER OF 1843.

Thomas Owens, a pioneer of 1843, was born in Tazewell county, Virginia, January 12, 1808. His father, Thomas Owens, was born in Wyeth county, Virginia in 1758, and with his family came to Floyd county, Kentucky, in 1814, where he lived to the age of ninety-four. "Father Owens," as his Kentucky neighbors called him, was, we are told, "a valued citizen, known as a good husband, affectionate father and kind master." Before his death he gave freedom to all his negroes, about one hundred souls.

Thomas Owens, the subject of our sketch, was a born pioneer, having the courage to bring his wife and three children across the plains with the emigration of 1843. All those who crossed to Oregon in that year will remember the familiar figure of the tall, raw-boned, athletic Kentuckian, as Thomas Owens was thought to be.

He was the man who knew so well how to meet and overcome every difficulty that it became a common saying among his comrades, "only give Tom Owens a piece of wet moss and he will make a rousing camp fire."

The immigration of 1843 was the first to bring wagons west of Fort Hall, and Thomas Owens, John Hobson (the present Collector of Customs at Astoria), George Sommers and Holly were the first to bring wagons through to Oregon.

These four sturdy pioneers were obliged, owing to the near approach of winter, to leave their wagons and stock at Waila Walla, in charge of the Hudson's Bay Company, in the fall of 1843. They came on their westward way with their families, upon a raft to Vancouver, where they left their families and continued their journey down the Columbia, in a canoe, in search of suitable homes. All went

well until they reached Chinook point, where a gale of wind wrecked their canoe and left them at the mercy of the many Indians who then possessed the land. Fortunately the Indians were induced to ferry them across to Astoria, where they found Mr. James Burney, in charge of the Hudson's Bay Company post, and Colonel John McClure, as the only white men in the town or station. By their advice Owens and party went on down to Clatsop Plains and there found land to suit their wishes. They immediately started back to Vancouver after their families. On their way up the Columbia, in canoes, they met Gustavus Hines, Jason Lee and Robert Shortess, coming down the river. We can easily imagine that these hardy adventurers had a merry night together as they camped where Columbia City now stands. In those days there was not a single white man between Fort Vancouver and Astoria. Arriving at Vancouver Dr. McLoughlin very kindly furnished them a full winter's supply, and a bateau in which to carry their families and produce to their new homes on the verge of the Pacific Ocean. Christmas day, 1843, they landed on Point Adams, and in one day they built houses into which they put their families.

In June, 1844, Messrs. Owens, Hobson, Sommers and Holly started back to Walla Walla after their wagons and stock. Early in July they reached Walla Walla, and found all their stock—cattle, horses and a span of mules—in a fine condition. They hauled their wagons to The Dalles, where Hobson and Holly took charge of the stock and drove them across the Cascade Mountains and by way of Tillamook to Clatsop Plains, while Owens and Sommers made a raft, and with their four wagons, goods, and Miss Ann Hobson as the only passenger, boldly pushed out into the Columbia for Clatsop Plains. At the Cascades they were obliged to carry everything around the rapids and let their raft drift over. It went to pieces in running the Cascades, and again Mr. Owens had to depend upon the Indians for transportation. He obtained two large canoes, and by laying a platform between them (catamaran style), they again had a boat. Upon this catamaran these dauntless men brought their wagons and lady passenger safely to Clatsop Point.

Thomas Owens located about the middle of Clatsop Plains, upon the farm now occupied by Mrs. Goodwin. Here he soon made a com-

fortable home and valuable farm. Here several children were born, and his oldest daughter, Diana, married Mr. John Hobson, and no man ever obtained a more grandly beautiful bride.

Mr. Owens continued to live in his ocean home until 1853, when he determined to remove to the Umpqua Valley, in order that his growing herds might have larger pastures. With his true pioneer independence he built a large flat boat upon which he carried over one hundred head of cattle, his family and goods up as far as St. Helens. From St. Helens he made his way by land to near where Roseburg stands.

In the charming Umpqua Valley he again very soon made himself a comfortable home, which he enjoyed for sixteen years.

In 1869 his health began to fail, and hoping that sunny California might restore his usual vigor, he went to Trinity county of that State. Unfortunately, he got little relief, but lingered on until death came to give his restless spirit rest. He died at Piety Hill, California, in 1873, July 23d. His faithful wife and nine children remained to mourn his loss. Three of his children, who crossed the plains with their parents, have been well and honorably known in Oregon. The eldest, Diana, already referred to as the first Mrs. John Hobson, in her girlhood, was justly styled "the beauty of the Plains;" second, Mrs. Dr. Owens-Adair, who is still highly esteemed by a host of friends throughout our State; and third, the late Hon. W. F. Owens, of Roseburg,

How wonderful and mysterious are the workings of providence. The defeat of Charles, called the Pretender, of England, at Culloden, caused one of his followers, Sir Thomas Owens, to take refuge with his family in America, and so make it possible for his great grandson, our pioneer, to lay down his life in our far-away Western land Peace to his ashes.

GENERAL JOHN ADAIR.

ONE OF OUR PIONEERS WHO CAME TO OREGON, NOT BY THE "PLAINS
ACROSS," BUT BY WAY OF PANAMA AND
THE OCEAN ROUTE.

General John Adair, was born in Mercer county, Kentucky, August 8, 1808. His parents were natives of South Carolina, and among the earliest pioneers from that State to Kentucky. His father, John Adair, was Governor of Kentucky as early as 1818, and before his death represented that commonwealth in both the Senate and Congress of the United States.

Mrs. Catherine Adair, mother of the subject of this sketch, carried across the Cumberland Mountains the first white baby seen in Kentucky. General Adair inherited a pioneer's nature and spirit, and early in life determined to go West. Although imbued from childhood with Southern ideas, and, although inheriting democratic principles, he was not long a man until he grew tired of slavery, and in 1844 determined to remove to a free State. To make this move, he freed his negroes, and even took them with his family to Indiana, locating near Terre Haute, on the Wabash River. At their home on the Wabash General and Mrs. Adair lost three children which caused them to seek a more healthy region.

In 1848 President Polk appointed General Adair Collector of Customs of the port of Astoria, Oregon. This occurred before the discovery of gold in California was known in the Atlantic States. December 18th, 1848, General Adair, wife and six children, left New Orleans in the old steamer *Falcon*, bound for Oregon, via the Isthmus of Panama. The *Falcon* was the pioneer steamer of the since widely known Pacific Mail Steamship Company's line of steamers. The *Falcon* left New York before news of the gold discovery was known,

and therefore had few passengers from that city ; but before she sailed from New Orleans, the news of gold had spread through the land, and men literally crowded on board the old steamer up to the last moment of her leaving New Orleans levee. Among the passengers were General Persifer F. Smith and staff, our General E. R. S. Canby being one of the latter.

The *Falcon* landed her passengers at the little town of Chagres' from which point they had to make their way by canoes and "mule back" to Panama. To make this journey across the Isthmus particularly difficult and dangerous, the trails were almost impassable, and very soon after this first lot of about six hundred Americans landed on the Isthmus, the cholera broke out among them. While getting up the Chagres River, under a broiling sun in a canoe, Mrs. Adair had to nurse her youngest child through the cholera. We know that the early pioneers to Oregon, "across the Plains," suffered many grievous hardships, and all those who came by way of Panama, in the days before the existence of the Panama Railroad, will also remember that the Isthmus route had its dangers and hardships ; and especially did the passengers coming by the pioneer steamers *Falcon* and old *California* suffer in many ways, while making their slow and weary journey from Chagres to Panama, where they had to wait for the *California* to take them on to San Francisco. During the waiting, the old city of Panama was filled to overflowing with Americans, who were wild to get on to the gold mines, but many of this eager crowd yielded up their lives to cholera before getting beyond Panama. At last, after nearly two months of weary and expensive waiting, the steamship *California* reached Panama, and General Adair, with great difficulty, was able to get his family on board for San Francisco. Tickets for the voyage were re-sold for as much as fifteen hundred dollars. This pioneer steamship reached San Francisco February 28th, 1849, having been twenty-nine days from Panama, out of fuel twice, on fire twice, and little to eat any part of the time for the immense load of passengers.

Arriving in the Golden City, General Adair found every body going, or wanting to go, to the gold mines. Many of his friends strongly urged the general to remain in San Francisco, and report

back to Washington that a Collector of Customs was vastly more needed there than such an officer could be needed at Astoria; but the general felt that it was clearly his duty to push on to his original destination; and therefore at once set about finding the best means of getting to the Columbla River. After trying various vessels, he fortunately met Captain Nathaniel Crosby (an early Portlander), who was going to Oregon with the little brig *Valadora*. The *Valadora* dropped anchor in front of Astoria on the evening of April 3d, 1849, having General Adair and family with a number of returning gold seekers as passengers. The little vessel had been twenty-eight days making the trip, and her passengers were indeed thankful to get safely on shore, having served for twenty-four days their "turns at the pumps," in order to keep the *Valadora* afloat.

General Adair was made welcome to his new home by the few white people then living in Astoria, and during the summer of 1849 got his family into the house which they have occupied until this day.

Having so persistently pushed his way to his far western post of duty, General Adair's services were so well appreciated by the authorities at Washington City, that he was continued in office through the administrations of presidents Polk, Taylor, Pierce and Buchanan, as Collector of U. S. Customs at Astoria. During this long term of service General Adair was a leading and positive democrat, yet no efforts of his political opponents were sufficient to obtain the removal of the Astoria collector, and he only returned to civil life at the expiration of his official term under President Buchanan.

Since 1861 General Adair has continued to live in his Astoria home, upon his donation land claim, enjoying the society of his best and noblest wife, with children and grandchildren in dozens around him.

Although over twelve years a public officer, he quit office a poor man, and for all the goods of his declining years, he is indebted solely to the joint energies of himself, wife and children.

General and Mrs. Adair, celebrated their golden wedding several years ago and from present appearances may live to see some of their eight living children celebrate a similar event.

Many of the Pioneer's of Oregon and California, especially those who came by sea, will remember the hospitable home of General Adair, and learn with pleasure that the old General is still there, with Mrs. Adair who is to-day the same cheerful, model Christian wife and mother as she was when they knew her in the days of long ago.

DANIEL LINDLEY RIGGS.

Mr. Riggs was a pioneer of 1853. He was born in Baskingridge, New Jersey, June 11, 1815, and descended from Sergeant Edward Riggs, who belonged to one of the thirty families—of all whom, save two, were of strictly Puritan stock, from England—who moved from Branford, Connecticut, to New Jersey, in 1644, and founded New Work, now the city of Newark. Edward Riggs was one of the builders and strong supporters of the first church in that city—the First Congregational, now the First Presbyterian—of which, from 1736 to 1755, Rev. Aaron Burr was the distinguished pastor. This is the oldest fully organized church of any denomination within the state of New Jersey. The character of the thirty families, above referred to, is thus spoken of by Rev. Jonathan F. Stearns, D. D., in a historical discourse delivered in Newark, in 1851 :

“The settlers of Newark, were an eminently industrious, enterprising, public-spirited race ; firm, without bigotry ; gentle and affectionate, without weakness ; very kind and loving people ; and yet bold defenders of their rights. * * * All traces of them that remain show that they were men who united strong practical common sense with the purest morals and devoted piety.”

These traits were well exemplified in the life of the subject of this sketch, as all who knew him can abundantly testify.

Mr. Riggs lived in New Jersey until 1837, learning the trade of a carriage blacksmith in the meantime. His aptitude for mechanics was evinced by his building a small toy steam engine, and putting it in a perfect running order, before he was out of his time as an apprentice. In 1836 he married Miss Sarah W. Edwards, of Newark, and removed to New Haven, Connecticut, in 1837, the great panic of that year, which proved fatal to so many business men, throwing him out of employment. After remaining in New Haven about two years, working as a journeyman, he set up business for himself in East Haven, and conducted it successfully until April, 1853, when he was prevailed on, by friends, to come to Oregon. Here he remained for two years. During that time, he erected what is believed to be the first steam flouring mill in Willamette valley, if not in the State. In 1855 he returned to

Connecticut, and in 1858 returned to Oregon, bringing his family with him, consisting of wife and four children, Frances E., Theodore L., Sarah O., and Anna F., now the wife of Geo. H. Himes, all of whom are now deceased save the last named. He buried three children in Connecticut. He found a location at Eola, Polk county, where he conducted a machine and repair shop until 1866, when he removed to Salem. He continued the same business until his death in 1883.

Mr. Riggs was a most ingenious man, and worked out of an exceedingly fertile brain many inventions which are now widely used, but he never had the faculty of turning them to any practical account for himself.

For many years he burned with a desire to hear the old Liberty bell, in Philadelphia, peal forth once more its joyful notes; and inspired with that idea, he invented and patented a process whereby this might be done, without injuring its tone, and, at his own expense, made a trip to Philadelphia in 1876, to make the attempt, having demonstrated, beyond question, his ability to do all he claimed. In this move he had the warm support of Gen. J. R. Hawley, of Connecticut, and many other prominent men, but the city authorities, who had the custody of the bell, would not permit the repair to be made, claiming that it had fulfilled its mission.

Mr. Riggs was one of the oldest Odd Fellows in this State, having joined the order in 1837, or 1838, in New Haven, Connecticut, connecting himself with either the second or third lodge instituted in America.

In all the walks of life Mr. Riggs was a kind, helpful, sympathetic neighbor, a firm and devoted friend, a consistent Christian, and an earnest public-spirited citizen.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

A meeting of the board was held in the Pioneer room, State House, Salem, January 18th and 19th. There were present M. Wilkins, President; Geo. H. Himes, Secretary; J. M. Bacon, Treasurer; and Joseph Watt and F. X. Mathieu. Absent—J. W. Grim, Vice President, and Clark Hay.

A resolution was passed authorizing the Secretary to canvass for funds for the Association among those in Portland who are eligible to membership by reason of their having settled in Oregon prior to 1855.

A resolution was passed memorializing the legislature to appropriate funds to erect a suitable monument to the memory of the late Dr. John McLoughlin, of Oregon City, and to place it in the State House.

A resolution of thanks to the legislature for setting apart, for the special use of the Association, a room in the State House, for the reception of its relics and documents, was unanimously passed, and the room was placed in the custody of Hon. R. P. Earhart, during his pleasure.

The report of J. M. Bacon, Treasurer, was read. It showed an indebtedness against the Association of about ninety dollars, without taking into account funds necessary to publish transactions of the Annual Reunion of 1886.

After considerable discussion, Portland was chosen as the place at which the annual reunion for 1887 should be held. Jos. Watt, Hon. D. P. Thompson, Frank Dekum, C. W. Knowles, Clark Hay and George H. Himes, were appointed a committee of arrangements, with power to add to their number, and appoint sub-committees. Col. John McCracken was chosen grand marshal, with power to select his own aids.

Jepthah Garrison, of Yamhill county, and D. J. Slover, of Clackamas county, were elected standard bearers.

Rev. J. L. Parrish, of Salem, was chosen chaplain. Rev. I. D. Driver was elected to deliver the annual address, and Hon. George L. Woods, the occasional address, conditioned upon their acceptance.

A request was made unanimously that Hon. Willard H. Rees, of Butteville, prepare biographical sketches of deceased pioneers, among them Hons. J. W. Nesmith, G. L. Curry, Geo. Abernethy, A. C. Gibbs, Absalom Hembree, John H. Couch and others, for publication with the Transactions of 1886.

The question of the indebtedness of the Association was discussed at length. After due consideration, inasmuch as all expenses of the organization since its existence up to this time—a period of more than fifteen years—amounting to some thousands of dollars, had been derived from membership dues and individual subscriptions, it was thought best to petition the legislature for relief. Accordingly, Hon. R. P. Earhart was appointed a committee of one to attend to this matter.

The Secretary was authorized to find out how many complete sets of the Transactions could be obtained, and then have them suitably bound and exposed for sale at the coming Reunion. By this means it was thought a considerable sum might be derived for the Association.

No further business appearing, the Board, on motion, adjourned.

GEO. H. HIMES,
Secretary.

PROCEEDINGS OF COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

On Friday evening, February 18th, the Committee of Arrangements, authorized as above, met at the parlors of the Commercial National Bank, with Joseph Watt, Chairman, presiding, and every member present.

Geo. H. Himes, Secretary, announced that Rev. I. D. Driver had consented to deliver the annual address, but that Hon. George L. Woods declined to make the occasional address, owing to professional duties. Whereupon, on motion of D. P. Thompson, Hon. Geo. B. Currey, of Ashland, was selected to fill that place, and the Secretary instructed to correspond with him.

Mrs. Theo. Wygant, Mrs. R. B. Wilson, Mrs. W. M. Molson, and Mrs. Matthew P. Deady were added to the committee.

After an estimate as to expenses was made, Clark Hay and Geo. H. Himes were authorized to solicit sufficient funds to defray them.

D. P. Thompson was appointed a committee to arrange for a reduction of fares by the transportation companies centering in Portland.

Wm. Kapus was selected as a committee to arrange for music, and generally to manage all plans as to the hall, decorations, ball, etc.

Arrangements were perfected whereby the exercises of the day and evening will be held in the Mechanics' Pavilion.

Frank Dekum was appointed Chairman of the Committee on account of the contemplated absence of Mr. Watt from future meetings.

The matter of a monument for Dr. McLoughlin was discussed at length and the idea given up, as it was not deemed feasible. Instead thereof, the subject of a life-size oil portrait was considered, and after discussion it was unanimously voted that, as there was an excellent artist now in the State, Hon. D. P. Thompson be appointed a committee to engage his services therefor, and to arrange for the speedy prosecution of the work, with a view of the portrait being placed on exhibition at the coming Reunion, and afterwards hung in an appropriate position in the Senate Chamber in the State House at Salem, and thus do honor to the beloved Doctor, who, more than any other one man, was a benefactor to the early pioneers of Oregon.

The Secretary reported that the appropriation of \$500

by the legislature for the relief of the Association had been secured.

No further business appearing, the Committee adjourned subject to the call of the Chairman.

GEO. H. HIMES,

Secretary.

On Wednesday evening, April 6th, the Committee met at Commercial National Bank, with Mr. Dekum in the chair. Mr. Himes being absent, R. P. Earhart was appointed Secretary, *pro tem*.

D. P. Thompson, from the special or sub-committee on transportation, reported that the Oregonian Railway Co., and the O. & C. R. R., agreed to carry the Pioneers and their families to the Reunion in this city, and return, at reduced rates, on Secretary's certificate.

He also further reports from sub-committee on portrait of Dr. McLoughlin, that he had collected from the McLoughlin family, Mr. Buchtel and others, such photographs and daguerreotypes of the Doctor as he was able to find, and had submitted the same to Mr. Cogswell, who, making a selection therefrom, had the same enlarged for his use; and that Mr. Cogswell agreed to paint a three-quarter life size portrait, therefrom, for \$450.00.

The action of Mr. Thompson was approved.

Mr. Kapus, from Committee on Music, reported the offer of the Fourteenth U. S. Infantry Band, to furnish music

to the Reunion, during the day and evening, for \$200.00.

The action of Mr. Kapus was approved, and he was directed to close the engagement with said band, on the terms mentioned.

He, also, from sub-committee on place of meeting, reported that they had secured the Mechanics' Pavilion for the use of the Society, free of charge.

On motion, it was declared the sense of this committee, that the sum of \$50.00 of the funds of the Association be expended to procure the steel engraving of the late Dr. McLoughlin for publication in the Annual Transactions.

On motion, Chas. H. Dodd and Frank Dekum were added to the Committee on Finance, with power to add such other persons to the committee as may be found necessary.

On motion, R. P. Earhart was added to the General Committee.

On motion, the several camps of the Indian War Veterans, and the organizations of the Native Sons of Oregon, were invited to participate in the Reunion.

Adjourned, subject to the call of the Chairman.

R. P. EARHART,

Secretary *pro tem.*

TREASURER'S REPORT.

To the President, Officers and Members of the Oregon Pioneer Association:

1886. J. M. BACON, Treasurer, Dr.

June 15,	To cash received for dues and membership	\$131 00
" " " "	donations Oregon City	175 00
" " " "	proceeds of ball	30 00
" " " "	dues since June 15	20 00

1887.

Jan. 17,	To cash received H. W. Corbett	5 00
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June 15,	By amount paid for work as per bills	\$ 25 00
" " " "	" " Band	54 50
" " " "	" " Work	16 50
" " " "	" " Use of Park	25 00
" " " "	" " Meat	156 64
" " " "	" " Bread	7 75
" " " "	" " Blacksmith work	10 00
" " " "	" " Hauling	2 50
" " " "	" " Sundries, Rope, etc	6 93
" " " "	" " Salmon	20 00

Due J. M. Bacon, 1885	18 81
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1887

Jan. 17, on hand to balance	16 87
	<hr/> \$361 00

Cash on hand	\$15 87
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Respectfully submitted,

J. M. BACON,
Treasurer.

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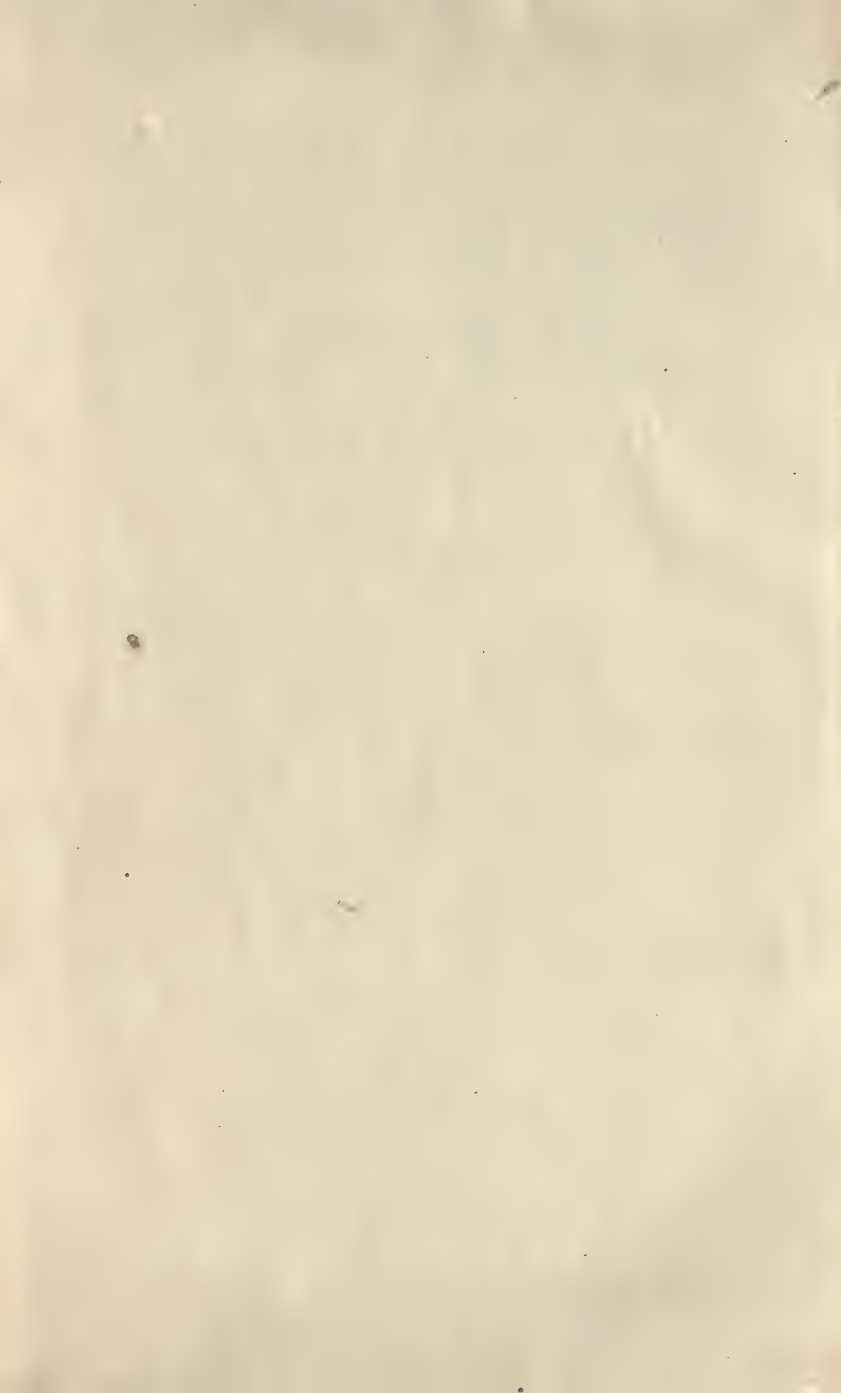
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